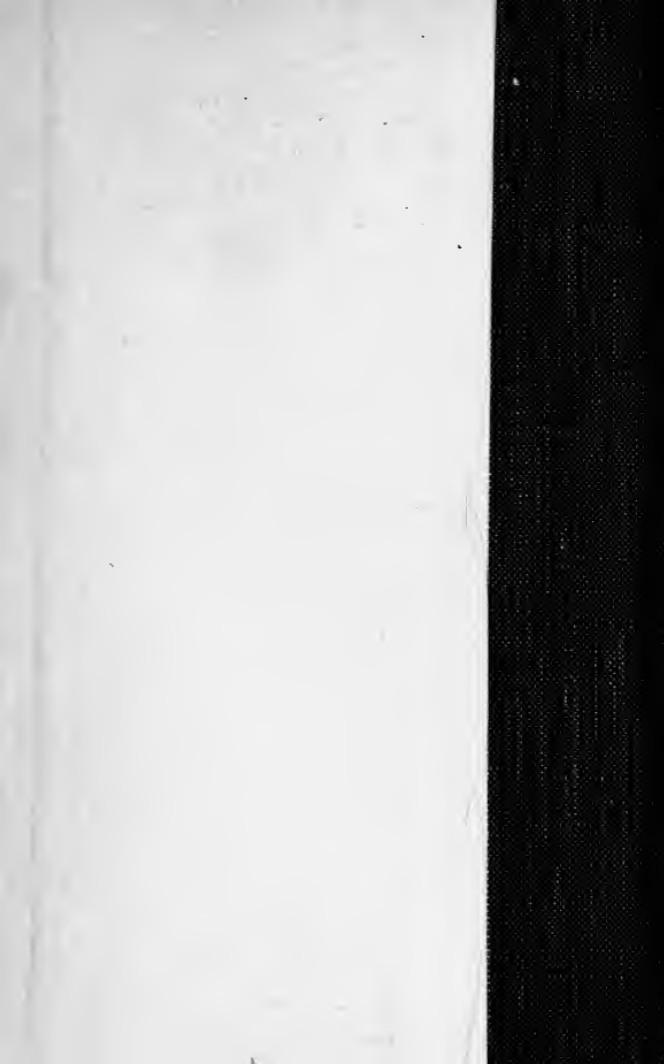
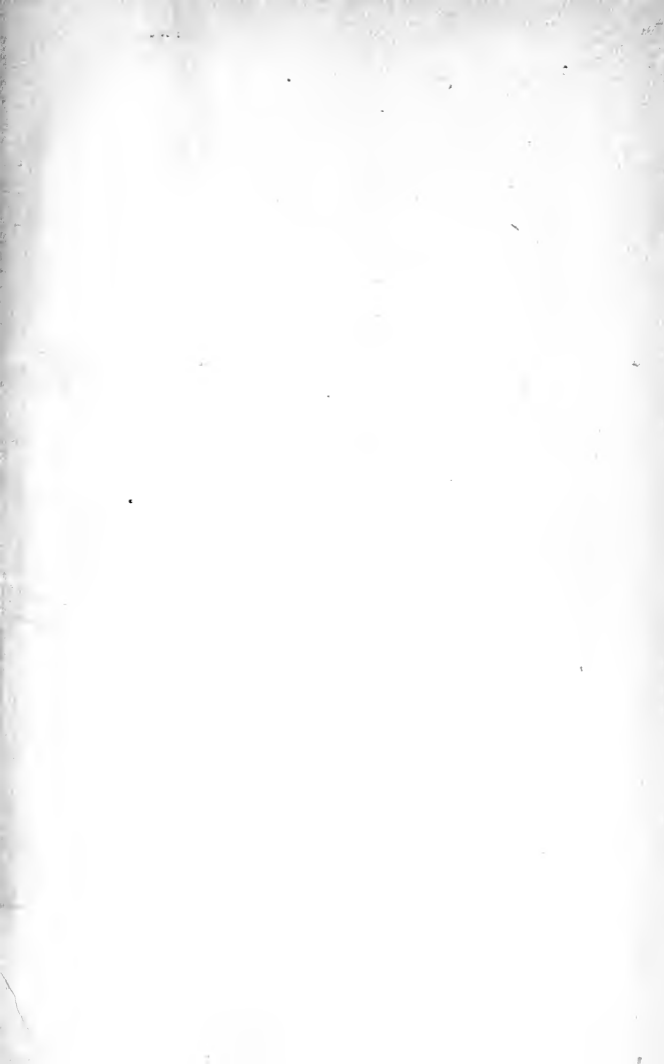


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# THE Widdowes Teares

*A*  
Comedie.

As it was often presented in the blacke  
and white Friers.

---

*Written by.*  
GEOR. CHAP.

---



---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *John Browne*, and are to be sold at his shop  
in Fleet-street in Saint *Dunstanes* Church-yard.

1 6 1 2.





To the right Vertuous and truly  
noble Gentleman, M<sup>r</sup> IO. REED  
of Mitton, in the Countie of Glo-  
cester Esquire.

**S**IR, if any worke of this nature be  
worth the presenting to Friends  
Worthie, and Noble; I presume  
this, will not want much of that  
value. Other Countrie men have  
thought the like worthie of Dukes  
and Princes acceptations; Iniuſti ſdegnij;  
Il Pentamento Amoroſe; Califthe, Paſtor  
fido, &c. (all being but plaies) were all dedi-  
cate to Princes of Italie. And therefore only  
diſcourſe to ſhew my loue to your right vertuous  
and noble diſpoſition, This poor Comedie (of  
many deſired to ſee printed) I thought not  
utterly vnworthie that affectionate deſigne in  
me: Well knowing that your free iudgement  
weighs nothing by the Name, or Forme; or  
any vaine eſtimation of the vulgar; but will  
accept acceptable matter, as well in Plaies; as  
in many leſſe materialls, masking in more  
ſerious Titles: And ſo, till ſome worke more  
worthie I can ſelect, and perfect, out of my  
other Studies, that may better expreſſe me;  
and more fit the grauitie of your ripe incli-  
nation, I reſt.

Yours at all parts moſt truly affected.

GEO. CHAPMAN.



## The Actors.

*Tharsalio the wooer.*

*Lysander his brother.*

*Thir. Gouvernour of Cyprus.*

*Lycas ser. to the widdow Countesse.*

*Argus, Gent. Vsher.*

3. *Lords fuiters to Eudora the widdow  
Countesse.*

*Hyl. Nephew to Tharsalio, and Sonne  
to Lysander.*

*Captaine of the watch.*

2. *Souldiers.*

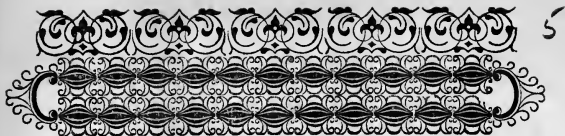
*Eudora the widdow Countesse.*

*Cynthia, wife to Lysander.*

*Sthenio.*

*Ianthe Gent. attending on Eudora.*

*Ero, waiting woman to Cynthia.*



# The VViddowes Teares.

## A COMEDIE.

*Actus Primi.*

*Scœna Prima.*

THARSALIO *Solus, with a Glasse in his hand  
making readie.*

**T**How blinde imperfect Goddesse, that delights  
(Like a deepe-reaching Statesman) to conuerse  
Only with Fooles : Iealous of knowing spirits ;  
For feare their piercing Iudgements might dis-  
couer

Thy inward weaknesse, and despise thy power ;  
Contemne thee for a Goddesse ; Thou that lad'st

Th'vnworthy Affe with gold ; while worth and merit  
 Serue thee for nought ; (weake Fortune) I renounce  
 Thy vaine dependance, and conuert my dutie  
 And facrifices of my sweetest thoughts,  
 To a more Noble Deitie. Sole friend to worth,  
 And Patronesse of all good Spirits, *Confidence*,  
 Shee be my Guide, and hers the praise of these  
 My worthie vndertakings.

*Enter Lyfander with a Glasse in his hand, Cyn-  
 thia, Hylus, Ero.*

*Lyfand.* **M**orrow Brother ; Not readie yet ?

*Thar.* No ; I haue somewhat of the Brother  
 in me ; I dare say, your Wife is many times readie, and  
 you not vp. Saue you sifter ; how, are you enamoured  
 of my presence ? how like you my aspect ?

*Cynth.* Faith no worfe then I did last weeke, the  
 weather has nothing chang'd the graine of your com-  
 plexion.

*Thar.* A firme prooffe, 'tis in graine, and so are not  
 all complexions.

A good Souldiers face Sifter.

*Cynth.* Made to be worne vnder a Beuer.

*Thar.* I, and 'twould shew well enough vnder a maske  
 too.

*Lyfand.* So much for the face.

*Thar.* But is there no obiect in this suite to whet  
 your tongue vpon ?

*Lyfand.* None, but Fortune send you well to weare  
 it : for shee best knowes how you got it.

*Thar.* Faith, 'tis the portion shee bestowes vpon  
 yonger Brothers, valour, and good clothes : Marry, if  
 you aske how we come by this new suite, I must take  
 time to answere it : for as the Ballad saies, in written  
 Bookes I find it. Brother these are the bloffomes of  
 spirit : and I will haue it said for my Fathers honour,  
 that some of his children were truly begotten.



*Lyfand.* Not all?

*Thar.* Shall I tell you brother that I know will reioyce you? my former suites haue been all spenders, this shall be a speeder.

*Lyfand.* A thing to bee heartily wisht; but brother, take heede you be not gull'd, be not too forward.

*Thar.* 'T had beene well for me, if you had follow'd that counsaile: You were too forward when you stept into the world before me, and gull'd me of the Land, that my spirits and parts were indeede borne too.

*Cynth.* May we not haue the blessing to know the aime of your fortunes, what coast, for heauens loue?

*Thar.* Nay, tis a proiect of State: you may see the preparation; but the designe lies hidden in the breasts of the wife.

*Lyfand.* May we not know't?

*Thar.* Not vnlesse you'le promise mee to laugh at it, for without your applause, Ile none.

*Lyfand.* The qualitie of it may bee such as a laugh will not be ill bestow'd vpon't; pray heauen I call not *Arface* sifter.

*Cynth.* What? the *Pandresse*?

*Thar.* Know you (as who knowes not) the exquisite Ladie of the Palace? The late *Gouernours* admired *Widdow*? The rich and haughtie *Countesse Eudora*? Were not shee a Iewell worth the wearing, if a man knew how to win her?

*Lyfand.* How's that? how's that?

*Thar.* Brother, there is a certaine *Goddesse* called *Confidence*, that carries a maine stroke in honourable preferments. Fortune waits vpon her; *Cupid* is at her becke; shee sends them both of errands. This Deitie doth promise me much assistance in this businesse.

*Lyfand.* But if this Deitie should draw you vp in a basket to your *Countesses* window, and there let you hang for all the wits in the *Towne* to shoot at: how then?

*Thar.* If shee doe, let them shoote their bolts and

spare not: I haue a little Bird in a Cage here that sings me better comfort. What should be the barre? you'le say, I was Page to the Count her husband. What of that? I haue thereby one foote in her fauour already; Shee has taken note of my spirit, and furuaid my good parts, and the picture of them liues in her eie: which sleepe, I know, can not close, till shee haue embrac't the substance.

*Lyfand.* All this fauors of the blinde Goddesse you speake of.

*Thar.* Why should I despaire, but that *Cupid* hath one dart in flore for her great Ladiship, as well as for any other huge Ladie, whom she hath made stoope Gallant, to kisse their worthie followers. In a word, I am assured of my speede. Such faire attempts led by a braue resolute, are euermore seconded by Fortune.

*Cynth.* But brother? haue I not heard you say, your own eares haue been witnesse to her vowes, made solemnelly to your late Lord; in memorie of him, to preferue till death, the vnstain'd honour of a Widdowes bed. If nothing else, yet that might coole your confidence.

*Thar.* Tush sister, suppose you should protest with with solemne oath (as perhaps you haue done, if euer Heauen heares your praies, that you may liue to see my Brother nobly interred) to feede only vpon fish, and not endure the touch of flesh, during the wretched Lent of your miserable life; would you beleue it Brother?

*Lyfand.* I am therein most confident.

*Thar.* Indeed, you had better beleue it then trie it: but pray Sister tell me, you are a woman: doe not you wiues nod your heads, and smile one vpon an other when yee meete abroad?

*Cynth.* Smile? why so?

*Thar.* As who should say, are not we mad Wenches, that can lead our blind husbands thus by the noses? do you not brag amongst your selues how grossly you

abuse their honest credulities? how they adore you for Saints: and you beleue it? while you adorne their temples, and they beleue it not? how you vow Widow-hood in their life time, and they beleue you, when euen in the sight of their breathlesse corse, ere they be fully cold, you ioine embraces with his Groome, or his Phisition, and perhaps his poisoner; or at least by the next Moone (if you can expect so long) solemnly plight new Hymineall bonds, with a wild, confident, vntamed Ruffine?

*Lysand.* As for example.

*Thar.* And make him the top of his house, and foueraign Lord of the Palace, as for example. Looke you Brother, this glasse is mine.

*Lysand.* What of that?

*Thar.* While I am with it, it takes impressiõ from my face; but can I make it so mine, that it shall bee of no vse to any other? will it not doe his office to you or you: and as well to my Groome as to my selfe? Brother, Monopolies are cryed downe. Is it not madnes for me to beleue, when I haue conquer'd that Fort of chastitie the great Countesse; that if another man of my making, and mettall, shall assault her: her eies and eares should lose their function, her other parts their vse, as if Nature had made her all in vaine, vnlesse I only had stumbl'd into her quarters.

*Cynth.* Brother: I feare mee in your trauaile, you haue drunck too much of that Italian aire, that hath infected the whole masse of your ingenuous Nature; dried vp in you all sap of generous disposition, poisond the very Essence of your soule, and so polluted your senses, that whatsoeuer enters there, takes from them contagion, and is to your fancie represented as foule and tainted, which in it selfe perhaps is spotlesse.

*Thar.* No sister, it hath refin'd my senses, and made mee see with cleare eies, and to iudge of obiects, as they truly are, not as they seeme, and through their maske to discern the true face of thinges. It tells me how short liu'd Widdowes teares are, that their weeping

is in truth but laughing vnder a Maske, that they mourne in their Gownes, and laugh in their Sleeues, all which I beleue as a Delphian Oracle: and am resolu'd to burne in that faith, And in that resolution doe I march to the great Ladie.

*Lyfand.* You lose time Brother in discourse, by this had you bore vp with the Ladie and clapt her aboard, for I knowe your confidence will not dwell long in the seruice.

*Thar.* No, I will performe it in the Conquerours stile. Your way is, not to winne *Penelope* by suite, but by surprife. The Castle's carried by a sodaine assault, that would perhaps fit out a twelue-moneths siege. It would bee a good breeding to my yong Nephew here, if hee could procure a stand at the Palace, to see with what alacritie Ile a-coast her Countesship, in what garbe I will woo her, with what facilitie I will winne her.

*Lyfand.* It shall goe hard but weele heare your entertainment for your confidence sake.

*Thar.* And hauing wonne her Nephew; This sweet face

Which all the Citie saies, is so like me,  
Like me shall be preferr'd, for I will wed thee  
To my great widdowes Daughter and sole Heire,  
The louely sparke, the bright *Laodice*.

*Lyfand.* A good pleasant dreame.

*Thar.* In this eie I see  
That fire that shall in me inflame the Mother,  
And that in this shall set on fire the Daughter.  
It goes Sir in a bloud; beleue me brother,  
These destinies goe euer in a bloud.

*Lyfand.* These diseases doe, brother, take heede of them:

Fare you well; Take heede you be not baffeld.

*Exeunt Lyf. Cynth. Hyl. Ero. manet Tharf.*

*Thar.* Now thou that art the third blind Deitie  
That gouernes earth in all her happinesse,  
The life of all endowments, *Confidence*;

Direct and prosper my intention.  
 Command thy seruant Deities, Loue and Fortune  
 To second my attempts for this great Ladie,  
 Whose Page I lately was ; That shee, whose bord  
 I might not fit at, I may boord a bed  
 And vnder bring, who bore so high her head. *Exit.*

*Lysander, Lycus.*

*Lyc.* 'TIS miraculous that you tell me Sir : he come  
 to woo our Ladie Mistris for his wife ?

*Lys.* 'Tis a phrensie he is posselt with, and wil not be  
 cur'd but by some violent remedie. And you shall  
 fauour me so much to make me a spectator of the  
 Scene. But is shee (say you) already accessible for  
 Suiters ? I thought shee would haue stood so stiffly on  
 her Widdow vow, that shee would not endure the fight  
 of a Suiter.

*Lyc.* Faith Sir, *Penelope* could not barre her gates  
 against her woers, but shee will still be Mistris of her  
 selfe. It is you know, a certaine Itch in femall bloud,  
 they loue to be su'd to : but shee hearken to no  
 Suiters.

*Lys.* But by your leaue *Lycus*, *Penelope* is not so wise  
 as her husband *Vlyffes*, for he fearing the iawes of the  
*Syren*, stopt his eares with waxe against her voice.  
 They that feare the Adders sting, will not come neare  
 her hissing. Is any Suiter with her now ?

*Lyc.* A Spartan Lord, dating himselfe our great Vice-  
 roies Kinfman, and two or three other of his Countrie  
 Lords, as spots in his train. He comes armed with  
 his Altitudes letters in grace of his person, with pro-  
 mise to make her a Duchesse if shee embrace the  
 match. This is no meane attraction to her high  
 thoughts ; but yet shee disdaines him.

*Lys.* And how then shall my brother presume of ac-  
 ceptance ? yet I hold it much more vnder her content-

ment, to marrie such a Nastie braggart, then vnder her honour to wed my brother : A Gentleman (though I sai't) more honourably descended than that Lord: who perhaps, for all his Ancestrie would bee much troubled to name you the place where his Father was borne.

*Lyc.* Nay, I hold no comparifon betwixt your brother & him. And the Venerean disease, to which they say, he has beene long wedded, shall I hope first rot him, ere shee endure the fauour of his Sulphurous breath. Well, her Ladiship is at hand ; y'are best take you to your stand.

*Lyc.* Thankes good friend *Lycus*.

*Exit.*

*Enter Argus barehead, with whome another Vsher Lycus ioynes, going ouer the Stage. Hiarbas, and Pforabeus next, Rebus single before Eudora, Laodice, Sthenia bearing her traine, Ianthe following.*

*Reb.* I Admire Madame, you can not loue whome the Viceroy loues.

*Hiar.* And one whose veines swell so with his bloud, Madam, as they doe in his Lordship.

*Pfo.* A neare and deare Kinsman his Lordship is to his Altitude, the Viceroy ; In care of whose good speede here, I know his Altitude hath not slept a sound sleepe since his departure.

*Eud.* I thanke *Venus* I haue, euer since he came.

*Reb.* You sleepe away your Honour, Madam, if you neglect me.

*Hiar.* Neglect your Lordship? that were a negligence no lesse than disloialtie.

*Eud.* I much doubt that Sir, It were rather a presumption to take him, being of the bloud Vicerioiall.

*Reb.* Not at all, being offered Madame.

*Eud.* But offered ware is not so sweet you know. They are the graces of the Viceroy that woo me, not your Lordships, and I conceiue it should be neither

Honor nor Pleasure to you, to be taken in for an other mans fauours.

*Reb.* Taken in Madam? you speake as I had no house to hide my head in.

*Eud.* I haue heard so indeed, my Lord, vnlesse it be another mans.

*Reb.* You haue heard vntruth then; These Lords can well witnesse I can want no houses.

*Hiar.* Nor Palaces neither my Lord.

*Pjo.* Nor Courts neither.

*Eud.* Nor Temples I thinke neither; I beleeeue wee shall haue a God of him.

*Enter Tharsalio.*

*Arg.* See the bold fellow; whether will you Sir?

*Thar.* Away, all honour to you Madam?

*Eud.* How now base companion?

*Thar.* Base Madame: hees not base that fights as high as your lips.

*Eud.* And does that befeeme my seruant?

*Thar.* Your Court-seruant Madam.

*Eud.* One that waited on my boord?

*Thar.* That was only a preparation to my weight on your bed Madam.

*Eud.* How dar'st thou come to me with such a thought?

*Thar.* Come to you Madam? I dare come to you at midnight, and bid defiance to the proudest spirit that haunts these your loued shadowes; and would any way make terrible the acesse of my loue to you.

*Eud.* Loue me? loue my dogge.

*Thar.* I am bound to that by the prouerb Madam.

*Eud.* Kennell without with him, intrude not here. What is it thou presum'st on?

*Thar.* On your iudgement Madam, to choose a Man,

and not a Giant, as these are that come with Titles, and Authoritie, as they would conquer, or rauish you. But I come to you with the liberall and ingenuous Graces, Loue, Youth, and Gentry; which (in no more deform'd a person then my selfe) deserue any Princeesse.

*Eud.* In your fawcie opinion Sir, and sirha too; get gone; and let this malipert humour returne thee no more, for afore heauen Ile haue thee tost in blanquets.

*Thar.* In blanquets Madam? you must adde your sheetes, and you must be the Tosser.

*Reb.* Nay then Sir y'are as grosse as you are fawcie.

*Thar.* And all one Sir, for I am neither.

*Reb.* Thou art both.

*Thar.* Thou liest; keepe vp your smiter Lord *Rebus.*

*Hiar.* Vfest thou thus his Altitudes Cofen?

*Reb.* The place thou know'st protects thee.

*Thar.* Tie vp your valour then till an other place turne me loose to you, you are the Lord (I take it) that wooed my great Mistris here with letters from his Altitude; which while she was reading, your Lordship (to entertaine time) strod'd and skal'd your fingers; as you would shew what an itching desire you had to get betwixt her sheetes.

*Hiar.* Slight, why does your Lordship endure him?

*Reb.* The place, the place my Lord.

*Thar.* Be you his Attorney Sir.

*Hiar.* What would you doe Sir?

*Thar.* Make thee leape out at window, at which thou cam'st in: Whores-sonne bag-pipe Lords.

*Eud.* What rudenesse is this?

*Thar.* What tamenesse is it in you Madam, to sticke at the discarding of such a fuitter? A leane Lord, dub'd with the lard of others? A diseased Lord too, that opening certaine Magick Characters in an vnlawfull booke, vp-start as many aches in's bones, as there are ouches in's skinne. Send him (Mistris) to the Widdow your Tennant; the vertuous Pandresse *Arface.* I per-



ceiue he has crownes in's Purfe, that make him proud of a string; let her pluck the Goofe therefore, and her maides dresse him.

*Pfo.* Still my Lord suffer him?

*Reb.* The place Sir, beleeeue it the place.

*Thar.* O good Lord *Rebus*; The place is neuer like to be yours that you neede respect it so much.

*Eud.* Thou wrong'st the noble Gentleman.

*Thar.* Noble Gentleman? A tumor, an impostume hee is Madam; a very hault-boy, a bag-pipe; in whom there is nothing but winde, and that none of the sweetest neither.

*Eud.* Quitt the House of him, by 'thead and Soulders.

*Thar.* Thankes to your Honour Madame, and my Lord Cofen the Viceroy shall thanke you.

*Reb.* So shall he indeede sir.

*Lyc. Arg.* Will you be gone sir?

*Thar.* Away poore Fellowes.

*Eud.* What is he made of? or what Deuill sees your childish, and effeminate spirits in him, that thus yee shun him? Free vs of thy fight; Be gone, or I protest thy life shall goe.

*Thar.* Yet shall my Ghost stay still; and haunt those beauties, and glories, that haue renderd it immortall. But since I see your blood runnes (for the time) High, in that contradiction that fore-runs Truest agreements (like the Elements Fighting before they generate;) and that Time Must be attended most, in things most worth; I leaue your Honour freely; and commend That life you threaten, when you please, to be Aduentur'd in your seruice; so your Honour Require it likewise.

*Eud.* Doe not come againe.

*Thar.* Ile come againe, beleeeue it, and againe. *Exit.*

*Eud.* If he shall dare to come againe, I charge you shut dores vpon him.

*Arg.* You must shut them (Madam)

To all men else then, if it please your Honour,  
For if that any enter, hele be one.

*Eud.* I hope, wise Sir, a Guard will keepe him out.

*Arg.* Afore Heauen, not a Guard (ant please your Honour.)

*Eud.* Thou liest base Ass; One man enforce a  
Guard?

Ile turne yee all away (by our Iles Goddesse)  
If he but fet a foote within my Gates.

*Lurd.* Your Honour shall doe well to haue him poi-  
son'd.

*Hiar.* Or begg'd of your Cosen the Viceroy. *Exit.*

*Lyfander from his stand.*

*Lyfand.* This brauing wooer, hath the successe ex-  
pected; The fauour I obtain'd, made me witnesse to  
the sport; And let his Confidence bee sure, Ile giue it  
him home. The newes by this, is blowne through the  
four quarters of the Cittie. Alas good Confidence:  
but the happineffe is he has a forehead of prooffe; the  
staine shall neuer stick there whatsoeuer his reproch  
be.

*Enter Tharfalio.*

*Lyfand.* **W**Hat? in discourse?

*Thar.* Hell and the Furies take this vile en-  
counter,

Who would imagine this Saturnian Peacock  
Could be so barbarous to vse a spirit  
Of my erection, with such lowe respect?  
Fore heauen it cuts my gall; but Ile dissemble it.

*Lyfand.* What? my noble Lord?

*Thar.* Well Sir, that may be yet, and meanes to be.

*Lyfand.* What meanes your Lordship then to hang

that head that hath beene so erected; it knocks Sir at your bosome to come in and hide it selfe.

*Thar.* Not a iot.

*Lyfand.* I hope by this time it needes feare no hornes.

*Thar.* Well Sir, but yet that blessing runs not alwaies in a bloud.

*Lyfand.* What blanqueted? O the Gods? spurn'd out by Groomes like a base Bisogno? thrust out by'th head and shoulders?

*Thar.* You doe well Sir to take your pleasure of me, (I may turne tables with you ere long.)

*Lyfand.* What has thy wits fine engine taken cold? art stuff't inth head? canst answere nothing?

*Thar.* Truth is, I like my entertainment the better that 'twas no better.

*Lyfand.* Now the Gods forbid that this opinion should run in a bloud.

*Thar.* Haue not you heard this principle, All thinges by strife engender?

*Lyfand.* Dogges and Cats doe.

*Thar.* And men and women too.

*Lyfand.* Well Brother, in earnest, you haue now set your confidence to schoole, from whence I hope't has brought home such a lesson as will instruct his master neuer after to begin such attempts as end in laughter.

*Thar.* Well Sir, you lesson my Confidence still; I pray heauens your confidence haue not more shallow ground (for that I know) then mine you reprehend so.

*Lyfand.* My confidence? in what?

*Thar.* May be you trust too much.

*Lyfand.* Wherein?

*Thar.* In humane frailtie.

*Lyfand.* Why brother know you ought that may impeach my confidence, as this successe may yours? hath your obseruation discovered any such frailtie in my wife (for that is your aime I know) then let me know it.

*Thar.* Good, good. Nay Brother, I write no bookes

of Obseruations, let your confidence beare out it selfe, as mine shall me.

*Lyfand.* That's scarce a Brothers speech. If there be ought wherein your Brothers good might any way be question'd can you conceale it from his bosome?

*Thar.* So, so. Nay my saying was but generall. I glanc't at no particular.

*Lyfand.* Then must I presse you further. You spake (as to your selfe, but yet I ouer-heard) as if you knew some disposition of weaknesse where I most had fixt my trust. I challenge you to let me know what 'twas.

*Thar.* Brother? are you wise?

*Lyfand.* Why?

*Thar.* Be ignorant. Did you neuer heare of *Aetæon*?

*Lyfand.* What then?

*Thar.* Curiositie was his death. He could not be content to adore *Diana* in her Temple, but he must needes dogge her to her retir'd pleasures, and see her in her nakednesse. Doe you enioy the sole priuiledge of your wiues bed? haue you no pretie *Paris* for your Page? No yong *Adonis* to front you there?

*Lyfand.* I thinke none: I know not.

*Thar.* Know not still Brother. Ignorance and credulitie are your sole meanes to obtaine that blessing. You see your greatest Clerkes, your wisest Politicians, are not that way fortunate: your learned Lawyers would lose a dozen poore mens causes to gaine a lease ant, but for a Terme. Your Phisition is ielous of his. Your Sages in generall, by seeing too much ouersee that happinesse. Only your block-headly Tradesman; your honest meaning Cittizen; your not-headed Countrie Gentleman; your vnapprehending Stinckerd is blest with the sole prerogatiue of his Wiues chamber. For which he is yet beholding, not to his starres, but to his ignorance. For if he be wise, Brother, I must tell you the case alters.

How doe you relish these thinges Brother?

*Lyfand.* Passing ill.

*Thar.* So do sick men solid meates : hearke you brother, are you not ielous ?

*Lyfand.* No : doe you know cause to make me ?

*Thar.* Hold you there ; did your wife neuer spice your broth with a dramme of sublimate ? hath shee not yeilded vp the Fort of her Honour to a staring Soldado ? and (taking courage from her guilt) plaid open bankrout of all shame, and runne the Countrie with him ? Then blesse your Starres, bow your knees to *Iuno*. Looke where shee appears.

*Enter Cynthia, Hylus.*

*Cynth.* **W**E haue fought you long Sir, there's a Messenger within, hath brought you letters from the Court, and desires your speech.

*Lyfand.* I can discouer nothing in her looks. Goe, Ile not be long.

*Cynth.* Sir, it is of weight the bearer saies : and beides, much hastens his departure. Honourable Brother ! crie mercie ! what, in a Conquerours stile ? but come and ouercome ?

*Thar.* A fresh course.

*Cynth.* Alas you see of how sleight mettall Widdowes vows are made.

*Thar.* And that shall you proue too ere long.

*Cynth.* Yet for the honour of our sexe, boast not abroade this your easie conquest ; another might perhaps haue staid longer below staires, it but was your confidence, that surpris'd her loue.

*Hyl.* My vncler hath instructed me how to accoast an honorable Ladie ; to win her, not by suite, but by surprife.

*Thar.* The Whelp and all.

*Hyl.* Good Vncler let not your neare Honours change your manners, bee not forgetfull of your promise to mee, touching your Ladies daughter *Laodice*. My

fancie runns so vpon't, that I dreame euey night of her.

*Thar.* A good chicken, goe thy waies, thou hast done well; eate bread with thy meate.

*Cyn.* Come Sir, will you in?

*Lysand.* Ile follow you.

*Cynth.* Ile not stirre a foot without you. I can not satisfie the messengers impatience.

*Lys.* *He takes Thar. aside.* Wil you not resolue me brother?

*Thar.* Of what?

*Lysander stamps and goes out vext with Cynth. Hyl. Ero.* So, there's venie for venie, I haue giuen't him 'ith spee- ding place for all his confidence. Well out of this per- haps there may bee moulded matter of more mirth, then my baffling. It shall goe hard but Ile make my constant sifter act as famous a Scene as *Virgil* did his Mistris; who cau'd all the Fire in Rome to faile so that none could light a torch but at her nose. Now forth: At this house dwells a vertuous Dame, some- times of worthy Fame, now like a decai'd Merchant turn'd Broker, and retailes refuse commodities for vn- thriftie Gallants. Her wit I must imploy vpon this businesse to prepare my next encounter, but in such a fashion as shall make all split. Ho? Madam *Arface*, pray heauen the Oister-wiues haue not brought the newes of my woing hether amongst their stale Pil- cherds.

*Enter Arface, Tomasin.*

*Arf.* **W**Hat? my Lord of the Palace?

*Thar.* Looke you.

*Arf.* Why, this was done like a beaten Souldier.

*Thar.* Hearke, I must speake with you. I haue a share for you in this riche aduenture. You must bee the Assé chardg'd with Crownes to make way to the Fort, and I the Conquerour to follow, and seise it. Seest thou this iewell?

*Arf.* Is't come to that? why *Tomafin*.

*Tom.* Madam.

*Arf.* Did not one of the Countesses Seruing-men tell vs that this Gentleman was sped?

*Tom.* That he did, and how her honour grac't and entertained him in very familiar manner.

*Arf.* And brought him downe flaires her selfe.

*Tom.* I forsooth, and commanded her men to beare him out of dores.

*Thar.* Slight, pelted with rotten egges?

*Arf.* Nay more, that he had alreadie possesst her sheetes.

*Tom.* No indeede Mistris, twas her blanquets.

*Thar.* Out you yong hedge-sparrow, learne to tread afore you be fledge. *He kicks her out:*

Well haue you done now Ladie.

*Arf.* O my sweet kilbuck.

*Thar.* You now, in your shallow pate, thinke this a disgrace to mee; such a disgrace as is a batterd helmet on a fouldiers head, it doubles his resolution. Say, shall I vse thee?

*Arf.* Vse me?

*Thaa.* O holy reformation! how art thou fallen downe from the vpper-bodies of the Church to the skirts of the Citie! honestie is stript out of his true substance into verball nicetie. Common finners startle at common termes, and they that by whole mountaines swallow downe the deedes of darknesse; A poore mote of a familiar word, makes them turne vp the white o'th eie. Thou art the Ladies Tennant.

*Arf.* For terme Sir.

*Thar.* A good induction, be successefull for me, make me Lord of the Palace, and thou shalt hold thy Tene-ment to thee and thine eares for euer, in free smockage, as of the manner of Panderage, prouided alwaies.

*Arfa.* Nay if you take me vnprouided.

*Thar.* Prouided I say, that thou mak'st thy repaire to her presently with a plot I will instruct thee in; and

for thy furer accesse to her greatnesse, thou shalt present her, as from thy selfe with this iewell.

*Arfa.* So her old grudge, stand not betwixt her and me.

*Thar.* Feare not that.

Presents are present cures for femall grudges,  
Make bad, seeme good : alter the case with Iudges.

*Exit.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*

## *Actus Secundi.*

Scœna Prima.

*Lyfander, Tharfalio.*

*Lyfand.* **S**O now we are our selues. Brother, that ill relisht speech you let slip from your tongue, hath taken so deepe hold of my thoughts, that they will neuer giue me rest, till I be resolu'd what 'twas you said, you know, touching my wife.

*Tharf.* Tuff: I am wearie of this subiect, I said not so.

*Lyf.* By truth it selfe you did: I ouer-heard you. Come, it shall nothing moue me, whatsoever it be; pray thee vnfold briefly what you know.

*Tharf.* Why briefly Brother. I know my sifter to be the wonder of the Earth; and the Enuie of the Heauens. Vertuous, Loiall, and what not. Briefly, I know shee hath vow'd, that till death and after death, shee hold inuiolate her bonds to you, & that her black shal take no other hew; all which I firmly beleue. In brieft Brother, I know her to be a woman. But you know brother, I haue other yrons on th'anuile.

*Exiturus.*



*Lyf.* You shall not leaue mee so vnſatisfied ; tell mee what tis you know.

*Thar.* Why Brother ; if you be ſure of your wiues loialtie for terme of life : why ſhould you be curious to ſearch the Almanacks for after-times : whether ſome wandring *Aeneas* ſhould enioy your reuerſion ; or whether your true Turtle would ſit mourning on a wither'd branch, till *Atropos* cut her throat : Beware of curioſitie, for who can reſolue you ? youle ſay perhaps her vow.

*Lyſand.* Perhaps I ſhall.

*Thar.* Tuff, her ſelfe knowes not what ſhee ſhall doe, when ſhee is transform'd iuto a Widdow. You are now a ſober and ſtaid Gentleman. But if *Diana* for your curioſitie ſhould tranſlate you into a monckey : doe you know what gambolds you ſhould play ? your only way to bee reſolu'd is to die and make triall of her.

*Lyſand.* A deare experiment, then I muſt riſe againe to bee reſolu'd.

*Thar.* You ſhall not neede. I can ſend you ſpeedier aduertifement of her conſtancie, by the next Ripier that rides that way with Mackerell. And ſo I leaue you.

*Exit Thar.*

*Lyſand.* All the Furies in hell attend thee ; has giuen me a

Bone to tire on with a peſtilence ; ſlight know ?  
 What can he know ? what can his eie obſerue  
 More then mine owne, or the moſt pierſing ſight  
 That euer viewed her ? by this light I thinke  
 Her priuat'ſt thought may dare the eie of heauen,  
 And challenge th' enuious world to witneſſe it.  
 I know him for a wild corrupted youth,  
 Whom prophane Ruffins, Squires to Bawds, & Strumpets,  
 Drunkards, ſpeud out of Tauerns, into'th ſinkes  
 Of Tap-houſes, and Stewes, Reuolts from manhood ;  
 Debaucht perdu's, haue by their companies  
 Turn'd Deuill like themſelues, and ſtuft his ſoule

With damn'd opinions, and vnhalloved thoughts  
Of womanhood, of all humanitie,  
Nay Deitie it selfe.

*Enter Lycus.*

*Lyc.* **W**elcome friend *Lycus*.

*Lyc.* Haue you met with your capricious brother ?

*Lyc.* He parted hence but now.

*Lyc.* And has he yet resolu'd you of that point you brake with me about ?

*Lyc.* Yes, he bids me die for further triall of her constancie.

*Lyc.* That were a strange Phisicke for a iealous patient ; to cure his thirst with a draught of poison. Faith Sir, discharge your thoughts an't ; thinke 'twas but a Buzz deuis'd by him to set your braines a work, and diuert your eie from his disgrace. The world hath written your wife in highest lines of honour'd Fame : her vertues so admir'd in this Ile, as the report thereof founds in forraigne eares ; and strangers oft arriuing here, (as some rare sight) desire to view her presence, thereby to compare the Picture with the originall. Nor thinke he can turne so farre rebell to his blood, Or to the Truth it selfe to misconceiue Her spotlesse loue and loialtie ; perhaps Oft hauing heard you hold her faith so sacred As you being dead, no man might stirre a sparke Of vertuous loue, in way of second bonds ; As if you at your death should carrie with you Both branch and roote of all affection. T'may be, in that point hee's an Infidell, And thinkes your confidence may ouer-weene.

*Lyc.* So thinke not I.

*Lyc.* Nor I : if euer any made it good. I am resolu'd of all, sheele proue no changling.

*Lyc.* Well, I must yet be further satisfied ; And vent this humour by some straine of wit, Somewhat Ile doe ; but what, I know not yet. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sthenio, Ianthe.*

*Sthe.* **P**Assion of Virginitie, *Ianthe*, how shall we quit ourselues of this Pandresse, that is so importunate to speake with vs? Is shee knowne to be a Pandresse?

*Ian.* I, as well as we are knowne to be waiting women.

*Sthe.* A shrew take your comparison.

*Sthe.* Lets cal out *Argus* that bold Affe that neuer weighs what he does or saies; but walkes and talkes like one in a sleepe; to relate her attendance to my Ladie, and present her.

*Ian.* Who? ant please your Honour? None so fit to set on any dangerous exploit.

Ho? *Argus*?

*Enter Argus bare.*

*Arg.* **W**Hats the matter Wenches?

*Seth.* You must tell my Ladie here's a Gentlewoman call'd *Arface*, her Honours Tennant, attends her, to impart important businesse to her.

*Arg.* I will presently. *Exit Arg.*

*Iant.* Well, shee has a welcome present, to beare out her vnwelcome preface: and I neuer knew but a good gift would welcome a bad person to the purest. *Arface*?

*Enter Arface.*

*Arf.* **I**Mistris.

*Sthe.* Giue me your Present, Ile doe all I can, to make way both for it and your selfe.

*Arf.* You shall binde me to your seruice Ladie.

*Sthe.* Stand vnseene.

*Enter Lyc. Eudora, Laodice, Reb, Hiar Pfor., comming after, Argus comming to Eudora.*

*Arg.* **H**Ere's a Gentle-woman (ant please your Honour) one of your Tennants

Defires accessse to you.

*Eud.* What Tennant? what's her name?

*Arg.* *Arface*, shee saies Madam.

*Eud.* *Arface*? what the Bawde?

*Arg.* The Bawd Madam? *Shee strikes*, that's without my priuitie.

*Eud.* Out Affe, know'st not thou the Pandresse *Arface*?

*Sth.* Shee presents your Honour with this Iewell?

*Eud.* This iewell? how came shee by such a iewell? Shee has had great Customers.

*Arg.* Shee had neede Madam, shee fits at a great Rent.

*Eud.* Alas for your great Rent: Ile keepe her iewell, and keepe you her out, yee were best: speake to me for a Pandresse?

*Arg.* What shall we doe?

*Sth.* Goe to; Let vs alone. *Arface*?

*Arf.* I Ladie.

*Sth.* You must pardon vs, we can not obtaine your accessse.

*Arf.* Mistris *Sthenio*, tell her Honour, if I get not accessse to her, and that instantly shee's vndone.

*Sth.* This is some thing of importance. Madam, shee swears your Honour is vndone if she speake not with you instantly.

*Eud.* Vndone?

*Arf.* Pray her for her Honours sake to giue mee instant accessse to her.

*Sth.* Shee makes her businesse your Honour Madame, and entreates for the good of that, her instant speech with you.

*Eud.* How comes my Honour in question? Bring her to mee.

*Enter Arface.*

*Arf.* **O** Vr *Cypriane* Goddesse faue your good Honor.

*Eud.* Stand you off I pray: How dare you Mistris

importune acceſſe to me thus, conſidering the laſt warning I gaue for your abſence ?

*Arf.* Becauſe, Madam, I haue been mou'd by your Honours laſt moſt chaſt admonition, to leaue the offenſiue life I led before.

*Eud.* I? haue you left it then ?

*Arf.* I, I aſſure your Honour, vnleſſe it be for the pleaſure of two or three poore Ladies, that haue prodi- gall Knights to their husbands.

*Eud.* Out on thee Impudent.

*Arf.* Alas Madam, wee would all bee glad to liue in our callings.

*Eud.* Is this the reform'd life thou talk'ſt on ?

*Arf.* I beſeech your good Honour miſtake me not, I boaſt of nothing but my charitie, that's the worſt.

*Eud.* You get theſe iewels with charitie, no doubt. But whats the point in which my Honour ſtands en- danger'd I pray ?

*Arf.* In care of that Madam, I haue preſum'd to offend your chaſt eies with my preſence. Hearing it reported for truth and generally, that your Honor will take to husband a yong Gentleman of this Citie called *Tharſalio*.

*Eud.* I take him to husband ?

*Arf.* If your Honour does, you are vtterly vndone, for hee's the moſt incontinent, and infatiate Man of Women that euer VENVS bleſt with abilitie to pleaſe them.

*Eud.* Let him be the Deuill ; I abhorre his thought, and could I be inform'd particularly of any of theſe flanderers of mine Honour, he ſhould as dearly dare it, as any thing wherein his life were endanger'd.

*Arf.* Madam, the report of it is ſo ſtrongly confident, that I feare the ſtrong deſtinie of marriage is at worke in it. But if it bee Madam : Let your Honours knowne vertue reſiſt and deſie it for him : for not a hundred will ſerue his one turne. I proteſt to your Honour, When (VENVS pardon mee) I winckt at my

vnmaidenly exercife, I haue knowne nine in a Night made mad with his loue.

*Eud.* What tell'ft thou mee of his loue? I tell thee I abhorre him; and deftinie muft haue an other mould for my thoughts, then Nature or mine Honour, and a Witchcraft aboue both, to transforme mee to another fhape, as foone as to an other concept of him.

*Arf.* Then is your good Honour iuft as I pray for you, and good Madam, euen for your vertues fake, and comfort of all your Dignities, and Poffeffions; fixe your whole Woman-hood againft him. Hee will fo inchant you, as neuer man did woman: Nay a Goddeffe (fay his light hufwiues) is not worthie of his sweetneffe.

*Eud.* Goe to, be gone.

*Arf.* Deare Madam, your Honours moft perfect admonition haue brought mee to fuch a hate of thefe imperfections, that I could not but attend you with my dutie, and vrge his vnreasonable manhood to the fill.

*Eud.* Man-hood, quoth you?

*Arf.* Nay Beaftly-hood, I might fay, indeede Madam, but for fauing your Honour; Nine in a night faid I?

*Eud.* Goe to, no more.

*Arf.* No more Madame? that's enough one would thinke.

*Eud.* Well be gone I bid thee.

*Arf.* Alas Madam, your Honour is the chiefe of our Cittie, and to whom fhall I complaine of thefe in-chaftities, (being your Ladifhips reform'd Tennant) but to you that are chafteft?

*Eud.* I pray thee goe thy waies, and let me fee this reformation you pretend continued.

*Arf.* I humbly thanke your good Honour, that was firft caufe of it.

*Eud.* Here's a complaint as ftrange as my Suiter.

*Arf.* I befeech your good Honour thinke vpon him, make him an example.

*Eud.* Yet againe ?

*Arf.* All my dutie to your Excellence. *Exit. Arf.*

*Eud.* These sorts of licentious persons, when they are once reclaim'd, are most vehement against licence. But it is the course of the world to dispraise faults & use them ; that so we may vse them the safer. What might a wife Widdow resolve vpon this point now ? Contentment is the end of all worldly beings : Bestrow her ; would shee had spared her newes. *Exit.*

*Reb.* See if shee take not a contrarie way to free her selfe of vs.

*Hiar.* You must complaine to his Altitude.

*Pfor.* All this for triall is ; you must indure That will haue wiues, nought else, with them is sure.

*Exit.*

*Tharfalio, Arface.*

*Thar.* Hast thou beene admitted then ?

*Arf.* **H**Admitted ? I, into her heart, Ile able it ; neuer was man so prais'd with a dispraise ; nor so spoken for in being rail'd on. Ile giue you my word ; I haue set her hart vpon as tickle a pin as the needle of a Diall ; that will neuer let it rest, till it be in the right position.

*Thar.* Why dost thou imagine this ?

*Arf.* Because I saw *Cupid* shoot in my wordes, and open his wounds in her lookes. Her bloud went and came of errands betwixt her face and her heart ; and these changes I can tell you are shrewd tell-tales.

*Thar.* Thou speakest like a Doctriffe in thy facultie ; but howsoever, for all this foile, Ile retrieve the game once againe, hee's a shallow gamster that for one displeasing cast giues vp so faire a game for lost.

*Arf.* Well, 'twas a villanous inuention of thine, and had a swift operation, it tooke like sulphure. And yet this vertuous Countesse hath to my eare spun out many a tedious lecture of pure sisters thred against concupiscence. But euer with such an affected zeale, as my

minde gaue me, shee had a kinde of secreet titillation to grace my poore house sometimes ; but that shee fear'd a spice of the Sciatica, which as you know euer runs in the bloud.

*Thar.* And as you know, fokes into the bones. But to say truth, these angrie heates that breake out at the lips of these streight lac't Ladies, are but as symptoms of a lustfull feuer that boiles within them. For wherefore rage wiues at their husbands so, when they flie out, for zeale against the sinne ?

*Arf.* No, but because they did not purge that sinne.

*Thar.* Th'art a notable Syren, and I sweare to thee, if I prosper, not only to giue thee thy mannor-house gratis, but to marrie thee to some one Knight or other, and burie thy trade in thy Ladiship : Goe be gone.

*Exit Arf.*

*Enter Lycus.*

*Thar.* **W**Hat newes *Lycus* ? where's the Ladie ?

*Lyc.* Retir'd into her Orchard.

*Thar.* A pregnant badge of loue, shee's melancholy.

*Lyc.* 'Tis with the sight of her Spartane wooer. But howtoeuer tis with her, youhaue practis'd strangely vpon your Brother.

*Thar.* Why so ?

*Lyc.* You had almost listid his wit off the hinges. That sparke ielousie falling into his drie melancholy braine, had well neare set the whole house on fire.

*Thar.* No matter, let it worke : I did but pay him in's owne coine ; Sfoot hee plied me with such a volley of vnseason'd scoffs, as would haue made Patience it selfe turne Ruffine, attiring it selfe in wounds and bloud : but is his humour better qualified then ?

*Lyc.* Yes, but with a medicine ten parts more dangerous then the sicknesse : you know how strange his dotage euer was on his wife ; taking speciall glorie to haue her loue and loialtie to him so renown'd abroad. To whom shee ostentimes hath vow'd constancie after



life, till her owne death had brought forsooth, her widow-troth to bed. This he ioi'd in strangely, and was therein of infallible beliefe, till your surmise began to shake it; which hath loos'd it so, as now there's nought can settle it, but a triall, which hee's resolu'd vpon.

*Thar.* As how man? as how?

*Lyc.* Hee is resolu'd to follow your aduise, to die, and make triall of her stablenesse, and you must lend your hand to it.

*Thar.* What to cut's throat?

*Lyc.* To forge a rumour of his death, to vphold it by circumstance, maintaine a publike face of mourning, and all things appertaining.

*Thar.* I, but the meanes man: what time? what probabilitie.

*Lyc.* Nay, I thinke he has not lickt his Whelp into full shape yet, but you shall shortly heare ant.

*Thar.* And when shall this strange conception see light?

*Lyc.* Forthwith: there's nothing staies him, but some odde businesse of import, which hee must winde vp; least perhaps his absence by occasion of his intended triall be prolonged aboute his aimes.

*Thar.* Thankes for this newes i' faith. This may perhaps proue happie to my Nephew. Truth is I loue my sifter well and must acknowledge her more then ordinarie vertues. But shee hath so possesst my brothers heart with vowes, and disauowings, seal'd with oathes of second nuptials; as in that confidence, hee hath inuested her in all his state, the ancient inheritance of our Familie: and left my Nephew and the rest to hang vpon her pure deuotion; so as he dead, and shee matching (as I am resolu'd shee will) with some yong Prodigall; what must ensue, but her post-issue beggerd, and our house already sinking, buried quick in ruin. But this triall may remoue it, and since tis come to this; marke but the issue *Lycus*, for all these solemne vowes, if I doe not make her proue in the handling as

weake as a wafer ; say I lost my time in trauaile. This resolution then has set his wits in ioynt againe, hee's quiet.

*Lyc.* Yes, and talkes of you againe in the fairest manner, listens after your speede.

*Thar.* Nay hee's passing kinde, but I am glad of this triall for all that.

*Lyc.* Which he thinkes to be a flight beyond your wing.

*Thar.* But hee will change that thought ere long. My Bird you saw euen now, sings me good newes, and makes hopefull signes to me.

*Lyc.* Somewhat can I say too, since your messengers departure, her Ladiship hath beene something alter'd, more pensiuue then before, and tooke occasion to question of you, what your addictions were ? of what tast your humor was ? of what cut you wore your wit, and all this in a kind of disdainefull scorne.

*Thar.* Good Callenders *Lycus*. Well Ile pawne this ieuell with thee, my next encounter shall quite alter my brothers iudgement. Come lets in, he shall commend it for a discreet and honourable attempt.

Mens iudgments sway on that side fortune leanes,

Thy wishes shall assist me :

*Lyc.* And my meanes.

*Exeunt.*

*Argus, Clinias, Sthenio, Ianthe.*

*Arg.* I Must confesse I was ignorant, what'twas to court a Ladie till now.

*Sthe.* And I pray you what is it now ?

*Arg.* To court her I perceiue, is to woo her with letters from Court, for so this Spartane Lords Court discipline teacheth.

*Sth.* His Lordship hath procur'd a new Pacquet from his Altitude.

*Clin.* If he bring no better ware then letters in's pacquet, I shall greatly doubt of his good speede.

*Ian.* If his Lordship did but know how gracious his Aspect is to my Ladie in this solitarie humour.

*Clin.* Well these retir'd walkes of hers are not vsuall; and bode some alteration in her thoughts. What may bee the cause *Sthenio*.

*Sthe.* Nay twould trouble *Argus* with his hundred eies to descric the cause.

*Ian.* *Venus* keepe her vpriight, that shee fall not from the state of her honour; my feare is that some of these Serpentine suiters will tempt her from her constant vow of widdow-hood. If they doe, good night to our good daies.

*Sthe.* 'Twere a sinne to suspeçt her; I haue been witnessse to so many of her fearfull protestations to our late Lord against that course; to her infinite oathes imprinted on his lips, and seal'd in his heart with such imprecations to her bed, if euer it should receiue a second impressiõ; to her open and often detestations of that incestuous life (as shee term'd it) of widdowes marriages; as being but a kinde of lawfull adulterie; like vsurie, permitted by the law, not approu'd. That to wed a second, was no better then to cuckold the first: That women should entertaine wedlock as one bodie, as one life, beyond which there were no desire, no thought, no repentance from it, no restitution to it. So as if the conscience of her vows should not restraine her, yet the worlds shame to breake such a constant resolution, should repressse any such motion in her.

*Arg.* Well, for her vows, they are gone to heauen with her husband, they binde not vpon earth: And as for Womens resolutions, I must tell you, The Planets, & (as *Ptolomie* saies) the windes haue a great stroke in them. Trust not my learning if her late strangeness, and exorbitant solitude, be not hatching some new Monster.

*Ian.* Well applied *Argus*; Make your husbands Monsters.

*Arg.* I spoke of no husbands: but you Wenches haue

the pregnant wits, to turne Monsters into husbands, as you turne husbands into monsters.

*Sthe.* Well *Ianthe*, 'twere high time we made in, to part our Ladie and her Spartane wooer.

*Ian.* We shall appeare to her like the two fortunate Stars in a tempest, to saue the shipwrack of her patience.

*Sthe.* I, and to him to, I belecue; For by this time he hath spent the last dramme of his newes.

*Arg.* That is, of his wit.

*Sth.* Iust good wittals. *Ian.* If not, & that my La: be not too deep in her new dumps, we shall heare from his Lordship; what such a Lord said of his wife the first night hee embrac't her: To what Gentleman such a Count was beholding for his fine children. What yong Ladie, such an old Count should marrie; what Reuells: what presentments are towards; and who penn'd the Pegmas; and so forth: and yet for all this, I know her harsh Suiter hath tir'd her to the vttermost scruple of her forbearance, and will doe more, vnlesse we two, like a paire of Sheres, cut a-funder the thred of his discourse.

*Sthe.* Well then, lets in; But my masters, waite you on your charge at your perils, See that you guard her approach from any more intruders.

*Ian.* Excepting yong *Tharsalio*.

*Sthe.* True, excepting him indeede, for a guard of men is not able to keepe him out ant please your Honour.

*Arg.* O Wenches, that's the propertie of true valour, to promise like a Pigmey, and performe like a Giant. If he come, Ile bee sworne I doe my Ladies commandement vpon him.

*Ian.* What? beate him out?

*Sthe.* If hee should, *Tharsalio* would not take it ill at his handes, for he does but his Ladies commandement.

*Enter Tharfalio.*

*Arg.* WELL, by *Hercules* he comes not here.

*Sthe.* By *Venus* but hee does : or else shee hath heard my Ladies praiers, and sent some gracious spirit in his likenesse to fright away that Spartane wooer, that hants her.

*Thar.* There stand her Sentinells.

*Arg.* Slight the Ghost appears againe.

*Thar.* Saue yee my quondam fellowes in Armes ; faue yee ; my women.

*Sthe.* Your Women Sir ?

*Thar.* 'Twill be so. What no courtesies ? No preparation of grace ? obserue me I aduise you for your owne fakes.

*Ian.* For your owne sake, I aduise you to pack hence, lest your impudent valour cost you dearer then you thinke.

*Clin.* What senselesse boldnesse is this *Tharfalio* ?

*Arg.* Well said *Clinias*, talke to him.

*Clin.* I wonder that notwithstanding the shame of your last entertainment, and threatnings of worse ; you would yet presume to trouble this place againe.

*Thar.* Come y'are a widgine ; Off with your hat Sir, acknowledge : forecast is better then labour. Are you squint ey'd ? can you not see afore you. A little forefight I can tell you might sted you much as the Starres shine now.

*Clin.* 'Tis well sir, tis not for nothing your brother is asham'd on you. But Sir, you must know, wee are chardg'd to barre your entrance.

*Thar.* But Wisler, know you, that who so shall dare to execute that charge, Ile be his Executioner.

*Arg.* By *Ioue*, *Clinias*, me thinks, the Gentleman speakes very honourably.

*Thar.* Well I see this house needes eformation, here's a fellow stands behind now, of a forwarder insight then yee all. What place hast thou ?

*Arg.* What place you please Sir.

*Thar.* Law you Sir. Here's a fellow to make a Gentleman Vsher Sir, I discharge you of the place, and doe here inuest thee into his roome, Make much of thy haire, thy wit will fuit it rarely. And for the full possession of thine office; Come, Vsher me to thy Ladie: and to keep thy hand supple, take this from me.

*Arg.* No bribes Sir, ant please your Worship.

*Thar.* Goe to, thou dost well; but pocket it for all that; it's no impaire to thee: the greatest doo't.

*Arg.* Sir, tis your loue only that I respect, but since out of your loue you please to bestow it vpon me, It were want of Courtship in mee to refuse it; Ile acquaint my Ladie with your comming. *Exit. Arg.*

*Thar.* How say by this? haue I not made a fit choise, that hath so soone attain'd the deepest mysterie of his profession: Good sooth Wenches, a few courtfies had not beene cast away vpon your new Lord.

*Sthe.* Weele beleue that, when our Ladie has a new Sonne of your getting.

*Enter Argus, Eudora, Rebus, Hiar.  
Pfor.*

*Eud.* **W**Hats the matter? whose that, you say, is come?

*Arg.* The bold Gentleman, ant please your Honour.

*Eud.* Why thou flering Affe thou.

*Arg.* Ant please your Honour.

*Eud.* Did not I forbid his approach by all the charge and dutie of thy seruice?

*Thar.* Madam, this fellow only is intelligent; for he truly vnderstood your command according to the stile of the Court of *Venus*; that is, by contraries: when you forbid you bid.

*Eud.* By heauen Ile discharge my house of yee all.

*Thar.* You shall not neede Madame, for I haue al-

readie casheer'd your officious Vsher here, and chos'd this for his Successor.

*Eud.* O incredible boldnesse !

*Thar.* Madam, I come not to command your loue with enforst letters, nor to woo you with tedious stories of my Pedigree, as hee who drawes the thred of his descent from *Ledas* Distaffe ; when 'tis well knowne his Grandfire cried Coniskins in Sparta.

*Reb.* Whom meane you Sir ?

*Thar.* Sir, I name none, but him who first shall name himselfe.

*Reb.* The place Sir, I tell you still ; and this Goddesses faire presence, or else my reply should take a farre other forme vpon't.

*Thar.* If it should Sir, I would make your Lordship an anser.

*Arg.* Anser's Latine for a Goose, ant please your honor.

*Eud.* Well noted Gander ; and what of that ?

*Arg.* Nothing, ant please your Honor, but that he said he would make his Lordship an answere.

*Eud.* Thus euery foole mocks my poore Suiter. Tell mee thou most frontlesse of all men, did'st thou (when thou had'st meanes to note me best) euer obserue so base a temper in mee, as to giue any glance at stooping to my Vassall ?

*Thar.* Your drudge Madam, to doe your drudgerie.

*Eud.* Or am I now so skant of worthie Suiters, that may aduance mine honour ; aduance my estate ; strengthen my alliance (if I list to wed) that I must stoop to make my foot my head.

*Thar.* No but your side, to keepe you warme a bed. But Madame vouchsafe me your patience to that points serious answere. Though I confesse to get higher place in your graces, I could wish my fortunes more honourable ; my person more gracious ; my minde more adorn'd with Noble and Heroicall vertues ; yet Madame (that you thinke not your bloud disparadg'd by mixture with mine) daine to know this : howfoeuer

I once, only for your loue, disguis'd my selfe in the seruice of your late Lord and mine; yet my descent is as honourable as the proudest of your Spartane attempters; who by vnknown quills or conduits vnder ground, drawes his Pedigree from *Lycurgus* his great Toe, to the Viceroyes little finger, and from thence to his owne elbow, where it will neuer leaue itching.

*Reb.* Tis well Sir, presume still of the place.

*Thar.* Sfoot Madame, am I the first great personage that hath stoopt to disguises for loue? what thinke you of our Countrie-man *Hercules*; that for loue put on *Omphales* Apron, and fate spinning amongst her Wenches, while his Mistris wore his Lyons skin and Lamb-skin'd him, if he did not his businesse.

*Eud.* Most fitly thou resembl'st thy selfe to that violent outlaw, that claim'd all other mens possessions as his owne by his meere valoure. For what lesse hast thou done? Come into my house, beate away these Honourable persons?

*Thar.* That I will Madam. Hence ye Sparta-Vel-uets.

*Pfor.* Hold, shee did not meane so.

*Thar.* Away I say, or leaue your liues I protest here.

*Hiar.* Well Sir, his Altitude shall know you.

*Reb.* Ile doe your errand Sir.

*Exeunt.*

*Thar.* Doe good Cosen Altitude; and beg the reuerfion of the next Ladie: for *Dido* has betrotht her loue to me. By this faire hand Madam, a faire riddance of this Calidonian Bore.

*Eud.* O most prodigious audacioufnesse!

*Thar.* True Madam; O fie vpon am, they are intolerable. And I can not but admire your singular vertue of patience, not common in your sexe; and must therefore carrie with it some rare indowment of other Masculine and Heroicall vertues. To heare a rude Spartane court so ingenuous a Ladie, with dull newes from Athens, or the Viceroyes court; how many dogs



were spoil'd at the last Bull-baiting ; what Ladies dub'd their husbands Knights, and so forth.

*Eud.* But hast thou no shame ? No sense of what disdain I shew'd thee in my last entertainment ? chacing thee from my presence, and charging thy dutie, not to attempt the like intrusion for thy life ; and dar'st thou yet approach mee in this vnmanly manner ? No question this desperate boldnesse can not choose but goe accompanied with other infinite rudenesses.

*Thar.* Good Madam, giue not the Child an vnfit name, terme it not boldnes, which the Sages call true confidence, founded on the most infallible Rocke of a womans constancie.

*Eud.* If shame can not restraine thee, tell mee yet if any brainlesse foole would haue tempted the danger attending thy approach.

*Thar.* No Madam, that proues I am no Foole : Then had I been here a Foole, and a base low-spirited Spartan, if for a Ladies froune, or a Lords threat, or for a Guard of Groomes, I should haue shrunk in the wetting, and suffer'd such a delicious flower to perish in the stalke, or to be sauadgely pluckt by a prophane finger. No Madam : First let me be made a Subiect for disgrace ; let your remorselesse Guard seaze on my despis'd bodie, bind me hand and foot, and hurle me into your Ladiships bed.

*Eud.* O Gods : I protest thou dost more and more make me admire thee.

*Thar.* Madam, ignorance is the mother of admiration : know me better, and youle admire me lesse.

*Eud.* What would'st thou haue mee know ? what seekes thy coming ? why dost thou hant me thus ?

*Thar.* Only Madam, that the *Aetna* of my sighes, and *Nilus* of my teares, pour'd forth in your presence, might witnesse to your Honor the hot and moist affection of my hart, and worke me some measure of fauour, from your sweete tongue, or your sweeter lips, or what else your good Ladiship shall esteeme more conduible, to your diuine contentment.

*Eud.* Pen and Inck-horne I thanke thee. This you learn'd when you were a Seruing-man.

*Thar.* Madam, I am still the same creature; and I will so tie my whole fortunes to that stile, as were it my happinesse (as I know it will be) to mount into my Lords succession, yet vow I neuer to assume other Title, or State, then your seruants: Not approaching your boord, but bidden: Not pressing to your bed, but your pleasure shall be first known if you will command me any seruice.

*Eud.* Thy vowes are as vaine as a Ruffins othes; as common as the aire; and as cheape as the dust. How many of the light hufwiues, thy Muses, hath thy loue promist this seruice besides, I pray thee?

*Thar.* Compare shadowes to bodies, Madam; Pictures to the life; and such are they to you, in my valuation.

*Eud.* I see wordes will neuer free me of thy boldnesse, and will therefore now vse blowes; and those of the mortallest enforcement. Let it suffice Sir, that all this time, and to this place, you enioy your safetie; keepe backe: No one foote follow mee further; for I protest to thee, the next threshold past, lets passe a prepar'd Ambush to thy latest breath. *Exit. Eud.*

*Thar.* This for your Ambush, *He drawes.* Dare my loue with death?

*Clin.* Slight; follow ant please your Honour.

*Arg.* Not I by this light.

*Clin.* I hope Gentle-women you will.

*Sthe.* Not we Sir, we are no parters of fraies.

*Clin.* Faith nor Ile be any breaker of customes.

*Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

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## Actus Tertij.

## Scœna Prima.

*Enter Lyfander and Lycus booted.*

*Lyc.* **W**ould any heart of Adamant, for satisfaction of an vngrounded humour, racke a poore Ladies innocencie as you intend to doe. It was a strange curiositie in that Emperour, that ript his Mothers wombe to see the place he lay in.

*Lyf.* Come do not lode me with volumes of perswasion; I am resolu'd, if shee be gold shee may abide the tast, lets away, I wonder where this wild brother is.

*Enter Cynthia, Hylus, and Ero.*

*Cynth.* **S**Ir.

*Lyfand.* I pray thee wife shew but thy selfe a woman; and be silent: question no more the reason of my iourney, which our great Vicerioies charge vrg'd in this letter doth enforce me to.

*Cynth.* Let me but see that letter, there is somthing in this presaging bloud of mine, tells me this sodaine iourney can portend no good, resolue me sweet, haue not I giuen you cause of discontent, by some misprision, or want of fit obseruance, let mee know that I may wreake my selfe vpon my selfe.

*Lyfand.* Come wife, our loue is now growne old and staid,

And must not wanton it in tricks of Court,  
Nor enterchang'd delights of melting louers;  
Hanging on sleeues, sighing, loth to depart;  
These toies are past with vs; our true loues substance  
Hath worne out all the shew, let it suffice,  
I hold thee deare: and thinke some cause of weight

With no excuse to be dispenst with all,  
Compells me from thy most desired embraces ;  
I stay but for my Brother, came he not in last night.

*Hyl.* For certaine no fir, which gaue vs cause of wonder, what accident kept him abroad.

*Cynth.* Pray heauen it proue not some wild resolution, bred in him by his second repulse from the Countesse.

*Lyfand.* Trust me I something feare it, this insatiate spirit of aspiring, being so dangerous and fatall ; desire mounted on the wings of it, descends not but headlong.

*Hyl.* Sir, sir, here's my Vncle. *Enter Tharf.*

*Lyfand.* What wrapt in carelesse cloake, face hid in hat vnbande, these are the ditches brother, in which outraging colts plunge both themselues and their riders.

*Thar.* Well, wee must get out as well as wee may, if not, there's the making of a graue sau'd.

*Cynth.* That's desperately spoken brother, had it not been happier the colt had bene better broken, and his rider not fallen in.

*Thar.* True sifter, but wee must ride colts before wee can breake them, you know.

*Lyfand.* This is your blind Goddesse *Confidence.*

*Thar.* Alas brother, our house is decaid, & my honest ambition to restore it, I hope be pardonable. My comfort is : the Poet that pens the storie will write ore my head *magnis tamen excidit ausis* ; which in our natiue Idiome, lets you know, His mind was high, though Fortune was his Foe.

*Lyfand.* A good resolute brother, to out-iest disgrace : come I had been on my iourney but for some priuate speech with you : lets in.

*Thar.* Good brother stay a little, helpe out this ragged colt out of the ditch.

*Lyfand.* How now.

*Thar.* Now I confesse my ouersight, this haue I purchas'd by my confidence.

*Lyfand.* I like you brother, 'tis the true Garb you know,

What wants in reall worth fupply in fhow.

*Thar.* In fhow ? alas 'twas euen the thing it felfe,  
I op't my counting houle, and tooke away  
Thefe fimple fragments of my treafurie,  
Husband my Counteffe cri'd take more, more yet,  
Yet, I in haft, to pay in part my debt,  
And proue my felfe a husband of her ftore,  
Kift and came of ; and this time tooke no more.

*Cynth.* But good brother.

*Thar.* Then were our honor'd fpoufall rites perform'd,

Wee made all thort, and fweet, and clofe, and fure.

*Lyfand.* Hee's wrap't.

*Thar.* Then did my Vfhers, and chiefe Seruants ftoope,

Then made my women curtfies, and enuied  
Their Ladies fortune : I was magnified.

*Lyfand.* Let him alone, this fpirit will foone vanifh.

*Thar.* Brother and fifter as I loue you, and am true feruant to *Venus*, all the premifes are ferious and true, and the conclusion is : the great Counteffe is mine, the Palace is at your feruice, to which I inuite you all to folemniize my honour'd nuptialls.

*Lyfand.* Can this be credited !

*Thar.* Good brother doe not you enuie my fortunate atchieuement.

*Lyfand.* Nay I euer faid, the attempt was commendable.

*Thar.* Good.

*Lyfand.* If the iffue were fucceffefull.

*Thar.* A good ftate-conclusion, happie euent make good the worft attempts. Here are your widdow-vowes fifter ; thus are yee all in your pure naturalls ; certaine morall difguifes of coineffe, which the ignorant cal modestie, ye borrow of art to couer your buske points ; which a blunt and refolute encounter, taken vnder a fortunate afpect, eafily difarmes you off ;

and then alas what are you? poore naked finners, God wot: weake paper walls thrust downe with a finger; this is the way on't, boile their appetites to a full height of lust; and then take them downe in the nicke.

*Cynth.* Is there probabilitie in this; that a Ladie so great, so vertuous, standing on so high termes of honour, should so soone stoope?

*Thar.* You would not wonder sifter, if you knew the lure shee stoo'pt at: greatnesse? thinke you that can curb affection; no, it whets it more; they haue the full streame of bloud, to beare them: the sweet gale of their sublim'd spirits to driue them: the calme of ease to prepare them: the sun-shine of fortune to allure them: Greatnesse to waft them safe through all Rocks of infamie: when youth, wit, and person come aboard once, tell me sifter, can you chuse but hoise faile, and put forward to the maine?

*Lyfand.* But let me wonder at this frailtie yet; would shee in so short time weare out his memorie, so soon wipe from her eies, nay, from her heart, whom I myfelfe, and this whole Ile besides, still remember with grieffe, the impressiion of his losse taking worthily such roote in vs; howe thinke you Wife?

*Cynth.* I am asham'd ant, and abhorre to thinke, So great and vow'd a patterne of our sexe, Should take into her thoughts, nay to her bed, (O staine to woman-hood) a second loue.

*Lyc.* In so short time.

*Cynth.* In any time.

*Lyfand.* No wife.

*Cynth.* By *Iuno* no; sooner a lothsom Tode.

*Thar.* High words beleeeue me, and I thinke sheele keep them; next turne is yours Nephew; you shall now marrie my noblest Ladie-Daughter; the first marriage in *Paphos*; next my nuptialls shall be yours; these are strange occurrents brother, but pretie and patheticall; if you see mee in my chaire of Honour; and my Countesse in mine armes; you will then

beleue, I hope, I am Lord of the Palace, then shall you trie my great Ladies entertainement; see your handes free'd of mee, and mine taking you to aduancement.

*Lyfand.* Well, all this rids not my businesse; wife you shall bee there to partake the vnexpected honour of our House. *Lycus*, and I will make it our recreation by the way, to thinke of your Reuells and Nuptiall sports; Brother my stay hath beene for you; Wife pray thee bee gone, and soone prepare for the solemnitie, a Moneth returnes mee.

*Cynth.* Heauens guide your iourney.

*Lyf.* Fare-will.

*Thar.* Fare-well Nephew; prosper in virilitie, but doe you heare; keepe your hand from your voice, I haue a part for you in our Hymeneall shew.

*Hyl.* You speake too late for my voice, but Ile discharge the part.

*Exit Cyn. Hyl.*

*Lyfand.* Occurrents call yee them; foule shame confound them all; that impregnable Fort of chastitie and loyaltie, that amazement of the world, O yee Deities could nothing restraine her? I tooke her spirit to bee too haughtie for such a depreffion.

*Thar.* But who commonly more short heeld; then they that are high 'ith in-step.

*Lyfand.* Mee thinkes yet shame should haue controul'd so sodaine an appetite.

*Thar.* Tush, shame doth extinguish lust as oile doth fire, The bloud once het, shame doth enflame the more, What they before, by art dissembled most They act more freely; shame once found is lost; And to say truth Brother; what shame is due to't? or what congruence doth it carrie, that a yong Ladie, Gallant, Vigorous, full of Spirit, and Complexion; her appetite newe whetted with Nuptiall delights; to be confind to the speculation of a deaths head, or for the losse of a husband, the world affording flesh enough, make the noone-tide of her yeares, the sunne-set of her pleasures.

*Lyc.* And yet there haue been such women.

*Thar.* Of the first stamp perhaps, when the mettall was purer then in these degenerate daies; of later yeares, much of that coine hath beene counterfait, and besides so crackt and worne with vse, that they are growne light, and indeede fit for nothing, but to be turn'd ouer in play.

*Lyfand.* Not all brother.

*Thar.* My matchlesse sifter only excepted: for shee, you know is made of an other mettall, then that shee borrow'd of her mother. But doe you brother sadly intend the pursuite of this triall?

*Lyfand.* Irreuocably.

*Thar.* Its a high proiect: if it be once rais'd, the earth is too weake to beare so waightie an accident, it cannot bee coniu'r'd downe againe, without an earthquake, therefore beleue shee will bee constant.

*Lyc.* No, I will not.

*Thar.* Then beleue shee will not be constant.

*Lyfand.* Neither, I will beleue nothing but what triall enforces; will you hold your promise for the gouerning of this proiect with skill, and secrecie?

*Thar.* If it must needes bee so. But hearke you brother; haue you no other Capricions in your head to intrap my sifter in her frailtie, but to proue the firmenesse of her widdow voves after your suppos'd death.

*Lyfand.* None in the world.

*Thar.* Then here's my hand, Ile be as close, as my Ladies shoe to her foote that pinches and pleases her, and will beare on with the plot, till the vessell split againe.

*Lyfand.* Forge any death, so you can force beliefe. Say I was poison'd, drown'd.

*Thar.* Hang'd.

*Lyfand.* Any thing, so you assist it with likely circumstance, I neede not instruct you: that must bee your imploiment *Lycus.*

*Lyc.* Well Sir.



*Thar.* But brother you must fet in to ; to countenance truth out, a herfe there must be too ; Its strange to thinke how much the eie preuailes in fuch imprefions ; I haue marckt a Widdow, that iuft before was feene pleafant enough, follow an emptie herfe, and weepe deuoutly.

*Lyc.* All thofe thinges leaue to me.

*Lyfan.* But brother for the beftowing of this herfe in the monument of our Familie, and the marfhalling of a Funerall.

*Thar.* Leaue that to my care, and if I doe not doe the mourner, as liuely as your Heire, and weepe as luftily as your Widdow, fay there's no vertue in Onions ; that being done, Ile come to vifit the diftreft widdow ; apply old ends of comfort to her grieffe, but the burden of my fong fhall be to tell her wordes are but dead comforts ; and therefore counfaile her to take a liuing comfort ; that might Ferrit out the thought of her dead husband, and will come prepar'd with choife of fuiters ; either my Spartane Lord for grace at the Viceroyes Court, or fome great Lawyer that may foder vp her crackt eftate, and fo forth. But what would you fay brother, if you fhould finde her married at your arriuall.

*Lyfand.* By this hand fplit her Weafand.

*Thar* Well, forget not your wager, a ftately chariot with foure braue Horfes of the Thracian breede, with all appurtenances. Ile prepare the like for you, if you proue Victor ; but well remembred, where will you lurke the whiles ?

*Lyfand.* Mewd vp clofe, fome fhort daies iourney hence, *Lycus* fhall know the place, write ftill how all things paffe, brother adiew ; all ioy attend you.

*Thar.* Will you not ftay our nuptiall now fo neare.

*Lyfand.* I fhould be like a man that heares a tale And heedes it not ; one abfent from himfelfe, my wife fhall attend the Counteffe, and my Sonne.

*Thar.* Whom you fhall here at your returne call me father, adiew : *Ioue* be your fpeede.

My Nuptialls done, your Funeralls fucceed. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Argus barehead.*

*Arg.* **A** Hall, a hall : who's without there ? *Enter two or three with cushions.*

Come on, y'are proper Groomes, are yee not ? Slight I thinke y'are all Bridegroomes, yee take your pleasures fo. A companie of dormice. Their Honours are vpon comming, and the roome not readie. Rushes and feates instantly.

*Thar.* Now, alas fellow *Argus*, how thou art comberd with an office ?

*Arg.* Perfume firrha, the roome's dampish.

*Thar.* Nay you may leaue that office to the Ladies, theyle perfume it sufficiently.

*Arg.* Cry mercie Sir, here's a whole *Chorus* of *Syluans* at hand, cornetting, & tripping ath' toe, as the ground they troad on were too hot for their feete. The deuce is rare ; and there's your yong Nephew too, he hangs in the clouds Deified with *Hymens* shape.

*Thar.* Is he perfect in's part ? has not his tongue learn'd of the *Syluans* to trip ath' Toe ?

*Arg.* Sir, beleuee it, he does it pretiously for accent and action, as if hee felt the part he plaid : hee rauishes all the yong Wenches in the Palace : Pray *Venus* my yong Ladie *Laodice* haue not some little prick of *Cupid* in her, shee's so diligent at's rehearfalls.

*Thar.* No force, so my next vowes be heard, that if *Cupid* haue prickt her, *Hymen* my cure her.

*Arg.* You meane your Nephew Sir that presents *Hymen*.

*Thar.* Why so, I can speake nothing but thou art with in me : fie of this wit of thine, 'twill be thy destruction. But howsoever you please to vnderstand, *Hymen* fend the boy no worfe fortune : And where's my Ladies honour ?

*Arg.* At hand Sir, with your vnparagond sifter, please you take your chaire of Honour Sir ?

*Thar.* Most seruiceable *Argus*, the Gods reward thy seruice ; for I will not.

*Enter Eudora, leading Cynthia, Laodice, Sthenio, Ianthe, Ero, with others following.*

*Eud.* Come sifter, now we must exchange that name

For stranger Titles, let's dispose our selues  
To entertaine these *Syluane* Reuellers,  
That come to grace our loued Nuptialls,  
I feare we must all turne Nymphs to night,  
To sife those sprightly wood-Gods in their dances ;  
Can you doo't nimble sifter ? sflight what aile you, are you not well ?

*Cynth.* Yes Madam.

*Eud.* But your lookes, mee thinkes, are cloudie ;  
suiting all the Sunne-shine of this cleare honour to  
your husbands house.

Is there ought here that forts not with your liking ?

*Thar.* Blame her not Mistris, if her lookes shew care.  
Excuse the Merchants fadness that hath made  
A doubtfull venture of his whole estate ;  
His liuelyhood, his hopes, in one poore bottome,  
To all encounters of the Sea and stormes.  
Had you a husband that you lou'd as well,  
Would you not take his absent plight as ill ?  
Cauill at euery fancie ? Not an obiection  
That could present it selfe, but it would forge  
Some vaine obiection, that did doubt his safetie ;  
True loue is euer full of ieaalousie.

*Eud.* Ieaalous ? of what ? of euery little iourney ?  
Meere fancie then is wanton ; and doth cast  
At those sflight dangers there, too dotting glances ;  
Misgiuing mindes euer prouoke mischances :  
Shines not the Sunne in his way bright as here ?  
Is not the aire as good ? what hazard doubt you ?

*Arg.* His horse may stumble if it please your  
Honour ;

The raine may wet, the winde may blow on him ;  
Many shrewd hazards watch poore trauailers.

*Eud.* True, and the shrewdest thou hast reckend vs,  
Good sifter, these cares fit yong married wiues.

*Cynth.* Wiues should be stil yong in their husbands  
loues.

Time beares no Sythe should bear down them before  
him.

Our liues he may cut short, but not our loues.

*Thar.* Sifter be wise, and ship not in one Barke,  
All your abilitie : if he miscarrie,

Your well tried wisedome should looke out for new.

*Cynth.* I wish them happie windes that runne that  
course,

From me tis farre ; One Temple seal'd our troth.

One Tomb, one houre shall end, and shroud vs both.

*Thar.* Well, y'are a *Phœnix*, there be that your  
cheere

Loue, with your husband be, your wisedome here.

Hearke, our sports challenge it ; Sit dearest Mistris.

*Eud.* Take your place worthiest seruant.

*Thar.* Serue me heauen. *Musique.*

As I my heauenly Mistris, Sit rare sifter.

*Musique* : *Hymen* descends ; and fixe *Syluanes* enter  
beneath, with Torches.

*Arg.* A hall, a hall : let no more Citizens in there.

*Laod.* O, Not my Cofen fee ; but *Hymens* selfe.

*Sthe.* He does become it most enflamingly.

*Hym.* Haile honor'd Bridegroom, and his Princely  
bride

With the most fam'd for vertue, *Cynthia* ;

And this yong Ladie, bright *Laodice*,

One rich hope of this noblest Familie.

*Sthe.* Hearke how he courts : he is enamour'd too.

*Laod.* O grant it *Venus*, and be euer honour'd.

*Hym.* In grace and loue of you, I *Hymen* fearcht  
The groues and thicketts that embrace this Palace

With this clear-flam'd, and good aboding Torch  
 For fummons of these fresh and flowrie *Syluans*,  
 To this faire prefence ; with their winding Haies,  
 Actiue and Antique dances to delight  
 Your frolick eies, and helpe to celebrate  
 These noblest nuptialls ; which great Destinie,  
 Ordain'd past custome and all vulgar obiect  
 To be the readuancement of a house,  
 Noble and Princely, and restore this Palace  
 To that name, that fixe hunderd Summers since  
 Was in possession of this Bridegroomes Ancetors,  
 The ancient and most vertue-fam'd *Lysandri*.  
*Syluans* ! the Courtships you make to your Dryads,  
 Vse to this great Bride, and these other Dames,  
 And heighten with your sports, my nuptiall flames.

*Laod.* O would himselfe descend, and me command.

*Sthe.* Dance ; and his heart catch in an others hand.

*Syluans, take out the Bride and the rest : They dance,  
 after which, and all set in their places.*

*Hymen.*

*Hym.* Now, what the Power and my Torches influence

Hath in the blessings of your Nuptiall ioyes  
 (Great Bride and Bridegroome) you shall amply part  
 Betwixt your free loues, and forgoe it neuer.

*Omn.* Thankes to great *Hymen*, and faire *Syluanes*  
 euer. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Tertij.*

## Actus Quarti.

### Scœna Prima.

*Tharsalio, Lycus, with his Arme in a skarfe, a night  
 cap on's head.*

*Lyc.* I Hope Sir by this time.

*Thar.* Put on man, by our selues.

*Lyc.* The edge of your confidence is well take

off; would you not bee content to with-draw your wager?

*Thar.* Faith fellow *Lycus*, if my wager were weakely built, this vnexpected accident might stagger it. For the truth is, this strain is extraordinarie, to follow her husbands bodie into the Tombe, and there for his companie to burie her selfe quick: it's new and stirring, but for all this, Ile not despaire of my wager.

*Lyc.* Why Sir, can you thinke such a passion difsembl'd?

*Thar.* All's one for that, What I thinke I thinke; In the meane time forget not to write to my Brother, how the plot hath succeeded, that the newes of his death hath taken; a funerall solemnitie perform'd, his suppos'd Corse bestow'd in the monument of our Familie, thou and I horrible mourners: But aboue all that his intollerable vertuous Widow, for his loue, and (for her loue) *Ero* her hand-maid, are discended with his Corse into the vault; there wipe their eies time out of minde, drinke nothing but their own teares, and by this time are almost dead with famine. There's a point will sting it (for you say tis true) where left you him?

*Lyc.* At Dipolis Sir, some twentie miles hence.

*Thar.* He keepes close.

*Lyc.* I sir, by all meanes; skulks vnknowne vnder the name of a strange Knight.

*Thar.* That may carrie him without discrying, for there's a number of strange Knights abroad. You left him well.

*Lyc.* Well Sir, but for this iealous humour that hants him.

*Thar.* Well, this newes will absolutely purge that humor. Write all, forget not to describe her passion at thy discouerie of his slaughter: did shee performe it well for her husbands wager?

*Lyc.* Performe it, call you it? you may iest; men hunt Hares to death for their sports, but the poore beasts die in earnest: you wager of her passions for

your pleasure, but shee takes little pleasure in those earnest passions. I neuer saw such an extasie of sorrow, since I knew the name of sorrow. Her hands flew vp to her head like Furies, hid all her beauties in her discheuel'd haire, & wept as she would turne fountaine. I would you and her husband had beene behind the Arras but to haue heard her. I assure you Sir, I was so transported with the spectacle, that in despite of my discretion, I was forc't to turne woman, and beare a part with her. Humanitie broke loose from my heart, and stream'd through mine eies.

*Thar.* In prose, thou weptst. So haue I seen many a moist Auditor doe at a play; when the storie was but a meere fiction: And didst act the Nuntius well, would I had heard it: could'st thou dresse thy lookes in a mournfull habite?

*Lyc.* Not without preparation Sir; no more then my speech, twas a plaine acting of an enterlude to me, to pronounce the part.

*Thar.* As how for heauens sake?

*Lyc.* *Phæbus* addrest his Chariot towards the West To change his wearied Coursers, and so forth.

*Thar.* Nay on, and thou lou'st me.

*Lyc.* *Lyfander* and my selfe beguild the way With enterchang'd discourse, but our chiefe Theame, Was of your dearest selfe, his honour'd wife; Your loue, your vertue, wondrous constancie.

*Thar.* Then was her Cu to whimper; on.

*Lyc.* When sodainly appear'd as far as sight A troope of horse, arm'd as we might descerne, With Iauelines, Speares, and such accoutrements. He doubted nought (As Innocencie euer Is free from doubting ill.)

*Thar.* There dropt a teare.

*Lyc.* My minde misgaue me.

They might be mountaners. At their approach They vs'd no other language but their weapons, To tell vs what they were; *Lyfander* drew, And bore him selfe *Achilles* like in fight,

And as a Mower sweepes off t'heads of Bents,  
So did *Lyfanders* sword shaue off the points  
Of their assaulting lances.

His horse at last, sore hurt, fell vnder him ;  
I seeing I could not rescue, vs'd my spurres  
To flie away.

*Thar.* What from thy friend ?

*Lyc.* I in a good quarrell, why not ?

*Thar.* Good ; I am answer'd.

*Lyc.* A lance pursued me, brought me back againe ;  
And with these wounds left me t'accompanie  
Dying *Lyfander* : Then they rifl'd vs,  
And left vs.

They gone ; my breath not yet gone, gan to striue  
And reuiue sence : I with my feeble ioynts  
Crawl'd to *Lyfander*, stirr'd him, and withall  
He gaspt ; cried *Cynthia* ! and breath'd no more.

*Thar.* O then shee howl'd out right.

*Lyc.* Passengers came and in a Chariot brought vs  
Streight to a Neighbour Towne ; where I forthwith  
Coffind my friend in leade ; and so conuaid him  
To this sad place.

*Thar.* 'Twas well ; and could not show but strangely.

*Lyc.* Well Sir, This tale pronounc't with terrour, suited  
with action clothed with such likely circumstance ; My  
wounds in shew, her husbands herse in fight, thinke  
what effect it wrought : And if you doubt, let the sad  
consequence of her retreat to his Tombe, bee your  
wofull instructer.

*Thar.* For all this, Ile not despaire of my wager :  
These Griues that sound so lowd, proue alwaies  
light,

True sorrow euermore keeps out of sight.

This straine of mourning with Sepulcher, like an ouer-  
doing Actor, affects grossly, and is indeede so farre  
forc't from the life, that it bewraies it selfe to be alto-  
gether artificiall.

To set open a shop of mourning ! Tis palpable.

Truth the substance, hunts not after the shadow of



popular Fame. Her officious ostentation of sorrow condemnes her sinceritie. When did euer woman mourne so vnmeasurably, but shee did dissemble ?

*Lyc.* O Gods ! a passion thus borne ; thus apparell'd with teares, sighes, swownings, and all the badges of true sorrow, to be dissembl'd ! by *Venus* I am forrie I euer set foot in't. Could shee, if shee dissembl'd, thus dally with hunger, be deafe to the barking of her appetite, not hauing these foure daies relieu'd nature with one dramme of sustenance.

*Thar.* For this does shee looke to bee Deified, to haue Hymnes made of her, nay to her : The Tomb where she is to be no more reputed the ancient monument of our Familie the *Lyfandri* ; but the new erected Altar of *Cynthia* : To which all the Paphian widdowes shall after their husbands Funeralls, offer their wet muckinders, for monuments of the danger they haue past, as Sea-men doe their wet garments at *Neptunes* Temple after a ship wracke.

*Lyc.* Well, Ile apprehend you, at your pleasure : I for my part will say ; that if her faith bee as constant as her loue is heartie, and vnaffected, her vertues may iustly challenge a Deitie to enshrine them.

*Thar.* I, there's an other point too. But one of those vertues is enough at once. All natures are not capable of all gifts. If the braine of the West, were in the heads of the learned ; then might Parish-Clerkes be common counsaile men, and Poets Aldermens deputies. My sister may turne *Niobe* for loue ; but till *Niobe* bee turn'd to a Marble, Ile not despaire but shee may proue a woman. Let the triall runne on, if shee doe not out-runne it, Ile say Poets are no Prophets, Prognosticators are but Mountibankes, & none tell true but wood-mongers.

*Exit.*

*Lyc.* A sweet Gentleman you are. I meruaile what man ? what woman ? what name ? what action doth his tongue glide ouer, but it leaues a slime vpon't. Well, Ile presently to Dipolis, where *Lyfander* staies ; and will not say but shee may proue fraile : But this

Ile say, If she should chance to breake, Her teares are true, though womens truths are weake. *Exit.*

*Enter Lyfander like a Souldier disguisde at all parts, a halfe Pike, gorget. &c. he discouers the Tombe, lookes in and wonders, &c.*

**O** Miracle of nature ! womens glorie ;  
 Mens shame ; and enuie of the Deities !  
 Yet must these matchlesse creatures be suspected ;  
 Accus'd ; condemn'd !  
 Now by th'immortall Gods,  
 They rather merit Altars, Sacrifice,  
 Then loue and courtship.

Yet see the Queene of these lies here interred ;  
 Tearing her haire, and drowned in her teares.  
 Which *Ioue* should turne to Christall ; and a Mirroure  
 Make of them ; wherein men may see and wonder  
 At womens vertues. Shall shee famish then ?  
 Will men (without dissuasions) suffer thus  
 So bright an Ornament to earth, tomb'd quick.  
 In Earths darke bosome : Ho !

Who's in the Tombe there ?

*Ero.* Who calls ? whence are you ?

*Lyf.* I am Souldier of the watch and must enter.

*Ero.* Amongst the dead ?

*Lyf.* Doe the dead speake ? ope or Ile force it open.

*Ero.* What violence is this ? what seeke you here  
 Where nought but death and her attendants dwell.

*Lyf.* What wretched foules are you that thus by night  
 lurke here amongst the dead ?

*Ero.* Good Souldier doe not stirre her,  
 Shee's weake, and quickly seiz'd with frowning and  
 passions, and with much trouble shall we both recall  
 her fainting spirits.

Fiue daies thus hath shee wasted ; and not once fea-  
 son'd her Pallate with the tast of meate ; her powers  
 of life are spent ; and what remaines of her famisht  
 spirit, serues not to breath but sigh.

Shee hath exil'd her eies from sleepe, or fight, and giuen them wholly vp to ceaselesse teares ouer that ruthfull herse of her deare Spouse, slaine by Bantditos, Nobly borne *Lyfander*.

*Lyfand.* And hopes shee with these heauie notes and cries to call him from the dead? in these fiue daies hath shee but made him stirre a finger or fetch one gasp of that forsaken life shee mournes?

Come, honour'd Mistris; I admire your vertues;  
But must reprove this vaine excesse of mone;  
Rowse your selfe Ladie, and looke vp from death,  
Well said, tis well; stay by my hand and rise.  
This Face hath bene maintain'd with better huf-  
wiferie.

*Cyn.* What are you?

*Lyf.* Ladie, I am Sentinell,  
Set in this hallowed place, to watch and guard  
On forfait of my life, these monuments  
From Rape, and spoil'd of sacrilegious handes  
And saue the bodies, that without you see  
Of crucified offenders: that no friends  
May beare them hence, to honour'd buriall.

*Cyn.* Thou seem'st an honest Souldier, pray thee  
then

Be as thou seem'st; betake thee to thy charge  
And leaue this place; adde not affliction  
To the afflicted.

*Lyf.* You misname the children.  
For what you terme affliction now, in you  
Is but selfe-humour; voluntarie Penance  
Impos'd vpon your selfe: and you lament  
As did the *Satyre* once, that ran affrighted  
From that hornes sound that he himselfe had winded.  
Which humor to abate, my counsaile tending your  
term'd affliction,

What I for Phisicke giue, you take for poison.  
I tell you honour'd Mistris, these ingredients  
Are wholesome, though perhaps they seeme vntooth-  
some.

*Ero.* This Souldier fure, is some decaï'd pothecarie.

*Lyf.* Deere Ghost be wife, and pittie your faire selfe

Thus, by your selfe vnnaturally afflicted :

Chide back, heart-breaking grones, clear vp those  
lamps,

Restore them to their first creation :

Windowes for light ; not fluces made for teares.

Beate not the senselesse aire with needlesse cries,

Banefull to life, and bootlesse to the dead.

This is the Inne, where all *Deucalions* race

Sooner or later, must take vp their lodging ;

No priuiledge can free vs from this prison ;

No teares, no praiers, can redeeme from hence

A captiu'd foule ; Make vse of what you see :

Let this affrighting spectacle of death

Teach you to nourish life.

*Ero.* Good heare him : this is a rare Souldier.

*Lyfand.* Say that with abstinence you should vnlose

the knot of life : Suppose that in this Tombe for your

deare Spouse, you should entomb your selfe a liuing

Corse ; Say that before your houre without due Sum-

mons from the Fates, you send your hastie foule to

hell : can your deare Spouse take notice of your faith

and constancie ? Shall your deare Spouse reuiue to

giue you thankses ?

*Cynth.* Idle discourser.

*Lyfan.* No, your moanes are idle.

Goe to I say, be counsaill'd ; raise your selfe :

Enioy the fruits of life, there's viands for you,

Now, liue for a better husband.

No ? will you none ?

*Ero.* For loue of courtesie, good Mistris, eate,

Doe not reiect so kinde and sweet an offer,

Who knowes but this may be some *Mercurie*

Disguis'de, and sent from *Iuno* to relieue vs ?

Did euer any lend vnwilling eares

To those that came with messages of life ?

*Cynth.* I pray thee leaue thy Rhetorique.

*Ero.* By my foule ; to speake plaine truth, I could

rather with t'employ my teeth then my tongue, so your example would be my warrant.

*Cynth.* Thou hast my warrant.

*Lyfand.* Well then, eate my wench,  
Let obstinacie starue.

Fall to.

*Ero.* Perfwade my Mistris first.

*Lyfand.* Slight tell me Ladie,  
Are you resolu'd to die? If that be so,  
Choose not (for shame) a base, and beggars death :  
Die not for hunger, like a Spartane Ladie ;  
Fall valiantly vpon a sword, or drinke  
Noble death, expell your grieffe with poison,  
There 'tis, feize it.---Tush you dare not die.  
Come Wench thou hast not lost a husband ;  
Thou shalt eate, th'art now within  
The place where I command.

*Ero.* I protest fir.

*Lyf.* Well said ; eate, and protest, or Ile protest  
And doe thou eate ; thou eat'st against thy will,  
That's it thou would'st fay.

*Ero.* It is.

*Lyf.* And vnder such a protestation  
Thou lost' thy Maiden-head.

For your owne sake good Ladie forget this husband,  
Come you are now become a happy Widdow,  
A blessednesse that many would be glad of.  
That and your husbands Inuentorie together,  
Will raise you vp husbands enow.  
What thinke you of me ?

*Cynth.* Trifler, pursue this wanton Theame no further ;

Left (which I would be loth) your speech prouoke  
Vnciuill language from me ; I must tell you,  
One ioynt of him I lost, was much more worth  
Then the rackt valew of thy entire bodie.

*Ero.* O know what ioynt shee meanes.

*Lyf.* Well, I haue done.

And well done frailtie ; proface, how lik'st thou it.

*Ero.* Very toothfome Ingrediens furely fir,  
Want but fomè lycor to incorporate them.

*Lyf.* There tis, caroufe.

*Ero.* I humbly thanke you Sir.

*Lyf.* Hold pledge me now.

*Ero.* Tis the poison Sir,  
That preferues life, I take it.

*bibit Ancill.*

*Lyf.* Doe fo, take it.

*Ero.* Sighing has made me fomthing short-winded.  
Ile pledge y'at twice.

*Lyf.* Tis well done ; doe me right.

*Ero.* I pray fir, haue you beene a Pothecarie ?

*Lyf.* Marrie haue I wench ; A womans Pothecarie.

*Ero.* Haue you good Ingredients ?

I like your Bottle well. Good Miftris taft it.

Trie but the operation, twill fetch vp

The Rofes in your cheekes againe.

Doctör *Verolles* bottles are not like it ;

There's no *Guaicum* here, I can assure you.

*Lyf.* This will doe well anone.

*Ero.* Now fie vpon't.

O I haue loft my tongue in this fame lymbo.

The fpring ants, fpoil'd me thinkes ; it goes not off  
With the old twange.

*Lyf.* Well faid wench, oile it well ; twill make it slide  
well.

*Ero.* *Aristotle* faies fir, in his Posterionds.

*Lyf.* This wench is learned ; And what faies he ?

*Ero.* That when a man dies, the laft thing that moues  
is his heart, in a woman her tongue.

*Lyf.* Right ; and addes further, that you women are  
a kind of fspinners ; if their legs be pluckt off, yet ftill  
they'le wag them ; fo will you your tongues.

With what an eafie change does this fame weakneffe  
Of women, flip from one extreame t' another ?

All thefe attractions take no hold of her ;

No not to take refection ; 'T muft not be thus.

Well faid wench ; Tickle that *Helicon*.

But fhall we quit the field with this difgrace

Giuen to our Oratorie ? Both not gaine  
So much ground of her as to make her eate ?

*Ero.* Faith the truh is fir : you are no fit Organe  
For this businesse ;

Tis quite out of your Element :

Let vs alone, sheele eate I haue no feare ;

A womans tongue best fits a womans eare.

*Ioue* neuer did employ *Mercurie*,

But *Iris* for his Messenger to *Iuno*.

*Lyf.* Come, let me kisse thee wench ; wilt vndertake  
To make thy Mistris eate ?

*Ero.* It shall go hard Sir

But I will make her turne flesh and bloud,

And learne to liue as other mortalls doe.

*Lyf.* Well said : the morning hafts ; next night  
expect me.

*Ero.* With more prouision good Sir.

*Lyf.* Very good.

*Exiturus.*

*Ero.* And bring more wine. *Shee shuts vp the Tomb.*

*Lyf.* What else ; shalt haue enough :

O *Cynthia*, heire of her bright puritie,

Whose name thou dost inherit ; Thow disdainst

(Seuer'd from all concretion) to feede

Vpon the base foode of grosse Elements.

Thou all art soule ; All immortalitie.

Thou fasts for *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*,

Which till thou find'st, and eat'st aboute the starres,

To all foode here thou bidd'st celestiall warrs. *Exit.*

*Cynthia, Ero, the Tomb opening.*

*Ero.* So ; lets aire our dampish spirits, almost stiff'd  
in this grosse muddie Element.

*Cyn.* How sweet a breath the calmnesse of the night  
inspires the aire withall ?

*Ero.* Well said ; Now y'are your selfe : did not I  
tell you how sweet an operation the Souldiers bottle  
had ? And if there be such vertue in the bottle ; what  
is there in the Souldier ? know, and acknowledge his  
worth when hee comes in any case Mistris.

*Cyn.* So Maide.

*Ero.* Gods my patience? did you looke forsooth that *Iuno* should haue sent you meate from her owne Trencher, in reward of your widdowes teares? you might sit and sigh first till your heart-strings broke, Ile able't.

*Cyn.* I feare me thy lips haue gone so oft to the bottle, that thy tongue-strings are come broken home.

*Ero.* Faith the truth is, my tongue hath beene so long tied vp, that tis couer'd with rust, & I rub it against my pallat as wee doe suspected coines, to trie whether it bee currant or no. But now Mistris for an vpsot of this bottle; let's haue one carouse to the good speede of my old Master, and the good speede of my new.

*Cyn.* So Damzell.

*Ero.* You must pledge it, here's to it. Doe me right I pray.

*Cyn.* You say I must.

*Ero.* Must? what else?

*Cyn.* How excellent ill this humour suites our habite?

*Ero.* Go to Mistris, do not thinke but you and I shall haue good sport with this iest, when we are in priuate at home. I would to *Venus* we had some honest shift or other to get off withall; for Ile no more ant; Ile not turne Salt-peeter in this vault for neuer a mans companie liuing; much lesse for a womans. Sure I am the wonder's ouer, and 'twas only for that, that I endur'd this; and so a my conscience did you. Neuer denie it.

*Cyn.* Nay pray thee take it to thee.

*Enter Lyfander.*

*Cyn.* H Earke I heare some footing neare vs.

*Ero.* Gods me 'tis the Souldier Mistris, by *Venus* if you fall to your late black *Santus* againe, Ile discover you.

*Lyf.* What's here? The maid hath certainly pre-uail'd with her; mee thinkes those cloudes that last



night couer'd her lookes are now disperst: Ile trie this further. Saue you Lady.

*Ero.* Honorable Souldier? y'are welcome; please you step in sir?

*Lyf.* With all my heart sweet heart; by your patience Ladie; why this beares some shape of life yet. Damzell, th'ast performd a seruice of high reckoning, which cannot perish vnrewarded.

*Ero.* Faith Sir, you are in the way to doe it once, if you haue the heart to hold on.

*Cyn.* Your bottle has poifond this wench sir.

*Lyf.* A wholsome poison it is Ladie, if I may be iudge; of which sort here is one better bottle more.

Wine is ordaind to raise such hearts as sinke,

Whom wofull starres distemper; let him drinke.

I am most glad I haue beene some meane to this part of your recouerie, and will drinke to the rest of it.

*Ero.* Goe to Mistris, pray simper no more; pledge the man of Warre here.

*Cyn.* Come y'are too rude.

*Ero.* Good.

*Lyf.* Good sooth Ladie y'are honour'd in her seruice; I would haue you liue, and shee would haue you liue freely; without which life is but death. To liue freely is to feast our appetites freely; without which humanes are stones; to the satisfaction whereof I drinke Ladie.

*Cyn.* Ile pledge you Sir.

*Ero.* Said like a Mistris; and the Mistris of your selfe; pledge him in loue too: I see hee loues you; Shee's silent, shee consents sir.

*Lyf.* O happy starres. And now pardon Ladie; me thinks these are all of a peece.

*Ero.* Nay if you kisse all of a peece wee shall n'ere haue done: Well twas well offer'd, and as well taken.

*Cyn.* If the world should see this.

*Lyf.* The world! should one so rare as your selfe, respect the vulgar world?

*Cyn.* The praise I haue had, I would continue.

*Lyc.* What of the vulgar? Who hates not the vulgar, deserues not loue of the vertuous. And to affect praise of that we despise, how ridiculous it is?

*Ero.* Comfortable doctrine Mistris, edifie, edifie.

Me thinkes euen thus it was when *Dido*

And *Aeneas* met in the Caue; And hearke

Me thinks I heare some of the hunters. *She shuts the tomb.*

*Finis Actus Quarti.*

## *Actus Quinti.*

### *Scœna Prima.*

*Enter Tharsalio, Lycus.*

*Lyc.* **T**Is such an obstinacie in you Sir,  
As neuer was conceived, to runne on  
With an opinion against all the world,  
And what your eies may witnes; to ad-  
uēture

The famishment for griefe of such a woman  
As all mens merits met in any one,  
Could not deserue.

*Thar.* I must confesse it *Lycus*,  
Weele therefore now preuent it if we may,  
And that our curious triall hath not dwelt  
Too long on this vnnessearie hant:  
Griefe, and all want of foode; not hauing wrought  
Too mortally on her diuine disposure.

*Lyc.* I feare they haue, and shee is past our cure.

*Thar.* I must confesse with feare and shame as much.

*Lyc.* And that shee will not trust in any thing  
What you perswade her to.

*Thar.* Then thou shalt haue  
And call my brother from his secret shroude,  
Where he appointed thee to come and tell him

How all things haue succeeded.

*Lyc.* This is well.

If (as I say) the ill be not so growne,  
That all help is denied her. But I feare

The matchlesse Deme is famisht. *Thar. looks into the*  
*Thar.* Slight, whose here? *tomb.*

A Souldier with my sifter? wipe, wipe, see  
Kissing by *Ioue*; shee, as I lay tis shee.

*Lyc.* What? is shee well Sir?

*Thar.* O no, shee is famisht;

Shee's past our comfort, shee lies drawing on.

*Lyc.* The Gods forbid.

*Thar.* Looke thou, shee's drawing on.

How faist thou?

*Lyc.* Drawing on? Illustrious witchcrafts.

*Thar.* Lies shee not drawing on?

*Lyc.* Shee draws on fairely.

Our sifter Sir? This shee? can this be shee?

*Thar.* She, she, she, and none but she.

*He dances & sings.*

Shee only Queene of loue, and chastitie,

O chastitie; This women be.

*Lyc.* Slight tis prodigious. *Thar.* Horse, horse,  
horse,

Foure Chariot Horses of the Thracian breede,

Come, bring me brother. O the happiest euening,

That euer drew her vaile before the Sunne.

Who is't canst tell?

*Lyc.* The Souldier Sir that watches

The bodies crucified in this hallow'd place.

Of which to lose one, it is death to him,

And yet the lustfull knaue is at his Venerie,

While one might steale one.

*Thar.* What a flauie was I

That held not out my windes strength constanly,

That shee would proue thus? O incredible?

A poore eight-pennie Souldier? Shee that lately

Was at such height of interiection,

Stoope now to such a base coniunction?

By heauen I wonder now I see't in act,  
My braine could euer dreame of such a thought.  
And yet, tis true : Rare, pereles, is't not *Lycus* ?

*Lyc.* I know not what it is ; Nor what to say.

*Thar.* O had I held out (villaine that I was,)  
My blessed confidence but one minute longer,  
I should haue beene eternis'd. Gods my fortune,  
What an vnspcakable sweet fight it is ?

O eies Ile sacrifice to your deare sence.

And consecrate a Phane to Confidence.

*Lyc.* But this you must at no hand tell your brother.  
Twill make him mad : For he that was before  
So scurg'd but only with bare ieaousie.

What would he be, if he should come to know it ?

*Thar.* He would be lesse mad : for your only way  
To cleare his ieaousie, is to let him know it.

When knowledge comes suspicion vanishes.

The Sunne-beames breaking forth swallow the mists.

But as for you Sir Gallant : howsoever

Your banquet seemes sweet in your lycorous pallat,  
It shall be sure to turne gall in your maw.

Thy hand a little *Lycus* here without.

*Lyc.* To what ?

*Thar.* No bootie serue you fir Soldado  
But my poore sifter ? Come, lend me thy shoulder,  
Ile climbe the crosse ; it will be such a cooler

To my Venerean Gentlemans hot liuer,

When he shall finde one of his crucified bodies

Stolne downe, and he to be forthwith made fast

In place thereof, for the signe

Of the lost Sentinell. Come glorifie

Firme Confidence in great Inconstancie.

And this beleue (for all prou'd knowledge sweares)

He that beleuees in errour, neuer errs.

*Exeunt.*

*The Tomb opens, Lyfander, Cynthia, Ero.*

*Lyf.* Tis late ; I must away.

*Cyn.* Not yet sweet loue.

*Lyf.* Tempt not my stay, tis dangerous. The law is  
strict, and not to bee dispent with. If any Sentinell

be too late in's watch, or that by his neglect one of the crucified bodies should be stollen from the crosse, his life buyes it.

*Cyn.* A little stay will not endanger them.  
The daies proclaimer has not yet giuen warning.  
The Cock yet has not beate his third alarme.

*Lyf.* What? shall we euer dwell here amongst th' Antipodes? Shall I not enioy the honour of my fortune in publique? fit in *Lyfanders* chaire? Raigne in his wealth?

*Cyn.* Thou shalt, thou shalt; though my loue to thee Hath prou'd thus sodaine and for hast lept ouer The complement of wooing, Yet only for the worlds opinion.

*Lyf.* Marke that againe.

*Cyn.* I must maintaine a forme in parting hence.

*Lyf.* Out vpon't, Opinion the blind Goddesse of Fooles, Foe to the vertuous; and only friend to underferuing persons, contemne it. Thou know'st thou hast done vertuously; thou hast strangely sorrow'd for thy husband, follow'd him to death; further thou could'st not, thou hast buried thy selfe quick. (O that 'twere true) spent more teares ouer his carcase, then would serue a whole Citie of saddest widdowes in a plague time; besides sighings, and swownings, not to be credited.

*Cyn.* True, but those complements might haue their time for fashion's sake.

*Lyf.* Right, Opinion and Fashion. Sfoot what call you time? t'haft wept these foure whole daies.

*Ero.* Nay berladie almost fise.

*Lyf.* Looke you there; nere vpon fise whole daies.

*Cyn.* Well goe and see; Returne, weele goe home.

*Lyf.* Hell be thy home, Huge Monsters damne yee, and your whole creation, O yee Gods; in the height of her mourning in a Tomb, within sight of so many deaths! her husbands beleeu'd bodie in her eie. He dead, a few daies before; this mirrour of Nuptiall chastitie; this Votresse of widdow-constancie: to

change her faith ; exchange kisses, embraces, with a stranger ; and but my shame with-stood, to giue the vtmost earnest of her loue, to an eight-pennie Sentinell : in effect, to prostitute her selfe vpon her husbands Coffin ! Lust, impietie, hell, womanhood it selfe, adde if you can one step to this.

*Enter Captaine with two or three Souldiers.*

*Cap.* O Ne of the crucified bodies taken downe !

*Lyf.* Enough. *(slinks away.)*

*Cap.* And the Sentinell not to be heard off ?

1. No sir.

*Cap.* Make out ; hast, searck about for him ; does none of you know him ? nor his name ?

2. Hee's but a stranger here of some foure daies standing ; and we neuer fet eie on him, but at setting the watch.

*Cap.* For whom serues he ? you looke well to your watch masters.

1. For *Seigneur Stratio*, and whence he is, tis ignorant to vs ; we are not correspondent for any, but our owne places.

*Cap.* Y'are eloquent. Abroad I say, let me haue him. *Exeunt.*

This negligence will by the Gouvernour be wholly cast on me, he hereby will suggest to the Viceroy, that the Citie guards are very carelesly attended. He loues mee not I know ; because of late I knew him but of meane condition ; but now by fortunes iniudicious hand, guided by bribing Courtiers, hee is rais'd to this high feate of honour. Nor blushes he, to see him selfe aduanc't ouer the heads of ten times higher worths ; but takes it all forsooth, to his merits ; and lookes (as all vpstarts doe) for most huge obseruance. Well, my mind must floope to his high place, and learne within it selfe to feuer him from that, and to adore the Authoritie the Goddesse, how euer borne by an vnworthie beast ; and let the Beasts dull apprehension take the honour done to *Isis*, done to himselfe. I must fit

fast, and bee sure to giue no hold to these fault-hunting enemies.

*Exit.*

*Tomb opens, and Lyfander within lies along,  
Cynthia and Ero.*

*Lyf.* Pray thee disturbe me not ; put out the lights.

*Ero.* Faith Ile take a nap againe.

*Cyn.* Thou shalt not rest before I be resolu'd  
What happy winde hath driuen thee back to harbour ?  
Was it my loue ?

*Lyf.* No.

*Cyn.* Yet say so (sweet) that with the thought thereof  
I may enjoy all that I wish in earth.

*Lyf.* I am sought for. A crucified body is stolne  
while I loiter'd here ; and I must die for't.

*Cyn.* Die ? All the Gods forbid ; O this affright torments  
me ten parts more then the sad losse of my deare  
husband.

*Lyf.* (Damnation) I beleeeue thee.

*Cyn.* Yet heare a womans wit,  
Take counsaile of Necessitie and it  
I haue a bodie here which once I lou'd  
And honour'd aboue all ; but that time's past.

*Lyf.* It is, reuenge it heauen.

*Cyn.* That shall supply at so extrem a need the vacant  
Gibbet.

*Lyf.* *Canero.* What ? thy husbands bodie ?

*Cyn.* What hurt is't, being dead it saue the liuing ?

*Lyf.* O heart hold in, check thy rebellious motion.

*Cyn.* Vexe not thy selfe deare loue, nor vse delay.  
Tempt not this danger, set thy handes to worke.

*Lyf.* I can not doo't ; my heart will not permit  
My handes to execute a second murther.

The truth is I am he that slew thy husband.

*Cyn.* The Gods forbid.

*Lyf.* It was this hand that bath'd my reeking sword  
In his life bloud, while he cried out for mercie,  
But I remorselesse, panch't him, cut his throat,  
He with his last breath crying, *Cynthia.*

*Cyn.* O thou hast told me newes that cleaves my heart,

Would I had neuer seene thee, or heard sooner  
This bloudie storie ; yet see, note my truth  
Yet I must loue thee.

*Lyf.* Out vpon the Monster.

Goe, tell the Gouvernour ; Let me be brought  
To die for that most famous villanie ;  
Not for this niching base transgression  
Of tenant negligence.

*Cyn.* I can not doo't.

Loue must value any murther : Ile be iudge  
Of thee deare loue, and these shall be thy paines  
In steede of yron, to suffer these soft chaines.

*Lyf.* O I am infinitely oblig'd.

*Cyn.* Arise I say, thou fauer of my life.

Doe not with vaine-affrighting conscience  
Betray a life, that is not thine but mine :

Rise and preferue it. *Lyf.* Ha? thy husbands bodie?  
Hang't vp you say, in steede of that that's stolne ;  
Yet I his murtherer, is that your meaning ?

*Cyn.* It is my Loue. *Lyf.* Thy loue amazes me,  
The point is yet how we shall get it thither,

Ha ? Tie a halter about's necke, and dragge him to  
the Gallowes : shall I my loue ?

*Cyn.* So you may doe indeede,

Or if your owne strength will not serue, wee'le aide  
Our handes to yours, and beare him to the place.  
For heauens loue come, the night goes off apace.

*Lyf.* All the infernall plagues dwell in thy soule ;  
Ile fetch a crow of yron to breake the coffin.

*Cyn.* Doe loue, be speedie.

*Lyf.* As I wish thy damnation. *Shut the Tomb.*

O I could teare my selfe into Atomes ; off with this  
Antick, the shirt that *Hercules* wore for his wife, was not  
more banefull. Is't possible there should be such a  
latitude in the Sphere of this sexe, to entertaine such  
an extention of mischief, and not turne Deuill. What  
is a woman ? what are the worst when the best are so



past naming? As men like this let them trie their wiués againe. Put women to the test; discouer them; paint them, paint them ten parts more then they doe themselues, rather then looke on them as they are; Their wits are but painted that dislike their painting. Thou foolish thirster after idle secrets, And ill's abroad; looke home, and store & choke thee; There sticks an Achelons horne of all, Copie enough. As much as Alizon of streames receiues, Or loffie Ilea showes of shade leaues.

*Enter Tharsalio.*

Who's that?

*Thar.* I wonder *Lycus* failes me. Nor can I heare whats become of him. Hee would not certaine ride to Dipolis to call my brother back, without my knowledge.

*Lys.* My brothers voice; what makes he here abouts so vntimely? Ile slip him. *Exiturus.*

*Thar.* Who goes there? *Lys.* A friend.

*Thar.* Deare friend, lets know you. A friend least look't for but most welcome, and with many a long looke expected here.

What fir vnbooted? haue you beene long arriu'd?

*Lys.* Not long, some two houres before night.

*Thar.* Well brother, y'haue the most rare, admirable, vnmachable wife, that euer suffer'd for the sinne of a husband. I cannot blame your confidence indeede now: 'tis built on such infallible ground; *Lycus* I thinke be gone to call you to the rescue of her life; why shee! O incomprehensible!

*Lysan.* I haue heard all related since my arriuall, weele meet to morrow.

*Thar.* What hast brother? But was it related with what vntollerable paines, I and my Mistris, her other friends, Matrones and Magistrates, labour'd her diuerfion from that course?

*Lys.* Yes, yes. *Thar.* What streams of teares she powr'd out; what tresses of her haire she tore! and

offer'd on your suppos'd herse ! *Lyf.* I haue heard all.

*Thar.* But aboue all ; how since that time, her eies neuer harbour'd winck of slumber, these fixe daies ; no nor tasted the least dramme of any sustenance.

*Lyf.* How is that affurd ? *Thar.* Not a scruple.

*Lyf.* Are you fure there came no Souldier to her nor brought her victualls ? *Thar.* Souldier ? what Souldier ?

*Lyf.* Why some Souldier of the watch, that attends the executed bodies : well brother I am in hast ; to morrow shall supply this nights defect of conference ; Adieu.

*Exit. Lyf.*

*Thar.* A Souldier ? of the watch ? bring her victualls ? Goe to brother I haue you in the winde ; hee's vn-harnest of all his traouailing accoutrements. I came directly from's house, no word of him there ; he knowes the whole relation ; hee's passionate : All collections speake he was the Souldier. What should be the riddle of this ? that he is stolne hether into a Souldiers disguise ? he should haue staid at Dipolis to receiue news from vs. Whether he suspected our relation ; or had not patience to expect it, or whether that furious, frantique capricious Deuill ieaousie hath tost him hether on his hornes, I can not coniecture. But the case is cleare, hee's the Souldier. Sister, looke to your fame, your chastetie's vncouer'd. Are they here still ? here beleue it both most wofully weeping ouer the bottle.

*He knocks.*

*Ero.* Who's there. *Thar.* *Tharsalio*, open.

*Ero.* Alas Sir, tis no boote to vexe your sifter, and your selfe, she is desperate, & will not heare perswasion, she's very weak.

*Thar.* Here's a true-bred chamber-maid. Alas, I am forrie for't ; I haue brought her meat and Candian wine to strengthen her.

*Ero.* O the very naming an't, will driue her into a swowne ; good Sir forbear.

*Thar.* Yet open sweet, that I may blesse mine eies

with fight of her faire shrine ; and of thy sweetest selfe (her famous Pandresse) open I say. Sister ? you heare me well, paint not your Tomb without ; wee know too well what rotten carcases are lodg'd within ; open I say. *Ero* opens, and hee sees her head layd on the coffin, &c. Sister I haue brought you tidings to wake you out of this sleeping mummerie.

*Ero.* Alas shee's faint, and speech is painefull to her.

*Thar.* Well said frubber, was there no Souldier here lately ?

*Ero.* A Souldier ? when ?

*Thar.* This night, last night, tother night ; and I know not how many nights and daies. *Cyn.* Whose there ?

*Ero.* Your brother Mistris, that asks if there were not a souldier here. *Cyn.* Here was no souldier.

*Ero.* Yes Mistris I thinke here was such a one though you tooke no heede of him. *Thar.* Goe to sifter ; did not you ioyne kisses, embraces, and plight indeede with him, the vtmost pledge of Nuptiall loue with him. Deni't, deni't ; but first heare me a short storie. The Souldier was your disguis'd husband, dispute it not. That you see yonder, is but a shadow, an emptie chest containing nothing but aire. Stand not to gaze at it, tis true. This was a proiect of his owne contriuing to put your loialtie & constant vowes to the test ; y'are warnd, be arm'd. *Exit.*

*Ero.* O fie a these perils. *Cyn.* O *Ero!* we are vndone.

*Ero.* Nay, you'd nere be warn'd ; I euer wisht you to withstand the push of that Souldiers pike, and not enter him too deep into your bosom, but to keep sacred your widowes vowes made to *Lyfander.* *Cyn.* Thou did'st, thou did'st.

*Ero.* Now you may see th'euent. Well our safetie lies in our speed : heele doe vs mischiese, if we preuent not his comming. Lets to your Mothers : and there cal out your mightiest friends to guard you from his furie. Let them begin the quarrell with him for prac-

tifing this villanie on your fexe to intrappe your frailties.

*Cyn.* Nay, I resolute to fit out one brunt more; to trie to what aime heele enforce his proiect: were he some other man, vnknowne to me; his violence might awe me; but knowing him as I doe, I feare him not. Do thou but second me, thy strength and mine shall master his best force, if he should proue outrageous. Despaire they say makes cowardes turne couragious. Shut vp the Tomb.

*Shut the Tomb.*

*Enter one of the Souldiers sent out before to seeke the Sentinell.*

1. All paines are lost in hunting out this Souldier; his fear (adding wings to his heeles) out-goes vs as farre as the fresh Hare the tir'd hounds. Who goes there?

*Ent. 2 souldier another way*

2. A friend. 1. O, your successe and mine touching this Sentinell, tells, I suppose, one tale; hee's farre enough I vndertake by this time. 2. I blame him not: the law's feure (though iust and can not be dispenc'd.)

1. Why should the lawes of Paphos, with more rigour, then other Citie lawes pursue offenders? that not appeas'd with their liues forfait, exact a iustice of them after death? And if a Souldier in his watch forsooth. lose one of the dead bodies, he must die for't: It seems the State needed no souldiers when that was made a law. 2. So we may chide the fire for burning vs;

or say the Bee's not good because she stings; Tis not the body the law respects, but the souldiers neglect; when the watch (the guard and safetie of the Citie) is left abandon'd to all hazards. But let him goe; and tell me if your newes fort with mine, for *Lycus*; apprehended they say, about *Lysanders* murther.

1. Tis true; hee's at the Captaines lodge vnder guard, and tis my charge in the morning to vnclose the leaden coffin, and discover the bodie; The Captaine will assay an old conclusion often approu'd; that

at the murtherers fight the blood reuiues againe, and boiles a fresh; and euery wound has a condemning voice to crie out guiltie gainst the murtherer.

2. O world, if this be true; his dearest friend, his bed companion, whom of all his friends he cull'd out for his bosome!

1. Tush man, in this topsie turuy world, friendship and bosom kindnes, are but made couers for mischief, meanes to compasse il. Near-allied trust, is but a bridge for trefon. The presumptions crie loud against him; his answeres sound disiointed; crosse-legd tripping vp one another. He names a Town whether he brought *Lyfander* murther'd by Mountainers, thats false, some of the dwellers haue been here, and all disclaim it. Besides, the wounds he bears in show, are such as shrews closely giue their husbands, that neuer bleede, and finde to be counterfait.

2. O that iade falshood is neuer found of all; but halts of one legge still. Truth pace is all vpright: found euery where.

And like a die, sets euer on a square.

And how is *Lycus* his bearing in this condition?

1. Faith (as the manner of such desperate offenders is till it come to the point) carelesse, & confident, laughing at all that seeme to pittie him. But leaue it to th'euent. Night fellow Souldier, youle not meet me in the morning at the Tomb, and lend me your hand to the vnrigging of *Lyfanders* herse.

2. I care not if I do, to view heauens power in this vnbottomd feller.

Bloud, though it sleepe a time, yet neuer dies.

The Gods on murtherers fixe reuengefull eies.

*Exeunt.*

*Lyfander solus with a crow of yron, and a halter which he laies downe and puts on his disguise againe.*

Come my borrow'd disguise, let me once more  
Be reconcild to thee, my trustiest friend;  
Thou that in truest shape hast let me see

That which my truer selfe hath hid from me,  
 Helpe me to take reuenge on a disguise,  
 Ten times more false and counterfait then thou.  
 Thou, false in show, hast been most true to me ;  
 The seeming true ; hath prou'd more false then her.  
 Assist me to behold this act of lust,  
 Note with a Scene of strange impietie.  
 Her husbands murderd corse ! O more then horror !  
 Ile not beleue't vntri'd ; If shee but list  
 A hand to act it ; by the fates her braines flie out,  
 Since shee has madded me ; let her beware my hornes.  
 For though by goring her, no hope be showne  
 To cure my selfe, yet Ile not bleede alone. *He knocks.*  
*Ero.* Who knocks ? *Lyf.* The souldier ; open.

*she opês & he enters*

See sweet, here are the engines that must doo't,  
 Which with much feare of my discouerie  
 I haue at last procur'd.  
 Shall we about this worke ? I feare the morne  
 Will ouer-take's ; my stay hath been prolong'd  
 With hunting obscure nookes for these employments,  
 The night prepares away ; Come, art resolu'd.  
*Cyn.* I, you shall finde me constant.  
*Lyf.* I, so I haue, most prodigiously constant,  
 Here's a rare halter to hugge him with.  
*Ero.* Better you and I ioyne our handes and beare  
 him thether, you take his head.  
*Cyn.* I, for that was alwaies heauier then's whole  
 bodie besides  
*Lyf.* You can tell best that loded it.  
*Ero.* Ile be at the feet ; I am able to beare against  
 you I warrant you.  
*Lyf.* Hast thou prepar'd weake nature to digest  
 A fight so much distastfull ; hast ser'd thy heart  
 I bleede not at the bloudie spectacle ?  
 Hast arm'd thy fearefull eies against th'affront  
 Of such a direfull obiect ?  
 Thy murder'd husband ghaftly staring on thee ;

His wounds gaping to affright thee ; his bodie foild  
with

Gore ? fore heauen my heart shruggs at it.

*Cyn.* So does not mine,

Loue's resolute ; and stands not to consult

With pettie terrour ; but in full carrier

Runnes blind-fold through an Armie of misdoubts,

And interposing feares ; perhaps Ile weepe

Or so, make a forc't face and laugh againe.

*Lyf.* O most valiant loue !

I was thinking with my selfe as I came ; how if this

Brake to light ; his bodie knowne ;

(As many notes might make it) would it not fixe

Vpon thy fame, an vnremoued Brand

Of shame, and hate ; they that in former times

Ador'd thy vertue ; would they not abhorre

Thy lothest memorie ? *Cyn.* All this I know,

But yet my loue to thee

Swallowes all this ; or whatfoeuer doubts

Can come against it.

Shame's but a feather ballanc't with thy loue.

*Lyf.* Neither feare nor shame ? you are steele toth'

Prooffe (but I shall yron you) : Come then lets to  
worke.

Alas poore Corps how many martyrdomes

Must thou endure ? mangl'd by me a villaine,

And now expos'd to foule shame of the Gibbet ?

Fore, pietie, there is somewhat in me striues

Against the deede, my very arme relents

To strike a stroke so inhumane,

To wound a hallow'd herse ? suppose twere mine,

Would not my Ghost start vp and flie vpon thee ?

*Cyn.* No, I'de mall it down againe with this.

*She snatches vp the crow.*

*Lyf.* How now ?

*He catches at her throat.*

*Cyn.* Nay, then Ile assay my strength ; a Souldier and

afraid of a dead man ? A soft-r'ode milk-sop ? come

Ile doot my selfe.

*Lyf.* And I looke on ? giue me the yron.

*Cyn.* No, Ile not lose the glorie ant. This hand, &c.

*Lyf.* Pray thee sweet, let it not bee said the sauage act was thine; deliuer me the engine.

*Cyn.* Content your selfe, tis in a fitter hand.

*Lyf.* Wilt thou first? art not thou the most.

*Cyn.* Ill-destin'd wife of a transform'd monster;  
Who to assure him selfe of what he knew,  
Hath lost the shape of man. *Lyf.* Ha? crosse-

capers?

*Cyn.* Poore Souldiers case; doe not we know you  
Sir?

But I haue giuen thee what thou cam'st to seeke.

Goe *Satyre*, runne affrighted with the noise

Of that harsh sounding horne thy selfe hast blowne,

Farewell; I leaue thee there my Husbands Corps,

Make much of that.

*Exit. cum Er.*

*Lyf.* What haue I done? O let me lie and grieue,  
and speake no more.

*Captaine, Lycus with a guard of three or foure  
Souldiers.*

*Cap.* BRing him away; you must haue patience  
Sir: If you can say ought to quit you of  
those presumptions that lie heauie on you, you shall  
be heard. If not, tis not your braues, nor your affect-  
ing lookes can carrie it.

We must acquite our duties.

*Lyc.* Y'are Captaine ath' watch Sir.

*Cap.* You take me right.

*Lyc.* So were you best doe mee; see your presump-  
tions bee strong; or be assured that shall proue a deare  
presumption, to brand me with the murther of my  
friend. But you haue beene suborn'd by some close  
villaine to defame me.

*Cap.* Twill not be so put off friend *Lycus*, I could  
wish your soule as free from taint of this foule fact; as  
mine from any such vnworthy practise.

*Lyc.* Conduēt mee to the Gouvernour him selfe; to  
confront before him your shallow accusations.



*Cap.* First Sir, Ile beare you to *Lysanders* Tombe, to confront the murther'd body; and see what euidence the wounds will yeeld against you.

*Lyc.* Y'are wise Captaine. But if the bodie should chance not to speake; If the wounds should bee tongue-tied Captaine; where's then your euidence Captaine? will you not be laught at for an officious Captaine?

*Cap.* Y'are gallant Sir.

*Lyc.* Your Captainship commands my seruice no further.

*Cap.* Well Sir, perhaps I may, if this conclusion take not; weele trie what operation lies in torture, to pull confession from you.

*Lyc.* Say you so Captaine? but hearke you Captaine, Might it not concurre with the qualitie of your office, ere this matter grow to the height of a more threatning danger; to winck a little at a by-slip, or so?

*Cap.* How's that?

*Lyc.* To send a man abroad vnder guard of one of your filliest shack-rags; that he may beate the knaue, and run's way. I meane this on good termes Captaine; Ile be thankfull.

*Cap.* Ile thinke ont hereafter. Meane time I haue other employment for you.

*Lyc.* Your place is worthily replenisht Captaine. My dutie Sir; Hearke Captaine, there's a mutinie in your Armie; Ile go raise the Gouvernour. *Exiturus.*

*Cap.* No hast Sir; heele soone be here without your fummons.

*Souldiers thrust vp Lysander from the Tomb.*

1. Bring forth the Knight ath' Tomb; haue we met with you Sir? *Lyc.* Pray thee souldier vse thine office with better temper. 2. Come conuay him to the Lord Gouvernour.

First afore the Captaine Sir. Haue the heauens nought else to doe, but to stand still, and turne all their malignant

Aspects vpon one man?

2. Captaine here's the Sentinell wee fought for ; hee's some new prest Souldier, for none of vs know him.

*Cap.* Where found you him ?

1. My truant was mich't Sir into a blind corner of the Tomb.

*Cap.* Well said, guard him safe, but for the Corps.

1. For the Corps Sir? bare misprision, there's no bodie, nothing. A meere blandation, a *deceptio visus*. Vnlesse this souldier for hunger haue eate vp *Lyfanders* bodie.

*Lyc.* Why, I could haue told you this before Captaine ; The body was borne away peece-meale by deuout Ladies of *Venus* order, for the man died one of *Venus* Martys. And yet I heard since 'twas seene whole ath' other side the downes vpon a Colestafe betwixt two huntfmen, to feede their dogges withall. Which was a miracle Captaine.

*Cap.* Mischiefe in this act hath a deepe bottom ; and requires more time to sound it. But you Sir, it seemes, are a Souldier of the newest stamp. Know you what tis to forsake your stand ? There's one of the bodies in your charge stolne away ; how answere you that ? See here comes the Gouvernour.

*Enter a Guard bare after the Gouvernour : Tharsalio, Argus, Clinias, before Eudora, Cynthia, Laodice, Sthenio, Ianthe, Ero, &c.*

*Guard.* Stand aside there.

*Cap.* **S**Roome for a strange Gouvernour. The perfect draught of a most brainelesse, imperious vpstart. O desert ! where wert thou, when this wooden dagger was guilded ouer with the Title of Gouvernour ?

*Guard:* Peace Masters ; heare my Lord.

*Thar.* All wisdome be silent ; Now speakes Authority.

*Gouer.* I am come in person to discharge Iustice.

*Thar.* Of his office.

*Gouer.* The cause you shall know hereafter ; and it is this. A villaine, whose very sight I abhorre ; where is he ? Let mee see him.

*Cap.* Is't *Lycus* you meane my Lord ?

*Gouer.* Goe to firrha y'are too malipert ; I haue heard of your Sentinells escape ; looke too't.

*Cap.* My Lord, this is the Sentinell you speake of.

*Gouer.* How now Sir ? what time a day ist ?

*Arg.* I can not shew you precisely, ant please your Honour.

*Gouer.* What ? shall we haue replications ? Reioinders ?

*Thar.* Such a creature, Foole is, when hee bestrides the back of Authoritie.

*Gouer.* Sirrha, stand you forth. It is supposed thou hast committed a most inconuenient murther vpon the body of *Lysander*.

*Lyc.* My good Lord, I haue not.

*Gouer.* Peace varlet ; dost chop with me ? I say it is imagined thou hast murther'd *Lysander*. How it will be prou'd I know not. Thou shalt therefore presently bee had to execution, as iustice in such cases requireth. Souldiers take him away : bring forth the Sentinell.

*Lyb.* Your Lordship will first let my defence be heard.

*Gouer.* Sirrha ; Ile no fending nor prouing. For my part I am satisfied, it is so : thats enough for thee. I had euer a Sympathy in my minde against him. Let him be had away.

*Thar.* A most excellent apprehension. Hee's able yee see to iudge of a cause at first sight, and heare but two parties. Here's a second *Solon*.

*Eud.* Heare him my Lord ; presumptions oftentimes, (Though likely grounded) reach not to the truth.

And Truth is oft abus'd by likelihood.

Let him be heard my Lord.

*Gouer.* Madam, content your selfe. I will doe iustice ; I will not heare him. Your late Lord, was

my Honourable Predeceffour: But your Ladifhip muft pardon me. In matters of iuftice I am blinde.

*Thar.* Thats true.

*Gouer.* I know no perfons. If a Court fauourite write to mee in a cafe of iuftice: I will pocket his letter, and proceede. If a Suiter in a cafe of iuftice thrufts a bribe into my hand, I will pocket his bribe, and proceede. Therefore Madam, fet your heart at reft: I am feated in the Throne of iuftice; and I will doe iuftice; I will not heare him.

*Eud.* Not heare him my Lord?

*Gouer.* No my Ladie: and moreouer put you in mind, in whose prefence you ftand; if you Parrat to me long; goe to.

*Thar.* Nay the Vice muft fnap his Authoritie at all he meetes, how fhalt elfe be knowne what part he plaies?

*Gouer.* Your husband was a Noble Gentleman, but Alas hee came short, hee was no Statesman. Hee has left a foule Citie behinde him.

*Thar.* I, and I can tell you twill trouble his Lordfhip and all his Honorable affiftants of Scauingers to fweepe it cleane.

*Gouer.* It's full of vices, and great ones too.

*Thar.* And thou none of the meaneft.

*Gouer.* But Ile turne all topfie turuie; and fet vp a new difcipline amongst you. Ile cut of all perifht members.

*Thar.* Thats the Surgeons office.

*Gouer.* Caft out thefe rotten flinking carcafes for infecting the whole Citie.

*Arg.* Rotten they may be, but their wenches vfe to pepper them; and their Surgeons to perboile them; and that preferues them from flinking, ant please your Honour.

*Gouer.* Peace Sirrha, peace; and yet tis well faid too. A good pregnant fellow yfaith. But to proceede. I will fpew drunkenneffe out ath' Citie.

*Thar.* Into th' Countrie.

*Gouer.* Shifters shall cheate and sterue ; And no man shall doe good but where there is no neede. Braggarts shall liue at the head ; and the tumult that hant Tauernes. Affes shall beare good qualities, and wise men shall vse them. I will whip lecherie out ath' Citie, there shall be no more Cuckolds. They that heretofore were errand Cornutos, shall now bee honest shop-keepers, and iustice shall take place. I will hunt ielousie out of my Dominion.

*Thar.* Doe heare Brother ?

*Gouer.* It shall be the only note of loue to the husband, to loue the wife : And none shall be more kindly welcome to him then he that cuckold him.

*Thar.* Beleeue it a wholsome reformation.

*Gouer.* Ile haue no more Beggers. Fooles shall haue wealth, and the learned shall liue by their wits. Ile haue no more Banckrouts. They that owe money shall pay it at their best leisure : And the rest shall make a vertue of imprisonment ; and their wiues shall helpe to pay their debts. Ile haue all yong widdowes spaded for marrying againe. For the old and wither'd, they shall be confiscate to vnthriftie Gallants, and decaid Knights. If they bee poore they shall bee burnt to make sope ashes, or giuen to Surgeons Hall, to bee stamp't to salue for the French mesells. To conclude, I will Cart pride out ath' Towne.

*Arg.* Ant please your Honour Pride ant be nere so beggarly will looke for a Coch.

*Gouer.* Well said a mine Honour. A good significant fellow yfaith : What is he ? he talkes much ; does he follow your Ladiship ?

*Arg.* No ant please your Honour, I goe before her.

*Gouer.* A good vndertaking presence ; A well-promising forehead, your Gentleman Vsher Madam ?

*Eud.* Yours if you please my Lord.

*Gouer.* Borne ith' Citie ?

*Arg.* I ant please your Honour, but begot ith' Court.

*Gouer.* Treffellegg'd ?

*Arg.* I, ant please your Honour.

*Gouer.* The better, it beares a bredth ; makes roome a both fides. Might I not see his pace? *Argus*

*Arg.* Yes ant please your Honour. *stalkes.*

*Gouer.* Tis well, tis very well. Giue me thy hand : Madame I will accept this propertie at your hand, and wil weare it thredbare for your fake. Fall in there, firrha. And for the matter of *Lycus* Madam, I muſt tell you, you are ſhallow : there's a State point in't ? hearkè you : The Viceroy has giuen him, and wee muſt vphold correſpondence. Hee muſt walke ; fay one man goes wrongfully out ath' world, there are hundreds to one come wrongfully into th' world.

*Eud.* Your Lordſhip will giue me but a word in priuate.

*Thar.* Come brother ; we know you well : what meanes this habite ? why ſtaid you not at Dipolis as you reſolu'd, to take aduertifement for vs of your wiues bearing ?

*Lyc.* O brother, this iealous phrenſie has borne mee headlong to ruine.

*Tnar.* Go to, be comforted ; vncaſe your ſelfe ; and diſcharge your friend.

*Gouer.* Is that *Lysander* fay you ? And is all his ſtorie true ?

Berladie Madam this iealouſie will coſt him deare : he vndertooke the perſon of a Souldier ; and as a Souldier muſt haue iuſtice. Madam, his Altitude in this caſe can not diſpence. *Lycus*, this Souldier hath acquitted you.

*Thar.* And that acquitall Ile for him requite ; the body loſt, is by this time reſtor'd to his place.

*Soul.* It is my Lord.

*Thar.* Theſe are State points, in which your Lordſhips time has not yet train'd your Lordſhip ; pleaſe your Lordſhip to grace a Nuptiall we haue now in hand.

*Hylus and Laodice ſtand together.*

Twixt this yong Ladie and this Gentleman.

Your Lordſhip there ſhall heare the ample ſtorie.

And how the Affe wrapt in a Lyons skin  
Fearefully rord ; but his large eares appeard  
And made him laught at, that before was feard.

*Gouer.* Ile goe with you. For my part, I am at a  
non plus.

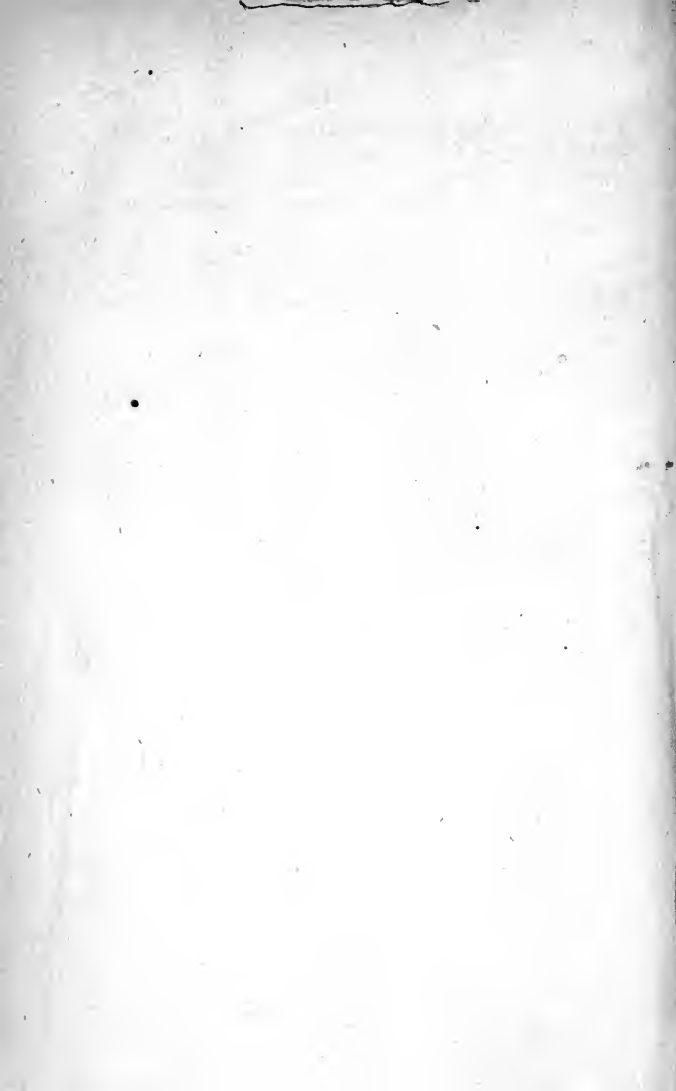
*Eudora whispers with Cynthia.*

*Thar.* Come brother ; Thanke the Countesse : shee  
hath fwet to make your peace. Sifter giue me your  
hand.

So ; Brother let your lips compound the strife,  
And thinke you haue the only constant Wife.

*Exeunt.*

*FINIS.*





THE

MEMORABLE MASKE

of the two Honorable Houses or Inns of  
*Court; the Middle Temple, and*  
Lyncolns Inne.

*As it was performd before the King, at*  
White-Hall on Shroue Munday at night;  
being the 15. of February. 1613.

At the Princely celebration of the most Royall  
*Nuptialls of the Palsgraue, and his thrice gracious*  
*Princesse Elizabeth. &c.*

*With a description of their whole show; in the manner*  
of their march on horse-backe to the Court from  
the Maister of the Rolls his house: with all  
*their right Noble consorts, and most*  
*showfull attendants.*

Inuented, and fashioned, with the ground, and  
speciall structure of the whole worke,

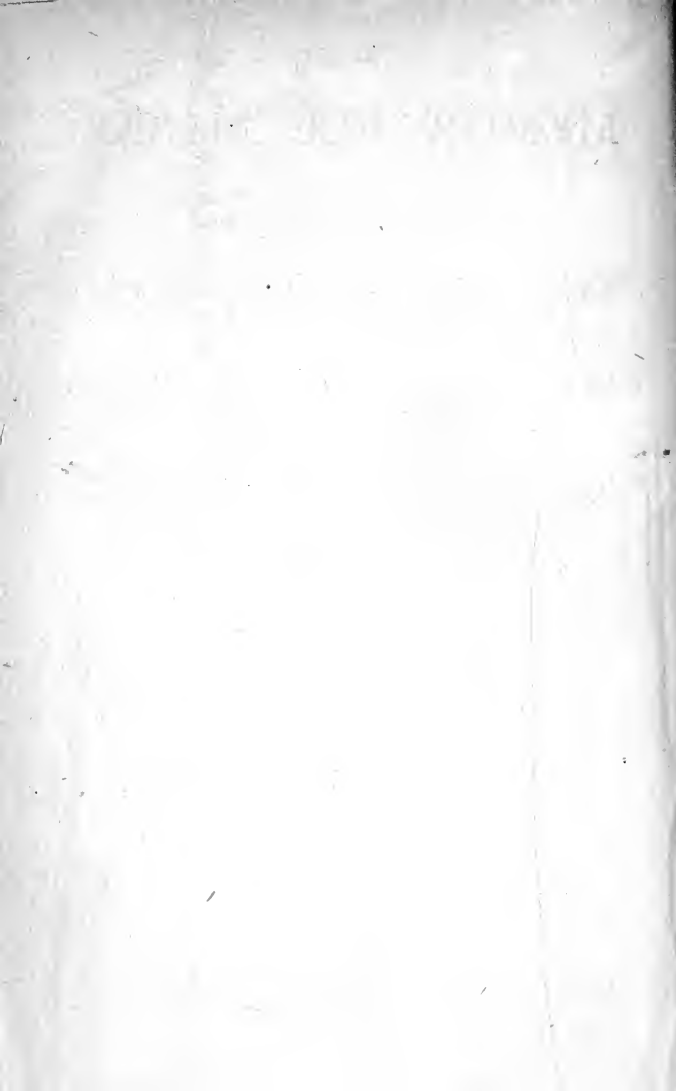
By our Kingdomes most Artfull and Ingenious  
*Architect, INNIGO IONES.*

*Supplied, Aplied, Digested, and written,*  
By GEO: CHAPMAN.

---

AT LONDON,

Printed by *G. Eld*, for *George Norton* and are to be  
fould at his shoppe neere Temple-bar.





87

# TO THE MOST NO-

ble, and constant Combiner of Honor,  
and Vertue, Sir EDWARD PHILIPS,  
Knight, M<sup>r</sup>. of the Rolls.



*His Noble and Magnificent performance, renewing the ancient spirit, and Honor of the Innes of Court ; being especially furthered and followed by your most laborious and honored endeuors, (for his Maiesties service ; and honour of the all-grace-deseruing Nuptialls, of the thrice gracious Princeesse Elizabeth, his Highness daughter) deserues especially to be in this sort consecrate, to your worthy memory and honor. Honor hauing neuer her faire hand more freely and nobly giuen to Riches (being a fit particle of this Inuention) then by yours, at this Nuptiall solemnity. To which assisted, and memorable ceremony ; the ioin'd hand and industry, of the worthely honour'd Knight, Sir H. Hubberd, his Maiesties Atturny generall, deseruing, in good part a ioint memory with yours, I haue submittit it freely to his noble acceptance. The poore paines I added to this Royall service, being wholly choson, and commanded by your most constant, and free*

## The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*fauour; I hope will now appeare nothing neglectiue of their expected duties. Hearty wil, and care enough, I am assured was employ'd in me; and the onely ingenuous will, being first and principall step to vertue; I beseech you let it stand for the performing vertue it selfe. In which addition of your euer-honour'd fauours, you shall euer binde all my future seruice to your most wished Com-mandement.*

*God send you long health, and your Vertues will endue you with honor enough,*

By your free merits euer vow'd honorer,

and most vnfainedly affectioned,

GEO. CHAPMAN.



# THE MASKE OF THE

*Gentlemen of the two combin'd houses,*

or Inns of Court, the Middle-Temple,

*and Lincolns Inne.*

---

**A**T the house of the most worthy honour'd  
preferer and gracer of all honorable  
Actions, and vertues, (sir *Edward  
Philips* Knight, Master of the Rolls) al  
the Performers and their Afsistents  
made their *Rendes vous*, prepar'd to their performance,  
and thus fet forth.

Fiftie Gentlemen, richly attirde, and as gallantly  
mounted, with Foot-men perticularly attending, made  
the noble vant-guarde of these Nuptiall forces. Next  
(a fit distance obseru'd betweene them) marcht a mock-  
Maske of Baboons, attir'd like fantasticall Trauailers,  
in Neapolitane futes, and great ruffes, all horst with  
Asses; and dwarfe Palfries, with yellow foot-cloathes,  
and casting Cockle-demois about, in courtesie, by way  
of lardges; Torches boarn on either hand of them;

lighting their state as ridiculouſly, as the reſt Nobly. After them were ſorted two Carrs Triumphall, adorn'd with great Maſke heads, Feſtones, ſcroules, and antick leaues, euery part inricht with ſiluer and golde. Theſe were through-varied with different inuention, and in them aduanc't, the choice Muſitions of our Kingdome, fixe in each; attir'd like Virginean Priests, by whom the Sun is there ador'd; and therefore called the Phœbades. Their Robes were tuckt vp before; ſtrange Hoods of feathers, and ſcallops about their neckes, and on their heads turbants, ſtucke with feuerall colour'd feathers, ſpotted with wings of Flies, of extraordinary bigneſſe; like thoſe of their countie: And about them march't two ranks of Torchés. Then rode the chiefe Maskers, in Indian habits, all of a reſemblance: the ground cloath of ſiluer, richly embroidered, with golden Sunns, and about euery Sunne, ran a traile of gold, imitating Indian worke: their baſes of the ſame ſtuffe and work, but betwixt euery pane of embroidery, went a row of white Eſtridge feathers, mingled with ſprigs of golde plate; vnder their breasts, they woare bawdricks of golde, embroidered high with with purle, and about their neckes, Ruffes of feathers, ſpangled with pearle and ſiluer. On their heads high ſprig'd-feathers, compaſt in Coronets, like the Virginian Princes they preſented. Betwixt euery ſet of feathers, and about their browes, in the vnder-part. of their Coronets, ſhin'd Sunnes of golde plate, ſprinkled with pearle; from whence ſprung rayes of the like plate, that mixing with the motion of the feathers, ſhew'd exceedingly delightfull, and gracious. Their legges were adorn'd, with cloſe long white ſilke-ſtockings: curiouſly embroidered with golde to the Mitte-legge.

And ouer theſe (being on horſe backe) they drew greaues or buskins embrodered with gould, & enterlac't with rewes of fethers; Altogether eſtrangfull, and *Indian* like.

In their Hands (ſet in feuerall poſtures as they rode)

they brandisht cane darts of the finest gould. Their vizerds of oliue collour ; but pleasingly visag'd : their hayre, blacke and lardge, wauing downe to their shoulders.

Their Horse, for rich show, equalld the Maskers them-selues ; all their caparifons being enchac't with funnes of Gould and Ornamentall Iewells. To euey one of which, was tackt a Scarffing of Siluer ; that ran sinuoufely in workes ouer the whole caparifon, euen to the daseling of the admiring spectators.

Their heads, no lesse gracefully and properly deckt with the like light skarffing that hung about their eares wantonly dangling.

Euey one of these horse, had two Moores, attir'd like *Indian* flaues, that for state sided them ; with swelling wreaths of gould, and wafhed on their heads, which arose in all to the number of a hundred.

The Torch-bearers habits were likewise of the *Indian* garb, but more strauagant then those of the Maskers ; all showfully garnisht with feueral-hewd fethers. The humble variety whereof, stucke off the more amplie, the Maskers high beauties, shining in the habits of them-selues ; and reflected in their kinde, a new and delightfully-varied radiance on the beholders.

All these sustaind torches of *Virgine* wax, whose flaues were great canes al ouer gilded ; And these (as the rest) had euey Man his Moore, attending his horse.

The Maskers, riding single ; had euey Masker, his Torch-bearer mounted before him.

The last Charriot, which was most of all adorn'd ; had his whole frame fill'd with moulded worke ; mixt all with paintings, and glittering scarffings of siluer ; ouer which was cast a Canopie of golde, boarne vp with antick figures, and all compos'd *a la Grottesca*. Before this in the seate of it, as the Chariotere ; was aduanc't a strange person, and as strangely habited, half French, halfe Swizz ; his name *Capriccio* ; wearing on his head a paire of golden Bellowes, a guilt spurre

in one hand, and with the other manning the reignes of the fowre Horfes that drewe it.

On a feate of the fame Chariot, a little more eleuate, fate *Eunomia*, the Virgine Priest of the Goddeffe *Honor*, together with *Phemis*, her Herald: The habite of her Priest, was a Robe of white filke, gathered about the necke; a pentacle of filuered stufte about her shoulders, hanging foldedly downe, both before and behind.

A vestall vaile on her head of Tiffany, strip't with filuer, hanging with a trayne, to the earth.

The Herral was attyr'd in an Antique Curace of filuer stufte, with labells at the wings and basses; a short gowne of gould stufte; with wide sleeues, cut in panes: A wreath of gould on his head, and a Rod of gould in his hand.

Highest of all in the most eminent feate of the Tryumphall sat, side to side, the cœlestiall Goddeffe, *Honour*; and the earthy Deity, *Plutus*; or Riches. His attire; a short robe of gould, frindg'd; his wide sleeues turn'd vp, and out-showd his naked armes: his Head and Beard sprinckl'd with showrs of gould: his Buskins, clinckant, as his other attire. The Ornaments of Honor were these: a rich full robe of blew filke girt about her, a mantle of filuer worne ouerthwart, ful gathered, and descending in folds behind: a vaile of net lawne, enbrodered with Oos and Spangl'd; her tresses in tucks, braided with filuer: The hinder part shadowing in waues her shoulders.

These, thus perticularly, and with proprietie adorn'd, were 'strongly attended with a full Guard of two hundred Halbardiers: two Marshals (being choice Gentlemen, of either house) Commaunder-like attir'd, to and fro coursing, to keepe all in their orders.

A showe at all parts so nouell, conceitfull and glorious, as hath not in this land, (to the proper vse and obiect it had porpos'd) beene euer before beheld. Nor did those honorable Inns of Court, at any time in that kinde, such acceptable seruice to the sacred Maiesty of



this kingdome, nor were return'd by many degrees, with so thrice gracious, and royall entertainment and honor. But, (as aboue sayd) all these so marching to the Court at White Hall, the King, Bride, & Bridegroom, with all the Lords of the most honord priuy Councel, and our chief Nobility, stood in the Gallery before the Tilt-yard, to behold their arriual; who, for the more full satisfaction of his Maiesties view, made one turn about the yeard, and dismounted: being then honorably attended through the Gallery to a Chamber appointed, where they were to make ready for their performance in the Hall, &c.

The King beeing come forth, the Maskers ascended vnseene to their scene. Then for the works.

First there appear'd at the lower end of the Hall, an Artificiall Rock, whose top was neere as high as the hall it selfe. This Rock, was in the vndermost part craggy, and full of hollow places, in whose concaues were contriv'd, two winding paire of staires, by whose greeces the Persons aboue might make their descents, and all the way be seene: all this Rocke grew by degrees vp into a gold-colour; and was run quite through, with veines of golde: On the one side whereof, eminently raised on a faire hill, was erected a siluer Temple of an octangle figure, whose Pillars were of a compos'd order, and bore vp an Architraue, Freeze, and Cornish: Ouer which stood a continued Plinthe; whereon were aduanc't Statues of siluer: Aboue this, was placed a bastarde Order of Architecture, wherein were keru'd Compartements: In one of which was written in great golde Capitalls, *HONORIS FANVM*. Aboue all, was a *Coupolo*, or Type, which seem'd to be scal'd with siluer Plates.

For finishing, of all, vpon a Pedistall, was fixt a round stone of siluer, from which grew a paire of golden wings, both faign'd to bee Fortunes: the the round stone (when her feet trod it) euer affirm'd

to be rouling ; figuring her inconstancy : the golden wings, denoting those nimble Powres, that pompously beare her about the world ; On that Temple (erected to her daughter, *Honor* ; and figuring this kingdome) put off by her, and fixt, for assured signe she would neuer forsake it.

About this Temple, hung Festones wreath'd with siluer from one Pillars head to another. Besides, the Freefe was enricht with keruings, all shewing Greatnes and Magnificence.

On the other side of the Rocke, grewe a Groue, in whose vtmost part appear'd a vast, wither'd, and hollow Tree, being the bare receptacle of the Baboonerie.

These following should in duty haue had their proper places, after euery fitted speech of the Actors ; but being preuented by the vnexpected haste of the Printer, which he neuer let me know, and neuer sending me a prooffe, till he had past those speeches ; I had no reason to imagine hee could haue been so forward. His fault is therefore to be supplied by the obseruation, and reference of the Reader, who will easily perceiue, where they were to bee inserted.

After the speech of *Plutus* (who as you may see after, first entred) the middle part of the Rocke began to moue, and being come some fiue paces vp towards the King, it split in peeces with a great crack ; and out brake *Capriccio*, as before described. The peeces of the Rocke vanisht, and he spake as in his place.

At the singing of the first Song, full, which was sung by the Virginian Priests ; called the Phœbades, to fixe Lutes (being vsed as an Orphean vertue, for the state of the Mines opening) : the vpper part of the Rock was sodainly turn'd to a Cloude, discovering a rich and refulgent Mine of golde ; in which the twelue Maskers were triumphantly seated : their Torch-bearers attending before them. All the lights being so ordred, that though none were seen, yet had their lustre such

vertue, that by it, the least spangle or spark of the Maskers rich habites, might with ease and cleereneffe be discerned as far off as the feate.

Ouer this golden Mine, in an Euening sky, the ruddy Sunne was seen ready to be fet ; and behind the tops of certaine white Cliffes, by degrees descended, casting vp a banke of Cloudes ; in which, a while hee was hidden : but then gloriously shining, gaue that vsually-obseru'd good Omen, of succeeding faire weather.

Before he was fully fet, the Phœbades (shewing the custome of the Indians to adore the Sunne setting) began their obseruance with the Song, to whose place, wee must referre you for the manner and words ; All the time they were singing ; the Torch-bearers holding vp their Torches to the Sun ; to whome the Priests themselues, and the rest, did as they sung obeifance : Which was answred by other Musique and voices, at at the commandement of *Honor*, with al' obseruances vs'd to the King &c. As in the following places.

**T**O answer certaine insolent obiections made against the length of my speeches, and narrations; being (for the probability of all accidents, rising from the inuention of this Maske; and their aplication, to the persons, and places: for whome, and by whome it was presented) not conuenient, but necessary; I am enforçt to affirme this; That: as there is no Poem nor Oration so generall; but hath his one perticular proposition; Nor no riuer so extrauagantly ample, but hath his neuer-so-narrow fountaine, worthy to be namd; so all these courtly, and honoring inuentions (hauing Poesie, and Oration in them, and a fountaine, to be exprest, from whence their Riuers flow) should expresssiuely-arise; out of the places, and persons for; and by whome they are presented; without which limits, they are luxurious, and paine. But what rules foeuer are set downe, to any Art, or Aēt (though, without their obseruation; No Art, nor Aēt, is true, and worthy) yet they are nothing the more followd; or those few that follow them credited. Euery vulgarly-esteemd vpart; dares breake the dreadfull dignity of antient and autenticall Poesie: and presume Luciferously, to proclame in place thereof, repugnant precepts of their owne sphaune. Truth, and Worth, haue no faces, to enamour the Lycentious, but vaine-glory, and humor. The same body: the same beauty, a thousand men seeing: Onely the man whose bloud is fitted, hath that which hee calls his soule,

enamour'd. And this, out of infallible cause; for, men  
vnderstand not these of Mænander — est morbus <sup>99</sup>  
oportunitas

Animæ, quod ictus, vulnus accipit graue.

*But the cause of all Mens being enamour'd with Truth. And of her slight respect, in others; is the diuine Freedom; one touching with his apprehensue finger, the other, passing. The Hill of the Muses (which all men must clime in the regular way, to Truth) is laid of ould, to be forcked. And the two points of it, parting at the Top; are Infania, and, diuinus furor. Infania, is that which euery Ranck-brainde writer; and iudge of Poeticall writing, is rapt withal; when hee presumes either to write or censure the height of Poesie; and that transports him with humor, vaine-glory and pride, most prophane and sacrilegious: when diuinus furor; makes gentle, and noble, the neuer so truly-inspired writer —*

Emollit mores nec finit esse feros.

*And the mild beames of the most holy inflamer; easely, and sweetly enter, with all vnderstanding sharpnesse, the soft, and sincerely humane; but with no Time; No Study; No meanes vnder heauen: any arrogant, all-occupation deuourer (that will Chandler-like set vp with all wares; selling, Poesies Nectar and Ambrosia; as wel as musterd, and vineagar.) The chaste and restrain'd beames of humble truth will euer enter; but onely grafe and glaunce at them: and the further fly them.*

# The applicable argument of

## *the Maske.*

Honor, is so much respected, and ador'd; that shee hath a Temple erected to her, like a Goddesse; a Virgine Priest consecrated to her (which is *Eunomia*, or Lawe; since none should dare acesse to Honor, but by Vertue; of which Lawe being the rule, must needs be a chiefe) and a Herralld (call'd *Phemis*, or Fame) to proclame her institutions, and commandements. To amplefie yet more the diuine graces of this Goddesse; *Plutus*, (or Riches) being by *Aristophanes*, *Lucian*, &c. presented naturally blind, deformd, and dull witted; is here by his loue of Honor, made see, made sightly, made ingenious; made liberall: And all this conuerted and consecrate to the most worthy celebration of these sacred Nuptialls; all issuing (to conclude the necessary application) from an honorable Temple. &c.

Non est certa fides, quam non Iniuria verfat.

————— Fallit portus & ipse fidem.



THE NAMES OF THE <sup>101</sup>  
SPEAKERS.

- Honour*, a Goddeffe.  
*Plutus*, (or Riches) a God.  
*Eunomia* (or law) Priest of honor.  
*Phemis*, Honors Herral.  
*Capriccio*, a man of wit, &c.

THE PRESENTMENT.

*Plutus appear'd furuaying the worke with this speech.*

PLVTVS.

**R**ockes? Nothing but Rockes in these masking  
deuices? Is Inuention so poore shee must  
needes euer dwell amongst Rocks? But it  
may worthily haue chaunc'd (being so often  
presented) that their vaine Custome is now  
become the necessarie hand of heauen, transforming  
into Rocks, some stonie hearted Ladies, courted in  
former masks; for whose loues, some of their repulst  
seruants haue perisht: or perhaps some of my flintie-  
hearted Vsurers haue beene heere metamorphosed;  
betwixt whom and Ladies, there is resemblance  
enough: Ladies vsing to take interest, besides their  
principall, as much as Vsurers. See, it is so; and now  
is the time of restoring them to their naturall shap-  
es: It moues, opens, excellent! This metamorphosis I  
intend to ouer-heare.

# A ROCK, MOOVING

and breaking with a cracke about  
Capriccio, *he enters with a payre of Bellows on*  
his head, a spur in one hand, and a peece of  
golde Ore in the other, &c.

*He speakes, vt sequitur.*

## CAPRICCIO.

**H**Ow hard this world is to a man of wit? hee  
must eate through maine Rockes for his  
food, or fast; a restles and tormenting  
stone, his wit is to him: the very stone of  
*Sisyphus* in hell; nay, the Philosophers stone, makes  
not a man more wretched: A man must be a second  
*Proteus*, and turne himselfe into all shapes (like *Vlises*)  
to winde through the straites of this pinching vale of  
miserie; I haue turn'd my selfe into a Tailor, a Man,  
a Gentleman, a Nobleman, a Worthy man; but had  
neuer the witte to turne my selfe into an Alder-man.  
There are manie shapes to perish in, but one to liue  
in, and tha's an Aldermans: Tis not for a man of wit  
to take any rich Figure vpon him: your bould, proud,  
ignorant, that's braue and clinkant, that findes crownes  
put into his shooes euery morning by the Fayries and  
will neuer tell; whose Wit is humor, whose Iudgement  
is fashion, whose Pride is emptinesse, Birth his full



man, that is in all things something, in Sum totall, nothing. He shall liue in the land of *Spruce*, milke and hony flowing into his mouth sleeping.

PLVTVS.

This is no transformation, but an intrusion into my golden mines: I will heare him further.

CAPRIC.

This breach of Rockes I haue made, in needy pursuite of the blind Deity, Riches: who is myraculously ariued here. For (acording to our rare men of wit) heauen standing, and earth mouing, her motion (being circular) hath brought one of the most remote parts of the world, to touch at this all-exceeding Iland: which a man of wit would imagine must needs moue circularly with the rest of the world, and so euer maintaine an equal distance. But, Poets (our chiefe men of wit) answere that point directly; most ingeniously affirming: That this Ile is (for the excellency of it) diuided from the world (*diuisus ab orbe Britannus*) and that though the whole World besides moues; yet this Ile stands fixt on her owne feete, and defies the Worlds mutability, which this rare accident of the arriual of Riches, in one of his furthest-off-scituate dominions, most demonstratiuely proues.

PLVTVS.

This is a man of wit indeede, and knows of all our arriuals.

CAPRIC.

With this dull Deity Riches, a rich Iland lying in the South-sea, called *Pæana*, (of the *Pæans* (or songs) fung to the Sun, whom they there adore (being for strength and riches, called the Nauill of that South-sea) is by earths round motion mou'd neere this Brittan Shore. In which Iland (beeing yet in command of the Vir-

ginian continent.) A troupe of the noblest Virginians inhabiting; attended hether the God of Riches, all triumphantly shyning in a Mine of gould. For hearing of the most royal solemnity, of these sacred Nuptials; they crost the Ocean in their honor, and are here arriu'd. A poore snatch at some of the goulden Ore, that the feete of riches haue turnd vp as he trod here, my poore hand hath purchast; and hope the Remainder of a greater worke, wilbe shortly extant.

PLVT.

You Sir, that are miching about my goulden Mines here.

CAPR.

What, can you see Sir? you haue heretofore beene presented blinde: like your Mother Fortune; and your Brother Loue.

PLVT.

But now Sir, you see I see.

CAPR.

By what good meanes, I beseech you Sir.

PLVT.

That meanes, I may vouchsafe you hereafter; meane space, what are you?

CAPR.

I am Sir a kinde of Man; A Man of wit: with whom your worship has nothing to do I thinke.

PLVT.

No Sir, nor will haue any thing to doe with him: A Man of wit? whats that? A Begger.

CAPR.

And yet no Diuell Sir.

PLV.

As I am, you meane.

CAPR.

Indeede fir your Kingdome is vnder the Earth.

PLVT.

That's true, for Riches is the *Atlas* that holdes it vp,  
it would siuke else.

CAPR.

Tis rather a wonder, it sinks not with you Sir, y'are so  
sinfully, and damnably heauy.

PLVT.

Sinfull? and damnable? what a Puritane? These  
Bellows you weare on your head, shew with what  
matter your braine is pufft vp Sir: A Religion-forg  
I see you are, and presume of inspiration from these  
Bellows; with which yee study to blow vp the fetled  
gouernments of kingdomes.

CAPR.

Your worship knockes at a wrong dore Sir, I dwell  
farre from the person you speak of.

PLVT.

What may you be then, beeing a man of wit? a Buffon,  
a Iester. Before I would take vpon mee the title of a  
man of wit, and bee baffl'd by euery man of wisedome  
for a Buffon; I would turne Banckrout, or set vp a  
Tobacco shop, change clokes with an Alchemist, or  
serue an Vfuror, bee a watering post for euery Groome;  
stand the push of euery rascall wit; enter lists of iests

with trencher-fooles, and bee foold downe by them, or (which is worfe) put them downe in fooling: are these the qualities a man of wit should run proud of?

## CAPR.

Your worship I see has obtaind wit, with fight, which I hope yet my poor wit wil well be able to answer; for touching my iesting, I haue heard of some Courtiers, that haue run themselues out of their states with Iusting; and why may not I then raise my selfe in the State with iesting? An honest Shoemaker, (in in a liberall Kings time) was knighted for making a cleane boote, and is it impossible, that I for breaking a cleane Iest, should bee aduanc't in Court, or Counsaile? or at least, serued out for an Ambassador to a dull Climate? Iests, and Merriments are but wild weedes in a rank foile, which being well manured, yield the wholesom crop of wisdome and discretion at time ath' yeare.

## PLV.

Nay, nay, I commend thy iudgement for cutting thy cote so iust to the bredth of thy shoulders; he that cannot be a courser in the field, let him learne to play the Iack-an-Apes in the Chamber, hee that cannot personate the wife-man well amongst wifards, let him learne to play the foole well amongst dizzards.

## CAPR.

Tis pasing miraculous, that your dul and blind worship should so sodainly turne both fightfull, and witfull.

## PLVT.

The Riddle of that myracle, I may chance dissolue to you in sequell; meane time, what name sustain'st thou? and what toies are these thou bear'st so phantastically about thee?

CAPR.

Theſe, toies Sir, are the Enſignes that diſcouer my name and qualitie : my name being *Capriccio*, and I weare theſe Bellowes on my head, to ſhew I can puffe vp with glory all thoſe that affect mee : and beſides, beare this ſpurre, to ſhew I can ſpur-gall, euen the beſt that contemne me.

PLVT.

A dangerous fellowe, But what makeſt thou (poore man of wit) at theſe pompous Nuptials ;

CAPRIC.

Sir, I come hether with a charge ; To doe theſe Nuptial's, I hope, very acceptable ſeruice ; And my charge is ; A company of accompliſht Trauailers ; that are excellent at Antemaskes ; and will tender a taſt of thair quality, if your worſhip pleaſe.

PLVT.

Excellent well pleaſd ; of what vertue are they beſides.

CAPR.

Paſſing graue Sir, yet exceeding acute : witty, yet not ridiculous ; neuer laugh at their owne ieſts : laborious yet not baſe, hauing cut out the ſkirts of the whole world, in amorous queſt of your gould and ſiluer.

PLVT.

They ſhal haue enough ; cal them : I beſeech thee call them : how farre hence abide they ?

CAPR.

Sir (being by another eminent qualitie the admired ſouldiers of the world) in contempt of ſoftnes, and

delicacie, they lie on the naturally hard boords of that naked tree ; and will your worship assure them rewards fit for persons of their freight.

PLVT.

Dost thou doubt my reward beeing pleased ?

CAPR.

I know Sir, a man may sooner win your reward, for pleasing you, thē deseruing you. But you great wise persons, haue a fetch of State ; to employ with countenance, and encouragement, but reward with austeritie and disgrace, saue your purses, and lose your honours.

PLVT.

To assure thee of reward, I will now satisfie thee touching the miraculous cause, both of my sight and wit, and which consequently moues mee to humanity, and bounty ; And all this, onely this ; my late being in loue, with the louely Goddesse Honor.

CAPRIC.

If your Worshipp loue Honor, indeed, Sir you must needes be bountifull. But where is the rare Goddesse you speake of to be seene ?

PLVTVS.

In that Rich Temple, where Fortune fixt those her goulden wings, thou seest ; And that rowling stone she vs'd to tread vpon, for signe shee would neuer forsake this Kingdome ; There is ador'd, the worthy Goddesse Honor. The swetnesse of whose voice, when I first heard her perswasions, both to my self, and the *Virginian* Princes arriu'd here, to doe honor and homage, to these heauenly Nuptialls, so most powerfully enamour'd mee, that the fire of my loue flew vp to the

fight of mine eyes: that haue lighted within mee a whole firmament of Bounty, which may securely assure the, thy reward is certaine: & therefore call thy accomplisht company to their Autemaske.

CAPRIC.

See Sir, The time, set for their apperance, being expired; they appeere to their seruice of them-felves.

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*Enter the Baboones after whose dance, being Anticke, and delightful, they returned to their Tree, when Plutus spake to Capriccius.*

PLVTVS.

Gramercy now *Capriccio*, take thy men of complement, and trauaile with them to other marriages. My Riches to thy Wit; they will get something some-where.

CAPR.

Whats this?

PLVT.

A straine of Wit beyond a Man of Wit. I haue imployd you, and the grace of that, is reward enough; hence; packe, with your complemental Fardle: The fight of an attendant for reward, is abominable in the eyes of a turne-feru'd Politician, and I feare, will strike me blinde againe. I can not abide these bellows of thy head, they and thy men of wit haue melted my

Mines with them, and consum'd me, yet take thy life and be gone. *Neptune* let thy predeceffor, *Vlyffes*, liue after all his flaine companions, but to make him die more miserably liuing : gaue him vp to fhip-wracks, enchantments ; men of wit are but enchanted, there is no fuch thing as wit in this world. So, take a tree, inure thy fouldiers to hardnes, tis honorable, though not clinkant.

CAPR.

Can this be poffible ?

PLVT.

Alas ! poore man of wit, how want of reward daunts thy vertue ? But because I muft fend none away difcontented, from thefe all-pleafing Nuptials ; take this wedge of golde, and wedge thy felfe into the world with it, renouncing that loofe wit of thine, t'will fpoile thy complexion.

CAPR.

Honor, and all *Argus* eyes, to Earths all-commaunding Riches. *Pluto etiam cedit* Iupiter.

*Exit Capr.*

After this lowe Inducttion, by thefe  
*fucceeding degrees, the chiefe Maskers*  
were aduanc't to their difcouerie

PLVTVS.

Plutus, calls  
to Euno-  
mia. These humble obiects can no high eyes drawe,  
*Eunomia* ? (or the facred power of Lawe)  
Daughter of *Ioue*, and Goddeffe Honors Priest ;  
Appare to *Plutus*, and his loue affift.

EVN.

Eunomia  
in the Tem-  
ple gates.

What would the god of Riches ?



PLVT.

Ioine with Honor :

In purpos'd grace of these great Nuptials ;  
And since to Honor none should dare acesse,  
But helpt by vertues hand (thy selfe, chaste *Loue*  
Being *Vertues* Rule, and her directfull light)  
Help me to th' honor of her speech and sight.

EVN.

Thy will shal straight be honour'd ; all that seek  
Acesse to Honor, by cleer vertues beame,  
Her grace preuents their pains, and comes to them.

Loud Musick, and Honor appears,  
*descending with her Herrald Phemis, and*  
*Eunomia* (her Priest) before her. The  
Musique ceasing *Plutus* spake.

PLVT.

Crowne of all merit, Goddess, and my Loue ;  
Tis now high time, that th' end for which we come  
Should be endeuor'd in our vtmost right,  
Done to the sweetnes of this Nuptiall night.

HON.

*Plutus* ? The Princes of the Virgine land,  
Whom I made crosse Britan Ocean  
To this most famed Ile, of all the world,  
To do due homage to the sacred Nuptials  
Of *Loue* and *Beauty*, celebrated here,  
By this Howre of the holy Eeuen I know,  
Are ready to performe the rites they owe  
To setting *Phæbus* ; which (for greater State  
To their apparance) their first act aduances.  
And with songs Vsers their succeeding dances,  
Herrald ! giue summons to the Virgine Knights  
No longer to delay their purpos'd Rites.

HER.

Knights of the Virgine Land, whom bewties lights  
 Would glorifie with their inflaming fights ;  
 Keep now obscur'd no more your faire intent,  
 To adde your Beames to this nights ornament,  
 The golden-winged *Howre* strikes now a Plaine,  
 And calls out all the pompe ye entertaîne ;  
 The Princely Bride-groome, and the Brides bright  
 eyes,  
 Sparkle with grace to your discoueries.

At these words, the Phœbades (or Priests of the Sunne)  
 appear'd first with sixe Lutes, and sixe voices, and sung  
 to the opening of the Mine and Maskers discouery,  
 this ful Song.

The first Song.

**O** *Pe Earth thy wombe of golde*  
*Shew Heauen thy cope of starres.*  
*All glad Aspects unfolde,*  
*Shine out, and cleere our Cares ;*  
*Kisse Heauen and Earth, and so combine*  
*In all mixt ioy our Nuptiall Twine.*

*This Song ended, a Mount opened, and spread like a*  
*Skie, in which appear'd a Sunne setting ; beneath*  
*which, fate the twelue Maskers, in a Mine of*  
*golde ; twelue Torch-bearers holding their torches*  
*before them, after which Honor, &c.*

HON.

Se now the setting Sun, casts vp his bank,  
 And shoves his bright head at his Seas repaire,  
 For signe that all daies future shall be faire.

PLVT.

May he that rules al nightes & dayes confirme it.

HON.

Behold the Sunnes faire Preists the *Phæbades*,  
Their euening seruice in an Hymne addresse  
To *Phæbus* setting; which we now shall heare,  
And see the formes of their deuotions there.

*The Phæbades sing the first Stance of the  
second song, vt sequitur.*

*One alone* 1.

*Descend (faire Sun) and sweetly rest,  
In Tethis Cristal armes, thy toyle,  
Fall burning on her Marble brest,  
And make with Loue her billowes boyle.*

*Another alone.* 2.

*Blow blow, sweet windes, O blow away,  
Al vapours from the fined ayre:  
That to his golden head no Ray,  
May languish with the least empaire.*

CHO.

*Dance Tethis, and thy loues red beames,  
Embrace with Ioy he now discends:  
Burnes burnes with loue to drinke thy streames,  
and on him endles youth attends.*

After this Stance, Honor &c.

HON.

This superstitious Hymne, fung to the Sunne,  
Let vs encounter with fit duties done  
To our cleere Phæbus; whose true piety,  
Enioyes from heauen an earthly deity.

*Other Musique, and voyces; and this second  
Stance was fung, directing their obser-  
uance to the King.*

*One alone* 1.

*Rise, rise O Phæbus, euer rise,  
descend not to th' inconstant streame,  
But grace with endles light, our skyes,  
to thee that Sun is but a beame.*

*Another* 2.

*Dance Ladies in our Sunnes bright rayes,  
in which the Bride and Bridegroom shine:  
Cleere sable night with your eyes dayes,  
and set firme lights on Hymens shrine.*

CHO.

*O may our Sun not set before,  
he sees his endles feed arise:  
And deck his triple crowned shore,  
with springs of humane Deities.*

This ended the *Phæbades* fung the  
third Stance.

1. *Set Set (great Sun) our rising loue  
shall euer celebrate thy grace:  
Whom entring the high court of Ioue,  
each God greetes rising from his place.*
2. *When thow thy siluer bow dost bend,  
all start aside and dread thy draughtes:  
How can we thee enough commend,  
commanding all worlds with thy shafts?*

CHO.

*Blest was thy mother bearing thee,  
And Phœbe that delights in darts :  
Thou artful Songes dost fet ; and shee  
winds horns, lowes hounds, & high pallmd harts.*

After this Honor.

HON.

Againe our Musique and conclude this Song,  
To him, to whom all Phœbus beames belong :

*The other voyces sung to other Musike the  
third stance.*

1 *Rise stil (cleere Sun) and neuer fet,  
but be to Earth her only light :  
All other Kings in thy beames met,  
are cloudes and darke effects of night.*

2.

*As when the Rosie Morn doth rise,  
Like Mists, all giue thy wisedome waie ;  
A learned King, is, as in skies,  
To poore dimme stars, the flaming day.*

CHO.

*Blest was thy Mother, bearing Thee,  
Thee only Relick of her Race,  
Made by thy vertues beames a Tree,  
Whose armes shall all the Earth embrace.*

This done *Eunomia* spake to the Maskers set  
yet aboue.

EVN.

Virginian Princes, ye must now renounce  
Your superstitious worship of these Sunnes,

Subiect to cloudy darknings and descents,  
 And of your fit deuotions, turne the euent  
 To this our Britan *Phæbus*, whose bright skie  
 (Enlightned with a Christian Piety)  
 Is neuer subiect to black Errors night,  
 And hath already offer'd heauens true light,  
 To your darke Region ; which acknowledge now ;  
 Descend, and to him all your homage vow.

*With this the Torch-bearers descended, and performed another Antemaske, dancing with Torches lighted at both ends; which done, the Maskers descended, and fell into their dances, two of which being past, and others with the Ladies.*

*Honor spake.*

The Bride and  
 Bridegroom  
 were figured in  
 Loue and  
 Beauty.  
 Musique! your voyces, now tune sweet and  
 hie,  
 And singe the Nuptiall *Hymn* of Love,  
 and Beauty.

Twynns, as of one age, so to one desire

Twynns of  
 which Hippo-  
 crates speakes.  
 May both their bloods giue, an vnparted fire.  
 And as those twynns that Fame giues all  
 her prise,

Combind their lifes power in such *Symphathies* ;

That one being merry ; mirth the other grac't :

If one felt sorrow, th' other grieffe embrac't.

If one were healthfull ; Health the other pleas'd :

If one were sicke : the other was diseas'd ;

And all waies ioynd in such a constant troth

That one like cause had like effect in both,

Called Twynns  
 being both of  
 an Age.  
 So may these Nuptiall Twynnes, their whole  
 liues store,

Spend in such euen parts, neuer grieuing more,

Then may the more set off their ioyes diuine ;

As after the clouds, the Sunne, doth clerest shine.

This sayd, this Song of *Loue*, and  
*Bewty* was sung ; single.

*Bright Panthæa borne to Pan,*

*Of the Noblest Race of Man,*

*Her white hand to Eros giuing,*

*With a kisse, ioin'd Heauen to Earth  
And begot so faire a birth,  
As yet neuer grac't the liuing.*

CHO.

*A Twinne that all worlds did adorne,  
For so were Loue and Bewty borne.*

2.

*Both so lou'd, they did contend  
Which the other should transcend,  
Doing either, grace, and kindnes ;  
Loue from Bewty did remoue,  
Lightnes call'd her staine in loue,  
Bewtie took from Loue his blindnes ;*

CHO.

*Loue sparks made flames in Bewties skie,  
And Bewtie blew vp Loue as hie.*

3

*Virtue then commixt her fire ;  
To which Bountie did aspire,  
Innocence a Crowne conferring ;  
Mine, and Thine, were then vnusde,  
All things common : Nought abusde,  
Freely earth her frutage bearing.*

CHO.

*Nought then was car'd for, that could fade,  
And thus the golden world was made.*

*The Masque of the middle*

This fung; the Maskers danc't againe with  
the Ladies, after which *Honor*.

HON.

Now may the bleffings of the golden age,  
Swimme in these Nuptials, euen to holy rage,  
A Hymn to Sleep prefer, and all the ioyes  
That in his Empire are of dearest choice,  
Betwixt his golden slumbers euer flow,  
In these; And Theirs, in Springs as endles growe.

This sayd, the last Song was fung full.

The last Song.

*Now sleepe, binde fast, the flood of Ayre,  
strike all things dumb and deafe,  
And, to disturbbe our Nuptiall paire,  
Let stir no Aspen leafe.  
Send flocks of golden Dreames  
That all true ioyes presage,  
Bring, in thy oyley streames,  
The milke and hony Age.  
Now close the world-round sphere of blisse,  
And fill it with a heauenly kisse.*

After this *Plutus* to the Maskers.

PLVT.

Come Virgine Knights, the homage ye haue done,  
To *Loue* and *Bewty*, and our Britan Sun,  
Kinde *Honor*, will requite with holy feasts  
In her faire Temple; and her loued Guests,  
Giues mee the grace t'inuite, when she and I  
(*Honor* and *Riches*) will eternally  
A league in fauour of this night combine,  
In which *Loues* second hallowed Tapers shine;



Whose Ioies, may Heauen & Earth as highly please  
As those two nights that got great *Hercules*.

The speech ended ; they concluded with a dance, that  
brought them off; *Plutus*, with *Honor* and the  
rest conducting them vp to the Temple of *Honor*.

FINIS.





*A Hymne to Hymen for the most time-  
fitted Nuptialls of our  
thrice gracious Princeſſe  
Elizabeth, &c.*

**S**Inge, Singe a Rapture to all Nuptial eares,  
Bright *Hymens* torches, drunke vp *Parcæs* tears :  
Sweete *Hymen* ; *Hymen*, Mightieſt of Gods,  
Attoning of all-taming blood the odds ;  
Two into One, contracting ; One to Two  
Dilating, which no other God can doe.  
Mak'ſt fure, with change, and lett'ſt the married try,  
Of Man and woman, the Variety.  
And as a flower, halfe ſcorcht with daies long  
Simil. heate.  
Thirſts for refreshing, with Nights cooling ſweate,  
The wings of *Zephire*, fanning ſtill her face,  
No chere can ad to her heart-thirſty grace ;

Yet weares the gainst those fires that make her fade,  
 Her thicke hayrs prooffe, al hyd, in Midnights shade ;  
 Her Helth, is all in dewes ; Hope, all in showres,  
 Whose want bewailde, she pines in all her powres :  
 So Loue-scorch't Virgines, nourish quenchles fires ;  
 The Fathers cares ; the Mothers kind desires.  
 Their Gould, and Garments, of the newest guise,  
 Can nothing comfort their scorcht Phantasies,  
 But, taken rauish't vp, in *Hymens* armes,  
 His Circkle holds, for all their anguish, charms :  
Simil. ad eandem explicat. Then, as a glad Graft, in the spring Sunne  
 shines,  
 That all the helps, of Earth, & Heauen combines  
 In Her sweet growth : Puts in the Morning on  
 Her cherefull ayres ; the Sunnes rich fires, at Noone ;  
 At Euen the sweete deaws, and at Night with starrs,  
 In all their vertuous influences shares ;  
 So, in the Bridegroomes sweet embrace ; the Bride,  
 All varied Ioies tast, in their naked pride :  
 To which the richest weedes : are weedes, to flowres ;  
 Come *Hymen* then : com close these Nuptial howres  
 With all yeares comforts. Come ; each virgin keeps  
 Her odorous kiffes for thee ; Goulden sleepe  
 Will, in their humors, neuer steepe an eie,  
 Till thou inuit'ft them with thy Harmony.  
 Why staieft thou ? see each Virgin doth prepare  
 Embraces for thee ; Her white brefts laies bare  
 To tempt thy soft hand ; let's such glances flie  
 As make starres shoote, to imitate her eye.  
 Puts Arts attires on, that put Natures doune :  
 Singes, Dances, sets on euery foote a Crowne,  
 Sighes, in her songs, and dances ; kisseth Ayre  
 Till Rites, and words past, thou in deedes repaire ;  
 The whole court Io sings : Io, the Ayre :  
 Io, the flouds, and fields : Io, most faire,  
 Most sweet, most happy *Hymen* ; Come : away ;  
 With all thy Comforts come ; old Matrons pray,  
 With young Maides Languors ; Birds bill, build, and  
 breed

To teach thee thy kinde, euery flowre and weed  
 Looks vp to gratulate thy long'd for fruites ;  
 Thrice giuen, are free, and timely-granted fuites :  
 There is a seed by thee now to be fowne,  
 In whose fruit Earth, shall see her glories show'n,  
 At all parts perfect ; and must therefore loose  
 No minutes time ; from times vse all fruites flowes ;  
 And as the tender Hyacinth, that growes Simil.  
 Where *Phæbus* most his golden beames bestowes,  
 Is propt with care ; is water'd euery howre ;  
 The sweet windes adding their encreasing powre,  
 The scattered drops of Nights refreshing dew,  
 Hastning the full grace, of his glorious hew,  
 Which once disclosing, must be gatherd straight,  
 Or hew, and Odor both, will lose their height ;  
 So, of a Virgine, high, and richly kept,  
 The grace and sweetnes full growne must be reap't,  
 Or, forth her spirits fly, in empty Ayre ;  
 The sooner fading ; the more sweete and faire.  
 Gentle, O Gentle *Hymen*, be not then  
 Cruell, That kindest art to Maids, and Men ;  
 These two, One Twynn are ; and their mutuall blisse,  
 Not in thy beames, but in thy Bosome is.  
 Nor can their hands fast, their harts ioyes make sweet ;  
 Their harts, in breasts are ; and their Breasts must  
 meete.

Let there be Peace, yet Murmur ; and that noise,  
 Beget of peace, the Nuptiall battailes ioyes.  
 Let Peace grow cruell, and take wrake of all,  
 The warrs delay brought thy full Festiuall.  
 Harke, harke, O now the sweete Twynn murmur  
 sounds ;

*Hymen* is come, and all his heate abounds ;  
 Shut all Dores ; None, but *Hymens* lights aduance.  
 No sound styr ; let, dumb Ioy, enjoy a trance.  
 Sing, sing a Rapture to all Nuptiall eares,  
 Bright *Hymens* Torches drunke up *Parcæ* teares.

CAESAR<sup>123</sup>

AND

POMPEY :

A Roman Tragedy, de-  
claring their Warres.

Out of whose euent is euicted this  
Proposition. .

*Only a iust man is a freeman.*

---

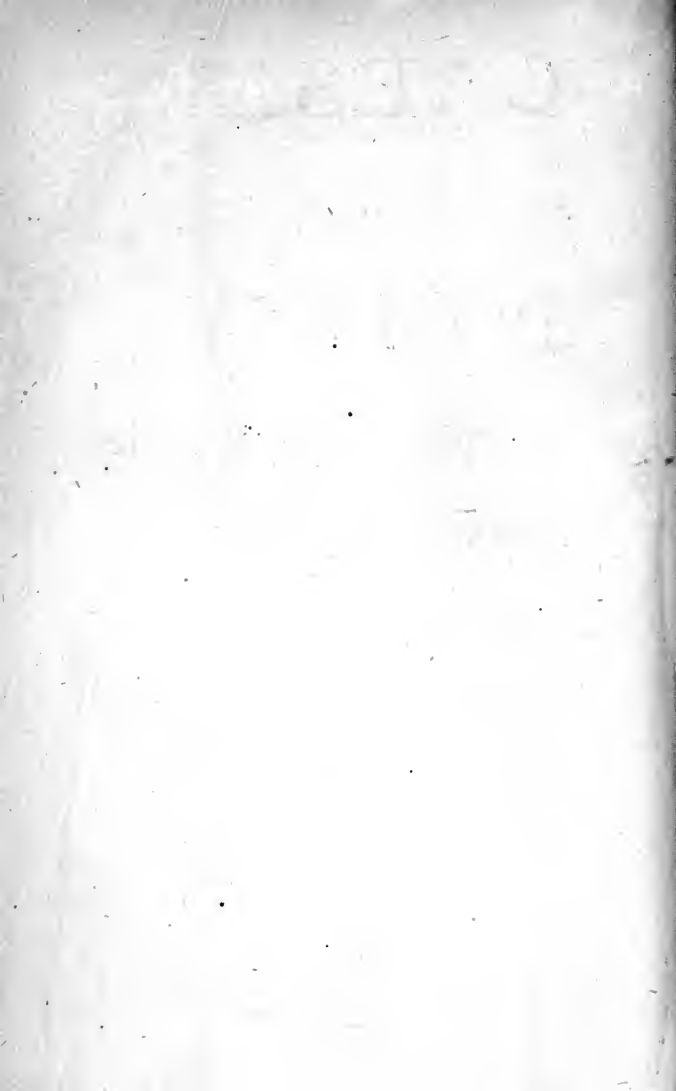
BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

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M.DC.XXXI.





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TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE, his exceeding good Lord, the Earle of *Middlesex*, &c.

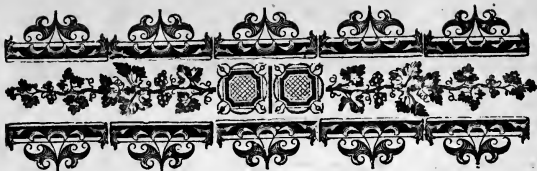


*Though (my good Lord) this martiall History suffer the diuision of Acts and Scenes, both for the more perspicuity and height of the celebration, yet neuer toucht it at the Stage; or if it had (though some may perhaps causelessly empaire it) yet would it, I hope, fall vnder no exception in your Lordships better-iudgeing estimation, since scenicall representation is so farre from giuing iust cause of any least dimimution; that the personall and exact life it giues to any History, or other such delineation of humane actions, ads to them luster, spirit and apprehension, which the only section of Acts and Scenes makes mee stand vpon thus much, since that only in some precisianismes will require a little preuention: And the hasty prose the stile auoides, obtaine to the more temperate and staïd numerous elocution, some assistance to the acceptation and grace of it. Though ingeniously my gratitude confesseth (my Lord) it is not such as hereafter I vow to your honor; being written so long since; and had not the timely ripenesse of that age that (I thank God) I yet finde no fault with all for any old defects.*

*Good my Lord vouchsafe your idle minutes may admit some slight glances at this, till some worke of more nouelty and fashion may conferre this the more liking of your honors more worthy deseruings; To which his bounden affection vowes all seruices.*

Euer your Lordships

GEO. CHAPMAN.



### *The Argument.*



*Pompey* and *Cæsar* bring their Armies fo neare *Rome*, that the Senate except against them. *Cæsar* vnduly and ambitiously commanding his forces. *Pompey* more for feare of *Cæsar*s violence to the State, then mou'd with any affection of his own greatnesse. Their opposite pleadings, out of which admirable narrations are made, which yet not conducing to their ends, warre ends them. In which at first *Cæsar* is forc't to fly, whom *Pompey* not pursuing with such wings as fitted a speeding Conqueror ; his victory was preuented, and he vnhappily dishonor'd. Whose ill fortune his most louing and learned wife *Cornelia* trauailde after, with paines solemne and carefull enough ; whom the two *Lentuli* and others attended, till she miserably found him, and saw him monstrously murdered.

Both the Consuls and *Cato* are slaughtered with their owne invincible hands ; and *Cæsar* (in spite of all his fortune) without his victory, victor.





ONLY A JUST MAN  
IS A FREE MAN.

ACT I. Scene I.

---

*Cato, Athenodorus, Porcius, Statilius.*

*Cat.* **N**ow will the two Suns of our Romane  
Heauen  
(*Pompey & Cæsar*) in their Tropicke  
burning,

With their contention, all the clouds assemble  
That threaten tempests to our peace & Empire,  
Which we shall shortly see poure down in bloud,  
Civill and naturall, wilde and barbarous turning.

*Ath.* From whence presage you this ?

*Cat.* From both their Armies,  
Now gathered neere our Italie, contending  
To enter feuerally : *Pompeys* brought so neere  
By Romes consent ; for feare of tyranous *Cæsar*,  
Which *Cæsar* fearing to be done in fauour  
Of *Pompey*, and his passage to the Empire ;  
Hath brought on his for interuention.

And such a flocke of Puttocks follow *Cæsar*,  
 For fall of his ill-dispos'd Purse  
 (That neuer yet spar'd Crosse to Aquiline vertue)  
 As well may make all ciuill spirits suspitious.  
 Looke how against great raines, a standing Poole  
 Of Paddockes, Todes, and water-Snakes put vp  
 Their speckl'd throates about the venemous Lake,  
 Croking and gasping for some fresh false drops  
 To quench their poifond thirst ; being neere to stife  
 With clotted purgings of their owne foule bane ;  
 So still, where *Cæsar* goes, there thrust vp head,  
 Impostors, Flatterers, Fauorites, and Bawdes,  
 Buffons, Intelligencers, select wits ;  
 Close Murtherers, Montibanckes, and decayed Theeues,  
 To gaine their banefull liues reliefes from him.  
 From Britaine, Belgia, France, and Germanie,  
 The scum of either Countrie, (chus'd by him,  
 To be his blacke Guard, and red Agents here)  
 Swarming about him.

*Porc.* And all these are said  
 To be suborn'd, in chiefe, against your selfe ;  
 Since *Cæsar* chiefly feares, that you will fit  
 This day his opposite ; in the cause for which  
 Both you were sent for home ; and he hath stolne  
 Access to foone here ; *Pompeys* whole rest raisde  
 To his encounter ; and on both sides, Rome  
 In generall vproare.

*Stat.* Which Sir, if you saw,  
 And knew, how for the danger, all suspect  
 To this your worthiest friend (for that knowne free-  
 dome

His spirit will vse this day, 'gainst both the Riuals,  
 His wife and familie mourne, no food, no comfort  
 Allowd them for his danger) you would vse  
 Your vtmost powrs to stay him from the Senate,  
 All this daies Session.

*Cat.* Hee's too wise, *Statilius*,  
 For all is nothing.

*Stnt.* Nothing Sir ? I saw

*Castor* and *Pollux* Temple, thrust vp full,  
 With all the damn'd crew you haue lately nam'd :  
 The market place and suburbs swarming with them :  
 And where the Senate sit, are Ruffians pointed  
 To keepe from entring the degrees that goe  
 Vp to the Bench ; all other but the Consuls,  
*Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and the Senators,  
 And all for no cause, but to keepe out *Cato*,  
 With any violence, any villanie ;  
 And is this nothing Sir ? Is his One life,  
 On whom all good liues, and their goods depend,  
 In Romes whole Empire ! All the Iustice there  
 That's free, and simple ; all such virtues too,  
 And all such knowledge ; Nothing, nothing, all !

*Cat.* Away *Statilius* ; how long shall thy loue  
 Exceede thy knowledge of me, and the Gods ?  
 Whose rights thou wrongst for my right ? haue not I  
 Their powers to guard me, in a cause of theirs ?  
 Their iustice, and integrity included,  
 In what I stand for ? he that feares the Gods,  
 For guard of any goodnesse ; all things feares ;  
 Earth, Seas, and Aire ; Heauen, darknesse, broad  
 day-light,

Rumor, and Silence, and his very shade :  
 And what an Aspen soule hath such a creature ?  
 How dangerous to his soule is such a feare ?  
 In whose cold fits, is all heauens iustice shaken  
 To his faint thoughts ; and all the goodnesse there  
 Due to all good men, by the gods owne vows,  
 Nay, by the firmenesse of their endlesse Being,  
 All which shall faile as soone as any one  
 Good to a good man in them : for his goodnesse  
 Proceeds from them, and is a beame of theirs.  
 O neuer more, *Statilius*, may this feare  
 Taint thy bould bosome, for thy selfe, or friend,  
 More then the gods are fearefull to defend.

*Athen.* Come ; let him goe, *Statilius* ; and your  
 fright ;

This man hath inward guard, past your yong fight.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Minutius, manet Cato.*

*Cat.* Welcome ; come stand by me in what is fit  
For our poore Cities safety ; nor respect  
Her proudest foes corruption, or our danger  
Of what seene face foeuer.

*Min.* I am yours.

But what alas, Sir, can the weaknesse doe  
Against our whole State of vs only two ?  
You know our Statists spirits are so corrupt  
And feruile to the greatest ; that what crosseth  
Them, or their owne particular wealth, or honor,  
They will not enterprife to faue the Empire.

*Cat.* I know it ; yet let vs doe like our selues.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter some bearing Axes, bundles of rods, bare ; before  
two Consuls, Cæsar and Metellus ; Anthonius, and  
Marcellus in couples ; Senators, People, Souldiers,  
&c. following. The Consuls enter the Degrees, with  
Anthonius, and Marcellus : Cæsar slaying a  
while without with Metellus who hath  
a paper in his hand.*

*Cæs.* Moue you for entring only *Pompeys* army ;  
Which if you gaine for him ; for me, all iustice  
Will ioyn with my request of entring mine.

*Met.* Tis like so, and I purpose to enforce it.

*Cæs.* But might we not win *Cato* to our friendship  
By honoring speeches, nor perswasive gifts ?

*Met.* Not possible.

*Cæs.* Nor by enforciue vsage ?

*Met.* Not all the violence that can be vsde,  
Of power, or set authority can stirre him,  
Much lesse faire words win, or rewards corrupt him ;  
And therefore all meanes we must vse to keepe him  
From off the Bench.

*Cæs.* Giue you the course for that,  
And if he offer entry, I haue fellowes  
Will serue your will on him, at my giuen signall.

*They ascend:*

*Enter Pompey, Gabinius, Vibius, Demetrius, with  
papers. Enter the Lists, ascend and sit.*

*After whom enter Cato, Minutius,  
Athenodorus, Statilius, Porcius.*

*Cat.* He is the man that fits so close to *Cæsar*,  
And holds the law there, whispering ; see the Cowherd  
Hath guards of arm'd men got, against one naked.  
He part their whispering virtue.

1. Hold, keepe out.

2. What ? honor'd *Cato* ? enter, chuse thy place.

*Cat.* Come in ;

*He drawes him in and sits betwixt Cæsar and Metellus.*

—Away vnworthy groomes.

3. No more.

*Cæs.* What should one say to him ?

*Met.* He will be Stoicall.

*Cat.* Where fit place is not giuen, it must be taken.

4. Doe, take it *Cato* ; feare no greatest of them ;  
Thou seek'st the peoples good ; and these their owne.

5. Braue *Cato* ! what a countenance he puts on ?  
Let's giue his noble will, our vtmost power.

6. Be bould in all thy will ; for being iust,  
Thou maist defie the gods.

*Cat.* Said like a God.

*Met.* We must endure these people.

*Cæs.* Doe ; begin.

*Met.* Consuls, and reuerend Fathers ; And ye  
people,

Whose voyces are the voyces of the Gods ;  
I here haue drawne a law, by good consent,  
For entring into *Italy*, the army  
Of *Romes* great *Pompey* : that his forces here,

As well as he, great *Rome*, may rest secure  
 From danger of the yet still smoaking fire,  
 Of *Catilines* abhorr'd conspiracy :  
 Of which the very chiefe are left aliue,  
 Only chastisde,\*but with a gentle prifon.

*Cat.* Put them to death then, and strike dead our  
 feare,

That well you vrge, by their vnfit furuiuall.  
 Rather then keepe it quick ; and two liues giue it,  
 By entertaining *Pompeys* army too.

That giues as great cause of our feare, as they.  
 For their conspiracy, onely was to make  
 One Tyrant ouer all the State of *Rome*.

And *Pompeys* army, sufferd to be entred,  
 Is, to make him, or giue him meanes to be fo.

*Met.* It followes not.

*Cat.* In purpose ; clearely Sir,  
 Which Ile illustrate, with a cleare example.  
 If it be day, the Sunne's aboue the Earth ;  
 Which followes not (youle answere) for 'tis day  
 When first the morning breakes ; and yet is then  
 The body of the Sunne beneath the Earth ;  
 But he is virtually aboue it too,  
 Because his beames are there ; and who then knowes  
 not

His golden body will soone after mount.  
 So *Pompeys* army entred *Italy*,  
 Yet *Pompey's* not in *Rome* ; but *Pompey's* beames  
 Who sees not there ? and consequently, he  
 Is in all meanes entron'd in th' Emperie.

*Met.* Examples proue not, we will haue the army  
 Of *Pompey* entred.

*Cato.* We ? which we intend you ?  
 Haue you already bought the peoples voices ?  
 Or beare our Consuls or our Senate here  
 So small loue to their Country ; that their wills  
 Beyond their Countrys right are so peruerse,  
 To giue a Tyrant here entiere command ?  
 Which I haue prou'd as cleare as day, they doe,

If either the Conspirators suruiuing  
 Be let to liue ; or *Pompeys* army entred ;  
 Both which, beat one sole path ; and threat one  
 danger.

*Cæf.* Consuls, and honor'd Fathers ; The sole  
 entry

Of *Pompeys* army, Ile not yet examine :  
 But for the great Conspirators yet liuing,  
 (Which *Cato* will conclude as one selfe danger,  
 To our deare Country ; and deterre all therefore  
 That loue their Country, from their liues defence  
 I see no reason why such danger hangs  
 On their sau'd liues ; being still safe kept in prison ;  
 And since close prison, to a Roman freedome,  
 Ten fold torments more, then directest death,  
 Who can be thought to loue the lesse his Country,  
 That seekes to saue their liues ? And lest my selfe  
 (Thus speaking for them) be vniustly toucht  
 With any lesse doubt of my Countryes loue,  
 Why (reuerend Fathers) may it be esteem'd  
 Selfe praise in me, to proue my selfe a chiefe  
 Both in my loue of her ; and in desert  
 Of her like loue in me : For he that does  
 Most honour to his Mistrisse ; well may boast  
 (Without least question) that he loues her most.  
 And though things long since done, were long since  
 known,  
 And so may seeme superfluous to repeat ;  
 Yet being forgotten, as things neuer done,  
 Their repetition needful is, in iustice,  
 T'enflame the shame of that obliuion :  
 For hoping it will seeme no lesse empaire  
 To others acts, to truely tell mine owne ;  
 Put all together ; I haue past them all  
 That by their acts can boast themselues to be  
 Their Countries louers : first in those wilde king-  
 domes  
 Subdu'd to *Rome*, by my vnwearied toyles.  
 Which I dislauag'd and made nobly ciuill.

Next, in the multitude of those rude Realmes  
 That so I fashiond ; and to *Romes* yong Empire  
 Of old haue added : Then the battailes numbred  
 This hand hath fought, and wonne for her, with all  
 Those infinites of dreadfull enemies  
 (I flue in them : Twice fiftene hundred thousand  
 All able Souldiers) I haue driuen at once  
 Before my forces : and in fundry onsets,  
 A thousand thousand of them, put to sword :  
 Besides, I tooke in lesse then ten yeares time,  
 By strong assault, aboue eight hundred Cities,  
 Three hundred seuerall Nations, in that space,  
 Subduing to my Countrey ; all which seruice,  
 I trust, may interest me in her loue,  
 Publique, and generall enough, to aquit me  
 Of any selfe-loue ; past her common good :  
 For any motion of particular iustice  
 (By which her generall Empire is maintaind)  
 That I can make for those accused prisoners,  
 Which is but by the way ; that so the reason  
*Metellus* makes for entring *Pompeys* armie,  
 May not more weighty seeme, then to agree  
 With those imprison'd nobles, vitall safeties.  
 Which granted, or but yielded fit to be,  
 May well extenuate the necessity  
 Of entring *Pompeys* armie.

*Cat.* All that need

I tooke away before ; and reasons gaue  
 For a necessity to keepe it out  
 Whose entry (I thinke) he himselfe affects not.  
 Since I as well thinke he affects not th' Empire,  
 And both those thoughts hold ; since he loues his  
 Country,

In my great hopes of him too well to seeke  
 His sole rule of her, when so many foules,  
 So hard a taske approue it ; nor my hopes  
 Of his sincere loue to his Country, build  
 On sandier grounds then *Cæsars* ; since he can  
 As good Cards shew for it as *Cæsar* did,



And quit therein the close asperſion  
Of his ambition, ſeeking to employ  
His army in the breaſt of *Italy*.

*Pomp.* Let me not thus (imperiall Bench and  
Senate)

Feele my ſelfe beat about the eares, and toſt  
With others breathes to any coaſt they pleaſe :  
And not put ſome ſtay to my errors in them.  
The gods can witneſſe that not my ambition  
Hath brought to queſtion th' entry of my army,  
And therefore not ſuſpected the effect,  
Of which that entry is ſuppoſde the cauſe :  
Which is a will in me, to giue my power  
The rule of *Romes* ſole Empire ; that moſt ſtrangely  
Would put my will in others powers ; and powers  
(Vnforfeit by my fault) in others wills.  
My ſelfe-loue, out of which all this muſt riſe :  
I will not wrong the knowne proofes of my loue  
To this my natiue Cities publique good,  
To quit, or thinke of ; nor repeat thoſe proofes  
Confirm'd in thoſe three triumphs I haue made ;  
For conqueſt of the whole inhabited world ;  
Firſt *Affrick*, *Europe*, and then *Asia*,  
Which neuer Confull but my ſelfe could boaſt.  
Nor can blinde Fortune vaunt her partiall hand,  
In any part of all my ſeruices,  
Though ſome haue ſaid, ſhe was the page of *Cæſar*,  
Both ſayling, marching, fighting, and preparing  
His fights in very order of his battailes :  
The parts ſhe plaid for him inuerting nature,  
As giuing calmneſſe to th' enraged ſea ;  
Impoſing Summers weather on ſterne winter ;  
Winging the ſloweſt foot he did command,  
And his moſt Cowherd making fierce of hand.  
And all this euer when the force of man  
Was quite exceeded in it all ; and ſhe  
In th' inſtant adding her cleare deity.  
Yet, her for me, I both diſclaime and ſcorne ;  
And where all fortune is renounc't, no reaſon

Will thinke one man transferd with affectation  
Of all *Romes* Empire ; for he must haue fortune  
That goes beyond a man ; and where so many  
Their hand-fulls finde with it ; the one is mad  
That vndergoes it : and where that is clear'd ;  
Th' imputed meanes to it, which is my fute  
For entry of mine army, I confute.

*Cat.* What rests then, this of all parts being dis-  
claimd ?

*Met.* My part, Sir, rests, that let great *Pompey*  
beare

What spirit he lists ; 'tis needfull yet for *Rome*,  
That this Law be establisht for his army.

*Cæs.* Tis then as needfull to admit in mine ;  
Or else let both lay downe our armes ; for else  
To take my charge off, and leaue *Pompey* his ;  
You wrongfully accuse me to intend  
A tyranny amongst ye : and shall giue  
*Pompey* full meanes to be himselfe a tyrant.

*Anth.* Can this be answer'd ?

1. *Conf.* Is it then your wils  
That *Pompey* shall cease armes ?

*Anth.* What else ?

*Omnes.* No, no.

2. *Conf.* Shall *Cæsar* cease his armes ?

*Omn.* I, I.

*Anth.* For shame

Then yeeld to this cleare equity, that both  
May leaue their armes.

*Omn.* We indifferent stand.

*Met.* Read but this law, and you shall see a differ-  
ence

Twixt equity and your indifferency ;  
All mens obiections answered ; Read it Notary.

*Cat.* He shall not read it.

*Met.* I will read it then.

*Min.* Nor thou shalt read it, being a thing so vaine,  
Pretending cause for *Pompeys* armies entry,  
That only by thy Complices and thee ;

Tis forg'd to set the Senate in an uproare.

*Met.* I haue it Sir, in memory, and will speake it.

*Cat.* Thou shalt be dumbe as soone.

*Cæs.* Pull downe this *Cato*,

Author of factions, and to prison with him.

*Gen.* Come downe Sir.

*He drawes,*

*Pom.* Hence ye mercenary Ruffians. *and all draw.*

1. *Conf.* What outrage shew you? sheath your insolent swords,

Or be proclaim'd your Countreys foes and traytors.

*Pom.* How insolent a part was this in you,

To offer the imprisonment of *Cato*?

When there is right in him (were forme so answer'd

With termes and place) to send vs both to prison?

If, of our owne ambitions, we should offer

Th' entry of our armies; for who knowes

That, of vs both, the best friend to his Country,

And freest from his owne particular ends;

(Being in his power) would not assume the Empire,

And hauing it, could rule the State so well

As now 'tis gouer'nd, for the common good?

*Cæs.* Accuse your selfe, Sir, (if your conscience vrge it)

Or of ambition, or corruption,

Or insufficiency to rule the Empire,

And found not me with your Lead.

*Pom.* Lead? tis Gold,

And spirit of Gold too; to the politique drosse

With which false *Cæsar* founds men; and for which

His praise and honour crownes them; who founds not

The inmost sand of *Cæsar*? for but sand

Is all the rope of your great parts affected.

You speake well, and are learn'd; and golden speech

Did Nature neuer giue man; but to guild

A copper foule in him; and all that learning

That heartily is spent in painting speech,

Is merely painted, and no solid knowledge.

But y'au'e another praise for temperance,

Which nought commends your free choice to be temperate.

For so you must be ; at least in your meales,  
 Since y'auē a malady that tyes you to it ;  
 For feare of daily fals in your aspirings.  
 And your disease the gods nere gaue to man ;  
 But such a one, as had a spirit too great  
 For all his bodies passages to serue it,  
 Which notes th' excesse of your ambition.

The malady chancing where the pores and passages  
 Through which the spirit of a man is borne,  
 So narrow are, and straight, that oftentimes  
 They intercept it quite, and choake it vp.  
 And yet because the greatnesse of it notes  
 A heat mere fleshly, and of bloods ranck fire,  
 Goates are of all beasts subiect'ft to it most.

*Cæs.* Your selfe might haue it then, if those faults  
 cause it ;

But deales this man ingeniously, to tax  
 Men with a frailty that the gods inflict ?

*Pomp.* The gods inflict on men, diseases neuer,  
 Or other outward maimes ; but to decipher,  
 Correct, and order some rude vice within them :  
 And why decipher they it, but to make  
 Men note, and shun, and tax it to th' extreame ?  
 Nor will I see my Countryes hopes abusde,  
 In any man commanding in her Empire ;  
 If my more tryall of him, makes me see more  
 Into his intricacies ; and my freedome  
 Hath spirit to speake more, then obseruers seruile.

*Cæs.* Be free, Sir, of your insight and your speech ;  
 And speak, and see more, then the world besides ;  
 I must remember I haue heard of one,  
 That same gaue out, could see thorow Oke and stone :  
 And of another set in *Sicily*,  
 That could discernē the Carthaginian Nauy,  
 And number them distinctly, leauing harbor,  
 Though full a day and nights saile distant thence :  
 But these things (Reuerend Fathers) I conceiue,

Hardly appeare to you worth graue beliefe :  
And therefore since such strange things haue beene  
feene

In my so deepe and foule detractions,  
By only Lyncean *Pompey* ; who was most  
Lou'd and beleeu'd of *Romes* most famous whore,  
Infamous *Flora* ; by so fine a man  
As *Galba*, or *Sarmentus* ; any iester  
Or flatterer may draw through a Ladyes Ring ;  
By one that all his Souldiers call in scorne  
Great *Agamemnon*, or the King of men ;  
I rest vnmou'd with him ; and yeeld to you  
To right my wrongs, or his abuse allow.

*Cat.* My Lords, ye make all *Rome* amaz'd to  
heare.

*Pom.* Away, Ile heare no more ; I heare it thun-  
der

My Lords ; All you that loue the good of *Rome*,  
I charge ye, follow me ; all such as stay,  
Are friends to *Cæsar*, and their Countreys foes.

*Cæf.* Th' euent will fall out contrary, my Lords.

1. *Conf.* Goe, thou art a thiefe to *Rome*, discharge  
thine army,

Or be proclaim'd, forthwith, her open foe.

2. *Conf.* *Pompey*, I charge thee, helpe thy iniur'd  
Country

With what powers thou hast arm'd, and leuy more.

*The Ruffians.* Warre, warre, O *Cæsar*.

*Sen. and Peop.* Peace, peace, worthy *Pompey*.

## Act II. Scene I.

*Enter Fronto all ragg'd, in an ouergrowne red Beard, black head, with a Halter in his hand, looking about.*

**V**Arres, warres, and preffes, fly in fire about ;  
 No more can I lurke in my lasie corners,  
 Nor shifting courses : and with honest meanes  
 To rack my miserable life out, more,  
 The rack is not so fearefull ; when dishonest  
 And villanous fashions faile me ; can I hope  
 To liue with virtuous ? or to raise my fortunes  
 By creeping vp in Souldierly degrees ?  
 Since villany varied thorow all his figures,  
 Will put no better case on me then this ;  
 Despaire ! come sease me : I had able meanes ;  
 And spent all in the swinge of lewd affections ;  
 Plung'd in all riot, and the rage of blood ;  
 In full assurance that being knaue enough,  
 Barbarous enough, base, ignorant enough,  
 I needs must haue enough, while this world lasted ;  
 Yet, since I am a poore, and ragged knaue,  
 My rags disgrace my knauery so, that none  
 Will thinke I am knaue ; as if good clothes  
 Were knacks to know a knaue ; when all men know  
 He has no liuing ? which knacks since my knauery  
 Can shew no more ; and only shew is all  
 That this world cares for ; Ile step out of all  
 The cares 'tis steept in. *He offers to hang himselfe.*

*Thunder, and the Gulfe opens, flames issuing ;  
 and Ophioneus ascending, with the face,  
 wings, and taile of a Dragon ; a skin  
 coate all speckled on the throat.*

*Oph.* Hold Rascall, hang thy selfe in these dayes ?

The only time that euer was for a Rascall to liue in ?

*Fron.* How chance I cannot liue then ?

*Oph.* Either th'art not rascall nor villaine enough ;  
Or else thou dost not pretend honesty  
And piety enough to disguise it.

*Fro.* That's certaine, for euery asse does that.  
What art thou ?

*Oph.* O villaine worse then thou.

*Fro.* And dost breathe ?

*Oph.* I speake, thou hear'st, I moue, my pulse  
beates

Fast as thine.

*Fro.* And wherefore liu'st thou ?

*Oph.* The world's out of frame, a thousand Rulers  
Wresting it this way, and that, with as many  
Religions ; when, as heauens vpper Sphere is mou'd  
Onely by one ; so should the Sphere of earth be, and  
Ile haue it so.

*Fro.* How canst thou ? what art thou ?

*Oph.* My shape may tell thee.

*Fro.* No man ?

*Oph.* Man ? no, spawne of a clot, none of that  
curfed

Crew, damn'd in the masse it selfe ; plagu'd in his  
birth,

Confinde to creepe below, and wrestle with the Ele-  
ments ;

Teach himselfe tortures ; kill himselfe, hang himselfe ;  
No such gally slaue, but at warre with heauen ;  
Spurning the power of the gods, command the Ele-  
ments.

*Fro.* What maist thou be thou ?

*Oph.* An endlesse friend of thine ; an immortall  
deuill.

*Fro.* Heauen bleffe vs.

*Oph.* Nay then, forth, goe, hang thy selfe, and  
thou talk'st

Of heauen once.

*Fro.* I haue done ; what deuill art thou ?

*Oph.* Read the old stoick Pherecides, that tels thee  
Me truly, and sayes that I *Ophioneus* (for so is My name.

*Fro.* *Ophioneus*? what's that?

*Oph.* Deuillish Serpent, by interpretation; was generall  
Captaine of that rebellious host of spirits that Wag'd warre with heauen.

*Fro.* And so were hurl'd downe to hell.

*Oph.* We were so; and yet haue the rule of earth; and cares

Any man for the worst of hell then?

*Fro.* Why should he?

*Oph.* Well said; what's thy name now?

*Fro.* My name is *Fronto*.

*Oph.* *Fronto*? A good one; and has *Fronto* liu'd thus long

In *Rome*? lost his state at dice? murder'd his Brother for his meanes? spent all? run thorow worfe Offices since? beene a Promoter? a Purueyor? a Pander?

A Sumner? a Sergeant? an Intelligencer? and at last Hang thy selfe?

*Fro.* How the deuill knowes he all this?

*Oph.* Why thou art a most greene Plouer in policy, I

Perceiue; and maist drinke Colts-foote, for all thy Horsmane beard: S'light, what need hast Thou to hang thy selfe? as if there were a dearth Of hangmen in the land? Thou liu'st in a good cheape State, a man may be hang'd here for a little, or Nothing. What's the reason of thy desperation?

*Gro.* My idle dissolute life, is thrust out of all his corners

By this searhing tumult now on foot in *Rome*.

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*Cæsar* now and *Pompey*  
Are both for battaile: *Pompey* (in his feare  
Of *Cæsars* greater force) is sending hence



His wife and children, and he bent to fly.

*Enter Pompey running over the Stage with his wife  
and children, Gabinius, Demetrius, Vibius,  
Pages ; other Senators, the Consuls and  
all following.*

See, all are on their wings ; and all the City  
In such an uproare, as if fire and sword  
Were ransacking, and ruining their houses,  
No idle person now can lurke neare *Rome*,  
All must to armes ; or shake their heeles beneath  
Her martiall halters ; whose officious pride  
Ile shun, and vse mine owne swinge : I be forc't  
To helpe my Countrey, when it forceth me  
To this past-helping pickle ?

*Oph.* Goe to, thou shalt ferue me ; chuse thy profession ;

And what cloth thou wouldst wish to haue thy Coat  
Cut out on.

*Fro.* I can name none.

*Oph.* Shall I be thy learn'd Counsaile ?

*Fro.* None better.

*Oph.* Be an Archflamen then, to one of the Gods.

*Fro.* Archflamen ? what's that ?

*Oph.* A Priest.

*Fro.* A Priest ? that nere was Clerke ?

*Oph.* No Clerke ? what then ?

The greatest Clerks are not the wisest men.

Nor skills it for degrees in a knaue, or a fooles preferment,

Thou shalt rise by fortune : let desert rise leisurely  
Enough, and by degrees ; fortune preferres headlong,  
And comes like riches to a man ; huge riches being  
Got with little paines ; and little with huge paines.

And

For discharge of the Priesthood, what thou wantst  
In learning, thou shalt take out in goodfellowship :  
Thou shalt equiuocate with the Sophister, prate with

The Lawyer, scrape with the Vsurer, drinke with the Dutchman, sweare with the French man, cheat With the English man, brag with the Scot, and Turne all this to Religion, *Hoc est regnum*

*Deorum Gentibus.*

*Fro.* All this I can doe to a haire.

*Oph.* Very good, wilt thou shew thy selfe deeply learn'd too,

And to liue licentiously here, care for nothing hereafter ?

*Fro.* Not for hell ?

*Oph.* For hell ? soft Sir ; hop'st thou to purchase hell

With only dicing or whoring away thy liuing ? Murthering thy brother, and so forth ? No there Remaine works of a higher hand and deeper braine, To obtaine hell. Thinkst thou earths great Potentates haue gotten their places there with Any single act of murther, poysoning, adultery, And the rest ? No ; tis a purchase for all manner Of villany ; especially, that may be priuiledg'd By Authority ; colourd with holinesse, and enioyd With pleasure.

*Fro.* O this were most honourable and admirable.

*Oph.* Why such an admirable honorable villane shalt

Thou be.

*Fro.* Is't possible ?

*Oph.* Make no doubt on't ; Ile inspire thee.

*Fro.* Sacred and puissant. *He kneeles.*

*Oph.* Away ; Companion and friend, giue me thy Hand ; say, dost not loue me ? art not enamour'd Of my acquaintance ?

*Fro.* Protest I am.

*Oph.* Well said, protest and tis enough. And know for

Infallible ; I haue promotion for thee ; both here, and Hereafter ; which not one great one amongst Millions shall euer aspire to. *Alexander*, nor great

*Cyrus*, retaine thoſe titles in hell, that they did  
On earth.

*Fron.* No? *Oph.* No: he that ſold Seacoale  
here, ſhall be  
A Baron there; he that was a cheating  
Rogue here, ſhall be a Juſtice of peace there;  
A knaue here, a knight there. In the meane  
Space, learne what it is to liue; and thou ſhalt  
Haue Chopines at commandment to any height  
Of life thou canſt wiſh.

*Fro.* I feare my fall is too low.

*Oph.* Too low foole? haſt thou not heard of  
*Vulcans* falling  
Out of heauen? Light a thy legges, and no matter  
Thou thou halt'ſt with thy beſt friend euer after; tis  
The more comely and fashionable. Better goe lame  
In the fashion with *Pompey*, then neuer ſo vpright,  
Quite out of the fashion with *Cato*.

*Fro.* Yet you cannot change the old fashion (they  
ſay)  
And hide your clouen feet.

*Oph.* No? I can weare Roſes that ſhall ſpread  
quite  
Ouer them.

*Fro.* For loue of the fashion doe then.

*Oph.* Goe to; I will hereafter.

*Fro.* But for the Prieſthood you offer me, I affect  
it not.

*Oph.* No? what ſaiſt thou to a rich office then?

*Fro.* The only ſecond meanes to raiſe a rafcall  
In the earth.

*Oph.* Goe to; Ile helpe thee to the beſt ith earth  
then:  
And that's in *Sicilia*; the very ſtorehouſe of the  
Romanes, where the Lord chiefe Cenſor there  
Lyes now a dying; whoſe ſoule I will haue; and  
Thou ſhalt haue his office.

*Fro.* Excellent; was euer great office better  
ſupplied?

*Exeunt.*

*Nuntius.*

Now is the mighty Empreſſe of the earth  
 (Great *Rome*) faſt lockt vp in her fancied ſtrength,  
 All broke in vproares ; fearing the iuſt gods  
 In plagues will drowne her ſo abuſed bleſſings.  
 In which feare, all without her wals, fly in ;  
 By both their iarring Champions ruſhing out ;  
 And thoſe that were within, as faſt fly forth ;  
 The Conſuls both are fled without one rite  
 Of ſacrifice ſubmitted to the gods,  
 As euer heretofore their cuſtome was  
 When they began the bloody frights of warre.  
 In which our two great Souldiers now encountring,  
 Since both left *Rome*, oppos'd in bitter skirmiſh,  
*Pompey* (not willing yet to hazard battaile,  
 By *Catos* counſaile, vrging good cauſe) fled :  
 Which firing *Cæſars* ſpirit ; he purſu'd  
 So home, and fiercely, that great *Pompey* ſkorning  
 The heart he tooke, by his aduifed flight,  
 Deſpiſde aduice as much as his purſuite.  
 And as in *Lybia*, an aged Lion,  
 Vrg'd from his peacefull couert, feares the light,  
 With his vnready and diſeaſ'd appearance,  
 Giues way to chace a while, and coldly hunts,  
 Till with the youthfull hunters wanton heat,  
 He all his coole wrath frets into a flame :  
 And then his ſides he ſwinges with his Sterne,  
 To laſh his ſtrength vp, let's downe all his browes  
 About his burning eyes ; erects his mane,  
 Breakes all his throat in thunders, and to wreake  
 His hunters inſolence, his heart euen barking ;  
 He frees his fury, turnes, and ruſhes back  
 With ſuch a gaſtly horror, that in heapes,  
 His proud foes fly, and he that ſtation keepes :  
 So *Pompeys* coole ſpirits, put to all their heat  
 By *Cæſars* hard purſuit he turnd freſh head,  
 And flew vpon his foe with ſuch a rapture  
 As tooke vp into furies, all friends feares ;  
 Who fir'd with his firſt turning, all turnd head,

And gaue so fierce a charge, their followers fled,  
 Whose instant issue on their both sides, see,  
 And after set out such a tragedy,  
 As all the Princes of the earth may come  
 To take their patternes by the spirits of *Rome*.

*Alarime, after which enter Cæsar following Crassinius calling to the Souldiers.*

*Crass.* Stay cowherd, fly ye *Cæsars* fortunes ?

*Cæs.* Forbeare, foolish *Crassinius*, we contend in  
 vaine

To stay these vapours, and must raise our Campe.

*Crass.* How shall we rise (my Lord) but all in vproares,

Being still persude ?

*Enter Acilius.*

The pursuit stayes, my Lord,

*Pompey* hath founded a retreat, resigning

His time to you to vse, in instant rayning

Your ill-lodg'd army, pitching now where fortune

May good amends make for her fault to day.

*Cæs.* It was not fortunes fault, but mine *Acilius*,

To giue my foe charge, being so neare the sea,

Where well I knew the eminence of his strength,

And should haue driuen th' encounter further off ;

Bearing before me such a goodly Country,

So plentifull, and rich, in all things fit

To haue suppli'd my armies want with victuals,

And th' able Cities too, to strengthen it,

Of *Macedon* and *Theffaly*, where now

I rather was besieg'd for want of food,

Then did assault with fighting force of armes.

*Enter Anthony, Vibius, with others.*

*Ant.* See, Sir, here's one friend of your foes recouer'd.

*Cæs.* *Vibius* ? In happy houre.

*Vib.* For me vnhappy.

*Cæs.* What? brought against your will?

*Vib.* Else had not come.

*Ant.* Sir, hee's your prisoner, but had made you  
his,

Had all the rest purfu'd the chace like him ;  
He draue on like a fury ; past all friends,  
But we that tooke him quick in his engagement.

*Cæs.* O *Vibius*, you deserue to pay a ranfome  
Of infinite rate, for had your Generall ioynd  
In your addression, or knowne how to conquer ;  
This day had prou'd him the supream of *Cæsar*.<sup>1</sup>

*Vib.* Knowne how to conquer? His five hundred  
Conquests

Atchieu'd ere this day, make that doubt vnfit  
For him that flies him ; for, of issues doubtfull  
Who can at all times put on for the best?  
If I were mad, must hee his army venture  
In my engagement? Nor are Generalls euer  
Their powers disposers, by their proper Angels,  
But trust against them, oftentimes, their Counsailes,  
Wherein, I doubt not, *Cæsars* selfe hath err'd  
Sometimes as well as *Pompey*.

*Cæs.* Or done worse,  
In disobeying my Counsaile (*Vibius*)  
Of which, this dayes abused light is witnessse ;  
By which I might haue seene a course secure  
Of this discomfiture.

*Ant.* Amends fits euer  
Aboue repentance, what's done, with not vndone ;  
But that prepared patience that you know  
Best fits a souldier charg'd with hardest fortunes ;  
Asks still your vse, since powers still temperate kept  
Ope still the clearer eyes by one faults sight  
To place the next act, in the furer right.

*Cæs.* You prompt me nobly Sir, repaying in me  
Mine owne stayes practice, out of whose repose,  
The strong convulsions of my spirits forc't me  
Thus farre beyond my temper ; but good *Vibius*,

Be ranſom'd with my loue, and haſte to *Pompey*,  
 Entreating him from me, that we may meet,  
 And for that reaſon which I know this day  
 (Was giuen by *Cato*, for his purſutes ſtay  
 Which was preuention of our Romane blood)  
 Propoſe my offer of our hearty peace.  
 That being reconcil'd, and mutuall faith  
 Giuen on our either part, not three dayes light  
 May further ſhew vs foes, but (both our armies  
 Diſperſt in Garifons) we may returne  
 Within that time to *Italy*, ſuch friends  
 As in our Countreyes loue, containe our ſplenes.

*Vit.* Tis offerd, Sir, 'boue the rate of *Cæſar*,  
 In other men, but in what I approue  
 Beneath his merits: which I will not faile  
 T' enforce at full to *Pompey*, nor forget  
 In any time the gratitude of my ſeruice.

*Vi. ſalutes Ant.  
 and the other,  
 & exit.*

*Cæſ.* Your loue, Sir, and your frienſhip.

*Ant.* This prepares a good induction to the change  
 of fortune,

In this dayes iſſue, if the pride it kindles  
 In *Pompeys* vaines, makes him deny a peace  
 So gently offerd: for her alterd hand  
 Works neuer ſurer from her ill to good  
 On his ſide ſhe hath hurt, and on the other  
 With other changes, then when meanes are vſde  
 To keepe her conſtant, yet retire refusde.

*Cæſ.* I try no ſuch concluſion, but deſire  
 Directly peace. In meane ſpace Ile prepare  
 For other iſſue in my vtmoſt meanes;  
 Whoſe hopes now reſting at *Brundufium*,  
 In that part of my army, with *Sabinus*,  
 I wonder he ſo long delaies to bring me,  
 And muſt in perſon haſte him, if this Euen  
 I heare not from him.

*Craſſ.* That (I hope) flies farre  
 Your full intent, my Lord, ſince *Pompeys* navie  
 You know, lies houering all alongſt thoſe ſeas,  
 In too much danger, for what ayde ſoeuer

You can procure to passe your person safe.

*Acil.* Which doubt may proue the cause that staves

*Sabinus* ;

And, if with shipping fit to passe your army,  
He yet straines time to venture, I presume  
You will not passe your person with such Conuoy  
Of those poore vessels, as may serue you here.

*Cæs.* How shall I helpe it ? shall I suffer this  
Torment of his delay ? and rack suspicions  
Worse then assur'd destructions through my thoughts.

*Anth.* Past doubt he will be here ; I left all orderd,  
And full agreement made with him to make  
All vtmost haste, no least let once suspected.

*Cæs.* Suspected ? what suspicion should feare a  
friend

In such assur'd streights from his friends enlargement.  
If twere his souldiers safeties he so tenders,  
Were it not better they should sinke by sea,  
Then wrack their number, King and cause ashore ?  
Their stay is worth their ruine, should we liue,  
If they in fault were ? if their leader ! he  
Should dye the deaths of all ; in meane space, I  
That should not, beare all, fly the fight in shame,  
Thou eye of nature, and abortiue night  
Fall dead amongst vs : with defects, defects  
Must serue proportion ; iustice neuer can  
Be else restor'd, nor right the wrongs of man. *Exeunt.*

*Pompey, Cato, Gabinius, Demetrius, Athenodorus,  
Porcius, Statilius.*

*Pomp.* This charge of our fierce foe, the friendly  
gods

Haue in our strengthen'd spirits beaten back  
With happy issue, and his forces lessen'd,  
Of two and thirty Ensignes forc't from him,  
Two thousand souldiers slaine.

*Cat.* O boast not that,  
Their losse is yours, my Lord.



*Pomp.* I boast it not,  
But only name the number.

*Gab.* Which right well  
You might haue rais'd so high, that on their tops  
Your Throne was offer'd, euer t'ouerlooke  
Subuerted *Cæsar*, had you beene so blest  
To giue such honor to your Captaines Counsailes  
As their alacrities did long to merit  
With proofefull action.

*Dem.* O twas ill neglected.

*Stat.* It was deferr'd with reason, which not yet  
Th' euent so cleare is to confute.

*Pom.* If twere,  
Our likeliest then was, not to hazard battaile,  
Th' aduenture being so casuall; if compar'd  
With our more certaine meanes to his subuersion?  
For finding now our army amply storde  
With all things fit to tarry surer time,  
Reason thought better to extend to length  
The warre betwixt vs; that his little strength  
May by degrees proue none; which vrged now,  
(Consisting of his best and ablest souldiers)  
We should haue found at one direct set battaile  
Of matchlesse valours; their defects of victuall  
Not tiring yet enough on their tough nerues,  
Where, on the other part, to put them still  
In motion, and remotion, here and there;  
Enforcing them to fortifying still  
Where eu'er they set downe; to siege a wall,  
Keepe watch all night in armour: their most part  
Can neuer beare it, by their yeares oppression;  
Spent heretofore too much in those steele toyles.

*Cat.* I so aduise, and yet repent it not,  
But much reioyce in so much saued blood  
As had beene pour'd out in the stroke of battaile,  
Whose fury thus preuented, comprehends  
Your Countreys good, and Empires; in whose care  
Let me beseech you that in all this warre,  
You sack no City, subiect to our Rule,

Nor put to sword one Citizen of *Rome* ;  
 But when the needfull fury of the sword  
 Can make no fit distinction in maine battaile,  
 That you will please still to prolong the stroke  
 Of absolute decision to these iarres,  
 Considering you shall strike it with a man  
 Of much skill and experience, and one  
 That will his Conquest fell at infinite rate,  
 If that must end your difference ; but I doubt  
 There will come humble offer on his part,  
 Of honor'd peace to you, for whose sweet name  
 So cryed out to you in our late-met Senate,  
 Lost no fit offer of that wished treaty.  
 Take pity on your Countreys blood as much  
 As possible may stand without the danger  
 Of hindering her iustice on her foes,  
 Which all the gods to your full wish dispose.

*Pom.* Why will you leaue vs? whither will you  
 goe

To keepe your worthyest person in more safety  
 Then in my army, so deuoted to you ?

*Cat.* My person is the least, my Lord, I value ;  
 I am commanded by our powerfull Senate,  
 To view the Cities, and the kingdomes scituate  
 About your either army, that which side  
 Soeuer conquer, no disordered straglers  
 Puft with the Conquest, or by need impeld,  
 May take their swinge more then the care of one  
 May curb and order in these neighbor confines  
 My chiefe passe yet resolues for *Vtica*.

*Pom.* Your passe (my truest friend, and worthy  
 Father)

May all good powers make safe, and alwayes answer  
 Your infinite merits, with their like protection.  
 In which, I make no doubt but we shall meet  
 With mutuall greetings, or for absolute conquest  
 Or peace preuenting that our bloody stroke,  
 Nor let our parting be dishonor'd so,  
 As not to take into our noblest notice

Your selfe (most learned and admired Father)  
 Whose merits, if I liue, shall lack no honor.  
*Porcius, Statilius*, though your spirits with mine  
 Would highly chere me, yet ye shall bestow them  
 In much more worthy conduct; but loue me,  
 And wish me conquest, for your Countreys sake.

*Sta.* Our liues shall seale our loues, Sir, with worst  
 deaths  
 Aduentur'd in your seruice.

*Pom.* Y'are my friends.

*Exeunt Cat. Athen. Por. Sat.*

These friends thus gone, tis more then time we minded  
 Our lost friend *Vibius*.

*Gab.* You can want no friends,  
 See, our two Consuls, Sir, betwixt them bringing  
 The worthy *Brutus*

*Enter two Consuls leading Brutus betwixt them.*

1. *Conf.* We attend (my Lord)  
 With no meane friend, to spirit your next encounter,  
 Six thousand of our choice Patrician youths  
 Brought in his conduct.

2. *Conf.* And though neuer yet  
 He hath saluted you with any word  
 Or looke of splendrest loue in his whole life,  
 Since that long time since, of his fathers death  
 By your hand authord; yet see, at your need  
 He comes to serue you freely for his Country.

*Pom.* His friendly presence, making vp a third  
 With both your persons, I as gladly welcome,  
 As if *Ioues* triple flame had guilt this field,  
 And lightn'd on my right hand, from his shield.

*Bru.* I well assure my selfe, Sir, that no thought  
 In your ingenious construction, touches  
 At the aspersion that my tendred seruice  
 Proceeds from my despaire of elsewhere safety.  
 But that my Countreys safety owning iustly  
 My whole habilities of life and fortunes,

And you the ablest fautor of her fafty,  
Her loue, and (for your loue of her) your owne  
Only makes sacred to your vse my offering.

*Pom.* Farre fly all other thought from my construc-  
tion,  
And due acceptance of the liberall honor,  
Your loue hath done me, which the gods are witnesse,  
I take as stirr'd vp in you by their fauours,  
Nor lesse esteeme it then an offering holy ;  
Since, as of all things, man is said the measure,  
So your full merits measure forth a man.

1. *Conf.* See yet, my Lord, more friends.

2. *Conf.* Fiue Kings, your seruants.

*Enter fiue Kings.*

*Hib.* Conquest and all grace crowne the gracious  
*Pompey,*

To serue whom in the sacred Romane safety,  
My selfe, *Iberias* King, present my forces.

*Theff.* And I that hold the tributary Throne  
Of Grecian *Theffaly*, submit my homage,  
To *Rome*, and *Pompey*.

*Cil.* So *Cilicia* too.

*Epir.* And so *Epirus*.

*Thra.* Lastly I from *Thrace*  
Present the duties of my power and seruice.

*Pom.* Your royall aides deferue of *Rome* and  
*Pompey*

Our vtmost honors. O may now our fortune  
Not ballance her broad breast twixt two light wings,  
Nor on a slippery globe sustaine her steps,  
But as the Spartans say, the Paphian Queene  
(The flood *Eurotas* passing) laid aside  
Her Glasse, her Ceston, and her amorous graces,  
And in *Lycurgus* fauor ; arm'd her beauties  
With Shield and Iaueline, so may fortune now,  
The flood of all our enemies forces passing  
With her faire Ensignes, and arriu'd at ours,

Displume her shoulders, cast off her wing'd shooes,  
 Her faithlesse, and still-rowling stone spurne from her,  
 And enter our powers as she may remaine  
 Our firme assistant : that the generall aydes,  
 Fâuours, and honors you performe to *Rome*,  
 May make her build with you her endlesse home.

*Omn.* The gods vouchsafe it ; and our causes right.

*Dem.* What suddaine Shade is this? obserue my  
 Lords,

The night, methinks, comes on before her houre.

*Thunder and lightning.*

*Gab.* Nor trust me if my thoughts conceiue not so.

*Bru.* What thin clouds fly the winds, like swiftest  
 shafts

Along aires middle region.

1. *Conf.* They presage

Vnusuall tempests.

2. *Conf.* And tis their repaire,

That timelesse darken thus the gloomy ayre.

*Pom.* Let's force no omen from it, but avoid  
 The vapors furies now by *Ioue* employd.

*Thunder continued, and Cæsar enters disguised.*

The wrathfull tempest of the angry night,  
 Where hell flies muff'd vp in clouds of pitch,  
 Mingl'd with Sulphure, and those dreadfull bolts,  
 The Cyclops Ram in *Ioues* Artillery,  
 Hath rousde the furies, arm'd in all their horrors,  
 Vp to the enuious seas, in spight of *Cæsar*.  
 O night, O ielous night, of all the noblest  
 Beauties, and glories, where the gods haue stroke  
 Their foure digestions, from thy gastly Chaos,  
 Blush thus to drowne them all in this houre sign'd  
 By the necessity of fate for *Cæsar*.  
 I that haue ranfact all the world for worth,  
 To forme in man the image of the gods,

Must like them haue the power to check the worst  
 Of all things vnder their celestiaall Empire,  
 Stoope it, and burst it, or breake through it all,  
 With vse and safety, till the Crowne be set  
 On all my actions; that the hand of nature  
 In all her worst works ayiming at an end,  
 May in a master-peece of hers be seru'd  
 With tops, and state fit for his virtuous Crowne :  
 Not list arts thus farre vp in glorious frame,  
 To let them vanish thus in smoke and shame.  
 This riuier *Anius* (in whose mouth now lyes  
 A Pynname I would passe in, to fetch on  
 My armies dull rest from *Brundusium*)  
 That is at all times else exceeding calme,  
 (By reason of a purling winde that flies  
 Off from the shore each morning, driuing vp  
 The billows farre to sea) in this night yet,  
 Beares such a terrible gale; put off from sea,  
 As beats the land wind back, and thrusts the flood,  
 Vp in such vproare, that no boat dare stirre.  
 And on it is disperst all *Pompeys* nauy  
 To make my perill yet more enuious.  
 Shall I yet shrink for all? were all, yet more?  
 There is a certaine need that I must giue  
 Way to my passe; none, knowne, that I must liue.

*Enter Master of a ship with Sailors*

*Mast.* What battaile is there fought now in the  
 ayre.

That threatens the wrack of nature?

*Cæs.* Master? come.

Shall we thrust through it all?

*Mast.* What lost man,

Art thou in hopes and fortunes, that dar'st make  
 So desperate a motion.

*Cæs.* Launch man, and all thy feares fraight dis-  
 auow,

Thou carriest *Cæsar* and his fortunes now.

## Act III. Scene I.

*Pompey, two Consuls, five Kings, Brutus, Gabinius,  
Demetrius.*

Now to *Pharsalia*, where the smarting strokes  
Of our resolu'd contention must rebound,  
(My Lords and friends of *Rome*) I giue you all  
Such welcome as the spirit of all my fortunes,  
Conquests, and triumphs (now come for their crowne)  
Can crowne your fauours with, and serue the hopes  
Of my deare Country, to her vtmost wish ;  
I can but set vp all my being to giue  
So good an end to my forerunning Acts ;  
The powers in me that formd them hauing lost  
No least time since, in gathering skill to better ;  
But like so many Bees haue brought me home,  
The sweet of what foeuer flowers haue growne  
In all the meades, and gardens of the world.  
All which hath growne still, as the time encrease  
In which twas gather'd, and with which it stemm'd.  
That what decay foeuer blood inferr'd,  
Might with my mindes store, be suppli'd, and cher'd,  
All which, in one fire of this instant fight  
Ile burne, and sacrifice to euery cinder  
In sacred offering to my Countreys loue,  
And therefore what euent foeuer sort,  
As I no praise will looke for, but the good  
Freely bestow on all ; (if good succeed)  
So if aduerse fate fall, I wish no blame,  
But th' ill befall me, made my fortunes shame,  
Not mine, nor my fault.

I *Conf.* We too well loue *Pompey*,  
To doe him that iniustice.

*Bru.* Who more thirsts  
The Conquest, then resolues to beare the foile ?

*Pom.* Said *Brutus*-like, giue seuerall witnesse all,  
That you acquit me whatsoeuer fall.

*2 Conf.* Particular men particular fates must beare,  
Who fees his owne wounds lesse, to wound another ?

*Theff.* Leauē him the worst whose best is left  
vndone,

He only conquers whose minde still is one.

*Epir.* Free mindes, like dice, fall square, what ere  
the cast.

*Ibir.* Who on him selfe sole stands, stands solely  
fast.

*Thra.* He's neuer downe, whose minde fights still  
aloft.

*Cil.* Who cares for vp or downe, when all's but  
thought.

*Gab.* To things euent doth no mans power extend.

*Dem.* Since gods rule all, who any thing would  
mend.

*Pom.* Ye sweetly ease my charge, your selues vn-  
burthening.

Return'd not yet our trumpet, sent to know  
Of *Vibius* certaine state ?

*Gab.* Not yet, my Lord.

*Pomp.* Too long protract we all meanes to recouer  
His person quick or dead, for I still thinke  
His losse seru'd fate, before we blew retreat ;  
Though some affirme him seene, soone after fighting.

*Dem.* Not after, Sir, (I heard) but ere it ended.

*Gab.* He bore a great minde to extend our pursuit  
Much further then it was ; and seru'd that day  
(When you had, like the true head of a battaile,  
Led all the body in that glorious turne)  
Vpon a farre-off Squadron that stood fast  
In conduct of the great *Marc Anthony*,  
When all the rest were fled, so past a man  
That in their tough receipt of him, I saw him  
Thrice breake thorow all with ease, and passe as faire



As he had all beene fire, and they but ayre.

*Pom.* He stuck at last yet, in their midst, it seem'd.

*Gab.* So haue I seen a fire drake glide at midnight  
Before a dying man to point his graue,  
And in it stick and hide.

*Dem.* He comes yet safe.

*A Trumpet sounds, and enters before Vibius,  
with others.*

*Pom.* O *Vibius*, welcome, what a prisoner?  
With mighty *Cæsar*, and so quickly ransom'd?

*Vib.* I Sir, my ransome, needed little time,  
Either to gaine agreement for the value,  
Or the disburfment, since in *Cæsars* grace  
We both concluded.

*Pom.* Was his grace so free.

*Vib.* For your respect, Sir.

*Pom.* Nay, Sir, for his glory.

That the maine Conquest he so surely builds on,  
(Which euer is forerun with petty fortunes)  
Take not effect, by taking any friend  
From all the most, my poore defence can make,  
But must be compleat, by his perfect owne.

*Vib.* I know, Sir, you more nobly rate the freedome  
He freely gaue your friend; then to peruert it  
So past his wisdom: that knowes much too well  
Th' vncertaine state of Conquest; to raise frames  
Of such presumption on her fickle wings,  
And chiefly in a losse so late, and grieuous,  
Besides, your forces farre exceeding his,  
His whole powers being but two and twenty thousand:  
And yours full foure and fourty thousand strong:  
For all which yet, he stood as farre from feare  
In my enlargement, as the confident glory  
You please to put on him; and had this end  
In my so kinde dismissal, that as kindly  
I might folicite a sure peace betwixt you.

*Pom.* A peace? Is't possible?

*Vib.* Come, doe not shew this wanton incredulity too.

*Tom.* Beleeue me I was farre from such a thought  
In his high stomach : *Cato* prophesied then.

What thinke my Lords our Consuls, and friend *Brutus*?

*Omn.* An offer happy.

*Bru.* Were it plaine and hearty.

*Pom.* I, there's the true inspection to his prospect.

*Bru.* This streight of his perhaps may need a  
fleight

Of some hid stratagem, to bring him off.

*Pom.* Deuices of a new fordge to entrap me ?  
I rest in *Cæsars* shades ? walke his strow'd paths ?  
Sleepe in his quiet waues ? Ile sooner trust  
Hibernian Boggs, and quickfands ; and hell mouth  
Take for my sanctuary : in bad parts  
That no extreames will better, natures finger  
Hath markt him to me, to take heed of him.  
What thinks my *Brutus* ?

*Bru.* 'Tis your best and safest.

*Pom.* This offer'd peace of his is sure a snare  
To make our warre the bloodier, whose fit feare  
Makes me I dare not now (in thoughts maturer  
Then late enclin'de me) put in vse the Counsaile  
Your noble father *Cato* (parting) gaue me,  
Whose much too tender shunning innocent blood,  
This battaile hazards now, that must cost more.

*1 Conf.* It does, and therefore now no more de-  
ferre it.

*Pom.* Say all men so ?

*Omn.* We doe.

*Pom.* I grieue ye doe,  
Because I rather wish to erre with *Cato*  
Then with the truth goe of the world besides ;  
But since it shall abide this other stroke,  
Ye gods that our great Romane *Genius*  
Haue made, not giue vs one dayes conquest only,  
Nor grow in conquests for some little time,  
As did the *Genius* of the *Macedons* ;

Nor be by land great only, like *Laconians* ;  
 Nor yet by sea alone, as was th' *Athenians* ;  
 Nor slowly stirr'd vp, like the *Perſian* Angell ;  
 Nor rockt aſleepe ſoone, like the *Ionian* ſpirit.  
 But made our *Romane Genius*, fiery, watchfull,  
 And euen from *Romes* prime, ioynd his youth with  
 hers,

Grow as ſhe grew, and firme as earth abide,  
 By her encreaſing pomp, at ſea, and ſhore,  
 In peace, in battaile ; againſt *Greece* as well  
 As our *Barbarian* foes ; command yet further  
 Ye firme and iuſt gods, our aſſiſtfull Angell  
 For *Rome*, and *Pompey*, who now fights for *Rome* ;  
 That all theſe royall Lawes, to vs, and iuſtice  
 Of common ſafety, may the ſeſe-loue drowne  
 Of tyrannous *Cæſar* ; and my care for all  
 Your Altars crown'd with endleſſe feſtiuall. *Exeunt.*

*Cæſar, Anthony, a Soothſayer, Craſſinius,  
 Acilius, with others.*

*Cæſ.* Say (ſacred Southſayer) and informe the truth,  
 What liking haſt thou of our ſacrifice ?

*Sooth.* Imperiall *Cæſar*, at your ſacred charge,  
 I drew a milke white Oxe into the Temple,  
 And turning there his face into the eaſt,  
 (Fearefully ſhaking at the ſhining light)  
 Downe fell his horned forehead to his hoofe,  
 When I began to greet him with the ſtroke,  
 That ſhould prepare him for the holy rites,  
 With hydeous roares he laid out ſuch a throat  
 As made the ſecret lurkings of the god  
 To anſwer ecco-like, in threatning ſounds :  
 I ſtroke againe at him, and then he ſlept,  
 His life-blood boyling out at euery wound  
 In ſtreames as cleare as any liquid Ruby,  
 And there began to alter my preſage,  
 The other ill ſignes, ſhewing th'other fortune,  
 Of your laſt skirmiſh, which farre oppoſite now

Proues, ill beginnings good euent foreflew.  
 For now the beaft cut vp, and laid on th' Altar,  
 His lims were all lickt up with instant flames,  
 Not like the Elementall fire that burnes  
 In houfhold vfes, lamely ftuggling vp,  
 This way and that way winding as it rifes,  
 But (right and vpright) reacht his proper fphere  
 Where burnes the fire eternall and sincere.

*Cæf.* And what may that prefage ?

*Sooth.* That euen the fpirit  
 Of heauens pure flame flew downe and rauifht vp  
 Your offerings blaze in that religious instant,  
 Which fhewes th' alacritie and cheerefull virtue  
 Of heauens free bounty, doing good in time,  
 And with what fwiftneffe true deuotions clime.

*Omn.* The gods be honor'd.

*Sooth.* O behold with wonder,  
 The facred blaze is like a torch enlightned,  
 Directly burning iuft aboue your campe !

*Omn.* Miraculous.

*Sooth.* Beleeue it, with all thanks :  
 The Romane *Genius* is alterd now,  
 And armes for *Cæfar*.

*Cæf.* Soothfayer be for euer  
 Reuerenc't of *Cæfar*. O *Marc Anthony*,  
 I thought to raife my camp, and all my tents,  
 Tooke downe for fwift remotion to *Scotuffa*.  
 Shall now our purpofe hold ?

*Anth.* Againft the gods ?  
 They grace in th' instant, and in th' instant we  
 Muft adde our parts, and be in th' vfe as free.

*Craff.* See Sir, the fcouts returne.

*Enter two fcouts.*

*Cæf.* What newes, my friends ?

1 *Scou.* Arme, arme, my Lord, the voward of the  
 foe  
 Is rang'd already.  
 2 *Scou.* Answer them, and arme :  
 You cannot fet your reft of battell vp

In happyer houre ; for I this night beheld  
 A strange confusion in your enemies campe,  
 The souldiers taking armes in all difmay,  
 And hurling them againe as fast to earth.  
 Euery way routing ; as th' alarme were then  
 Giuen to their army. A most causelesse feare  
 Disperst quite through them.

*Cæs.* Then twas *Ioue* himselte  
 That with his secret finger stirr'd in them.

*Craff.* Other presages of successe (my Lord)  
 Haue strangely hapn'd in the adiacent Cities,  
 To this your army : for in *Tralleis*,  
 Within a Temple, built to Victory,  
 There stands a statue of your forme and name,  
 Neare whose firme base, euen from the marble pauement,

There sprang a Palme tree vp, in this last night,  
 That seemes to crowne your statue with his boughs,  
 Spred in wrapt shadowes round about your browes.

*Cæs.* The signe, *Craffinius*, is most strange and  
 gracefull,  
 Nor could get issue, but by power diuine ;  
 Yet will not that, nor all abodes besides  
 (Of neuer such kinde promise of successe)  
 Performe it without tough acts of our owne.  
 No care, no nerue the lesse to be employd ;  
 No offering to the gods, no vowes, no prayers :  
 Secure and idle spirits neuer thriue  
 When most the gods for their aduancements striue.  
 And therefore tell me what abodes thou buildst on  
 In any spirit to act, inflam'd in thee,  
 Or in our Souldiers seene resolu'd addresses ?

*Craff.* Great and firy virtue. And this day  
 Be sure (great *Cæsar*) of effects as great  
 In absolute conquest ; to which are prepar'd  
 Enforcements resolute, from this arm'd hand,  
 Which thou shalt praise me for aliue or dead.

*Cæs.* Aliue (ye gods vouchsafe) and my true vowes  
 For life in him (great heauen) for all my foes

(Being naturall Romans) so farre ioyntly heare  
As may not hurt our Conquest ; as with feare  
Which thou already strangely hast diffufde  
Through all their army ; which extend to flight  
Without one bloody stroke of force and fight.

*Cnth.* Tis time, my Lord, you put in forme your  
battell.

*Cæs.* Since we must fight then, and no offerd peace  
Will take with *Pompey* : I rejoyce to see  
This long-time lookt for, and most happy day,  
In which we now shall fight, with men, not hunger,  
With toyles, not sweats of blood through yeares ex-  
tended,

This one day seruing to decide all iarres  
Twixt me and *Pompey*. Hang out of my tent  
My Crimfine coat of armes, to giue my souldiers  
That euer-sure signe of resolu'd-for fight.

*Craff.* These hands shall giue that signe to all their  
longings. *Exit Craff.*

*Cæs.* My Lord, my army, I thinke best to order  
In three full Squadrons: of which let me pray  
Your selfe would take on you the left wings charge ;  
My selfe will lead the right wing, and my place  
Of fight elect in my tenth legion :  
My battell by *Domitius Calvinus*  
Shall take direction.

*The Cote of Armes is hung out, and the  
Souldiers shoute within.*

*An.* Heark, your souldiers shoute  
For ioy to see your bloody Cote of Armes  
Assure their fight this morning.

*Cæs.* O blest Euen  
Bring on them worthy comforts. And ye gods  
Performe your good presages in euent  
Of fit crowne for our discipline, and deeds  
Wrought vp by conquest ; that my vse of it  
May wipe the hatefull and vnworthy staine

Of Tyrant from my Temples, and exchange it  
 For fautor of my Country, ye haue giuen  
 That title to those poore and fearefull fowles  
 That euery found puts vp, in frights and cryes ;  
 Euen then, when all *Romes* powers were weake and  
 heartlefs,

When traiterous fires, and fierce Barbarian swords,  
 Rapines, and soule-expiring slaughters fild  
 Her houfes, Temples, all her ayre, and earth.  
 To me then (whom your bounties haue enform'd  
 With fuch a fpirit as defpifeth feare ;  
 Commands in either fortune, knowes, and armes  
 Againft the worft of fate ; and therefore can  
 Difpofe bleft meanes, encourag'd to the beft)  
 Much more vouchsafe that honor ; chiefly now,  
 When *Rome* wants only this dayes conquest giuen me  
 To make her happy, to confirme the brightneffe  
 That yet ſhe ſhines in ouer all the world ;  
 In Empire, riches, ſtrife of all the Arts,  
 In gifts of Cities, and of kingdomes ſent her ;  
 In Crownes laid at her feet, in euery grace  
 That ſhores, and ſeas, floods, Iſlands, Continents,  
 Groues, fields, hills, mines, and metals can produce ;  
 All which I (victor) will encrease, I vow  
 By all my good, acknowledg'd giuen by you.

## ACT IIII      Scene I.

*Pompey in haſte, Brutus, Gabinius, Vibius following.*

**T**He poyſon ſleep't in euery vaine of Empire,  
 In all the world, meet now in onely me,  
 Thunder and lighten me to death ; and make  
 My ſenſes feed the flame, my ſoule the crack.

Was euer foueraigne Captaine of so many  
 Armies and Nations, so opprest as I,  
 With one hosts headstrong outrage? vrging fight,  
 Yet fly about my campe in panick terrors;  
 No reason vnder heauen suggesting cause.  
 And what is this but euen the gods deterring  
 My iudgement from enforcing fight this morne?  
 The new-fled night made day with Meteors,  
 Fir'd ouer *Cæsars* campe, and false in mine,  
 As pointing out the terrible euent  
 Yet in suspence; but where they threat their fall  
 Speake not these prodigies with fiery tongues,  
 And eloquence that should not moue but rauish  
 All sound mindes, from thus tempting the iust gods,  
 And spitting out their faire premonishing flames  
 With brackish rheumes of ruder and brainfick number,  
 What's infinitely more, thus wild, thus mad  
 For one poore fortune of a beaten few;  
 To halfe so many staid, and dreadfull souldiers?  
 Long train'd, long foughten? able, nimble, perfect  
 To turne and winde aduantage euery way?  
 Encrease with little, and enforce with none?  
 Made bold as Lyons, gaunt as famisht wolues,  
 With still-feru'd slaughters, and continuall toyles.

*Bru.* You should not, Sir, forsake your owne wife  
 Counsell,

Your owne experienc't discipline, owne practise,  
 Owne god-inspired insight to all changes,  
 Of Protean fortune, and her zany, warre,  
 For hosts, and hels of such; What man will thinke  
 The best of them, not mad; to see them range  
 So vp and downe your campe, already suing  
 For offices false, by *Cæsars* built-on fall,  
 Before one stroke be struck? *Domitius, Spinther,*  
 Your father *Scipio* now preparing friends  
 For *Cæsars* place of vniverfall Bishop?  
 Are you th'obserued rule, and voucht example;  
 Who euer would commend Physitians,  
 That would not follow the diseaf'd desires



Of their ſick patients ? yet incurre your ſelfe  
The faults that you ſo much abhorre in others.

*Pom.* I cannot, Sir, abide mens open mouthes,  
Nor be ill ſpoken of ; nor haue my counſels  
And circumſpections, turnd on me for feares,  
With mocks and ſcandals that would make a man  
Of lead, a lightning ; in the desperat'ſt onſet  
That euer trampled vnder death, his life.  
I beare the touch of feare for all their ſafeties,  
Or for mine owne ? enlarge with twice as many  
Selfe-liues, ſelfe-fortunes ? they ſhall ſinke beneath  
Their owne credulities, before I croſſe them.  
Come, haſte, diſpoſe our battaile.

*Vib.* Good my Lord,  
Againſt your *Genius* warre not for the world.

*Pom.* By all worlds he that moues me next to beare  
Their ſcofs and imputations of my feare  
For any cauſe, ſhall beare this ſword to hell.  
Away, to battaile ; good my Lord lead you  
The whole fix thouſand of our yong Patricians,  
Plac't in the left wing to enuiron *Cæſar*.  
My father *Scipio* ſhall lead the battaile ;  
*Domitius* the left wing ; I the right  
Againſt *Marc Anthony*. Take now your ſils  
Ye beaſtly doters on your barbarous wills.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarمه, excursions, of al: The ſue Kings driuen ouer  
the Stage, Craſſinius chiefly purſuing: At the  
dore enter againe the ſue Kings. The  
battell continued within.*

*Epir.* Fly, fly, the day was loſt before twas fought.

*Theſſ.* The Romans feard their ſhadowes.

*Cil.* Were there euer

Such monſtrous confidences, as laſt night  
Their Cups and muſique ſhew'd ? Before the morning  
Made ſuch amazes ere one ſtroke was ſtruck ?

*Iber.* It made great *Pompey* mad, which who could  
mend ?

The gods had hand in it.

*Tra.* It made the Consuls  
Run on their swords to see't. The braue Patricians  
Fled with their spoyled faces, arrowes sticking  
As shot from heauen at them.

*Theff.* Twas the charge  
That *Cæsar* gaue against them.

*Epir.* Come, away,  
Leaue all, and wonder at this fatall day.

*Exeunt.*

*The fight neerer ; and enter, Crassineus, a sword, as  
thrust through his face ; he falls. To him Pompey  
and Cæsar fighting : Pompey giues way,  
Cæsar follows, and enters at  
another dore.*

*Cæf.* Pursue, pursue ; the gods foreshew'd their  
powers,  
Which we gaue issue, and the day is ours.  
*Crassineus?* O looke vp : he does, and shewes  
Death in his broken eyes ; which *Cæsars* hands  
Shall doe the honor of eternall closure.  
Too well thou keptst thy word, that thou this day  
Wouldst doe me seruice to our victory,  
Which in thy life or death I should behold,  
And praise thee for ; I doe, and must admire  
Thy matchles valour ; euer euer rest  
Thy manly lineaments, which in a tombe  
Erected to thy noble name and virtues,  
Ile curiously preferue with balmes, and spices,  
In eminent place of these Pharsalian fields,  
Inscrib'd with this true foule of funerall.

*Epitaph :*

*Crassineus fought for fame, and died for Rome,  
Whose publique weale springs from this priuate tombe.*

*Enter some taking him off, whom Cæsar helps.*

*Enter Pompey, Demetrius, with black robes in their hands, broad hats, &c.*

*Pom.* Thus haue the gods their iustice, men their wils,

And I, by mens wils rulde ; my selfe renouncing,  
 Am by my Angell and the gods abhorr'd ;  
 Who drew me, like a vapour, vp to heauen  
 To dash me like a tempest 'gainst the earth :  
 O the deserued terrors that attend  
 On humane confidence ! had euer men  
 Such outrage of presumption to be victors  
 Before they arm'd ? To send to *Rome* before  
 For houses neare the market place, their tents  
 Strowd all with flowers, and nosegayes ; tables couer'd  
 With cups and banquets ; bayes and mirtle garlands,  
 As ready to doe sacrifice for conquest  
 Rather then arme them for fit fight t'enforc it ;  
 Which when I saw, I knew as well th' euent  
 As now I feele it, and because I rag'd  
 In that presage, my *Genius* shewing me clearely  
 (As in a mirror) all this curf'd issue ;  
 And therefore vrg'd all meanes to put it off  
 For this day, or from these fields to some other,  
 Or from this ominous confidence, till I saw  
 Their spirits settl'd in some grauer knowledge  
 Of what belong'd to such a deare decision ;  
 They spotted me with feare, with loue of glory,  
 To keepe in my command so many Kings,  
 So great an army ; all the hellish blastings  
 That could be breath'd on me, to strike me blinde  
 Of honor, spirit, and soule : And should I then  
 Saue them that would in spight of heauen be ruinde ?  
 And, in their safeties ruine me and mine  
 In euerlasting rage of their detraction.

*Dem.* Vour safety and owne honor did deserue  
 Respect past all their values ; O my Lord  
 Would you ?

*Pom.* Vpbraid me not ; goe to, goe on.

*Dem.* No; Ile not rub the wound. The misery is,  
The gods for any error in a man  
(Which they might rectify, and should; because  
That man maintain'd the right) should suffer wrong  
To be thus insolent, thus grac't, thus blest?

*Pom.* O the strange carriage of their acts, by which  
Men order theirs; and their deuotions in them;  
Much rather striving to entangle men  
In pathlesse error, then with regular right  
Confirme their reasons, and their pieties light.  
For now Sir, whatsoeuer was foreshowne  
By heauen, or prodigy; ten parts more for vs,  
Forewarning vs, deterring vs, and all  
Our blinde and brainlesse frenzies, then for *Cæsar*;  
All yet will be ascribde to his regard  
Giuen by the gods for his good parts, preferring  
Their glosse (being starck impostures) to the iustice,  
Loue, honor, piety, of our lawes and Countrey.  
Though I thinke these are arguments enow  
For my acquittall, that for all these fought.

*Dem.* Y'are cleare, my Lord.

*Pom.* Gods helpe me, as I am;  
What euer my vntoucht command of millions  
Through all my eight and fifty yeares, hath woonne,  
This one day (in the worlds esteeme) hath lost.  
So vile is praise and dispraise by euent.  
For I am still my selfe in euery worth  
The world could grace me with, had this dayes Euen  
In one blaze ioynd, with all my other Conquests.  
And shall my comforts in my well-knowne selfe  
Faile me for their false fires, *Demetrius*?

*Dem.* O no, my Lord.

*Pom.* Take grieffe for them, as if  
The rotten-hearted world could steepe my soule  
In filthy putrifraction of their owne?  
Since their applauses faile me? that are hiffes  
To euery sound acceptance? I confesse,  
That till th' affaire was past, my passions flam'd,  
But now tis helplesse, and no cause in me,

Rest in these embers my vnmooued foule,  
 With any outward change, this dystick minding ;  
 No man should more allow his owne losse, woes,  
 (Being past his fault) then any stranger does.  
 And for the worlds false loues, and ayry honors,  
 What foule that euer lou'd them most in life,  
 (Once feuer'd from this breathing sepulchre)  
 Againe came and appearde in any kind  
 Their kinde admirer still, or did the state  
 Of any best man here, affociate ?  
 And euery true foule should be here so feuer'd  
 From loue of such men, as here drowne their foules  
 As all the world does ? *Cato* sole accepted,  
 To whom Ile fly now, and my wife in way  
 (Poore Lady, and poore children, worse then father-  
 lesse)  
 Visit, and comfort. Come *Demetrius*, *They disguise  
themselues.*  
 We now must sute our habites to our fortunes  
 And since these changes euer chance to greatest.  
 Nor desire to be  
 (Doe fortune, to exceed it, what she can)  
 A *Pompey*, or a *Cæsar*, but a man. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Acilius, with souldiers.*

*Cæs.* O We haue flaine, not conquerd, Roman  
 blood  
 Peruersts th' euent, and desperate blood let out  
 With their owne swords. Did euer men before  
 Enuy their owne liues, since another liu'd  
 Whom they would willfully conceiue their foe,  
 And forge a Tyrant merely in their feares  
 To iustifie their slaughters ? Consuls ? furies.

*Ant.* Be, Sir, their faults their griefes ! The greater  
 number  
 Were only slaues, that left their bloods to ruth,  
 And altogether, but six thousand flaine.

*Cæs.* How euer many ; gods and men can witnesse.  
 Themselues enforc't it, much against the most

I could enforce on *Pompey* for our peace.  
 Of all flaine, yet, if *Brutus* only liu'd,  
 I should be comforted, for his life fau'd  
 Would weigh the whole six thousand that are loft.  
 But much I feare his death, because the battell  
 Full stricken now, he yet abides vnfound.

*Acil.* I saw him fighting neare the battels end,  
 But suddainly giue off, as bent to fly.

*Enter Brutus.*

*Anth.* He comes here, see Sir.

*Bru.* I submit to *Cæsar*  
 My life and fortunes.

*Cæf.* A more welcome fortune  
 Is *Brutus*, then my conquest.

*Bru.* Sir, I fought  
 Against your conquest, and your selfe ; and merit  
 (I must acknowledge) a much sterner welcome.

*Cæf.* You fought with me, Sir, for I know your  
 armes

Were taken for your Country, not for *Pompey* :  
 And for my Country I fought, nothing lesse  
 Then he, or both the mighty-stomak't Consuls ;  
 Both whom (I heare) haue flaine themselues before  
 They would enioy life in the good of *Cæsar*.  
 But I am nothing worfe, how ill foeuer  
 They, and the great authority of *Rome*  
 Would faine enforce me by their mere suspitions.  
 Lou'd they their Country better then her *Brutus* ?  
 Or knew what fitted nobleffe, and a Romane  
 With freer souls then *Brutus*. Those that liue  
 Shall see in *Cæsars* iustice, and what euer  
 Might make me worthy both their liues and loues,  
 That I haue lost the one without my merit,  
 And they the other with no Roman spirit.  
 Are you empair'd to liue, and ioy my loue ?  
 Only requite me, *Brutus*, loue but *Cæsar*,  
 And be in all the powers of *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*.  
 In which free wish, I ioyne your father *Cato* ;

For whom Ile haſte to *Vtica*, and pray  
His loue may ſtrengthen my ſucceſſe to day. *Exeunt.*

*Porcius in haſte, Marcellius bare, following. Porcius  
diſcouers a bed, and a ſword hanging by it which he  
takes downe.*

*Mar.* To what uſe take you that (my Lord ?)

*Por.* Take you

No note that I take it, nor let any ſeruant,  
Beſides your ſelfe, of all my fathers neareſt,  
Serue any mood he ſerues, with any knowledge  
Of this or any other. *Cæſar* comes  
And giues his army wings to reach this towne.  
Not for the townes fake, but to faue my father.  
Whom iuſtly he ſuſpects to be reſolu'd  
Of any violence to his life, before  
He will preferue it by a Tyrants fauour.  
For *Pompey* hath miſcarried, and is fled.  
Be true to me, and to my fathers life ;  
And doe not tell him ; nor his fury ſerue  
With any other.

*Mar.* I will dye, my Lord,  
Ere I obſerue it.

*Por.* O my Lord and father.

*Cato, Athenodorus, Statilius.  
Cato with a booke in his hand.*

*Cat.* What feares fly here on all ſides ? what wilde  
lookes  
Are ſquinted at me from mens mere ſuſpicions  
That I am wilde my ſelfe, and would enforce  
What will be taken from me by the Tyrant.

*Ath.* No : Would you only aſke life, he would  
thinke

His owne life giuen more ſtrength in giuing yours

*Cat.* I aſke my life of him ?

*Stat.* Aſke what's his owne ?

Of him he scornes should haue the least drop in it  
At his disposure.

*Cat.* No, *Statilius*.

Men that haue forfeit liues by breaking lawes,  
Or haue beene ouercome, may beg their liues,  
But I haue euer beene in euery iustice  
Better then *Cæsar*, and was neuer conquer'd,  
Or made to fly for life, as *Cæsar* was.  
But haue beene victor euer, to my wish,  
Gainst whomsoever euer hath opposde ;  
Where *Cæsar* now is conquer'd in his Conquest,  
In the ambition, he til now denide ;  
Taking vpon him to giue life, when death  
Is tenfold due to his most tyrannous selfe.  
No right, no power giuen him to raise an army,  
Which in despight of *Rome* he leades about  
Slaughtering her loyall subiects, like an outlaw,  
Nor is he better. Tongue, shew, falshood are,  
To bloodiest deaths his parts so much admir'd,  
Vaineglorie, villany ; and at best you can,  
Fed with the parings of a worthy man.  
My fame affirme my life receiu'd from him ?  
Ile rather make a beast my second father.

*Stat.* The gods auert from euery Roman minde  
The name of slaue to any Tyrants power.  
Why was man euer iust, but to be free,  
'Gainst all iniustice ? and to beare about him  
As well all meanes to freedome euery houre,  
As euery houre he should be arm'd for death,  
Which only is his freedome ?

*Ath.* But *Statilius*

Death is not free for any mans election,  
Till nature, or the law, impose it on him.

*Cat.* Must a man goe to law then, when he may  
Enioy his owne in peace ? If I can vse  
Mine owne my selfe, must I of force, referue it  
To serue a Tyrant with it ? All iust men  
Not only may enlarge their liues, but must,  
From all rule tyrannous, or liue vniust.



*Ath.* By death must they enlarge their liues ?

*Cat.* By death.

*Ath.* A man's not bound to that.

*Cat.* Ile proue he is.

Are not the liues of all men bound to iustice ?

*Ath.* They are.

*Cat.* And therefore not to serue iniustice :

Iustice it selfe ought euer to be free,

And therefore every iust man being a part

Of that free iustice, should be free as it.

*Ath.* Then wherefore is there law for death ?

*Cat.* That all

That know not what law is, nor freely can

Performe the fitting iustice of a man

In kingdomes common good, may be enforc't.

But is not every iust man to him selfe

The perfect't law ?

*Ath.* Suppose.

*Cat.* Then to himselfe

Is every iust mans life subordinate.

Againe, Sir ; Is not our free soule infus'd

To every body in her absolute end

To rule that body ? in which absolute rule

Is she not absolutely Empresse of it ?

And being Empresse, may she not dispose

It, and the life in it, at her iust pleasure ?

*Ath.* Not to destroy it.

*Cat.* No ; she not destroyes it

When she disliues it ; that their freedoms may

Goe firme together, like their powers and organs,

Rather then let it liue a rebell to her,

Prophaning that diuine coniunction

Twixt her and it ; nay, a disunction making

Betwixt them worse then death ; in killing quick

That which in iust death liues : being dead to her

If to her rule dead, and to her aliuie,

If dying in her iust rule.

*Ath.* The body liues not

When death hath rest it.

*Cat.* Yet tis free, and kept  
Fit for reiuñtion in mans second life ;  
Which dying rebell to the foule, is farre  
Vñfit to ioyne with her in perfect life.

*Ath.* It shall not ioyne with her againe.

*Cat.* It shall.

*Ath.* In reason shall it ?

*Cat.* In apparant reason ;  
Which Ile proue clearely.

*Stat.* Heare, and iudge it Sir.

*Cat.* As nature works in all things to an end,  
So in th' appropriate honor of that end,  
All things precedent haue their naturall frame ;  
And therefore is there a proportion  
Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes :  
For else there could not be in their creation,  
Always, or for the most part, that firme forme  
In their still like existence ; that we see  
In each full creature. What proportion then  
Hath an immortall with a mortall substance ?  
And therefore the mortality to which  
A man is subiect ; rather is a sleepe,  
Then bestiall death ; since sleepe and death are call'd  
The twins of nature. For if absolute death  
And bestiall seafe the body of a man,  
Then is there no proportion in his parts,  
His foule being free from death, which otherwise  
Retaines diuine proportion. For as sleepe  
No disproportion holds with humane foules,  
But aptly quickens the proportion  
Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter  
To giue vp formes to foules, which is their end :  
So death (twin-borne of sleepe) resoluing all  
Mans bodies heauy parts ; in lighter nature  
Makes a reunion with the spritely foule ;  
When in a second life their beings giuen,  
Holds this proportion firme, in highest heauen.

*Ath.* Hold you our bodies shall reuiue, resumming  
Our foules againe to heauen ?

*Cat.* Past doubt, though others  
 Thinke heauen a world too high for our low reaches.  
 Not knowing the sacred fence of him that sings,  
*Ioue* can let downe a golden chaine from heauen,  
 Which tyed to earth, shall fetch vp earth and seas ;  
 And what's that golden chaine, but our pure soules,  
 A golden beame of him, let downe by him,  
 That gouern'd with his grace, and drawne by him,  
 Can hoist this earthy body vp to him,  
 The sea, and ayre, and all the elements  
 Comprest in it : not while tis thus concret,  
 But fin'd by death, and then giuen heauenly heat.

*Ath.* Your happy exposition of that place  
 (Whose sacred depth I neuer heard so founded)  
 Euiçts glad grant from me you hold a truth.

*Stat.* Is't not a manly truth, and mere diuine ?

*Cat.* Tis a good chearefull doctrine for good men.  
 But (sonne and seruants) this is only argu'd  
 To spend our deare time well, and no life vrgeth  
 To any violence further then his owner  
 And grauer men hold fit. Lets talke of *Cæsar*,  
 He's the great subiect of all talke, and he  
 Is hotly hasting on. Is supper ready ?

*Mar.* It is, my Lord.

*Cat.* Why then let's in and eat ;  
 Our coole submission will quench *Cæsars* heat.

*Sta.* Submission ? here's for him.

*Cat.* *Statilius*,  
 My reasons must not strengthen you in error,  
 Nor learn'd *Athenodorus* gentle yeelding.  
 Talke with some other deepe Philosophers.  
 Or some diuine Priest of the knowing gods,  
 And heare their reasons, in meane time come sup.

*Exeunt.*

*Cato going out arme in arme  
 betwixt Athen. and Statilius.*

## Act V. Scene I.

*Enter Vshers, with the two Lentuli, and Septimius before Cornelia; Cyris, Telefilla, Lælia, Drusus, with others, following, Cornelia, Septimius and the two Lentuli reading letters.*

Cor. **S**o may my comforts for this good newes  
thriue  
As I am thankfull for them to the Gods.  
Ioyes vnexpected, and in desperate plight,  
Are still most sweet, and proue from whence they  
come ;  
When earths still Moonelike confidence, in ioy,  
Is at her full. True ioy descending farre  
From past her sphere, and from that highest heauen  
That moues and is not mou'd : how farre was I  
From hope of these euent, when fearefull dreames  
Of Harpies tearing out my heart ? of armies  
Terribly ioyning ? Cities, kingdomes falling,  
And all on me ? prou'd sleepe, not twin to death,  
But to me, death it selfe ? yet waking then,  
These letters ; full of as much chearefull life,  
I found closde in my hand. O gods how iustly  
Ye laugh at all things earthly ? at all feares  
That rise not from your iudgements ? at all ioyes,  
Not drawne directly from your selues, and in ye,  
Distrust in man is faith, trust in him ruine.  
Why write great learned men ? men merely rapt  
With sacred rage, of confidence, beleefe ?  
Vndanted spirits ? inexorable fate  
And all feare treading on ? tis all but ayre,  
If any comfort be, tis in despaire.

1 *Len.* You learned Ladies may hold any thing.

2 *Lent.* Now madam is your walk from coach  
come neare

The promontory, where you late commanded  
A Sentinell should stand to see from thence  
If either with a nauy, brought by sea,  
Or traine by land ; great *Pompey* comes to greet you  
As in your letters, he neare this time promisde.

*Cor.* O may this Isle of *Lesbos*, compast in  
With the *Ægean* sea, that doth diuide  
*Europe* from *Asia*. (The sweet literate world  
From the Barbarian) from my barbarous dreames  
Diuide my dearest husband and his fortunes.

2 *Len.* He's busied now with ordering offices.  
By this time, madam, sits your honor'd father *He looks  
in his letter.*  
In *Cæsars* chaire of vniuersall Bishop.  
*Domitius Ænobarbas*, is made Confull,  
*Spynter* his Confort ; and *Phaonius*  
Tribune, or Pretor.

*Septimius with a letter.*

*Sep.* These were only fought  
Before the battaile, not obtaind ; nor mouing  
My father but in shadows.

*Corn.* Why should men  
Tempt fate with such firme confidence ? seeking  
places  
Before the power that should dispose could grant  
them ?

For then the stroke of battaile was not struck.

1 *Len.* Nay, that was sure enough. *Physitians*  
know

When sick mens eyes are broken, they must dye.  
Your letters telling you his victory  
Lost in the skirmish, which I know hath broken  
Both the eyes and heart of *Cæsar* : for as men  
Healthfull through all their liues to grey-hayr'd age,  
When sicknesse takes them once, they seldom scape :  
So *Cæsar* victor in his general fights

Till this late skirmish, could no aduerse blow  
Sustaine without his vtter ouerthrow.

2 *Lent.* See, madam, now ; your Sentinell : en-  
quire.

*Cor.* Seest thou no fleet yet (Sentinell) nor traine  
That may be thought great *Pompeys* ?

*Sen.* Not yet, madame.

1 *Lent.* Seest thou no trauellers addrest this way ?  
In any number on this Lesbian shore ?

*Sen.* I see some not worth note ; a couple comming  
This way, on foot, that are not now farre hence.

2 *Lent.* Come they apace ? like messengers with  
newes ?

*Sen.* No, nothing like (my Lord) nor are their  
habites

Of any such mens fashions ; being long mantles,  
And fable hew'd ; their heads all hid in hats  
Of parching *Theffaly*, broad brimm'd, high crown'd.

*Cor.* These ferue not our hopes.

*Sen.* Now I see a ship,

A kenning hence ; that strikes into the hauen.

*Cor.* One onely ship ?

*Sen.* One only, madam, yet.

*Cor.* That should not be my Lord.

1 *Lent.* Your Lord ? no madam.

*Sen.* She now lets out arm'd men vpon the land.

2 *Lent.* Arm'd men ? with drum and colours ?

*Sen.* No, my Lord,

But bright in armes, yet beare halfe pikes, or bead-  
hookes.

1 *Lent.* These can be no plumes in the traine of  
*Pompey*.

*Cor.* Ile see him in his letter, once againe.

*Sen.* Now, madam, come the two I saw on foot.

*Enter Pompey and Demetrius.*

*Dem.* See your Princesse, Sir, come thus farre  
from the City in her coach, to encounter your promist  
comming

About this time in your last letters.

*Pom.* The world is alter'd since *Demetrius* ;  
(offer to goe by.

1 *Lent.* See, madam, two Theſſalian Augurs it  
feemes

By their habits. Call, and enquire if either by their  
Skills or trauels, they know no newes of your husband.

*Cor.* My friends ? a word.

*Dem.* With vs, madam ?

*Cor.* Yes. Are you of *Theſſaly* ?

*Dem.* I, madam, and all the world beſides.

*Cor.* Your Country is great.

*Dem.* And our portions little.

*Cor.* Are you Augures ?

*Dem.* *Augures madam ? yes a kinde of Augures, alias*  
Wizerds, that goe vp and downe the world, teaching  
How to turne ill to good.

*Cor.* Can you doe that ?

*Dem.* I, madam, you haue no worke for vs, haue  
you ?

No ill to turne good, I meane ?

*Cor.* Yes ; the abſence of my husband.

*Dem.* What's he ?

*Cor.* *Pompey* the great.

*Dem.* Wherein is he great ?

*Cor.* In his command of the world.

*Dem.* Then he's great in others. Take him with-  
out his

Addition (great) what is he then ?

*Cor.* *Pompey*.

*Dem.* Not your husband then ?

*Cor.* Nothing the leſſe for his greatneſſe.

*Dem.* Not in his right ; but in your comforts he is.

*Cor.* His right is my comfort.

*Dem.* What's his wrong ?

*Cor.* My ſorrow.

*Dem.* And that's ill.

*Cor.* Yes.

*Dem.* Y'are come to the vse of our Profession,  
madam,

Would you haue that ill turnd good ? that  
Sorrow turnd comfort ?

*Cor.* Why is my Lord wrong'd ?

*Cor.* We professe not that knowledge, madam :  
Supose he were.

*Cor.* Not I.

*Dem.* Youle suppose him good.

*Cor.* He is so.

*Dem.* Then must you needs suppose him wrong'd ;  
for

All goodnesse is wrong'd in this world.

*Cor.* What call you wrong ?

*Dem.* Ill fortune, affliction.

*Cor.* Thinke you my Lord afflicted ?

*Dem.* If I thinke him good (madam) I must. Vn-  
lesse he

Be worldly good, and then, either he is ill, or has ill :  
Since, as no sugar is without poyson : so is no worldly  
Good without ill. Euen naturally nourisht in it, like a  
Houshold thiefe, which is the worst of all theeues.

*Cor.* Then he is not worldly, but truly good.

*Dem.* He's too great to be truly good ; for worldly  
greatnes

Is the chiefe worldly goodnesse ; and all worldly good-  
nesse

(I prou'd before) has ill in it : which true good has not.

*Cor.* If he rule well with his greatnesse ; wherein  
is he ill ?

*Dem.* But great Rulers are like Carpenters that  
weare their

Rules at their backs still : and therefore to make good  
your

True good in him, y'ad better suppose him little, or  
meane.

For in the meane only is the true good.

*Pom.* But euery great Lady must haue her husband  
Great still, or her loue will be little.



*Cor.* I am none of those great Ladyes.

*Len.* She's a Philosophresse Augure, and can turne

Ill to good as well as you.

*Pom.* I would then, not honor, but adore her :  
could you

Submit your selfe chearefully to your husband,  
Supposing him false ?

*Cor.* If he submit himselfe chearfully to his fortune.

*Pom.* Tis the greatest greatnes in the world you  
vndertake.

*Cor.* I would be so great, if he were.

*Pom.* In supposition.

*Cor.* In fact.

*Pom.* Be no woman, but a Goddesse then ; & make  
good thy greatnesse ;

I am chearfully false ; be chearfull.

*Cor.* I am : and welcome, as the world were close  
In these embraces.

*Pom.* Is it possible ?

A woman, losing greatnesse, still as good,  
As at her greatest ? O gods, was I euer  
Great till this minute ?

*Amb. Len.* Pompey ?

*Pom.* View me better.

*Amb. Len.* Conquerd by Cæsar ?

*Pom.* Not I, but mine army.

No fault in me, in it : no conquest of me :

I tread this low earth as I trod on Cæsar.

Must I not hold my selfe, though lose the world ?

Nor lose I lesse ; a world lost at one clap,

Tis more then *Ioue* euer thundred with.

What glory is it to haue my hand hurle

So vast a volley through the groning ayre ?

And is't not great, to turne griefes thus to ioyes,

That breake the hearts of others ?

*Amb. Len.* O tis *Ioue*-like.

*Pom.* It is to imitate *Ioue*, that from the wounds  
Of softest clouds, beats vp the terriblest sounds.

I now am good, for good men still haue least,  
That twixt themfelues and God might rise their rest.

*Cor.* O *Pompey*, *Pompey*: neuer Great till now.

*Pom.* O my *Cornelia*: let vs still be good,  
And we shall still be great: and greater farre  
In euery solid grace, then when the tumor  
And bile of rotten obseruation sweld vs.  
Griefes for wants outward, are without our cure,  
Greatnesse, not of it selfe, is neuer sure.  
Before, we went vpon heauen, rather treading  
The virtues of it vnderfoot, in making  
The vicious world our heauen; then walking there  
Euen here, as knowing that our home; contemning  
All forg'd heauens here raisde; setting hills on hills.  
*Vulcan* from heauen fell, yet on's feet did light,  
And stood no lesse a god then at his height;  
At lowest, things lye fast; we now are like  
The two Poles propping heauen, on which heauen  
moues;

And they are fixt, and quiet, being aboue  
All motion farre; we rest aboue the heauens.

*Cor.* O, I more ioy, t'embrace my Lord thus fixt,  
Then he had brought me ten inconstant conquests.

*Len.* Miraculous standing in a fall so great,  
Would *Cæsar* knew Sir, how you conquerd him  
In your conuiction.

*Pom.* Tis enough for me  
That *Pompey* knows it. I will stand no more  
On others legs: nor build one ioy without me.  
If euer I be worth a house againe,  
Ile build all inward: not a light shall ope  
The common outway: no expence, no art,  
No ornament, no dore will I vse there,  
But raise all plaine, and rudely, like a rampier,  
Against the false society of men  
That still batters

All reason peecemeale. And for earthy greatnesse  
All heauenly comforts rarifies to ayre,  
Ile therefore liue in darke, and all my light,

Like Ancient Temples, let in at my top.  
 This were to turne ones back to all the world,  
 And only looke at heauen. *Empedocles*  
 Recur'd a mortall plague through all his Country,  
 With stopping vp the yawning of a hill,  
 From whence the hollow and vnwholsome South  
 Exhald his venomd vapor. And what else  
 Is any King, given ouer to his lusts,  
 But euen the poyson'd cleft of that crackt mountaine,  
 That all his kingdome plagues with his example?  
 Which I haue stopt now, and so cur'd my Country  
 Of such a sensuall pestilence:  
 When therefore our diseaf'de affectiōns  
 Harmefull to humane freedome; and stormelike  
 Inferring darknesse to th' infected minde  
 Oppresse our comforts: tis but letting in  
 The light of reason, and a purer spirit,  
 Take in another way; like roomes that fight  
 With windowes gainst the winde, yet let in light.

*Amb. Len.* My Lord, we seru'd before, but now  
 adore you.

*Sen.* My Lord, the arm'd men I discou'rd lately  
 Vnshipt, and landed; now are trooping neare.

*Pom.* What arm'd men are they?

*Len.* Some, my Lord, that lately  
 The Sentinell discouer'd, but not knew.

*Sen.* Now all the sea (my Lords) is hid with ships,  
 Another Promontory flanking this,  
 Some furlong hence, is climb'd, and full of people,  
 That easily may see hither; it seemes looking  
 What these so neare intend: Take heed, they come.

*Enter Achilles, Septius, Saluius, with souldiers.*

*Arch.* Haile to Romes great Commander; to whom  
*Ægypt*

(Not long since feated in his kingdome by thee,  
 And sent to by thee in thy passage by)  
 Sends vs with answer: which withdraw and heare.

*Pom.* Ile kisse my children first.

*Sep.* Bleffe me, my Lord.

*Pom.* I will, and *Cyris*, my poore daughter too.  
Euen that high hand that hurld me downe thus low,  
Keepe you from rising high : I heare : now tell me.  
I thinke (my friend) you once feru'd vnder me :

*Septius only nods with his head.*

*Pom.* Nod onely ? not a word daigne ? what are these ?

*Cornelia* ? I am now not worth mens words.

*Ach.* Please you receiue your ayde, Sir ?

*Pom.* I, I come.

*Exit Pom. They draw and follow.*

*Cor.* Why draw they ? See, my Lords ; attend them  
vshers.

*Sen.* O they haue flaine great *Pompey*.

*Cor.* O my husband.

*Sept. Cyr.* Mother, take comfort.

*Enter Pompey bleeding.*

O my Lord and father.

*Pom.* See heauens your sufferings, is my Countries  
loue,

The iustice of an Empire ; pietie ;

Worth this end in their leader : last yet life

And bring the gods off fairer : after this

Who will adore, or serue the deities ?

*He hides his face with his robe.*

*Enter the Murtherers.*

*Ach.* Helpe hale him off : and take his head for  
*Cæsar*.

*Sep.* Mother ? O saue us ; *Pompey* ? O my father.

*Enter the two Lentuli and Demetrius bleeding,  
and kneele about Cornelia.*

1 *Len.* Yet fals not heauen ? Madam, O make  
good

Your late great ſpirits ; all the world will ſay,  
 You know not how to beare aduerſe euent,  
 If now you languish.

*Omn.* Take her to her coach.

*They beare her out.*

*Cato with a booke in his hand.*

O Beaſtly apprehenders of things manly,  
 And merely heauenly : they with all the reaſons  
 I vſde for iuſt mens liberties, to beare  
 Their liues and deaths vp in their owne free hands ;  
 Feare ſtill my reſolution though I ſeeme  
 To giue it off like them : and now am woonne  
 To thinke my life in lawes rule, not mine owne,  
 When once it comes to death ; as if the law  
 Made for a ſort of outlawes, muſt bound me  
 In their ſubiection ; as if I could  
 Be rackt out of my vaines, to liue in others ;  
 As ſo I muſt, if others rule my life ;  
 And publique power keepe all the right of death,  
 As if men needes muſt ſerue the place of iuſtice ;  
 The forme, and idoll, and renounce it ſelfe ?  
 Our ſelues, and all our rights in God and goodneſſe ?  
 Our whole contents and freedoms to diſpoſe,  
 All in the ioyes and wayes of arrant rogues ?  
 No ſtay but their wilde errors, to ſuſtaine vs ?  
 No forges but their throats to vent our breaths ?  
 To forme our liues in, and reſoſe our deaths ?  
 See, they haue got my ſword. Who's there ?

*Enter Marcellius bare.*

*Mar.* My Lord.

*at.* Who tooke my ſword hence ? Dumb ? I doe  
 not aſke

For any uſe or care of it : but hope  
 I may be answered. Goe Sir, let me haue it.

*Exit Mar.*

Poore slaues, how terrible this death is to them ?  
 If men would sleepe, they would be wroth with all  
 That interrupt them : Physick take to take  
 The golden rest it brings : both pay and pray  
 For good, and foundest naps : all friends consenting  
 In those kinde inuocations ; praying all  
 Good rest, the gods vouchsafe you ; but when death  
 (Sleepes naturall brother) comes ; (that's nothing  
 worfe,

But better ; being more rich ; and keeps the store ;  
 Sleepe euer fickle, wayward still, and poore)

O how men grudge, and shake, and feare, and fly  
 His sterne approaches ? all their comforts taken  
 In faith, and knowledge of the blisse and beauties  
 That watch their wakings in an endlesse life :

Dround in the paines and horrors of their sense  
 Sustainde but for an houre ; be all the earth

Rapt with this error, Ile pursue my reason,  
 And hold that as my light and fiery pillar,  
 Th' eternall law of heauen and earth no firmer.

But while I seeke to conquer conquering *Cæsar*,  
 My soft-splen'd seruants ouerrule and curb me.

*He knocks, and Brutus enters.*

Where's he I sent to fetch and place my sword  
 Where late I left it ? Dumb to ? Come another !

*Enter Cleanthes.*

Where's my sword hung here ?

*Cle.* My Lord, I know not. *Ent. Marcilius.*

*Cat.* The rest, come in there. Where's the sword  
 I charg'd you

To giue his place againe ? Ile breake your lips ope,  
 Spight of my freedome ; all my seruants, friends ;

My sonne and all, will needs betray me naked  
 To th' armed malice of a foe so fierce

And Beare-like, mankinde of the blood of virtue.

O gods, who euer saw me thus contemn'd ?

Goe call my sonne in ; tell him, that the lesse

He shewes himselfe my sonne, the lesse Ile care

To liue his father.

*Enter Athenodorus, Porcius : Porcius kneeling; Brutus, Cleanthes and Marcilius by him.*

*Por.* I beſeech you, Sir,  
Reſt patient of my duty, and my loue ;  
Your other children think on, our poore mother,  
Your family, your Country.

*Cat.* If the gods  
Giue ouer all, Ile fly the world with them.

*Athenodorus,* I admire the changes,  
I note in heavenly prouidence. When *Pompey*  
Did all things out of courſe, paſt right, paſt reaſon,  
He ſtood inuincible againſt the world :  
Yet, now his cares grew pious, and his powers  
Set all vp for his Countrey, he is conquered.

*Ath.* The gods wills ſecret are, nor muſt we mea-  
ſure

Their chaſt-reſerued deepes by our dry ſhallowes.

Sufficeth vs, we are entirely ſuch

As twixt them and our conſciences we know

Their graces, in our virtues, ſhall preſent

Vnſpotted with the earth ; to'th high throne

That ouerlookes vs : for this gyant world

Let's not contend with it, when heauen it ſelfe

Failes to reforme it : why ſhould we affect

The leaſt hand ouer it, in that ambition ?

A heape tis of digeſted villany ;

Virtue in labor with eternall Chaos

Preſt to a liuing death, and rackt beneath it.

Her throwes vnſpotted ; euery worthy man

Limb by limb ſawne out of her virgine wombe,

To liue here peccemeall tortur'd, fly life then ;

Your life and death made preſidents for men. *Exit.*

*Cat.* Ye heare (my maſters) what a life this is,  
And uſe much reaſon to reſpect it ſo.

But mine ſhall ſerue ye. Yet reſtore my ſword,

Leſt too much ye preſume, and I conceiue

Ye front me like my fortunes. Where's *Statilius* ?

*Por.* I think Sir, gone with the three hundred  
Romans  
In *Lucius Cæsars* charge, to serue the victor.

*Cat.* And would not take his leaue of his poore  
friend ?

Then the Philosophers haue stoopt his spirit,  
Which I admire, in one so free, and knowing,  
And such a fiery hater of base life,  
Besides, being such a vow'd and noted foe  
To our great Conqueror. But I aduisde him  
To spare his youth, and liue.

*Por.* My brother *Brutus*  
Is gone to *Cæsar*.

*Cat.* *Brutus*? Of mine honor  
(Although he be my sonne in law) I must say  
There went as worthy, and as learned a President  
As liues in *Romes* whole rule, for all lifes actions ;  
And yet your sifter *Porcia* (his wife)  
Would scarce haue done this. But (for you my sonne)  
Howeuer *Cæsar* deales with me ; be counsailde  
By your experienc't father, not to touch  
At any action of the publike weale,  
Nor any rule beare neare her politique sterne :  
For, to be vpriight, and sincere therein  
Like *Catos* sonne, the times corruption  
Will neuer beare it : and, to footh the time,  
You shall doe basely, and vnworthy your life ;  
Which, to the gods I wish, may outweigh mine  
In euery virtue ; howsoever ill  
You thriue in honor.

*Por.* I, my Lord, shall gladly  
Obey that counsell.

*Cat.* And what needed you  
Vrge my kinde care of any charge that nature  
Imposes on me ? haue I euer showne  
Loues least defect to you ? or any dues  
The most indulgent father (being discreet)  
Could doe his dearest blood ? doe you me right  
In iudgement, and in honor ; and dispence



With passionate nature: goe, neglect me not,  
But fend my sword in. Goe, tis I that charge you.

*Cor.* O my Lord, and father, come, aduise me.

*Exeunt.*

*Cat.* What haue I now to thinke on in this world?  
No one thought of the world, I goe each minute  
Discharg'd of all cares that may fit my freedome.  
The next world, and my soule, then let me serue  
With her last vtterance; that my body may  
With sweetnesse of the passage drowne the fowre  
That death will mix with it: the Consuls foules  
That slew themselues so nobly, scorning life  
Led vnder Tyrants Scepters, mine would see.  
For we shall know each other; and past death  
Retaine those formes of knowledge learn'd in life;  
Since, if what here we learne, we there shall lose,  
Our immortality were not life, but time.  
And that our foules in reason are immortall,  
Their naturall and proper obiects proue;  
Which immortallity and knowledge are.  
For to that obiect euer is referr'd  
The nature of the soule, in which the acts  
Of her high faculties are still employde.  
And that true obiect must her powers obtaine  
To which they are in natures aime directed.  
Since twere absurd to haue her set an obiect  
Which possibly she neuer can aspire.

*Enter a Page with his sword taken out before.*

*Pag.* Your sword, my Lord.

*Cat.* O is it found? lay downe  
Vpon the bed (my boy) *Exit Pa.* Poore men; a  
boy  
Must be presenter; manhood at no hand  
Must serue so foule a fact; for so are calde  
(In common mouths) mens fairest acts of all.  
Vnsheath; is't sharpe? tis sweet. Now I am safe,  
Come *Cæsar*, quickly now, or lose your vassall.

Now wing thee, deare foule, and receiue her heauen.  
The earth, the ayre, and seas I know, and all  
The ioyes, and horrors of their peace and warres,  
And now will see the gods slate, and the starres.

*He falls upon his sword, and enter Statilius at  
another side of the Stage with his sword  
drawne, Porcius, Brutus, Cleanthes  
and Marcilius holding his hands.*

*Stat.* Cato? my Lord?

*Por.* I sweare (*Statilius*)

He's forth, and gone to seeke you, charging me  
To seeke elsewhere, lest you had flaine your selfe;  
And by his loue entreated you would liue.

*Sta.* I sweare by all the gods, Ile run his fortunes.

*Por.* You may, you may; but shun the victor now,  
Who neare is, and will make vs all his slaues.

*Sta.* He shall himselfe be mine first, and my slaues.

*Exit.*

*Por.* Looke, looke in to my father, O (I feare)  
He is no fight for me to beare and liue.

*Exit.*

*Omn.* 3. O ruthfull spectacle?

*Cle.* He hath ript his entrals.

*Bru.* Search, search; they may be found.

*Cle.* They may, and are.

Giue leaue, my Lord, that I may sew them vp  
Being yet vnperisht.

*Ca.* Stand off; now they are *He thrusts him back  
not. & plucks out his entrals.*

Have he my curse that my lifes least part faues.  
Iust men are only free, the rest are slaues.

*Bru.* Myrror of men.

*Mar.* The gods enuied his goodnesse.

*Enter Cæsar, Anthony, Brutus, Acilius, with Lords  
and Citizens of Vtica.*

*Cæs.* Too late, too late; with all our haste. O  
*Cato,*

All my late Conquest, and my lifes whole acts,  
 Most crownde, most beautified, are blasted all  
 With thy graue lifes expiring in their scorne.  
 Thy life was rule to all liues; and thy death  
 (Thus forcibly despising life) the quench  
 Of all liues glories.

*Ant.* Vnreclaimed man?

How censures *Brutus* his sterne fathers fact?

*Bru.* Twas not well done.

*Cæs.* O censure not his acts;

Who knew as well what fitted man, as all men.

*Enter Achilius, Septimius, Saluius, with  
 Pompeys head.*

*All kneeling.* Your enemies head great *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Curfed monsters,

Wound not mine eyes with it, nor in my camp  
 Let any dare to view it; farre as nobleffe  
 The den of barbarisme flies, and blisse  
 The bitterest curse of vext and tyrannifde nature,  
 Transferre it from me. Borne the plagues of virtue  
 How durst ye poyson thus my thoughts? to torture  
 Them with instant rapture.

*Omn.* 3. Sacred *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Away with them; I vow by all my comforts,  
 Who slack seemes, or not fiery in my charge,  
 Shall suffer with them.

*All the souldiers.* Out base murderers;  
 Tortures, tortures for them: *hale them out.*

*Omn.* Cruell *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Too milde with any torture.

*Bru.* Let me craue

The ease of my hate on their one curst life.

*Cæs.* Good *Brutus* take it; O you coole the poyson  
 These villaines flaming pou'rd vpon my spleen  
 To suffer with my lothings. If the blood  
 Of euery common Roman toucht so neare;  
 Shall I confirme the false brand of my tyranny

With being found a fautor of his murther  
Whom my deare Country chufde to fight for her?

*Ant.* Your patience Sir, their tortures well will quit  
you :

*Bru.* Let my slaues vse, Sir, be your president.

*Cæf.* It shall, I sweare: you doe me infinite honor.

O *Cato*, I enuy thy death, since thou  
Enuiedst my glory to preferue thy life.  
Why fled his sonne and friend *Statilius*?  
So farre I fly their hurt, that all my good  
Shall fly to their desires. And (for himfelfe)  
My Lords and Citizens of *Vtica*,  
His much renoune of you, quit with your most.  
And by the sea, vpon some eminent rock,  
Erect his sumptuous tombe; on which aduance  
With all fit state his statue; whose right hand  
Let hold his sword, where, may to all times rest  
His bones as honor'd as his foule is blest.

*FINIS.*

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THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
ALPHONSUS  
EMPEROUR  
OF  
GERMANY

As it hath been very often Acted (with  
great applause) at the Privat house  
in BLACK-FRIERS by his late  
MAIESTIES Servants.

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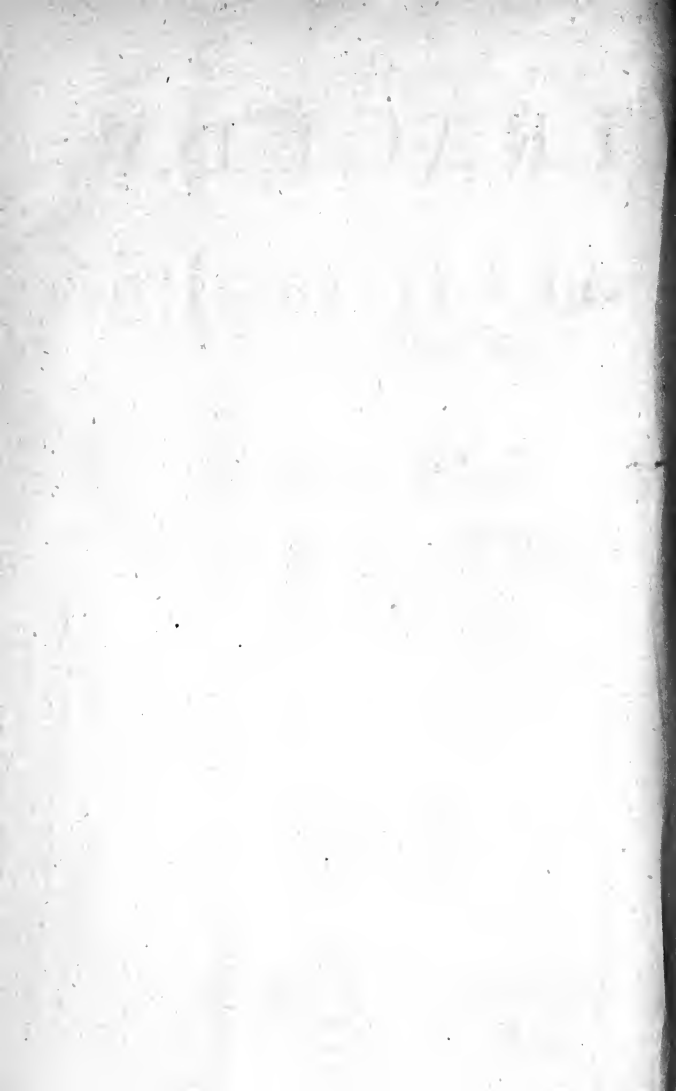
By *George Chapman* Gent.

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LONDON,

Printed for HUMPHREY MOSELEY, and are to be  
sold at his Shopp at the Princes-Arms  
in *St. Pauls* Church-yard 1654.





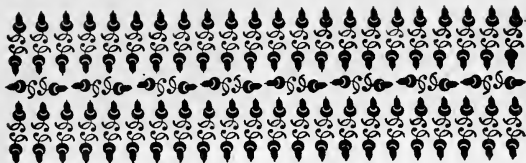
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# To the Reader

I Shall not need to bespeak thee Courteous, if thou hast seen this Piece presented with all the Elegance of Life and Action on the *Black-Friers* Stage ; But if it be a Stranger to thee, give me leave to prepare thy acceptation, by telling thee, it was receiv'd with general applause, and thy judgement (I doubt not) will be satisfied in the reading.

I will not raise thy Expectation further, nor delay thy Entertainment by a tedious Preface. The Design is high, the Contrivement subtle, and will deserve thy grave Attention in the perusall.

*Farewell.*



## *Dramatis Personæ.*

**A**lphonfus Emperour of *Germany.*  
King of *Bohemia.*

Bishop of *Mentz.*

Bishop of *Collen.*

Bishop of *Tryer.*

*Pallatine* of the *Rhein.*

Duke of *Saxon.*

Marquefs of *Brandenburgh.*

Prince *Edward* of *England.*

*Richard*, Duke of *Cornwall.*

*Lorenzo de Cipres*, Secretary to the Emperour.

*Alexander* his Son, the Emperours Page.

*Ifabella* the Emprefs.

*Hedewick* Daughter to the Duke of *Saxon.*

Captain of the Guard.

Souldiers.

Jaylor.

Two Boores.

} The seven Ele-  
ctors of the *Ger-*  
*man* Empire.





# ALPHONSUS

Emperour of *Germany*.

---

*Enter Alphonfus the Emperour in his night-gown, and his shirt, and a torch in his hand, Alexander de Tripes his Page following him.*

*Al.* **B**Oy, give me the Master Key of all the doors.

To Bed again, and leave me to my self.

*Exit Alexander...*

Is *Richard* come ? have four Electors fworn  
To make him Keifar in despite of me ?  
Why then *Alphonfus* it is time to wake.  
No Englishman, thou art too hot at hand,  
Too shallow braind to undermine my throne ;  
The Spanish Sun hath purifi'd my wit,  
And dry'd up all gros humours in my head,  
That I am fighted as the King of Birds,  
And can discern thy deepest Stratagems.  
I am the lawful German Emperour,

Chosen, enstall'd, by general consent ;  
 And they may tear me Tyrant as they please,  
 I will be King, and Tyrant if I please ;  
 For what is Empire but a Tyrannie ?  
 And none but children use it otherwise.  
 Of seven Electors, four are falln away,  
 The other three I dare not greatly trust ;  
 My Wife is Sister to mine enemy,  
 And therefore wisely to be dealt withall ;  
 But why do I except in special,  
 When this position must be general,  
 That no man living must be credited,  
 Further than tends unto thy proper good.  
 But to the purpose of my silent walk ;  
 Within this Chamber lyes my Secretary,  
*Lorenzo de Cipres*, in whose learned brain  
 Is all the compass of the world containd ;  
 And as the ignorant and simple age  
 Of our forefathers, blinded in their zeal,  
 Receiv'd dark answers from *Appollo's* shrine,  
 And honour'd him as Patron of their blifs ;  
 So I, not muffled in simplicitie,  
 Zealous indeed of nothing but my good,  
 Hast to the *Augur* of my happiness,  
 To lay the ground of my ensuing Wars.  
 He learns his wisdom, not by flight of Birds,  
 By prying into sacrificed beasts,  
 By Hares that cross the way, by howling Wolves,  
 By gazing on the Starry Element,  
 Or vain imaginary calculations ;  
 But from a settled wisdom in it self  
 Which teacheth to be void of passion.  
 To be Religious as the ravenous Wolf,  
 Who loves the Lamb for hunger, and for prey ;  
 To threaten our inferiors with our looks ;  
 To flatter our Superiors at our need ;  
 To be an outward Saint, an inward Devill ;  
 These are the lectures that my Master reads.  
 This Key commands all Chambers in the Court ;

Now on a fudain will I try his wit,  
I know my comming is unlook'd for.

*He opens the door and finds Lorenzo sleep a loft.*

Nay sleep, *Lorenzo*, I will walk a while.  
As nature in the framing of the world,  
Ordain'd there should be *nihil vacuum* ;  
Even so me thinks his wisdom should contrive,  
That all his Study should be full of wit,  
And every corner stuf with sentences ?  
What's this ? *Plato* ? *Aristotle* ? tush these are ordinary,  
It seems this is a note but newly written. [*He reads a  
note which he finds among his Books.*

Una arbufta non alit duos Erithicos ; *which being granted, the Roman Empire will not suffice Alphonfus King of Castile, and Richard Earl of Cornwall his competitor ; thy wisdom teacheth thee to cleave to the strongest ; Alphonfus is in poffeffion, and therefore the strongest, but he is in hatred with the Electors, and men rather honour the Sun rising than the Sun going down.* I marry this is argued like himself, and now me thinks he wakes.

[*Lorenzo* Rifeth, and snatches at his sword which hung by his Bed-side.]

*Loren.* What are there thieves within the Emperour's Court ?

Villain thou dy'ft ; what mak'ft thou in my Chamber ?

*Alphon.* How now *Lorenzo*, wilt thou flay thy Lord ?

*Loren.* I do befeech your facred Majesty to pardon me,

I did not know your grace.

*Alphon.* Ly down *Lorenzo*, I will fit by thee,  
The ayr is sharp and piercing ; tremble not,  
Had it been any other but our felf,  
He must have been a villain and a thief.

*Loren.* Alas my Lord ! what means your excellence,  
To walk by night in these so dangerous times ?

*Alphon.* Have I not reason now to walk and watch,  
 When I am compact with so many foes ?  
 They ward, they watch, they cast, and they conspire,  
 To win confederate Princes to their aid,  
 And batter down the Eagle from my creast.  
 O, my *Lorenzo*, if thou help me not,  
 Th' Imperial Crown is shaken from my head,  
 And giv'n from me unto an English Earl.  
 Thou knowest how all things stand as well as we,  
 Who are our enemies, and who our friends,  
 Who must be threatned, and who dallyed with,  
 Who won by words, and who by force of arms ;  
 For all the honour I have done to thee.  
 Now speak, and speak to purpose in the cause ;  
 Nay rest thy body, labour with thy brain,  
 And of thy words my self will be the scribe.

*Loren.* Why then my Lord, take Paper, Pen and Ink,  
 Write first this maxim, it shall do you good.

1. A Prince must be of the nature of the Lion and the Fox ; but not the one without the other.

*Alphon.* The Fox is subtil, but he wanteth force ;  
 The Lion strong, but scorneth policie ;  
 I'll imitate *Lyfander* in this point,  
 And where the Lion's hide is thin and scant,  
 I'll firmly patch it with the Foxes fell.  
 Let it suffice I can be both in one.

*Loren.* 2. A Prince above all things must seem devout ; but there is nothing so dangerous to his state, as to regard his promise or his oath.

*Alphon.* Tush, fear not me, my promises are sound,  
 But he that trusts them shall be sure to fail.

*Loren.* Nay my good Lord, but that I know your Majesty,  
 To be a ready quickwitted Scholar,  
 I would bestow a comment on the text.

3. Trust not a reconciled friend ; for good turns cannot blot out old grudges.

*Alphon.* Then must I watch the Palatine of the  
*Rhein,*

I caus'd his Father to be put to death.

*Loren.* Your Highness hath as little cause to trust  
The dangerous mighty Duke of *Saxony* ;  
You know, you fought to banish him the Land ;  
And as for *Cullen*, was not he the first  
That sent for *Richard* into *Germany* ?

*Alphon.* What's thy opinion of the other four ?

*Alphon.* That *Bohemie* neither cares for one nor  
other,

But hopes this deadly strife between you twain,  
Will cast th' Imperial Crown upon his head.  
For *Trier* and *Brandenberg*, I think of them  
As simple men that wish the common good ;  
And as for *Mentz* I need not censure him,  
*Richard* hath chain'd him in a golden bond,  
And sav'd his life from ignominious death.

*Alphon.* Let it suffice, *Lorenzo*, that I know,  
When *Churfurst Mentz* was taken Prisoner,  
By young victorious *Otho* Duke of *Brunschweige*  
That *Richard* Earl of *Cornwall* did disburse  
The ransome of a King, a million,  
To save his life, and rid him out of bands,  
That sum of gold did fill the *Brunschweige* bags ;  
But since my self have rain'd a golden shower.  
Of bright Hungarian Ducates and Crusadoes,  
Into the private Coffers of the Bishop,  
The English Angels took their wings and fled ;  
My crosses bless his Coffers, and plead for me,  
His Voice is mine, bought with ten tun of Gold,  
And at the meeting of the seven Electors,  
His Princely double-dealing holiness  
Will spoyle the English Emperour of hope.  
But I refer these matters to the sequel.  
Proceed *Lorenzo* forward to the next.

*Loren.* I'm glad your grace hath dealt so cunningly,  
With that victorious fickle minded Prelate ; for in  
election his voice is first but to the next.

4. 'Tis more safety for a Prince to be feared than loved.

*Alphon.* Love is an humour pleaseth him that loves ;  
Let me be hated, so I please my self.  
Love is an humour mild and changeable ;  
But fear engraves a reverence in the heart.

*Loren.* 5. To keep an usurped Crown, a Prince must swear, forswear, poyson, murder, and commit all kind of villanies, provided it be cunningly kept from the eye of the world.

*Alphon.* But my *Lorenzo* that's the hardest point,  
It is not for a Prince to execute,  
Physicians and Apothecaries must know,  
And servile fear or Counsel-breaking bribes,  
Will from a Peasant in an hour extort  
Enough to overthrow a Monarchy.

*Loren.* Therefore my Lord set down this sixth and last Article.

6. Be alwaies jealous of him that knows your secrets,  
And therefore it behooves you credit few ;  
And when you grow into the least suspect,  
With silent cunning must you cut them off.  
As for example, *Fulio Lentulus*,  
A most renowned *Neapolitan*,  
Gave me this Box of poyson, t'was not long  
But therewithall I sent him to his grave.

*Alphon.* And what's the special vertue of the same ?

*Loren.* That it is twenty days before it works.

*Alphon.* But what is this ?

*Loren.* This an infection that kils suddainly ;  
This but a toy to cast a man asleep.

*Alphon.* How ? being drunk ?

*Loren.* No, being smelt unto.

*Alphon.* Then smell *Lorenzo*, I did break thy sleep ;  
And, for this time, this lecture shall suffice.

*Loren.* What have you done my Lord ? y'ave made me safe,  
For stirring hence these four and twenty hours.

*Alphon.* I see this charms his senses suddainly.

How now *Lorenzo*, half asleep already ?  
*Aeneas Pilot* by the God of dreams,  
 Was never lull'd into a founder trance ;  
 And now *Alphonfus* over-read thy notes. [He reads.  
 These are already at my fingers ends,  
 And lest the world should find this little Schedule,  
 Thus will I rend the text, and after this,  
 On my behaviour set so fair a gloss,  
 That men shall take me for a Convertite ;  
 But some may think, I should forget my part,  
 And have been over rash in renting it,  
 To put them out of doubt I study fure,  
 I'll make a backward repetition,  
 In being jealous of my Counsel keepers,  
 This is the poyson that kills sudainly,  
 So didst thou unto *Julius Lentulus*,  
 And blood with blood must be requited thus.  
 Now am I safe, and no man knows my Counsels.  
*Churfurst* of *Mentz*, if now thou play thy part,  
 Erning thy gold with cunning workmanship,  
 Upon the Bemish Kings ambition,  
*Richard* shall shamefully fail of his hope,  
 And I with triumph keep my Emperie. *Exit.*

*Enter the King of Bohemia, the Bishops of Mentz,  
 Collen, Trier, the Pallatine of the Rhein,  
 The Duke of Saxon, The Marquefs  
 of Brandenburg.*

*Bohe.* *Churfursts* and Princes of the Election,  
 Since by the adverse fortune of our age,  
 The sacred and Imperial Majesty  
 Hath been usurp'd by open Tyranny,  
 We the seven Pillars of the German Empire,  
 To whom successively it doth belong  
 To make election of our Emperours,  
 Are here assembled to unite a new  
 Unto her former strength and glorious type,  
 Our half declining Roman Monarchy,

And in that hope, I *Henry* King of *Bohem*,  
*Churfurst* and Sewer to the Emperour,  
 Do take my feat next to the sacred throne.

*Mentz.* Next feat belongs to *Julius Florius*  
 Archbishop of *Mentz*, Chancelor of *Germany*,  
 By birth the Duke of fruitful *Pomerland*.

*Pal.* The next place in election longs to me,  
*George Cassimirus* Palsgrave of the *Rhein*,  
 His Highness Taster, and upon my knee  
 I vow a pure sincere innated zeal  
 Unto my Country, and no wrested hate,  
 Or private love shall blind mine intellect.

*Collen.* Brave Duke of *Saxon*, Dutchlands greatest  
 hope,  
 Stir now or never, let the Spanish tyrant,  
 That hath dishonoured us, murder'd our Friends,  
 And stain'd this feat with blood of innocents,  
 At last be chastis'd with the *Saxon* sword,  
 And may *Albertus* Archbishop of *Collen*,  
 Chancelor of *Gallia* and the fourth Elector ;  
 Be thought unworthy of his place and birth,  
 But he assist thee to his utmost power.

*Sax.* Wisdom, not words, must be the soveraign  
 salve,  
 To search and heal these grievous festred wounds,  
 And in that hope *Augustus* Duke of *Saxon*,  
 Arch-Marshall to the Emperour, take my place.

*Trier.* The like doth *Frederick* Arch-Bishop of  
*Trier*,  
 Duke of *Lorrain*, Chancelour of *Italie*.

*Bran.* The seventh and last is *Foachim Carolus*,  
 Marquess of *Brandenburg*, overworn with age,  
 Whose Office is to be the Treasurer ;  
 But Wars have made the Coffers like the Chair.  
 Peace bringeth plenty, Wars bring poverty ;  
 Grant Heavens, this meeting may be to effect,  
 Establish Peace, and cut off Tyrannie.



*Enter the Empress Ifabella King John's Daughter.*

*Empress.* Pardon my bold intrusion mighty *Churfursts,*

And let my words pierce deeply in your hearts.

O! I beseech you on my bended Knees,

I the poor miserable Empress,

A stranger in this Land, unus'd to broyls,

Wife to the one, and Sister to the other

That are Competitors for Sovereignty ;

All that I pray, is, make a quiet end ;

Make Peace between my Husband and my Brother.

O think how grief doth stand on either side,

If either party chance to be amifs ;

My Husband is my Husband ; but my Brother,

My heart doth melt to think he should miscarry.

My Brother is my Brother ; but my Husband,

O how my joynts do shake fearing his wrong !

If both should dye in these uncertain broyls.

O me, why do I live to think upon't !

Bear with my interrupted speeches Lords,

Tears stop my voice, your wisdoms know my meaning.

Alas I know my Brother *Richard's* heart

Affects not Empire, he would rather choose

To make return again to *Palestine,*

And be a scourge unto the Infidels ;

As for my Lord, he is impatient,

The more my grief, the lesser is my hope.

Yet Princes thus he sends you word by me,

He will submit himself to your award,

And labour to amend what is amifs.

All I have said, or can device to say,

Is few words of great worth, Make unity.

*Bohe.* Madam, that we have suffer'd you to kneel  
so long,

Agrees not with your dignity nor ours ;

Thus we excuse it, when we once are set,

In solemn Council of Election,

We may not rise till somewhat be concluded.

So much for that : touching your earnest fute,  
Your Majestie doth know how it concerns us,  
Comfort your self, as we do hope the best ;

But tell us, Madam, wher's your Husband now ?

*Empress.* I left him at his prayers, good my Lord.

*Saxon.* At prayers ? Madam that's a miracle.

*Pall.* Vndoubtedly your Highness did mistake ;  
'Twas sure some Book of Conjurat[i]on ;  
I think he never said pray'r in his life.

*Empress.* Ah me, my fear, I fear, will take effect ;  
Your hate to him, and love unto my Brother,  
Will break my heart, and spoil th' Imperial peace.

*Mentz.* My Lord of *Saxon*, and Prince *Pallatine*,  
This hard opinion yet is more than needs ;  
But, gracious Madam, leave us to our selves.

*Empress.* I go, and Heav'n that holds the Hearts  
of Kings,

Direct your Counsels unto unity. *Exit.*

*Bohe.* Now to the depth of that we have in hand ;  
This is the question, whether the King of *Spain*  
Shall still continue in the Royal throne,  
Or yield it up unto *Plantagenet*,  
Or we proceed unto a third Election.

*Saxon.* E're such a viperous blood-thirsty Spaniard  
Shall suck the hearts of our Nobility,  
Th' Imperial Sword which *Saxony* doth bear,  
Shall be unsheath'd to War against the world.

*Pall.* My hate is more than words can testifie,  
Slave as he is he murdered my Father.

*Coll.* Prince *Richard* is the Champion of the world,  
Learned, and mild, fit for the Government.

*Bohe.* And what have we to do with Englishmen ?  
They are divided from our Continent.  
But now that we may orderly proceed  
To our high Office of Election,  
To you my Lord of *Mentz* it doth belong,  
Having first voice in this Imperial Synod,  
To name a worthy man for Emperour.

*Mentz.* It may be thought, most grave and reverend Princes,

That in respect of divers fums of gold,  
Which *Richard* of meer charitable love,  
Not as a bribe, but as a deed of Alms,  
Disburs'd for me unto the Duke of *Brunschweige*,  
That I dare name no other man but he,  
Or should I nominate an other Prince,  
Upon the contrary I may be thought  
A most ingrateful wretch unto my Friend ;  
But private cause must yield to publick good ;  
Therefore me thinks it were the fittest course,  
To choose the worthiest upon this Bench.

*Bohem.* We are all Germans, why should we be  
yoak'd

Either by Englishmen or Spaniards ?

*Saxo.* The Earl of *Cornwall* by a full consent  
Was sent for out of *England*.

*Mentz.* Though he were,  
Our later thoughts are purer than our first,  
And to conclude, I think this end were best,  
Since we have once chosen him Emperour,  
That some great Prince of wisdom and of power,  
Whose countenance may overbear his pride,  
Be joynd in equal Government with *Alphonfus*.

*Bohem.* Your Holiness hath soundly in few  
words

Set down a mean to quiet all these broyls.

*Trier.* So may we hope for peace if he amend ;  
But shall Prince *Richard* then be joynd with him ?

*Pal.* Why should your Highness ask that question ?  
As if a Prince of so high Kingly Birth,  
Would live in couples with so base a Cur ?

*Bohe.* Prince *Pallatine*, such words do ill become  
thee.

*Saxon.* He said but right, and call'd a Dog a Dog.

*Bohe.* His Birth is Princely.

*Saxo.* His manners villanous,  
And vertuous *Richard* scorns so base a yoak.

*Bohe.* My Lord of *Saxon*, give me leave to tell you,  
Ambition blinds your judgement in this case ;  
You hope, if by your means *Richard* be Emperour,  
He, in requital of so great advancement,  
Will make the long-desired Marriage up  
Between the Prince of *England* and your Sister,  
And to that end *Edward* the Prince of *Wales*,  
Hath born his Uncle Company to *Germany*.

*Saxo.* Why King of *Bohem* i'th unknown to thee,  
How oft the *Saxons* Sons have married Queens,  
And Daughters Kings, yea mightiest Emperours ?  
If *Edward* like her beauty and behaviour,  
He'l make no question of her Princely Birth ;  
But let that pass, I say, as erst I said,  
That vertuous *Richard* scorns so base a yolk.

*Mentz.* If *Richard* scorn, some one upon this Bench,  
Whose power may overbear *Alphonfus* pride,  
Is to be named. What think you my Lords ?

*Saxon.* I think it was a mighty mass of Gold,  
That made your grace of this opinion.

*Mentz.* My Lord of *Saxony*, you wrong me much,  
And know I highly scorn to take a bribe.

*Pal.* I think you scorn indeed to have it known :  
But to the purpose, if it must be so,  
Who is the fittest man to joyn with him ?

*Collen.* First with an Oxe to plough will I be  
yok'd.

*Mentz.* The fittest is your grace in mine opinion.

*Bohem.* I am content, to stay these mutinies,  
To take upon me what you do impose.

*Saxon.* Why here's a tempest quickly overblown.  
God give you joy my Lord of half the Empire ;  
For me I will not meddle in the matter,  
But warn your Majestie to have a care,  
And vigilant respect unto your person,  
I'l hie me home to fortifie my Towns,  
Not to offend, but to defend my self.

*Pal.* Ha' with you Coffin, and adieu my Lords,

I am afraid this suddain knitted Peace,  
Will turn unto a tedious lasting War ;  
Only thus much we do request you all,  
Deal honourably with the Earl of *Cornwall*,  
And so adieu.

*Exeunt. Saxon. and Palf.*

*Brand.* I like not this strange Farewel of the Dukes.

*Bohem.* In all elections some are malcontent.

It doth concern us now with speed to know,  
How the Competitors will like of this,  
And therefore you my Lord Archbishop of *Trier*,  
Impart this order of arbitrament  
Unto the Emperour bid him be content,  
To stand content with half or lose the whole,  
My Lord of *Mentz* go you unto Prince *Richard*,  
And tell him flatly here's no Crown, nor Empire  
For English Islanders ; tell him, 'twere his best,  
To hie him home to help the King his Brother,  
Against the Earl of *Leicester* and the Barons.

*Collen.* My Lord of *Mentz*, sweet words will qualifie,  
When bitter tearms will adde unto his rage.  
'Tis no small hope that hath deceiv'd the Duke ;  
Therefore be mild ; I know an Englishman,  
Being flattered, is a Lamb, threatned, a Lion ;  
Tell him his charges what so e're they are  
Shalbe repaid with treble vantages ;  
Do this ; we will expect their resolutions.

*Mentz.* Brother of *Collen*, I entreat your grace  
To take this charge upon you in my stead ;  
For why I shame to look him in the face.

*Collen.* Your Holiness shall pardon me in this,  
Had I the profit I would take the pains ;  
With shame enough your Grace may bring the message.

*Mentz.* Thus am I wrong'd, God knows, unguiltily.

*Brand.* Then arm your countenance with innocency,  
And boldly do the message to the Prince ;  
For no man else will be the messenger.

*Mentz.* Why then I must, since ther's no remedy.

*Exit Mentz.*

*Brand.* If Heav'n that guides the hearts of mighty men,  
Do calm the Winds of these great Potentates,  
And make them like of this Arbitrament,  
Sweet Peace will triumph thorough Christendom,  
And *Germany* shall blefs this happy day.

*Enter Alexander de Toledo the Page.*

*Alexand.* O me most miserable ! O my dear Father !

*Bohem.* What means this passionate accent ? what art thou

That founds these acclamations in our ears ?

*Alex.* Pardon me Princes, I have lost a Father,  
O me, the name of Father kills my heart.

O ! I shall never see my Father more,  
H'as tane his leave of me for age and age,

*Collen.* What was thy Father ?

*Alex.* Ah me ? whot was a not ?  
Noble, Rich, valiant, well-belov'd of all,  
The glory and the wisdom of his age,  
Chief Secretary to the Emperour.

*Collen.* *Lorenzo de Toledo*, is he dead ?

*Alex.* Dead, ay me dead, ay me my life is dead,  
Strangely this night bereft of breath and sense,  
And I, poor I, am comforted in nothing,  
But that the Emperour laments with me,  
As I exclave, so he, he rings his hands,  
And makes me mad to see his Majesty  
Excruciate himself with endless sorrow.

*Collen.* The happiest news that euer I did hear ;  
Thy Father was a villain murderer,  
Witty, not wise, lov'd like a Scorpion,  
Grown rich by the impoverishing of others,  
The chiefest cause of all these mutinies,  
And *Cæsar's* tutor to all villanie.

*Alex.* None but an open lyar terms him so.

*Col.* What Boy, so malepert ?

*Bohem.* Good *Collen* bear with him, it was his  
Father,

*Dutch land* is blessed in *Lorenzo's* Death.

*Brand.* Did never live a viler minded man.

*Exeunt.* Manet *Alex.*

*Alex.* Nor King, nor *Churfurst* should be privileg'd

To call me Boy, and rayl upon my Father,  
Were I wehrsaflig ; but in *Germany*,  
A man must be a Boy at 40. years,  
And dares not draw his weapon at a Dog,  
Till being soundly box'd about the ears,  
His Lord and Master gird him with a sword ;  
The time will come I shall be made a man,  
Till then I'll pine with thought of dire revenge,  
And live in Hell untill I take revenge.

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ACT. II.

*Enter* Alphonfus, Richard *Earl of Cornwall*, Mentz,  
Trier, *Prince Edward*, Bohemia, Collen, Bran-  
denburge, *Attendants*, and *Pages* with  
a sword.

*Bohem.* Behold here comes the Princes hand in  
hand,

Pleas'd highly with the sentence as it seems.

*Alphon.* Princes and Pillars of the Monarchy,  
We do admire your wisdoms in this cause,  
And do accept the King of *Bohemia*,  
As worthy partner in the Government.  
Alas my Lords, I flatly now confess,  
I was alone too weak to underprop  
So great a burden as the Roman Empire,

And hope to make you all admire the course  
That we intend in this conjunction.

*Richard.* That I was call'd from *England* with  
consent

Of all the seven Electors to this place,  
Your selves best know, who wrote for me to come.  
'Twas no ambition mov'd me to the journey,  
But pitty of your half declining State ;  
Which being likely now to be repayr'd,  
By the united force of these two Kings,  
I rest content to see you satisfied.

*Mentz.* Brave Earl, wonder of Princely patience,  
I hope your grace will not mis-think of me,  
Who for your good, and for the Empires best,  
Bethought this means to set the world at Peace.

*Edward.* No doubt this means might have been  
thought upon,  
Although your Holiness had dy'd in Prison.

*Mentz.* Peace, peace young Prince, you want ex-  
perience ;  
Your Unckle knows what cares accompany,  
And wait upon the Crowns of mightiest Kings,  
And glad he is that he hath shak'd it off.

*Edward.* Hearn in your ear my Lord, hear me  
one word,  
Although it were more than a million,  
Which these two Kings bestow'd upon your grace,  
Mine Unckle *Richards* million sav'd your life.

*Mentz.* You were best to say, your Vnckle brib'd  
me then.

*Edward.* I do but say mine Vnckle sav'd your life,  
You know Count *Mansfield* your fellow Prisoner,  
Was by the Duke of *Brunschwig* put to death.

*Mentz.* You are a Child my Lord, your words are  
wind.

*Edward.* You are a Fox my Lord, and past a  
Child.

*Bohem.* My Lord of *Cornwall*, your great forward-  
ness,



Crossing the Seas with aid of Englishmen,  
Is more than we can any way requite ;  
But this your admirable patience,  
In being pleas'd with our election,  
Deserves far more than thanks can satisfie,  
In any thing command the Emperours,  
Who live to honour *Richard* Earl of *Cornwall*.

*Alpho.* Our deeds shall make our Proteftations  
good,  
Mean while, brave Princes, let us leave this place,  
And solace us with joy of this accord.

*Enter* *Ifabella the Emprefs*, *Hedewick the Duke of Saxon's Daughter*, apparelled like *Fortune*, drawn on a *Globe*, with a *Cup* in her hand, wherein are *Bay leaves*, whereupon are written the lots. A train of *Ladies* following with *Musick*.

*Emprefs.* To gratulate this unexpected Peace,  
This glorious league confirm'd against all hope,  
Joyful *Ifabella* doth present this shew,  
Of Fortunes triumph, as the custom is  
At Coronation of our Emperours ;  
If therefore every party be well pleas'd,  
And stand content with this arbitrimēt,  
Then daign to do as your Progenitors,  
And draw in sequence Lots for Offices.

*Alphon.* This is an order here in *Germany*,  
For Princes to disport themselves with all,  
In sign their hearts so firmly are conjoyn'd,  
That they will bear all fortunes equally,  
And that the world may know I scorn no state,  
Or course of life to do the Empire good,  
I take my chance : My Fortune is to be the Forrester.

*Emp.* If we want Venison either red or fallow,  
Wild bore or bear, you must be fin'd my Lord.

*Bohem.* The Emperour's Taster I.

*Emp.* Your Majesty hath been tasted to so oft,

That you have need of small instructions.

*Richard.* I am the bowr, Sister what is my charge ?

*Emp.* Tyr'd like a Carter, and a Clownish Bowr,  
To bring a load of Wood into the Kitchin.

Now for my self, Faith I am Chamber Maid,  
I know my charge : proceed unto the next.

*Alphon.* Prince *Edward* standeth melancholy still,  
Please it your Grace, my Lord, to draw your lot.

*Emp.* Nephew you must be solemn with the sad,  
And given to myrth in sportful Company,  
The German Princes when they will be lusty,  
Shake of all cares, and Clowns and they are Fellows.

*Edward.* Sweet Aunt, I do not know the Country  
guife,

Yet would be glad to learn all fashions.

Since I am next, good Fortune be my guide.

*Brand.* A most ingenuous countenance hath this  
Prince,

Worthy to be the King of *England's* Heir.

*Edward.* Be it no disparagement to you my Lords,  
I am your Emperour.

*Alphon.* Sound trumpets, God save the Emperour.

*Collen.* The world could never worse have fitted  
me,

I am not old enough to be the Cook.

*Empress.* If you be Cook, there is no remedy  
But you must dress one Mefs of meat your self.

*Branden.* I am Phyfician.

*Trier.* I am Secretary.

*Mentz.* I am the Jester.

*Edward.* O excellent ! is your Holiness the Vice ?  
Fortune hath fitted you y'faith my Lord,  
You'l play the Ambodexter cunningly.

*Mentz.* Your Highness is to bitter in your Jest.

*Alphon.* Come hither *Alexander*, to comfort thee,  
After the death of thy beloved Father,  
Whose life was deer unto his Emperour,  
Thou shalt make one in this solemnity,  
Yet e're thou draw, my self will honour thee,

And as the custome is make thee a man.  
Stand stiffe Sir Boy, now com'ft thou to thy tryal ;  
Take this, and that, and therewithall this Sword ;  
*He gives Alexander Box on the ear or two.*

If while thou live, thou ever take the like,  
Of me, or any man, I here pronounce  
Thou art a schelm, otherwise a man.  
Now draw thy lot, and Fortune be thy speed.

*Edward.* Vnckle I pray why did he box the fellow ?  
Foul lubber as he is, to take such blows.

*Richard.* Thus do the Princes make their Pages  
men.

*Edward.* But that is strange to make a man with  
blows.

We say in *England* that he is a man,  
That like a man dare meet his enemy,  
And in my judgement 'tis the founder tryal.

*Alex.* Fortune hath made me Marshall of the  
triumphs.

*Alphon.* Now what remains ?

*Emperefs.* That Fortune draw her lot.

*She opens it, and gives it to the Emperefs to read.*

*Emperefs.* Sound trumpets, Fortune is your Emperefs.

*Alphon.* This happens right ; for Fortune will be  
Queen.

Now Emperour you must unmask her face,  
And tell us how you like your Emperefs,  
In my opinion *England* breeds no fairer.

*Bohe.* Fair *Hedewick* the Duke of *Saxons* daughter,  
Young Prince of *England*, you are bravely match'd.

*Edward.* Tell me sweet Aunt, is that this *Saxon*  
Princess,

Whose beauties fame made *Edward* cross the Seas ?

*Emperefs.* Nephew, it is ; hath fame been prodigal,  
Or over sparing in the Princess praise ?

*Edward.* Fame I accuse thee, thou did'st nig-  
gardize,  
And faintly found my loves perfections.

Great Lady Fortune, and fair Emperess,  
Whom chance this day hath thrown into my arms,  
More welcome than the Roman Emperess. [Edward  
kisses her.

Hede. **See dodh, dafs ist hier kein geb-  
ranch,  
Mein Got ist dafs dir Englifch manier,  
dafs dich.**

*Edward.* What meaneth this? why chafes my  
Emperess?

*Alphon.* Now by my troth, I did expect this jest,  
Prince *Edward* us'd his Country fashion.

*Edward.* I am an Englishman, why should I not?

*Emp.* Fy Nephew *Edward*, here in *Germany*  
To kifs a Maid, a fault intollerable.

*Edward.* Why should not *German* Maids be kift  
aswell as others?

*Richard.* Nephew, because you did not know the  
fashion,

And want the language to excuse your self,  
I'll be your spokes-man to your Emperess.

*Edward.* Excuse it thus: I like the first so well,  
That tell her, she shall chide me twice as much  
For such an other; nay tell her more than so,  
I'll double kifs on kifs, and give her leave  
To chide and braul, and cry ten thousand **dafs dich**,  
And make her weary of her fretting humour,  
E're I be weary of my kissing vein,

**Dafs dich a Jungfraw** angry for a kifs.

*Empress.* Nephew, she thinks you mock her in her  
mirth.

*Edward.* I think the Princes make a scorn of me.  
If any do, I'll prove it with my Sword,  
That English Courtship leaves it from the world.

*Bohem.* The pleasant'st accident that I have seen.

*Bran.* Me thinks the Prince is chaf'd as well as  
she.

Rich. *Gnediges frawlin.*

Hede. *Das dich, must ich arme kindt zu schanden gemacht werden.*

Edward. *Das dich* I have kist as good as you,

Pray Unckle tell her ; if she mislike the kifs, I'l take it off agen with such an other.

Rich. *Ey Lirbes frawlin nim es all fur gutti*

*Es ist die Englisch manier Und gebrauch.*

Hede. *Ewer gnaden weissst woll es ist mir ein grosse schande.*

*Edward.* Good Aunt teach me so much Dutch to ask her pardon.

*Empress.* Say so: *Gnediges frawlin vergebet mirs, ich wills nimmermehr thuen,*

Then kifs your hand three times *upfy* Dutch.

Edward, *Ich wills nimmermehr thuen,* if I understand it, right,

That's as much to say, as I'l do so no more.

*Empr.* True Nephew.

*Edward.* Nay Aunt pardon me I pray, I hope to kifs her many thousand times, And shall I go to her like a great Boy, and say I'l do so no more.

*Empress.* I pray Cofin say as I tell you.

Edward. *Gnediges frawlin vergebet mirs ich wills nimmermehr thuen.*

Alphon. *Worwahr knw schandt.*

Hedew. *Gnediger hochgeborner Furst vndt herr*

Wan ich konte so viel englisch sprechen ich  
wolt ewer Gnaden.

Fur wahr ein fultz geben, ich hoffe aber ich  
soll einmahl

So viel lernen das Die mich verstehen soll.

*Edward.* What says she ?

*Alphon.* O excellent young Prince look to your  
self,

She swears she'l learn some English for your sake,  
To make you understand her when she chides.

*Edward.* I'l teach her English, she shall teach me  
Dutch,

Gnediges frawlin, &c.

*Bohem.* It is great pitty that the Duke of *Saxon*,  
Is absent at this joyful accident,  
I see no reason if his Grace were here,  
But that the Marriage might be solemniz'd,  
I think the Prince of *Wales* were well content.

*Edward.* I left sweet *England* to none other end ;  
And though the Prince her Father be not here,  
This Royal presence knows his mind in this.

*Emp.* Since you do come so roundly to the pur-  
pose,  
'Tis time for me to speak, the Maid is mine,  
Giv'n freely by her Father unto me,  
And to the end these broyls may have an end,  
I give the Father's interest and mine own,  
Unto my Nephew *Edward* Prince of *Wales*.

*Edward.* A Jewel of incomparable price,  
Your Majesty hath here bestowed on me,  
How shall I ask her if she be content ?

*Empr.* Say thus, ist ewer gnaden woll hie-  
mit zufrieden.

*Edward.* Ist ewer Gnaden woll hiemit  
zufrieden.

Hede. **Was** ihr durleichtigkeit dafs will  
dafs will mein batter bndt  
**Was** mein batter will darmit muss ich  
zufrieden sein.

*Alphon.* It is enough, she doth confirm the match ;  
We will difpatch a Post unto her Father,  
On Sunday fhall the Revels and the Wedding,  
Be both folemnized with mutual joy.  
Sound trumpets, each one look unto his charge,  
For preparation of the Festivals. *Exeunt.*

*Manent* Alphonfus and Alexander.

*Alphon.* Come hither *Alexander*, thy Fathers joy.  
If tears and fighs, and deep-fetcht deadly groans,  
Could ferve t' evert inexorable fate,  
Divine *Lorenzo*, whom in life my heart,  
In death my foul and better part adores,  
Had to thy comfort and his Prince's honour,  
Surviv'd, and drawn this day this breath of life.

*Alexan.* Dread *Cæfar*, prostrate on my bended  
Knee,  
I thank your Majesty for all favours fhewn  
To my deceased Father and my felf.  
I muft confefs, I spend but bootlefs tears,  
Yet cannot bridle nature, I muft weep,  
Or heart will break with burden of my thoughts ;  
Nor am I yet fo young or fond withall,  
Causlefs to spend my gall, and fret my heart,  
'Tis not that he is dead, for all muft dye ;  
But that I live to hear his lives reproach.  
O facred Emperour, these ears have heard,  
What no Sons ears can unrevenged hear,  
The Princes all of them, but fpecially,  
The Prince Elector Archbishop of *Collen*,  
Revil'd him by the names of murderer,  
Arch villain, robber of the Empires fame,

And *Cæsars* tutor in all wickedness,  
 And with a general voice applaus'd his death,  
 As for a special good to Christendome.

*Alphon.* Have they not reason to applaud the deed  
 Which they themselves have plotted? ah my Boy,  
 Thou art too young to dive into their drifts.

*Alex.* Yet old enough I hope to be reveng'd.

*Alphon.* What wilt thou do, or whither wilt thou  
 run?

*Alex.* Headlong to bring them death, then dye my  
 self.

*Alphon.* First hear the reason why I do mistrust  
 them.

*Alex.* They had no reason for my Father's death,  
 And I scorn reason till they all be dead.

*Alphon.* Thou wilt not scorn my Counsel in revenge?

*Alex.* My rage admits no Counsel but revenge.

*Alphon.* First let me tell thee whom I do mistrust.

*Alex.* Your highness said you did mistrust them  
 all.

*Alpho.* Yea *Alexander*, all of them, and more than  
 all,

My most especiall neereſt deareſt friends.

*Alex.* Alls one to me, for know thou Emperour,  
 Were it thy Father, Brother, or thine Emprefs,  
 Yea were't thy self, that did'st conspire his death,  
 This fatal hand should take away thy life.

*Alphon.* Spoke like a Son, worthy so dear a Father.  
 Be still and hearken, I will tell thee all,  
 The Duke of *Saxon*—

*Alex.* O, I thought no less.

*Alphon.* Suppress thy choler, hearken to the rest.  
*Saxon* I say so wrought with flattering *Mentz*,  
*Mentz* with *Bohemia*, *Trier*, and *Brandenburg*,  
 For *Collen* and the *Palsgrave* of the *Rhein*  
 Were principals with *Saxon* in the Plot,  
 That in a general meeting to that purpose,  
 The seven selected Emperours electors,  
 Most hainously concluded of the murder;



The reason why they doom'd him unto death,  
 Was his deep wisdom and sound policy ;  
 Knowing while he did live my state was firm,  
 He being dead my hope must dye with him.  
 Now *Alexander* will we be reveng'd  
 Upon this wicked whore of *Babylon*,  
 This hideous monster with the seven-fold head :  
 We must with cunning level at the heart,  
 With pierc'd and perisht all the body dyes :  
 Or strike we off her heads by one and one,  
 Behoveth us to use dexterity,  
 Lest she do trample us under her feet,  
 And triumph in our honours overthrow.

*Alex.* Mad and amaz'd to hear this tragick doom,  
 I do subscribe unto your sound advice.

*Alphon.* Then hear the rest ; these seven gave but  
 the sentence

A neerer hand put it in execution,  
 And but I lov'd *Lorenzo* as my life,  
 I never would betray my dearest Wife.

*Alex.* What ? what the Empress accessary to ?

*Alphon.* What cannot kindred do ? her Brother  
*Richard*,

Hoping thereby to be an Emperour,  
 Gave her a dram that sent him to his grave.

*Alex.* O my poor Father, wert thou such an eye-  
 fore,

That 9. the greatest Princes of the earth  
 Must be confederate in thy tragedy ?  
 But why do I respect their mightiness,  
 Who did not once respect my Fathers life ?  
 Your Majesty may take it as you please,  
 I'll be reveng'd upon your Emperers,  
 On English *Richard*, *Saxon*, and the *Palgrave*,  
 On *Bohem*, *Collen*, *Mentz*, *Trier*, and *Brandenburg*,  
 If that the Pope of *Rome* himself were one  
 In this confederacy, undaunted I,  
 Amidst the College of his Cardinals,  
 Would press, and stab him in St. *Peters* chair,

Though clad in all his *Pontificalibus*.

*Alphon.* Why *Alexander*? do'st thou speak to me  
As if thou didst mistrust my forwardness?

No, thou shalt know my love to him was such,

And in my heart I have proscrib'd them all,

That had to do in this conspiracy.

The bands of Wedlock shall not serve her turn,

Her fatal lot is cast among the rest,

And to conclude, my soul doth live in Hell

Till I have set my foot upon their necks,

That gave this spur of sorrow to my heart;

But with advice it must be managed,

Not with a head-long rage as thou intend'st,

Nor in a moment can it be perform'd,

This work requires long time, dissembling looks,

Commixt with undermining actions,

Watching advantages to execute.

Our foes are mighty, and their number great,

It therefore follows that our Stratagems

Must branch forth into manifold deceits,

Endless devices, bottomless conclusions.

*Alexan.* What by your Majesty is prescrib'd to me,  
That will I execute or dye the death.

I am content to suck my sorrows up,

And with dull patience will attend the time,

Gaping for every opportunity

That may present the least occasion;

Although each minute multiply mine anguish,

And to my view present a thousand forms

Of senseless bodies in my Fathers shape,

Yelling with open throat for just revenge.

*Alphon.* Content thy self, he shall not cry in vain,  
I have already plotted *Richards* death.

*Alex.* That hath my Fathers sacred Ghost inspir'd,

O tell me, shall I stab him suddainly?

The time seems long, till I be set a work.

*Alphon.* Thou knowest in griping at our lots to  
day,

It was Prince *Richard's* hap to be the bowr;

So that his Office is to drive the Cart,  
And bring a load of Wood into the Kitchin.

*Alex.* O excellent, your Grace being Forefter,  
As in the thicket he doth load the Cart,  
May shoot him dead, as if he were a Deer.

*Alphon.* No *Alexander*, that device were shallow,  
Thus it must be, there are two very bowrs  
Appointed for to help him in the Wood,  
These must be brib'd or cunningly seduc'd,  
Instead of helping him to murder him.

*Ale.* *Verbum satis sapienti*, it is enough,  
Fortune hath made me Marshal of the sports  
I hope to Marshal them to th' Devils Feast.  
Plot you the rest, this will I execute,  
Dutch bowrs as towfandt schelms and gold to tempt  
them.

*Alphon.* 'Tis right, about it then, but cunningly.

*Alex.* Else let me lose that good opinion  
Which by your Highness I desire to hold,  
By Letters which I'll strew within the Wood,  
I'll undermine the bowrs to murder him,  
Nor shall they know who set them so a work,  
Like a familiar will I fly about,  
And nimble haunt their Ghosts in every nook.

*Exit. Manet Alphonfus.*

*Alphon.* This one nayl helps to drive the other out,  
I slew the Father, and bewitch the Son,  
With power of words to be the instrument  
To rid my foes with danger of his life.  
How easily can subtil age intice,  
Such credulous young novices to their death?  
Huge wonders will *Alphonfus* bring to pass,  
By the mad mind of this enraged Boy;  
Even they which think themselves my greatest friends,  
Shall fall by this deceit, yea my Arch-enemies  
Shall turn to be my chief confederates.  
My solitary walks may breed suspect,  
I'll therefore give my self to Companie,  
As I intended nothing but these sports,

Yet hope to fend most actors in this Pageant,  
To Revel it with *Rhadamant* in Hell. *Exit.*

*Enter Richard Earl of Cornwall like a Clown.*

*Richard.* How far is *Richard* now unlike the man  
That crost the Seas to win an Emperie ?  
But as I plod it like a plumper Bowr,  
To fetch in Fewel for the Kitchin fire,  
So every one in his vocation,  
Labours to make the pastimes plausible ;  
My Nephew *Edward* jets it through the Court,  
With Princess *Hedewick* Emprefs of his Fortune,  
The demy *Cæsar* in his hunters suit,  
Makes all the Court to Ring with Horns and Hounds,  
*Collen* the Cook bestirs him in the Kitchin ;  
But that which joyes me most in all these sports,  
Is *Mentz*, to see how he is made an Afs ?  
The common scorn and by-word of the Court ;  
And every one to be the same he seems,  
Seems to forget to be the same he is.  
Yet to my roabs I cannot suit my mind,  
Nor with my habit shake dishonour off.  
The seven Electors promis'd me the Empire,  
The perjur'd Bishop *Mentz* did swear no less,  
Yet I have seen it shar'd before my face,  
While my best friends do hide their heads for shame ;  
I bear a shew of outward full content,  
But grief thereof hath almost kill'd my heart.  
Here rest thee *Richard*, think upon a mean,  
To end thy life, or to repair thine honour,  
And vow never to see fair *Englands* bounds,  
Till thou in *Aix* be Crowned Emperour.

*Enter two Bows.*

Holla, me thinks there cometh Company,  
The Bows I troe that come to hew the Wood,  
Which I must carry to the Kitchen Fire,  
I'le lye a while and listen to their talk.

*Enter Hans and Jerick two Dutch Bowrs.*

Je. Kom hier hans wore bist dow, warumb bist dow so trawrick? bists frolick kan wel gelt verdienen, wir wil ihn bey potts tawfandt todt schlagen.

Hanf. Lat mich die brieffe sehen.

*Rich.* Me thinks they talk of murdering some body, I'll listen more.

*Reads the Letter.*

Hans vnd Jerick, mein liebe freinde, ich bitte lasset es bey euch bleiben in geheim, vnd schlaget den Engellander zu todt.

*Rich.* What's that? *Hans vnd Jerick* my good friend, I pray be secret and murder the Englishman.

*Jerick reads.*

Hear weiter, den er ist kein bowre nicht, er ist ein Juncker, vnd hatt viel gelt vnd kleinothen bey sich.

*Rich.* For he is no Bowre but a Gentleman, and hath store of Gold and Jewels by him.

Jeric. Noch weiter: ihr solt solche gelegenheit nicht verlahmen, vnd wan ihr gethan habet, ich will euch sagen, was ich fur ein guter Karl bin, der euch raht gegeben habe.

*Rich.* Slip not this opportunity, and when you have done, I will discover who gave you the Counsel.

Jerick. Wat sagst du, wilt du es thun ?

Hans. Wat will ich nich für gelt thun ? see potts tausendt, dar ist er.

Jerick. Ja, bey potts tausends clapperment, er ist's, holla guter morgen, gluck zu Juncker.

Hans. Juncker, der dißell he is ein bowre !

Rich. Du bist ein schelm, weich von mir.

Jerick. Holla, holla, bist du so hoffer-tick ? Juncker bowre, kompt hier, oder dieser und jener selleuch holen.

Rich. Ich bin ein Fürst, bried mich nicht ihr schelms, ihr verrahters.

Bath. Sla to, sla to, wir will you fürst-lick tractieren.

*Richard* having nothing in his hand but his whip, defends himself a while and then fall's down as if he were dead :

Rich. O Got, nimb meine seele in deine hande.

Jerick. O excellent, hurtick he is todt, he is todt.

Lat uns see, wat he hat für gelt bey sich, holla hier is all enough, all satt, dor is

for dich, and dor is for mich, vnd ditt  
will ich darto haben :

*Ferick* puts the chain about his neck.

Hans. How so Hans Harhals, geue mir  
die kette hier.

*Jerick*. Ja ein dreck, dit kett stehet  
hupsch vmb mein hals, ditt will ich tra-  
gen.

Hans. Dat dich potts belten leiden dat  
soltu nimmermehr thun dow schelm.

*Jerick*. Wat solt dow mich schelm heiten,  
nimb dat.

Hans. Dat dich hundert tonnen dibells,  
harr ich will dich lernen.

*Jerick*. Wiltud haben oder stechen ?

Hans. Ich will redlich haben ;

*Jerick*. Nun wollan, dar ist mein ruck,  
cla to.

They must have axes made for the nonst to fight  
withall, and while one strikes, the other holds  
his back without defence.

Hans. Nimb dow das, vnd dar hast mein  
ruck.

*Jerick*. Noch amahl: ☉ excellent, ligt  
dow dar, nun will ich alles haben, gelt vnd  
kett, vnd alle mit einander, ☉ hurtig,

frisch=bp lustig, nun bin ich ein hurtig  
Juncker.

*Richard* rises up again and snatcheth up the fellows  
hatchet that was slain.

*Rich.* *Nè Hercules contra duos*, yet pollicy hath  
gone beyond them both.

Du hundler schelm, morder, kehre dich,  
seestu mich? gebe mir die kett vnd gelt  
wieder;

*Jerick.* Wat bistu wieder labendig wor-  
den, so mus ich meren, wat wiltu stechen  
oder haben?

*Richard.* So will ich machen du schelm.

*Jerick.* Harr, harr, bistu ein redlich karle,  
so sight redlich, O ich sterb, ich sterb, lat  
mich leben!

*Richard.* Sagt mir dan wer hatt die brieffe  
geschrieben? Lie nicht sondern sagt die  
warheit:

*Jerick.* O mein fromer, guter, edler, gel-  
trenger Juncker, dar ist dat gelt vnd kett  
wieder, yow soll alles haben, aber wer  
hatt die brieffe geschrieben, dat wet ich bey  
meiner seele nicht.

*Rich.* Lig dor still, still ich sag.

The villain swears, and deeply doth protest  
He knows not who incited them to this,  
And as it seems the scowl imports no less.

So sterb du mir schelm.



Jerick. **O** ich sterb, awe, awe, awe dat  
dich der dibell hole!

*As Richard kills the Bowr. Enter Saxon and the  
Palsgrave.*

Saxon. **Sy** dich an loser schelm, hastu  
dein gesellen todt geschlagen?

Palsgr. **Last** vs den schelmen angreifen.

*Richard.* Call you me **schelme** how dare you then  
Being Princes offer to lay hands on me?

That is the Hangmans Office here in Dutch-land.

*Saxon.* But this is strange, our Bours can speak no  
Englisch,

What bistum more than a damn'd murderer?

That thou art so much we are witnesses.

*Rich.* Can then this habit alter me so much,  
That I am call'd a villain by my friends?

Or shall I dare once to suspect your graces,

That for you could not make me Emperour,

Pitting my sorrow through mine honour lost,

You set these slaves to rid me of my life,

Yet far be such a thought from *Richard's* heart.

*Pals.* How now? what do I hear Prince *Richard*  
speak?

*Rich.* The same: but wonder that he lives to  
speak.

And had not policy helpt above strength,

These sturdy swains had rid me of my life.

*Sax.* Far be it from your Grace for to suspect us.

*Rich.* Alas, I know not whom I should suspect;  
But yet my heart cannot misdoubt your Graces?

*Saxon.* How came your Highness into this appar-  
rel?

*Rich.* We as the manner is drew lots for Offices,  
My hap was hardest to be made a Carter,  
And by this letter which some villain wrote,

I was betray'd, here to be murdered ;  
 But Heav'n which doth defend the Innocent,  
 Arm'd me with strength and policy together,  
 That I escap'd out of their treacherous snare.

*Palf.* Were it well founded, I dare lay my life,  
 The Spanish tyrant knew of this conspiracie ;  
 Therefore the better to dive into the depth  
 Of this most devillish murderous complot,  
 As also secretly to be beholders,  
 Of the long-wisht for wedding of your daughter,  
 We will disrobe these bowrs of their apparel,  
 Clapping their rustick cases on our backs,  
 And help your Highness for to drive the Cart.  
 T' may be the traytor that did write these lines,  
 Mistaking us for them will shew himself.

*Richard.* Prince *Palatine* this plot doth please me  
 well,

I make no doubt if we deal cunningly,  
 But we shall find the writer of this scroul.

*Saxon.* And in that hope I will disrobe this slave.  
 Come Princes in the neighbouring thicket here,  
 We may disguise our selves, and talk at pleasure ;  
 Eye on him heavy lubber how he weighs.

*Richard.* The sin of murder hangs upon his soul,  
 It is no mervail then if he be heavy.

*Exeunt.*

## A C T. III.

*Enter to the Revels.*

Edward *with an Imperial Crown.* Hedewig *the Emprefs.* Bohemia *the Taster.* Alphonfus *the Forrester.* Mentz *the Gester.* *Emprefs the Chambermaid.* Brandenburg *Physician.* Tryer *Secretarie.* Alexander *the Marshal, with his Marshals staff, and all the rest in their proper apparel, and Attendants and Pages.*

*Alex.* Princes and Princes Superiors, Lords and Lords fellows, Gentlemen and Gentlemens Masters, and all the rest of the States here assembled, as well Masculine as Feminine, be it known unto you by these pefence, that I *Alexander de Toledo*, Fortunes chief Marshal, do will and command you, by the authority of my said Office, to take your places in manner and form following, First the Emperour and the Emprefs, then the Taster, the Secretary, the Forrester, the Physician, as for the Chambermaid and my self, we will take our places at the neither end, the Jester is to wait up, and live by the crums that fall from the Emperours trencher, But now I have Marshal'd you to the table, what remains?

*Mentz.* Every fool can tell that, when men are set to dinner they commonly expect meat.

*Edward.* That's the best Jest the fool made since he came into his Office. Marshal walk into the Kitchin, and see now the *Churfurst of Collen* bestirs himself.

*Exit. Alex.*

*Mentz.* Shall I go with him too? I love to be imploy'd in the Kitchin.

*Edward.* I prethee go, that we may be rid of thy wicked Jest.

*Mentz.* Have with thee Marshal, the fool rides thee.

*Exit. on Alex. back.*

*Alphon.* Now by mine honour, my Lord of *Mentz* plays the fool the worst that ever I saw.

*Edward.* He do's all by contraries; for I am sure he playd the wiseman like a fool, and now he plays the fool wisely.

*Alphon.* Princes and *Churfursts* let us frolick now,

This is a joyful day to Christendome,  
When Christian Princes joyn in amity,  
Schinck bowls of Reinfal and the purest Wine,  
We'll spend this evening lustie upsie Dutch,  
In honour of this unexpected league.

*Empref.* Nay gentle Forrester, there you range amifs,

His looks are fitly suited to his thoughts,  
His glorious Emprefs makes his heart tryumph,  
And hearts tryumphing makes his countenance staid,  
In contemplation of his lives delight.

*Edward.* Good Aunt let me excuse my self in this,

I am an Emperour but for a day,  
She Emprefs of my heart while life doth last;  
Then give me leave to use Imperial looks,  
Nay if I be an Emperour I'll take leave,  
And here I do pronounce it openly,  
What I have lately whisper'd in her ears,  
I love mine Emprefs more than Empery,  
I love her looks above my fortunes hope.

*Alphon.* Saving your looks dread Emperour **es gelt** a bowl,

Unto the health of your fair Bride and Emprefs.

*Edward.* **Sam Got es soll mir en liebe**

**Drunk sein**, so much Dutch have I learnt since I came into *Germany*.

*Bran.* When you have drunk a dozen of these bowls,  
So can your Majesty with a full mouth,  
Trowl out high Dutch, till then it sounds not right,

**Drauff es gelt noch eins ihr Maiestat.**

**Edward.** **Sam Got lasß lauffen.**

*Bohem.* My Lord of *Brandenburg* spoken like a good Dutch Brother ;  
But most unlike a good Physician,  
You should consider what he has to do,  
His Bride will give you little thanks to night.

*Alphon.* Ha, ha my Lord, now give me leave to laugh,  
He need not therefore shun one Beaker full.  
In *Saxon* Land you know it is the use,  
That the first night the Bridegroom spares the Bride.

*Bohem.* 'Tis true indeed, that had I quite forgotten.

*Edward.* How understand I that ?

*Alphon.* That the first night,  
The Bride and Bridegroom never sleep together.

*Edward.* That may well be, perchance they wake together.

*Bohem.* Nay without fallace they have several Beds.

*Edward.* I in one Chamber, that is most Princely.

*Alphon.* Not onely several Beds, but several Chambers,

Lockt foundly too, with Iron Bolts and Bars.

*Empr.* Beleeve me Nephew, that's the custom here.

*Edward.* O my good Aunt, the world is now grown new,

Old customs are but superstitions.

I'm sure this day, this presence all can witness,  
The high and mighty Prince th' Archbishop of *Collen*,  
Who now is busie in the skullery,  
Joyn'd us together in *St. Peters* Church,

And he that would disjoyn us two to night,  
 'Twixt jest and earnest be it proudly spoken,  
 Shall eat a piece of ill-digesting Iron.

Bride **wilt dow dis nicht ben mee schlafen.**

Hede. **Da behute mich Gott fur, Ich hoffe  
 Eure maiestat wills von mir mist, bege-  
 ran.**

*Edward.* What says she **behute mich Got fur?**

*Alphon.* She says God blefs her from such a deed.

*Edward.* Tush Emprefs, clap thy hands upon thy  
 head,

And God will blefs thee, I have a *Jacobs* staff,  
 Shall take the Elevation of the Pole ;  
 For I have heard it sayd, the Dutch North star,  
 Is a degree or two higher than ours.

*Bohem.* Nay though we talk lets drink, and Em-  
 perour,

I'll tell you plainly what you must trust unto,  
 Can they deceive you of your Bride to night,  
 They'll surely do't, therefore look to your self.

*Edward.* If she deceive me not, let all do their  
 worst.

*Alphon.* Assure you Emperour she'l do her best.

*Edward.* I think the Maids in *Germany* are mad,  
 E're they be marryed they will not kifs,  
 And being marryed will not go to Bed.  
 We drink about, let's talk no more of this,  
 Well warn'd half arm'd our English proverb say

*Alphon.* Holla Marshal, what says the Cook ?

*Enter Alexander.*

Belike he thinks we have fed so well already,  
 That we disdain his simple Cookery.

*Alex.* Faith the Cook says so, that his Office was  
 to dress a mefs of meat with that Wood which the  
 English Prince should bring in, but he hath neither

seen Dutch Wood nor English Prince, therefore he desires you hold him excus'd.

*Alphon.* I wonder where Prince *Richard* stays so long.

*Alex.* An't, please your Majesty, he's come at length,

And with him has he brought a crew of Bows,  
A hipse bowr maikins fresh as Flow'rs in *May*,  
With whom they mean to dance a *Saxon* round,  
In honour of the Bridegroom and his Bride.

*Edward.* So has he made amends for his long tar-rying.

I prethee Marshall them into the presence.

*Alphon.* Lives *Richard* then? I had thought th' had't made him sure.

*Alex.* O, I could tear my flesh to think upon 't,  
He lives and secretly hath brought with him,  
The *Palsgrave* and the Duke of *Saxonie*,  
Clad like two Bows, even in the same apparel.  
That *Hans* and *Jerick* wore when they went out to murder him,

It now behooves us to be circumspect.

*Alphon.* It likes me not; Away Marshal bring them.

*Exit.* Alexander.

I long to see this sports conclusion.

*Bohem.* I't not a lovely fight to see this couple  
Sit sweetly billing like two Turtle Doves.

*Alphon.* I promise you it sets my Teeth an Edge,

That I must take mine Emprefs in mine arms.  
Come hither *Ifabel*, though thy roabs be homely,  
Thy face and countenance holds colour still.

*Enter Alexander, Collen, Mentz, Richard, Saxony,  
Palsgrave, Collen Cook, with a gamon of raw  
bacon, and links or puddings in a platter,  
Richard, Palsgrave, Saxon, Mentz,  
like Clowns with each of them  
a Miter with Corances on  
their heads.*

*Collen.* Dread Emperour and Emperess for to day,  
I Your appointed Cook untill to morrow,  
Have by the Marshal sent my iust excuse,  
And hope your Highness is therewith content,  
Our Carter here for whom I now do speak,  
Says that his Axletree broke by the way,  
That is his answer, and for you shall not famish,  
He and his fellow bowrs of the next dorp,  
Haue brought a schinkel of good raw Bacon,  
And that's a common meat with us, unfod,  
Desiring you, you would not scorn the fare ;  
'Twil make a cup of Wine taste nippitate.

*Edward.* Welcome good fellows, we thank you  
for your present.

*Richard.* So **spell fresh up,** and let us  
**rommer daunten.**

*Alex.* Please it your Highness to dance with your  
Bride?

*Edward.* Alas I cannot dance your *German*  
dances.

*Bohem.* I do beseech your Highness mock us not,  
We *Germans* have no changes in our dances,  
An *Almain* and an upspring that is all,  
So dance the Princes, Burgers, and the Bowrs.

*Brand.* So daunc'd our Auncestors for thousand  
years.

*Edw.* It is a sign the Dutch are not new fangled.  
I'll follow in the measure ; Marshal lead.



Alexander and Mentz have the fore dance with each of them a glafs of Wine in their hands, then Edward and Hedewick, Palsgrave and Emprefs, and two other couple, after Drum and Trumpet.

*The Palsgrave whispers with the Emprefs.*

*Alphon.* I think the Bowr is amorous of my Emprefs ;  
**Fort bowr and Iessel morgen,** when thou com'st to house.

*Collen.* Now is your Graces time to steal away,  
Look to't or else you'l lie alone to night.

*Edward steals away the Bride.*

Alex. (Drinketh to the Palsgrave.) **Skelt  
bowre.**

Palsgrave. **Sam Gott.**

The Palsgrave requests the Emprefs.

**By Jungfraw helpe mich doch ein Jung-  
fraw drunck**

**Es gelt guter freundt ein frolocken drink.**

*Alphon.* **Sain Gott mein frundt ich  
will gern bescheidt thun**

(Alphonfus takes the Cup of the Palsgrave, and drinks to the King of Bohemia, and after he hath drunk puts poyson into the Beaker.)

Half this I drinke unto your Highness health,  
It is the first since we were joynd in Office.

*Bohem.* I thank your Maiefty, I'le pledge you half.  
(As Bohem is a drinking, ere he hath drunk it all out, Alphonfus pulls the Beaker from his mouth).

*Alphon.* Hold, hold, your Maiefty, drink not too much.

*Bohem.* What means your Highness.

*Alphon.* Methinks that something grates between  
my teeth,  
Pray God there be not poyson in the bowl.

*Bohem.* Marry God forbid.

*Alex.* So were I pepper'd.

*Alphon.* I highly do mistrust this schelmish bowr,  
Lay hands on him, I'll make him drink the rest.

**Was ist was ist wat will you mit mee  
machen**

*Alphon.* Drink out, drink out oder der  
dibell soll dich holen.

*Pals.* Ey geb you to frieden ich will  
gern drink.

*Saxon.* Drink not Prince *Pallatine*, throw it on the  
ground,  
It is not good to trust his Spanish flies.

*Bohem.* *Saxon* and *Palsgrave*, this cannot be good.

*Alphon.* 'Twas not for nought my mind misgave  
me so ;

This hath Prince *Richard* done t'entrap our lives.

*Richard.* No *Alphonsus*, I disdain to be a traytor.

*Emprefs.* O sheath your swords, forbear these need-  
less broyls.

*Alphon.* Away, I do mistrust thee as the rest.

*Bohem.* Lord's hear me speak, to pacify these  
broyls ;

For my part I feel no distemperature,

How do you feel your self ?

*Alphon.* I can not tell, not ill, and yet methinks  
I am not well.

*Bohem.* Were it a poyson 'twould begin to work.

*Alphon.* Not so, all poysons do not work alike.

*Pals.* If there were poyson in, which God forbid,  
The Emprefs and my self and *Alexander*,  
Have cause to fear as well as any other.

*Alphon.* Why didst thou throw the Wine upon the  
earth ?

Hadst thou but drunk, thou hadst satisfied our minds.

*Palf.* I will not be enforc't by Spanish hands.

*Alphon.* If all be well with us, that schuce shall  
serve

If not, the Spaniards blood will be reveng'd.

*Rich.* Your Maiesty is more afraid than hurt.

*Bohem.* For me I do not fear my self a whit,  
Let all be friends, and forward with our mirth.

*Enter Edward in his night-gown and his shirt.*

*Richard.* Nephew, how now ? is all well with you ?

*Bohem.* I lay my life the Prince has lost his bride.

*Edward.* I hope not so, she is but stray'd a little.

*Alphon.* Your Grace must not be angry though we  
laugh.

*Edward.* If it had hapned by default of mine,  
You might have worthily laught me to scorn ;  
But to be so deceiv'd, so over reach'd,  
Even as I meant to clasp her in mine arms,  
The grief is intollerable, not to be guest,  
Or comprehended by the thought of any,  
But by a man that hath been so deceiv'd,  
And that's by no man living but my self.

*Saxon.* My Princely Son-in-Law God give you joy.

*Edward.* Of what my Princely Father ?

*Saxon.* O' my Daughter.

Your new betroathed Wife and Bed-fellow.

*Edward.* I thank you Father, indeed I must  
confess

She is my Wife, but not my Bed-fellow.

*Saxon.* How so young Prince ? I saw you steal  
her hence,

And as me thought she went full willingly.

*Edward.* 'Tis true, I stole her finely from amongst  
you,

And by the Arch-Bishop of *Collens* help,  
Got her alone in to the Bride-Chamber,  
Where having lockt the Door, thought all was well.

I could not speak but pointed to the Bed,  
 She answered *Ja* and gan for to unlace her ;  
 I seeing that suspected no deceit,  
 But straight untruff my points, uncas'd my self,  
 And in a moment flipt between the Sheets ;  
 There lying in deep contemplation,  
 The Princess of her self drew neer to me,  
 Gave me her hand, spake prettily in Dutch  
 I know not what, and kist me lovingly,  
 And as I shrank out of my luke warm place  
 To make her room, she clapt thrice with her feet,  
 And through a trap-door funck out of my sight ;  
 Knew I but her Confederates in the deed——  
 I say no more.

*Empress.* Tuff Cofin, be content ;  
 So many Lands, so many fashions,  
 It is the *German* use, be not impatient,  
 She will be so much welcomer to morrow.

*Rich.* Come Nephew, we'l be Bed-fellows to-night.

*Edward.* Nay if I find her not, I'le lye alone,  
 I have good hope to ferret out her Bed,  
 And so good night sweet Princess all at once.

*Alphon.* Godnight to all ; Marshal discharge the  
 train.

*Alex.* To Bed, to Bed the Marshal crys 'tis time.

*Exeunt.*

*Flourish Cornets, Manent Saxon, Richard, Palsgrave,  
 Collen, Empress.*

*Saxon.* Now Princes it is time that we advise,  
 Now we are all fast in the Fowlers gin,  
 Not to escape his subtle snares alive,  
 Unless by force we break the Nets asunder.  
 When he begins to cavil and pick quarrels,  
 I will not trust him in the least degree.

*Empress.* It may beseem me evill to mistrust  
 My Lord and Emperour of so foul a fact ;  
 But love unto his honour and your lives,

Makes me with tears intreat your Excellencies  
To fly with speed out of his dangerous reach,  
His cloudy brow foretells a suddain storm  
Of blood not natural but prodigious.

*Rich.* The Castle gates are shut, how should we fly ;  
But were they open, I would lose my life,  
E're I would leave my Nephew to the slaughter ;  
He and his Bride were sure to bear the brunt.

*Saxon.* Could I get out of doors, I'd venture that,  
And yet I hold their persons dear enough,  
I would not doubt, but e're the morning Sun,  
Should half way run his course into the South,  
To compass and begirt him in his Fort,  
With *Saxon* lansknights and brunt-bearing *Switzers*,  
Who lye in Ambuscado not far hence,  
That he should come to Composition,  
And with safe conduct bring into our tents,  
Both Bride and Bridegroom, and all other friends.

*Empress.* My Chamber Window stands upon the  
Wall,  
And thence with ease you may escape away.

*Saxon.* Prince *Richard*, will you bear me Com-  
pany ?

*Richard.* I will my Lord.

*Saxon.* And you Prince *Pallatine* ?

*Palf.* The Spanish Tyrant hath me in suspect  
Of poisoning him, I'l therefore stay it out,  
To fly upon't were to accuse my self.

*Empress.* If need require, I'le hide the *Pallatine*.  
Untill to morrow, if you stay no longer.

*Saxon.* If God be with us, e're to morrow noon  
We'll be with Ensigns spread before the Walls ;  
We leave dear pledges of our quick return.

*Emp.* May the Heavens prosper your iust intents.  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Alphonfus.

*Alphon.* This dangerous plot was happily over-  
heard,

Here didst thou listen in a blessed howr.

*Alexander*, where do'st thou hide thy self ?  
I've fought thee in each Corner of the Court,  
And now or never must thou play the man.

*Alex.* And now or never must your Highness stir.  
Treason hath round encompassed your life.

*Alphon.* I have no leasure now to hear thy talk.  
Seest thou this Key ?

*Alex.* Intends your Majesty, that I should steal into  
the Princes Chambers,  
And sleeping stab them in their Beds to night ?  
That cannot be.

*Alphon.* Wilt thou not hear me speak ?

*Alex.* The Prince of *England*, *Saxon*, and of *Collen*,  
Are in the Empress chamber privily.

*Alphon.* All this is nothing, they would murder me,  
I come not there to night ; seest thou this Key ?

*Alex.* They mean to fly out at the Chamber Window,  
And raise an Army to beseege your Grace ;  
Now may your Highness take them with the deed.

*Alphon.* The Prince of *Wales* I hope is none of them.

*Alex.* Him and his Bride by force they will recover.

*Alphon.* What makes the cursed *Palsgrave* of the  
*Rhein* ?

*Alex.* Him hath the Empress taken to her charge,  
And in her Closet means to hide him safe.

*Alphon.* To hide him in her Closet ? of bold deeds,  
The dearest charge that e're she undertook,  
Well let them bring their Complots to an end,  
I'll undermine to meet them in their works,

*Alex.* Will not your Grace surprize them e're they fly ?

*Alphon.* No, let them bring their purpose to effect,  
I'll fall upon them at my best advantage,  
Seest thou this Key ? there take it *Alexander* ;  
Yet take it not unless thou be resolv'd ;  
Tush I am fond to make a doubt of thee ;

Take it I say, it doth command all Doors,  
And will make open way to dire revenge.

*Alex.* I know not what your Majesty doth mean.

*Alphon.* Hie thee with speed into the inner Chamber,

Next to the Chappel, and there shalt thou find  
The danty trembling Bride coutcht in her Bed,  
Having beguil'd her Bridegroom of his hopes,  
Taking her farewell of Virginitie,  
Which she to morrow night expects to lose,  
By night all Cats are gray, and in the dark,  
She will imbrace thee for the Prince of *Wales*,  
Thinking that he hath found her Chamber out,  
Fall to thy business and make few words,  
And having pleas'd thy senses with delight,  
And fill'd thy beating veins with stealing joy,  
Make thence agen before the break of day,  
What strange events will follow this device,  
We need not study on, our foes shall find.

How now ? how standst thou ? hast thou not the heart ?

*Alex.* Should I not have the heart to do this deed,  
I were a Bastard villain and no man ;

Her sweetness, and the sweetness of revenge,  
Tickles my senses in a double sense,  
And so I wish your Majesty good night.

*Alphon.* God night, sweet *Venus* prosper thy attempt.

*Alex.* Sweet *Venus* and grim *Ate* I implore,  
Stand both of you to me auspicious. *Exit.* Alexander.

*Alphon.* It had been pittie of his Fathers life,  
Whose death hath made him such a perfect villain.

What murder, wrack, and causeless enmity,  
'Twixt dearest friends that are my strongest foes,  
Will follow suddainly upon this rape,  
I hope to live to see, and laugh thereat,  
And yet this peece of practice is not all.

The King of *Bohem* though he little feel it,  
Because in twenty hours it will not work,  
Hath from my Knives point suck'd his deadly bane,  
Whereof I will be least of all suspected ;

For I will feign my self as sick as he,  
 And blind mine enemies eyes with deadly groans ;  
 Upon the *Palsgrave* and mine Emperess,  
 Heavy suspect shall light to bruze their bones ;  
 Though *Saxon* would not suffer him to taste,  
 The deadly potion provided for him,  
 He cannot save him from the Sword of Justice,  
 When all the world shall think that like a villain,  
 He hath poyson'd two great Emperours with one  
 draught ;

That deed is done, and by this time I hope,  
 The other is a doing, *Alexander*  
 I doubt it not will do it thorowly.  
 While these things are a brewing I'll not sleep,  
 But suddenly break ope the Chamber doors,  
 And rush upon my Emperess and the *Palsgrave*,  
 Holla wher's the Captain of the Guard ?

*Enter Captain, and Souldiers.*

*Cap.* What would you Majesty ?

*Alphon.* Take six travants well arm'd and followe.  
*They break with violence into the Chamber, and Alphon-*  
*fus trayles the Emperess by the hair.*

*Enter Alphonfus, Emperess, Souldiers, &c.*

*Alphon.* Come forth thou damned Witch, adulterous  
 Whore,

Foul scandal to thy name, thy sex, thy blood.

*Emp.* O Emperour, gentle Husband, pittie me.

*Alphon.* Canst thou deny thou wert confederate,  
 With my arch enemies that fought my blood ?  
 And like a Strumpet through thy Chamber Window,  
 Hast with thine own hands helpt to let them down,  
 With an intent that they should gather arms,  
 Besiege my Court, and take away my life ?

*Emp.* Ah my *Alphonfus*.

*Alphon.* Thy *Alphonfus* Whore ?

*Emp.* O pierce my heart, trail me not by my hair



What I have done, I did it for the best.

*Alphon.* So for the best advantage of thy lust,  
Hast thou in secret *Clytemnestra* like,  
Hid thy *Aegestus* thy adulterous love.

*Emp.* Heav'n be the record 'twixt my Lord and  
me,  
How pure and sacred I do hold thy Bed.

*Alphon.* Art thou so impudent to bely the deed,  
Is not the *Palsgrave* hidden in thy Chamber?

*Empe.* That I have hid the *Palsgrave* I confes; ;  
But to no ill intent your conscience knows.

*Alphon.* Thy treasons, murders, incests, forceries,  
Are all committed to a good intent;  
Thou know'st he was my deadly enemy.

*Emp.* By this device I hop'd to make your friends :

*Alphon.* Then bring him forth, we'll reconcile our  
selves.

*Emp.* Should I betray so great a Prince's life?

*Alphon.* Thou holdst his life far dearer than thy  
Lords,

This very night hast thou betrayd my blood,  
But thus, and thus, will I revenge my self,  
And but thou speedily deliver him,  
I'll trail thee through the Kennels of the Street,  
And cut the Nose from thy bewitching face,  
And into *England* send thee like a Strumpet.

*Emp.* Pull every hair from off my head,  
Drag me at Horfes tayls, cut off my nose  
My Princely tongue shall not betray a Prince.

*Alph.* That will I try.

*Emp.* O Heav'n revenge my shame.

*Enter Palsgrave.*

*Pal.* Is *Cæsar* now become a torturer,  
A Hangman of his Wife, turn'd murderer?  
Here is the *Pallatine*, what wouldst thou more?

*Alphon.* Upon him Souldiers, strike him to the  
ground.

*Emp.* Ah Souldiers, spare the Princely *Pallatine*.

*Alphon.* Down with the damn'd adulterous murderer.

Kill him I fay, his blood be on my head.

*They kill the Pallatine.*

Run to the Tow'r, and Ring the Larum Bell,  
That fore the world I may excuse my self,  
And tell the reason of this bloody deed.

*Enter Edward in his night gown and shirt.*

*Edw.* How now ? what means this sudain strange  
Allarm ?

What wretched dame is this with blubbered cheeks,  
And rent dishevel'd hair ?

*Emp.* O my dear Nephew,  
Fly, fly the Shambles, for thy turn is next.

*Edward.* What, my Imperial Aunt ? then break my  
heart.

*Alphon.* Brave Prince be still ; as I am nobly born,  
There is no ill intended to thy person.

*Enter Mentz, Tryer, Branden. Bohem.*

*Mentz.* Where is my Page ? bring me my two hand  
Sword.

*Tryer.* What is the matter ? is the Court a fire

*Bran.* Whose that ? the Emperour with his  
weapon drawn ?

*Bohem.* Though deadly sick yet am I forc'd to rise,  
To know the reason of this hurley burley.

*Alphon.* Princes be silent, I will tell the cause,  
Though sudainly a griping at my heart  
Forbids my tongue his wonted course of speech.  
See you this Harlot, traytrefs to my life,  
See you this murderer, stain to mine honour,  
These twain I found together in my Bed,  
Shamefully committing lewd Adultery,  
And hainously conspiring all your deaths,

I mean your deaths, that are not dead already ;  
As for the King of *Boheme* and my self,  
We are not of this world, we have our transports  
Giv'n in the bowl by this adulterous Prince,  
And least the poyson work too strong with me,  
Before that I have warnd you of your harms,  
I will be brief in the relation.

That he hath staind my Bed, these eyes have seen,  
That he hath murder'd two Imperial Kings,  
Our speedy deaths will be too sudain proof ;  
That he and she have bought and sold your lives,  
To *Saxon, Collen*, and the English Prince,  
Their Ensigns spread before the Walls to morrow  
Will all too sudainly bid you defiance.

Now tell me Princes have I not just cause,  
To slay the murderer of so many souls ?  
And have not all cause to applaud the deed ?  
More would I utter, but the poysons force  
Forbids my speech, you can conceive the rest.

*Bohem.* Your Majesty reach me your dying hand,  
With thousand thanks for this so just revenge.

O, how the poysons force begins to work !

*Mentz.* The world may pittie and applaud the deed.

*Brand.* Did never age bring forth such hainous  
acts.

*Edward.* My senses are confounded and amaz'd.

*Emp.* The God of Heav'n knows my unguiltinefs.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mef.* Arm, arm my Lords, we have descry'd a far,  
An Army of ten thousand men at arms.

*Alphon.* Some run unto the Walls, some draw up  
the Sluce,

Some speedily let the Purculles down.

*Mentz.* Now may we see the Emperours words are  
true.

To prison with the wicked murderous Whore. *Exeunt.*

## ACT. IV.

*Enter Saxon and Richard with Souldiers.*

*Saxon.* My Lord of *Cornwall*, let us march before,  
To speedy rescue of our dearest friends,  
The reward with the armed Legions,  
Committed to the Prince of *Collen's* charge,  
Cannot so lightly pass the mountain tops.

*Richard.* Let's summon suddenly unto a Parly,  
I do not doubt but ere we need their helps,  
*Collen* with all his forces will be here.

*Enter Collen with Drums and an Army.*

*Richard.* Your Holiness hath made good haft  
to day,  
And like a beaten Souldier lead your troops.

*Collen.* In time of peace I am an Arch-Bishop,  
And like a Church-man can both sing and fay ;  
But when the innocent do suffer wrong,  
I cast my rocket off upon the Altar,  
And like a Prince betake my self to arms.

*Enter above Mentz, Tryer, and Brandenburg.*

*Mentz.* Great Prince of *Saxonie*, what mean these  
arms ?

*Richard* of *Cornwall*, what may this intend ?  
Brother of *Collen* no more Churchman now,  
Instead of Miter, and a Croffier Staff,  
Have you betane you to your Helme and Targe ?  
Were you so merry yesterday as friends,

Cloaking your treason in your Clowns attire ?

*Saxon.* *Mentz*, we return the traytor in thy face.  
To save our lives, and to release our friends,  
Out of the Spaniards deadly trapping Snares,  
Without intent of ill, this power is rais'd ;  
Therefore grave Prince Marquess of *Brandenburg*,  
My loving Cofin, as indifferent Judge,  
To you an aged Peace-maker we speak,  
Deliver with safe conduct in our tents,  
Prince *Edward* and his Bride, the *Pallatine*,  
With every one of high or low degree,  
That are suspicious of the King of *Spain*,  
So shall you see that in the self same howr  
We marched to the Walls with colours spread,  
We will cashier our troupes, and part good friends.

*Brand.* Alas my Lord, crave you the *Pallatine* ?

*Rich.* If craving will not serve, we will command.

*Brand.* Ah me, since your departure, good my  
Lords,

Strange accidents of bloud and death are hapned.

*Saxon.* My mind misgave a massacre this night.

*Rich.* How do's Prince *Edward* then ?

*Sax.* How do's my Daughter ?

*Collen.* How goes it with the *Palsgrave* of the  
*Rhein* ?

*Brand.* Prince *Edward* and his Bride do live in  
health,

And shall be brought unto you when you please.

*Saxon.* Let them be presently deliver'd ?

*Coll.* Lives not the *Palsgrave* too ?

*Mentz.* In Heaven or Hell he lives, and reaps the  
merrit of his deeds.

*Coll.* What damned hand hath butchered the  
Prince ?

*Saxon.* O that demand is needless, who but he,  
That seeks to be the Butcher of us all ;  
But vengeance and revenge shall light on him.

*Bran.* Be patient noble Princes, hear the rest.  
The two great Kings of *Bohem* and *Castile*,

God comfort them, lie now at point of death,  
Both poyson'd by the *Palsgrave* yesterday.

*Rich.* How is that possible? so must my Sister,  
The *Pallatine* himself, and *Alexander*,  
Who drunk out of the bowl, be poysoned too.

*Mentz.* Nor is that hainous deed alone the cause,  
Though cause enough to ruin Monarchies;  
He hath defil'd with lust th' Imperial Bed,  
And by the Emperour in the fact was slain.

*Collen.* O worthy guiltless Prince; O had he fled.

*Rich.* But say where is the Empress, where's my  
Sister.

*Mentz.* Not burnt to ashes yet, but shall be shortly.

*Rich.* I hope her Majesty will live to see  
A hundred thousand flattering turncoat slaves,  
Such as your Holiness, dye a shameful death.

*Brand.* She is in prison, and attends her trial.

*Sax.* O strange heart-breaking mischievous intents,  
Give me my children if you love your lives,  
No safety is in this enchanted Fort.  
O see in happy hour there comes my Daughter,  
And loving son, scapt from the Massacre.

*Enter Edward and Hedewick.*

*Edward.* My body lives, although my heart be  
slain,  
O Princes this hath been the dismal'st night,  
That ever eye of sorrow did behold,  
Here lay the *Palsgrave* weltring in his blood,  
Dying *Alphonsus* standing over him,  
Upon the other hand the King of *Bohem*,  
Still looking when his poyson'd bulk would break;  
But that which pierc'd my soul with natures touch  
Was my tormented Aunt with blubberd cheeks,  
Torn bloody Garments, and disheveld' hair,  
Waiting for death; deservedly or no,  
That knows the searcher of all humane thoughts;  
For these devices are beyond my reach.

Saxon. Salt doch liebes doister who  
wart dow dieselbienast.

Hede. Als who who solt ich sein ich  
war in bette.

Saxon. Wert dow allein so wart dow  
gar vorschrocken.

Hede. Ich ha mist audes gemeint dam  
das ich wolt allein gefchlaffue haben, abur  
umb mitternast kam meiner bridegroom  
bndt schlaffet bey mir, bis wir mit dem  
getummel erwacht waren.

*Edward.* What says she? came her Bridegroom to  
to her at midnight?

*Rich.* Nephew, I see you were not over-reach'd;  
Although she slipt out of your arms at first,  
You ceiz'd her surely, e're you left the chace.

*Saxon.* But left your Grace your Bride alone in  
Bed?

Or did she run together in the Larum?

*Edward.* Alas my Lords, this is no time to jest;  
I lay full sadly in my Bed alone,  
Not able for my life to sleep a wink,  
Till that the Larum Bell began to Ring,  
And then I started from my weary couch.

*Saxon.* How now? this rimes not with my  
daughters speech,  
She says you found her Bed, and lay with her.

*Edward.* Not I, your Highness did mistake her  
words.

*Collen.* Deny it not Prince *Edward*, 'tis an honour.

*Edward.* My Lords I know no reason to deny it;  
T'have found her Bed, I would have given a million.

Saxon. Hedewick der Furst sagt er  
hatt nicht be dir schlafin.

Hede. **Es gefelt ihm also zum sagun  
aber ich habes woll gerfület.**

*Rich.* She say's you are dispos'd to jest with her ;  
But yesternight she felt it in good earnest.

*Edward.* Unckle these jests are too unfavorie,  
Ill suited to these times, and please me not,

**Zab ich bin** you **geschlapyen** yesternight.

Hede. **I leff, warum sult ihrs fragen.**

*Saxon.* *Edward,* I tell thee 'tis no jesting matter,  
Say plainly, wa'lt thou by her I or no ?

*Edward.* As I am Prince, true heir to *Englands*  
Crown,  
I never toucht her body in a Bed.

Hede. **Das haste gethan order holle  
mich der diuell.**

*Rich.* Nephew, take heed, you hear the Princess  
words.

*Edward.* It is not she, nor you, nor all the world,  
Shall make me say I did anothers deed.

*Saxon.* Anothers deed ? what, think'ft thou her a  
whore ?

*Saxon strikes Edward.*

*Edward.* She may be Whore, and thou a villain  
too.

Strook me the Emperor I will strike again.

*Collen.* Content you Princes, buffet not like boys.

*Richard.* Hold you the one, and I will hold the  
other.

Hede. **Her got, help, help, oich  
arms kindt.**

*Saxon.* Souldiers lay hands upon the Prince of  
*Wales,*  
Convey him speedily unto a prifon,  
And load his Legs with grievous bolts of Iron ;



Some bring the Whore my Daughter from my fight ;  
 And thou smooth Englishman to thee I speak,  
 My hate extends to all thy Nation,  
 Pack thee out of my fight, and that with speed  
 Your English practises have all to long,  
 Muffled our *German* eyes, pack, pack I say.

*Richard.* Although your Grace have reason for  
 your rage,

Yet be not like a madman to your friends.

*Saxon.* My friends? I scorn the friendship of such  
 mates,

That seek my Daughters spoil, and my dishonour ;  
 But I will teach the Boy another lesson,  
 His head shall pay the ransom of his fault.

*Richard.* His head ?

*Saxon.* And thy head too, O how my heart doth  
 swell !

Was there no other Prince to mock but me ?  
 First woo, then marry her, then lye with her,  
 And having had the pleasure of her Bed,  
 Call her a Whore in open audieuce,  
 None but a villain and a slave would do it,  
 My Lords of *Mentz*, of *Tryer*, and *Brandenburg*,  
 Make ope the Gates, receive me as a friend,  
 I'll be a scourge unto the English Nation.

*Mentz.* Your Grace shall be the welcom't guest  
 alive,

*Collen.* None but a madman would do such a deed.

*Saxon.* Then *Collen* count me mad, for I will do  
 it.

I'll set my life and Land upon the hazard,  
 But I will thoroughly sound this deceit.  
 What will your Grace leave me or follow me ?

*Collen.* No *Saxon* know I will not follow thee.  
 And leave Prince *Richard* in so great extreems.

*Saxon.* Then I defy you both, and so farwell.

*Rich.* Yet *Saxon* hear me speak before thou go,  
 Look to the Princes life as to thine own,  
 Each perisht hair that falleth from his head

By thy default, shall cost a *Saxon* City,  
*Henry* of *England* will not lose his heir,  
 And so farwel and think upon my words.

*Saxon.* Away, I do disdain to answer thee.  
 Pack thee with shame again into thy Countrie,  
 I'll have a Cock-boat at my proper charge,  
 And send th' Imperial Crown which thou hast won,  
 To *England* by Prince *Edward* after thee. *Exeunt.*  
*Man. Rich. and Coll.*

*Collen.* Answer him not Prince *Richard*, he is  
 mad,  
 Choler and grief have rob'd him of his senses.  
 Like accident to this was never heard.

*Rich.* Break heart and dye, fie hence my troubled  
 spirit,  
 I am not able for to underbear  
 The weight of sorrow which doth bruze my soul,  
 O *Edward*, O sweet *Edward*, O my life.  
 O noble *Collen* last of all my hopes,  
 The only friend in my extremities,  
 If thou dost love me, as I know thou dost,  
 Unsheath thy sword, and rid me of this sorrow.

*Collen.* Away with abject thoughts, fie Princely  
*Richard*,  
 Rouze up thy self, and call thy senses home,  
 Shake of this base pusillanimitie,  
 And cast about to remedie these wrongs,

*Richard.* Alas I see no means of remedie.

*Collen.* Then hearken to my Counsell and advice,  
 We will Intrench our selves not far from hence,  
 With those small pow'rs we have, and send for more,  
 If they do make assault, we will defend ;  
 If violence be offer'd to the Prince,  
 We'll rescue him with venture of our lives ;  
 Let us with patience attend advantage,  
 Time may reveal the author of these treasons,  
 For why undoubtedly the sweet young Princess,  
 Fowly beguiled by night with cunning shew,  
 Hath to some villain lost her Maiden-head.

*Rich.* O that I knew the foul incestuous wretch,  
Thus would I tear him with my teeth and nails.  
Had *Saxon* fense he would conceive so much,  
And not revenge on guiltless *Edwards* life.

*Collen.* Perswade your self he will be twice advis'd,  
Before he offer wrong unto the Prince.

*Rich.* In that good hope I will have patience.  
Come gentle Prince whose pittie to a stranger  
Is rare and admirable, not to be spoken.

*England* cannot requite this gentleness.

*Collen.* Tush talk not of requital, let us go,  
To fortifie our selves within our trench. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Alphonso (carried in the Couch) Saxony, Mentz,  
Tryer, Brandenburg, Alexander.*

*Alphon.* O most excessive pain, O raging Fire !  
Is burning *Cancer* or the *Scorpion*,  
Descended from the Heavenly Zodiack,  
To parch mine Entrals with a quenchless flame ?  
Drink, drink I say, give drink or I shall dye.  
Fill a thousand bowls of Wine, Water I say  
Water from forth the cold *Tartarian* hills.  
I feel th' ascending flame lick up my blood,  
Mine Entrals shrink together like a scrowl  
Of burning parchment, and my Marrow fries,  
Bring huge Cakes of Ice, and Flakes of Snow.  
That I may drink of them being dissolved.

*Saxon.* We do beseech your Majestie have  
patience,

*Alphon.* Had I but drunk an ordinary poyson,  
The sight of thee great Duke of *Saxony*,  
My friend in death, in life my greatest foe,  
Might both allay the venom and the torment ;  
But that adulterous *Palsgrave* and my Wife,  
Upon whose life and soul I vengeance cry,  
Gave me a mineral not to be digested,  
Which burning eats, and eating burns my heart.  
My Lord of *Tryer*, run to the King of *Bohem*,

Commend me to him, ask him how he fares,  
 None but my self can rightly pittie him ;  
 For none but we have sympathye of pains.  
 Tell him when he is dead, my time's not long,  
 And when I dye bid him prepare to follow.

*Exit Tryer.*

Now, now it works a fresh ; are you my friends ?  
 Then throw me on the cold swift running *Rhyn*,  
 And let me bath there for an hour or two,  
 I cannot bear this pain.

*Mentz.* O would th' impartial fates afflict on me,  
 These deadly pains, and ease my Emperour,  
 How willing would I bear them for his sake.

*Alphon.* O *Mentz*, I would not wish unto a Dog,  
 The least of thousand torments that afflict me,  
 Much less unto your Princely holiness.  
 See, see my Lord of *Mentz*, he points at you.

*Mentz.* It is your fantasie and nothing else ;  
 But were death here, I would dispute with him,  
 And tell him to his teeth he doth unjustice,  
 To take your Majesty in the prime of youth ;  
 Such wither'd rotten branches as my self,  
 Should first be lopt, had he not partial hands ;  
 And here I do protest upon my Knee,  
 I would as willingly now leave my life,  
 To save my King and Emperour alive,  
 As erst my mother brought me to the world.

*Brand.* My Lord of *Mentz*, this flattery is too  
 gross,  
 A Prince of your experience and calling,  
 Should not so fondly call the Heavens to witness.

*Mentz.* Think you my Lord, I would not hold my  
 word ?

*Brand.* You know my Lord, death is a bitter  
 guest.

*Mentz.* To ease his pain and save my Emperour,  
 I sweetly would embrace that bitterness.

*Alex.* If I were death, I knew what I would do.

*Mentz.* But see, his Majesty is faln a sleep,

Ah me, I fear it is a dying slumber.

*Alphon.* My Lord of *Saxonie* do you hear this  
jest.

*Saxon.* What should I hear my Lord?

*Alphon.* Do you not hear

How loudly death proclames it in mine ears,  
Swearing by trophies, Tombs and deadmens Graves,  
If I have any friend so dear to me,  
That to excuse my life will lose his own,  
I shall be presently restor'd to health.

*Enter Tryer.*

*Mentz.* I would he durst make good his promises.

*Alphon.* My Lord of *Tryer*, how fares my fellow  
Emperour?

*Tryer.* His Majesty is eas'd of all his pains.

*Alphon.* O happy news, now I have hope of health.

*Mentz.* My joyful heart doth spring within my  
bodie,

To hear those words,  
Comfort your Majesty I will excuse you,  
Or at the least will bear you Company.

*Alphon.* My hope is vain, now, now my heart will  
break,

My Lord of *Tryer* you did but flatter me,  
Tell me the truth, how fares his Majesty.

*Tryer.* I told your Highness, eas'd of all his pain.

*Alphon.* I understand thee now, he's eas'd by  
death,

And now I feel an alteration;  
Farewel sweet Lords, farewell my Lord of *Mentz*,  
The truest friend that ever earth did bear,  
Live long in happiness to revenge my death,  
Upon my Wife and all the English brood.  
My Lord of *Saxonie* your Grace hath cause.

*Mentz.* I dare thee death to take away my life.  
Some charitable hand that loves his Prince.  
And hath the heart, draw forth his Sword and rid me  
of my life.

*Alex.* I love my Prince, and have the heart to do it.

*Mentz.* O stay a while.

*Alex.* Nay now it is to late.

*Bran.* Villain what hast thou done ? th'ast slain a Prince.

*Alex.* I did no more than he intreated me,

*Alphon.* How now, what make I in my Couch so late ?

Princes why stand you so gazing about me ?

Or who is that lies slain before my face ?

O I have wrong, my soul was half in Heaven,

His holiness did know the joys above,

And therefore is ascended in my stead.

Come Princes let us bear the body hence ;

I'll spend a Million to embalm the same.

Let all the Bells within the Empire Ring,

Let Mass be said in every Church and Chappel,

And that I may perform my latest vow,

I will procure so much by Gold or friends,

That my sweet *Mentz* shall be Canonized,

And numbred in the Bed-rol of the Saints,

I hope the Pope will not deny it me,

I'll build a Church in honour of thy name,

Within the antient famous Citie *Mentz*,

Fairer than any one in *Germany*,

There shalt thou be interr'd with Kingly Pomp,

Over thy Tomb shall hang a sacred Lamp,

Which till the day of doom shall ever burn,

Yea after ages shall speak of thy renown,

And go a Pilgrimage to thy sacred Tomb.

Grief stops my voice, who loves his Emperour,

Lay to his helping hand and bear him hence,

Sweet Father and redeemer of my life.

*Exeunt.*

- Manet *Alexander.*

*Alex.* Now is my Lord sole Emperour of *Rome*,  
And three Conspirators of my Fathers death,

Are cunningly sent unto Heaven or Hell ;  
Like subtilty to this was never seen.  
Alas poor *Mentz* I pittying thy prayers,  
Could do no less than lend a helping hand,  
Thou wert a famous flatterer in thy life,  
And now hast reapt the fruits thereof in death ;  
But thou shalt be rewarded like a Saint,  
With Masses, Bells, dirges and burning Lamps,  
'Tis good, I envie not thy happiness :  
But ah the sweet remembrance of that night,  
That night I mean of sweetness and of stealth,  
When for a Prince, a Princess did embrace me,  
Paying the first fruits of her Marriage Bed,  
Makes me forget all other accidents.  
O *Saxon* I would willingly forgive,  
The deadly trespass of my Fathers death,  
So I might have thy Daughter to my Wife,  
And to be plain, I have best right unto her,  
And love her best, and have deserv'd her best ;  
But thou art fond to think on such a match ;  
Thou must imagin nothing but revenge,  
And if my computation fail me not.  
Ere long I shall be thorowly reveng'd.

*Exit.*

*Enter the Duke of Saxon, and Hedewick with  
the Child.*

*Saxon.* Come forth thou perfect map of miserie,  
Desolate Daughter and distressed Mother,  
In whom the Father and the Son are curst ;  
Thus once again we will assay the Prince.  
'T may be the sight of his own flesh and blood  
Will now at last pierce his obdurate heart.  
Jailor how fares it with thy prisoner ?  
Let him appear upon the battlements.

*Hede.* ☉ mein Deere Vatter, ich habe  
in dis lang lang 30. weeken, welche mich  
duncket sein 40. jahr gewesen, ein litte

Engliſch gelernet, vnd ich hope, he will  
me verſtohn, vnd ſhew me a litte pittie.

*Enter Edward on the Walls and Jailor.*

*Saxon.* Good morrow to your grace *Edward of  
Wales,*

Son and immediate Heir to *Henry* the third,  
King of *England* and Lord of *Ireland*,  
Thy Fathers comfort, and the peoples hope ;  
'Tis not in mockage nor at unawares,  
That I am ceremonious to repeat  
Thy high deſcent joynd with thy Kingly might ;  
But therewithall to intimate unto thee  
What God expecteth from the higher powers,  
Juſtice, and mercie, truth, ſobrietie,  
Relenting hearts, hands innocent of blood.  
Princes are Gods chief ſubſtitutes on earth,  
And ſhould be Lamps unto the common fort.  
But you will ſay I am become a Preacher,  
No, Prince, I am an humble ſuppliant,  
And to prepare thine ears make this exordium,  
To pierce thine eyes and heart, behold this ſpectacle,  
Three Generations of the *Saxon* blood,  
Deſcended lineallie from forth my Loyns,  
Kneeling and crying to thy mightineſs ;  
Fiſt look on me, and think what I have been,  
For now I think my ſelf of no account,  
Next *Cæſar*, greateſt man in *Germanie*,  
Neerly a lyed, and ever friend to *England* ;  
But Womens fiſhs move more in manly hearts,  
O ſee the hands ſhe elevates to Heaven,  
Behold thoſe eyes that whilome were thy joyes,  
Uttering dumb eloquence in Chriſtal tears ;  
If theſe exclames and fiſts be ordinarie,  
Then look with pittie on thy other ſelf,  
This is thy fleſh, and blood, bone of thy bone,  
A goodly Boy the Image of his fire.



Turn'ſt thou away ? O were thy Father here,  
 He would, as I do, take him in his arms,  
 And ſweetly kiſs his Grand-child in the face.  
 O *Edward* too young in experience,  
 That canſt not look into the grievous wrack,  
 Enſuing this thy obſtinate deniall ;  
 O *Edward* too young in experience,  
 That canſt not ſee into the future good,  
 Enſuing thy moſt juſt acknowledgement ;  
 Hear me thy trueſt friend, I will repeat them ;  
 For good thou haſt an Heir indubitate,  
 Whoſe eyes already ſparckle Majeſty,  
 Born in true Wedlock of a Princely Mother,  
 And all the *German* Princes to thy friends ;  
 Where on the contrary thine eyes ſhall ſee,  
 The ſpeedy Tragedie of thee and thine ;  
 Like *Athamas* firſt will I ceize upon  
 Thy young unchriſtened and deſpised Son,  
 And with his guiltleſs brains bepaint the Stones ;  
 Then like *Virginius* will I kill my Child,  
 Unto thine eyes a pleaſing ſpectacle ;  
 Yet ſhall it be a momentarie pleaſure,  
*Henry of England* ſhall mourn with me ;  
 For thou thy ſelf *Edward* ſhall make the third,  
 And be an actor in this bloody Scean.

Hede. Ah myne ſeete *Edouart*, mein  
 herzkin, myne ſcherzkin, mein herziges,  
 einiges herz, mein allerliebſt husband,  
 ꝛ preedee mein leeſe ſee me ſciendlich one,  
 good ſeete harte tell de trut : and at leſt  
 to me, and dyne allerleefſt ſchild ſhevo  
 pittty ! dan ich bin dyne, und dow biſt  
 myne, dow haſt me geben ein kindelein ;  
 O *Edouart*, ſeete, *Edouart* erbarmet ſein !

Edw. O Hedewick peace, thy speches pierce my  
foul.

Hede. **Hedewick doe yow excellencie  
hight me Hedewick leete Edouart yow  
sweete ich bin yowr allerlieueste wise.**

*Edward.* The Priest I must confes made thee my  
Wife,

Curst be the damned villanous adulterer,  
That with so fowl a blot divorc'd our love.

Hede. **© mein allerliebesser, hieborne  
Furst vnd Herr, dinck dat unser Herr  
Gott sits in himmells trone, and sees dat  
hart vnd will my cause woll recken :**

*Saxon.* *Edward* hold me not up with long delays ;  
But quickly say, wilt thou confes the truth ?

*Edward.* As true as I am born of Kingly Linage,  
And am the best *Plantagenet* next my Father,  
I never carnallie did touch her body.

*Saxon.* *Edward* this answer had we long ago,  
Seest thou this brat ? speak quickly or he dyes.

*Edward.* His death will be more piercing to thine  
eyes,  
Than unto mine, he is not of my kin.

Hede. **© Father, © myne Watter spare  
myne kindt  
© Edouart © Prince Edouart speak  
now oder nimmermehr die kindt ist mein,  
it soll nicht sterben :**

*Saxon.* Have I dishonoured my self so much,  
To bow my Knee to thee, which never bow'd  
But to my God, and am I thus rewarded ?  
Is he not thine ? speak murderous-minded Prince.

*Edward.* O *Saxon*, *Saxon* mitigate thy rage.

First thy exceeding great humilitie,  
 When to thy captive prisoner thou didst kneel,  
 Had almost made my lying tongue confesse,  
 The deed which I protest I never did ;  
 But thy not causeless furious madding humour,  
 Together with thy Daughters pitious cries,  
 Whom as my life and soul I dearly love,  
 Had thorowly almost perswaded me,  
 To save her honour and belie my self,  
 And were I not a Prince of so high blood,  
 And Bastards have no scepter-bearing hands,  
 I would in silence smother up this blot,  
 And in compassion of thy Daughters wrong,  
 Be counted Father to an others Child ;  
 For why my soul knows her unguiltiness.

*Saxon.* Smooth words in bitter sence ; is thine  
 answer ?

*Hede.* **ÿ batter geue mir mein kindt,  
 die kindt ist mein.**

*Saxon.* **Das weis ich woll, er sagt es  
 ist nicht sein ;** therefore it dyes.

*He dashes out the Childs brains.*

*Hede.* **ÿ Got in seinem trone, ÿ mein  
 kindt mein kindt.**

*Saxon.* There murderer take his head, and breath-  
 less lymbs,  
 Ther's flesh enough, bury it in thy bowels,  
 Eat that, or dye for hunger, I protest,  
 Thou getst no other food till that be spent.  
 And now to thee lewd Whore, dishonour'd strumpet,  
 Thy turn is next, therefore prepare to dye.

*Edward.* O mighty Duke of *Saxon*, spare thy  
 Child.

*Sax.* She is thy Wife *Edward*, and thou shouldst  
 spare her.

One Gracious word of thine will save her life.

*Edward.* I do confefs *Saxon* ſhe is mine own,  
As I have marryed her, I will live with her,  
Comfort thy ſelf ſweet *Hedewick* and ſweet Wife.

Hede. Ach, ach und wehe, warumb ſagt  
your Excellence nicht ſo before, now iſt  
to late, unſer arme kindt iſt kilt.

*Edward.* Though thou be mine, and I do pittie thee,  
I would not Nurſe a Baſtard for a Son.

Hede. O Edouard now ich mark your  
mening ich ſholdt be your whore, mein  
Vatter ich begehr upon meine knee, ſagt  
mich lieber ſterben, ade falce Edouart,  
falce Prince, ich begehrs nicht.

*Saxon.* Unprincely thoughts do hammer in thy  
head,  
I'ſt not enough that thou haſt ſham'd her once,  
And ſeen the Baſtard torn before thy face ;  
But thou wouldſt get more brats for Butcherie ?  
No *Hedewick* thou ſhalt not live the day.

Hede. O Herr Gott, nimb meine feele  
in deiner henden.

*Saxon.* It is thy hand that gives this deadly  
ſtroak.

Hede. O Herr Sabote, das mein un-  
ſchuldt an tag kommen mocht.

*Edward.* Her blood be on that wretched villains  
head,  
That is the cauſe of all this miſery.

*Saxon.* Now murderous-minded Prince, haſt thou  
beheld

Vpon my Child and Childs Child, thy deſire,  
Swear to thy ſelf, that here I firmly ſwear,  
That thou ſhall ſurely follow her to morrow,  
In Company of thy adulterous Aunt,

Jaylor convey him to his Dungeon,  
If he be hungrie, I have thrown him meat,  
If thirstie let him suck the newly born lymbs.

*Edward.* O Heavens and Heavenly powers, if you  
be just,  
Reward the author of this wickednefs.

*Exit Edw. & Faoler.*

*Enter Alexander.*

*Alex.* To arms great Duke of *Saxonie*, to arms,  
My Lord of *Collen*, and the Earl of *Cornwall*,  
In rescue of Prince *Edward* and the Emprefs,  
Have levy'd fresh supplies, and presently  
Will bid you battail in the open Field.

*Sax.* They never could have come in fitter time ;  
Thirst they for blood ? and they shall quench their  
thirst.

*Alex.* O piteous spectacle ! poor Princess *Hede-  
wick*.

*Sax.* Stand not to pittie, lend a helping hand.

*Alex.* What slave hath murdered this guiltless  
Child ?

*Sax.* What ? dar'st thou call me slave unto my  
face ?

I tell thee villain, I have done this deed.  
And seeing the Father and the Grand fires heart,  
Can give consent and execute their own,  
Wherefore should such a rascal as thy self  
Presume to pittie them, whom we have slain ?

*Alex.* Pardon me, if it be presumption  
To pittie them, I will presume no more.

*Sax.* Then help, I long to be amidst my foes.

*Exeunt.*

---

*Alarum and Retreat.* ACT. V.

*Enter Richard and Collen with Drums and Souldiers.*

*Richard.* What means your Excellence to found retreat ?

This is the day of doom unto our Friends ;  
Before Sun set, my Sister, and my Nephew,  
Vnless we rescue them must lose their lives :  
The cause admits no dalliance nor delay.  
He that so tyrant-like hath slain his own,  
Will take no pittie on a strangers blood.

*Collen.* At my entreaty e're we strike the battail,  
Let's summon out our enemies to a parle.  
Words spoken in time, have vertue, power, and price,  
And mildnes may prevail and take effect,  
When dynt of Sword perhaps will aggravate.

*Rich.* Then found a Parly to fulfill your mind,  
Although I know no good can follow it. *A Parley.*

*Enter Alphonso, Emprefs, Saxon, Edward prisoner,  
Tryer, Brandenburg, Alexander and Souldiers.*

*Alphon.* Why now now Emperour that should have  
been,  
Are these the English Generals bravado's ?  
Make you assault so hotly at the first,  
And in the self same moment found retreat ?  
To let you know, that neither War nor words,  
Hove power for to divert their fatall doom,  
Thus are we both resolv'd ; if we triumph,  
And by the right and justice of our cause  
Obtain the victorie, as I doubt it not,  
Then both of you shall bear them Company,  
And e're Sun set we will perform our oaths,  
With just effusion of their guilty bloods ;

If you be Conquerours, and we overcome,  
Carry not that conceit to rescue them,  
My self will be the Executioner,  
And with these Poynards frustrate all your hopes,  
Making you triumph in a bloodie Field.

*Saxon.* To put you out of doubt that we intend it,  
Please it your Majesty to take your Seate,  
And make a demonstration of your meaning.

*Alphon.* First on my right hand bind the English  
Whore,

That venemous Serpent nurs't within my breast  
To suck the vitall blood out of my veins,  
My Empress must have some preheminance,  
Especially at such a bloodie Banquet,  
Her State, and love to me deserves no less.

*Saxon.* That to Prince *Edward* I may shew my love,  
And do the latest honour to his State,  
These hands of mine that never chained any,  
Shall fasten him in fetters to the Chair.  
Now Princes are you ready for the battail ?

*Collen.* Now art thou right the picture of thy self,  
Seated in height of all thy Tyrannie ;  
But tell us what intends this spectacle.

*Alphon.* To make the certaintie of their deaths  
more plain,  
And Cancel all your hopes to save their lives,  
While *Saxon* leads the troupes into the Field,  
Thus will I vex their souls, with sight of death,  
Loudly exclaiming in their half dead ears ;  
That if we win they shall have companie,  
*Viz.* The English Emperour,  
And you my Lord Archbishop of *Collen*,  
If we be vanquisht, then they must expect  
Speedy dispatch from these two Daggers points.

*Collen.* What canst thou tyrant then expect but  
death ?

*Alphon.* Tush hear me out, that hand which shed  
their blood,  
Can do the like to rid me out of bonds.

*Rich.* But that's a damned resolution.

*Alphon.* So must this desperate disease be cur'd.

*Rich.* O *Saxon* I'll yield my self and all my power,  
To save my Nephew, though my Sister dye.

*Sax.* Thy Brothers Kingdom shall not save his life.

*Edward.* Uncle, you see these savage minded men.  
Will have no other ranfome but my blood,  
*England* hath Heirs, though I be never King,  
And hearts and hands to scourge this tyrannie,  
And so farewell.

*Emp.* A thousand times farewell,  
Sweet Brother *Richard* and brave Prince of *Collen*.

*Sax.* What *Richard*, hath this object pierc'd thy  
heart ?

By this imagine how it went with me,  
When yesterday I slew my Children.

*Rich.* O *Saxon* I entreat thee on my Knees.

*Sax.* Thou shalt obtain like mercy with thy kneeling,  
As lately I obtained at *Edward's* hands.

*Rich.* Pity the tears I powr before thy feet.

*Sax.* Pity those tears? why I shed bloudie tears.

*Rich.* I'll do the like to save Prince *Edwards* life.

*Sax.* Then like a Warrior spill it in the Field,  
My grievfull anger cannot be appeaz'd,  
By sacrifice of any but himself.

Thou hast dishonour'd me, and thou shalt dye ;  
Therefore alarum, alarum to the fight,  
That thousands more may bear thee company.

*Rich.* Nephew and Sister now farewell for ever.

*Ed.* Heaven and the Right prevail, and let me die ;  
Uncle farewell.

*Emp.* Brother farewell untill wee meet in Heaven.

*Excunt.* *Manent* *Alphon.* *Edw.* *Emp.* *Alex.*

*Alphon.* Here's farewell Brother, Nephew, Vncle,  
Aunt,

As if in thousand years you should not meet ;  
Good Nephew, and good Aunt content your selves,  
The Sword of *Saxon* and these Daggers-points,



Before the Evening-Star doth shew it self,  
Will take sufficient order for your meeting.  
But *Alexander*, my trustie *Alexander*,  
Run to the Watch-Tow'r as I pointed thee,  
And by thy life I charge thee look unto it  
Thou be the first to bring me certain word  
If we be Conquerors, or Conquered.

*Alex.* With carefull speed I will perform this charge.

*Exit.*

*Alphon.* Now have I leasure yet to talk with you.  
Fair *Isabel*. the *Palsgrave's* Paramour,  
Wherein was he a better man than I?  
Or wherefore should thy love to him, effect  
Such deadly hate unto thy Emperour?  
Yet welfare wenches that can love Good fellows,  
And not mix Murder with Adulterie.

*Emp.* Great Emperor, I dare not call you Husband,  
Your Conscience knows my hearts unguiltiness.

*Alpho.* Didst thou not poison or consent to poison us?

*Emp.* Should any but your Highness tell me so,  
I should forget my patience at my death,  
And call him Villain, Liar, Murderer.

*Alphon.* She that doth so miscall me at her end,  
*Edward* I prethee speak thy Conscience,  
Thinkst thou not that in her prosperitie  
Sh'hath vext my Soul with bitter Words and Deeds?  
O Prince of *England* I do count thee wise  
That thou wilt not be cumber'd with a wife,  
When thou hadst stoln her daintie rose *Corance*,  
And pluck'd the flow'r of her virginie.

*Edw.* Tyrant of *Spain* thou liest in thy throat.

*Alpho.* Good words, thou seest thy life is in our hands.

*Edw.* I see thou art become a common Hangman,  
An Office farre more fitting to thy mind  
Than princelie to the Imperiall dignitie.

*Alphon.* I do not exercise on common persons,

Your Highness is a Prince, and she an Empress,  
I therefore count not of a dignitie.

Hark *Edward* how they labour all in vain,  
With loss of many a valiant Soldiers life,  
To rescue them whom Heaven and we have doom'd  
Dost thou not tremble when thou think'st upon't ?

*Edw.* Let guiltie minds tremble at sight of Death,  
My heart is of the nature of the Palm,  
Not to be broken, till the highest Bud  
Be bent and ti'd unto the lowest Root ;  
I rather wonder that thy Tyrants heart  
Can give consent that those thy Butcherous hands  
Should offer violence to thy Flesh and Blood.  
See how her guiltless innocence doth plead  
In silent Oratorie of her chastest tears.

*Alphon.* Those tears proceed from Fury and curst  
heart.

I know the stomach of your English Dames.

*Emp.* No Emperour, these tears proceed from  
grief.

*Alphon.* Grief that thou canst not be reveng'd  
of Vs.

*Emp.* Grief that your Highness is so ill advis'd,  
To offer violence to my Nephew *Edward* ;  
Since then there must be sacrifice of Blood,  
Let my heart-blood save both your bloods unspilt,  
For of his death, thy Heart must pay the guilt.

*Edw.* No Aunt, I will not buy my life so dear :  
Therefore *Alphonso* if thou beest a man  
Shed manly blood, and let me end this strife.

*Alphon.* Here's straining curt'sie at a bitter Feast,  
Content thee Empress for thou art my Wife,  
Thou shalt obtain thy Boon and die the death,  
And for it were unprincely to deny  
So slight request unto so great a Lord,

*Edward* shall bear thee company in Death. *A Retreat.*  
But hark the heat of battail hath an end ;  
One side or other hath the victory, *Enter Alexander.*  
And see where *Alexander* sweating comes ;

Speak man what newes speak, shall I die or live ?  
 Shall I stab sure, or els prolong their lives  
 To grievous Torments ? speak, am I Conquerour ?  
 What, hath thy haft bereft thee of thy speech ?  
 Hast thou not breath to speak one fillable ?  
 O speak, thy dalliance kills me, wonn or lost ? *Amaz'd*

*Alex.* Lost.

*lets fall the*

*Alphon.* Ah me my Senfes fail ! my fight *Daggers.*  
 is gon.

*Alex.* Will not your Grace dispatch the Strumpet  
 Queen ?

Shall she then live, and we be doom'd to death ?  
 Is your Heart faint, or is your Hand too weak ?  
 Shall fervill fear break your so sacred Oaths ?  
 Me thinks an Emperour should hold his word ;  
 Give me the Weapons I will soon dispatch them,  
 My Fathers yelling Ghost cries for revenge,  
 His Blood within my Veins boyls for revenge ;  
 O give me leave *Cæsar* to take revenge.

*Alphon.* Vpon condition that thou wilt protest  
 To take revenge upon the Murtherers,  
 Without respect of dignity, or State,  
 Afflicted, speedy, pittiless Revenge,  
 I will commit this Dagger to thy trust,  
 And give thee leave to execute thy Will.

*Alex.* What need I here reiterate the Deeds  
 Which deadly sorrow made me perpetrate ?  
 How neer did I entrap Prince *Richard's* life ?  
 How sure set I the Knife to *Mentz* his heart ?  
 How cunninglie was *Palsgrave* doom'd to death ?  
 How subtilly was *Bohem* poisoned ?  
 How sily did I satisfie my lust  
 Commixing dulcet Love with deadly Hate,  
 When Princeesse *Hedwick* lost her Maidenhead,  
 Sweetly embracing me for *Englands* Heir ?

*Edw.* O execrable deeds !

*Emp.* O salvage mind !

*Alex.* *Edward*, I give thee leave to hear of this,  
 But will forbid the blabbing of your tongue.

Now gracious Lord and sacred Emperour,  
 Your highness knowing these and many more,  
 Which fearles pregnancie hath wrought in me,  
 You do me wrong to doubt that I will dive  
 Into their hearts that have not spar'd their betters,  
 Be therefore suddain left we die our selves.  
 I know the Conquerour hafts to rescue them.

*Alphon.* Thy Reasons are effectually, take this  
 Dagger;  
 Yet pause a while.

*Emp.* Sweet Nephew now farewell.

*Alphon.* They are most dear to me whom thou must  
 kill.

*Edward.* Hark Aunt he now begins to pittie you.

*Alex.* But they consented to my Fathers death.

*Alphon.* More then consented, they did execute.

*Emp.* I will not make his Majestie a Lyar,  
 I kill'd thy Father, therefore let me die,  
 But save the life of this unguilty Prince.

*Edward.* I kill'd thy Father, therefore let me die,  
 But save the life of this unguiltie Emperess.

*Alphon.* Hark thou to me, and think their words as  
 wind.

I kill'd thy Father, therefore let me die,  
 And save the lives of these two guiltless Princes.  
 Art thou amaz'd to hear what I have said?  
 There, take the weapon, now revenge at full  
 Thy Fathers death, and those my dire deceits  
 That made thee murderer of so many Souls.

*Alex.* O Emperour, how cunningly wouldst thou  
 entrap

My simple youth to credit Fictions?  
 Thou kill my Father, no, no Emperour,  
*Cæsar* did love *Lorentzo* all too dearly:  
 Seeing thy Forces now are vanquished,  
 Frustrate thy hopes, thy Highness like to fall  
 Into the cruel and revengefull hands  
 Of merciless incensed Enemies,  
 Like *Caius Cassius* wearie of thy life,

Now wouldst thou make thy Page an instrument  
By suddain stroak to rid thee of thy bonds.

*Alphon.* Hast thou forgotten how that very night  
Thy Father dy'd, I took the Master-Key,  
And with a lighted Torch walk'd through the Courts.

*Alex.* I must remember that, for to my death  
I never shall forget the slightest deed,  
Which on that dismall Night or Day I did.

*Alphon.* Thou wast no sooner in thy restfull Bed,  
But I disturb'd thy Father of his rest,  
And to be short, not that I hated him,  
But for he knew my deepest Secrets,  
With cunning Poison I did end his life :  
Art thou his Son ? express it with a Stabb,  
And make account if I had prospered,  
Thy date was out, thou wast already doom'd,  
Thou knewst too much of me to live with me.

*Alex.* What wonders do I hear great Emperour ?  
Not that I do stedfastlie believe  
That thou didst murder my beloved Father ;  
But in meer pittie of thy vanquish'd state  
I undertake this execution :  
Yet, for I fear the sparkling Majestie  
Which issues from thy most Imperial eyes  
May strike relenting Passion to my heart,  
And after wound receiv'd from fainting hand,  
Thou fall halfe dead among thine Enemies,  
I crave thy Highness leave to bind thee first.

*Alphon.* Then bind me quickly, use me as thou  
please

*Emp.* O Villain, wilt thou kill thy Sovereign ?

*Alex.* Your Highness sees that I am forc'd unto it.

*Alphon.* Fair Empress, I shame to ask thee pardon,  
Whom I have wrong'd so many thousand waies.

*Emp.* Dread Lord and Husband, leave these des-  
perat thoughts,

Doubt not the Princes may be reconcil'd.

*Alex.* 'T may be the Princes will be reconcil'd,  
But what is that to me ? all Potentates on Earth

Can neuer reconcile my grieved Soul.  
 Thou slew'st my Father, thou didst make this hand  
 Mad with Revenge to murder Innocents,  
 Now hear, how in the height of all thy pride  
 The rightfull Gods have powr'd their justfull wrath  
 Upon thy Tyrants head, Devill as thou art.  
 And sav'd by miracle these Princes lives ;  
 For know, thy side hath got the Victory ;  
*Saxon* triumphs over his dearest friends ;  
*Richard* and *Collen*, both are Prisoners,  
 And every thing hath sort'd to thy wish ;  
 Only hath Heaven put it in my mind  
 (for he alone directed then my thoughts  
 Although my meaning was most mischievous)  
 To tell thee thou hadst lost, in certain hope  
 That suddainly thou wouldst have slain them both,  
 For if the Princes came to talk about it,  
 I greatly feard their lives might be prolong'd.  
 Art thou not mad to think on this deceit ?  
 Ile make the madder, with tormenting thee.  
 I tell thee Arch-Thief, Villain, Murtherer,  
 Thy Forces have obtain'd the Victory,  
 Victory leads thy Foes in captive bands ;  
 This Victory hath crown'd thee Emperour,  
 Only my self have vanquisht Victory,  
 And triumph in the Victors overthrow.

*Alphon.* O *Alexander* spare thy Princes life.

*Alex.* Even now thou didst entreat the contrary.

*Alphon.* Think what I am that begg my life of thee.

*Alex.* Think what he was whom thou hast doom'd to death.

But least the Princes do surprize us here  
 Before I have perform'd my strange revenge,  
 I will be suddain in the execution.

*Alphon.* I will accept any condition.

*Alex.* Then in the presence of the Emperess,  
 The captive Prince of *England*, and my self,  
 Forswear the joyes of Heaven, the sight of God,

Thy Souls salvation, and thy Saviour Christ,  
Damning thy Soul to endless pains of Hell.  
Do this or die upon my Rapiers point.

*Emp.* Sweet Lord and Husband, spit in's face.  
Die like a man, and live not like a Devill.

*Alex.* What? wilt thou save thy life, and damn thy  
Soul?

*Alph.* O hold thy hand, *Alphonfus* doth re-  
nounce.

*Edward.* Aunt stop your ears, hear not this Blaf-  
phemy.

*Empr.* Sweet Husband think that Christ did dy  
for thee.

*Alphon.* *Alphonfus* doth renounce the joyes of  
Heaven,

The fight of Angells and his Saviours blood,  
And gives his Soul unto the Devills power.

*Alex.* Thus will I make delivery of the Deed,  
Die and be damn'd, now am I satisfied.

*Edward.* O damned Mifcreant, what hast thou  
done?

*Alex.* When I have leasure I will answer thee :  
Mean while I'll take my heels and save my self.  
If I be ever call'd in question,  
I hope your Majesties will save my life,  
You have so happily preserved yours ;  
Did I not think it, both of you should die.

*Exit Alex.*

*Enter Saxon, Branden. Tryer, (Richard and Collen  
as prisoners) and Soldiers.*

*Saxon.* Bring forth these daring Champions to the  
Block,  
Comfort your selves you shall have company.  
Great Emperor, where is his Majestie?  
What bloody spectacle do I behold?

*Emp.* Revenge, revenge, O *Saxon, Brandenburg,*  
My Lord is slain, *Cæsar* is doom'd to death.

*Edward.* Princes make haste, follow the mur-  
therer.

*Saxon.* Is *Cæsar* slain?

*Edward.* Follow the Murtherer.

*Emp.* Why stand you gasing on an other thus?  
Follow the Murtherer.

*Saxon.* What Murtherer?

*Edward.* The villain *Alexander* hath slain his Lord,  
Make after him with speed, so shall you hear  
Such villanie as you have never heard.

*Brand.* My Lord of *Tryer*, we both with our light  
Horse  
Will scoure the Coasts and quickly bring him in.

*Saxon.* That can your Excellence alone perform,  
Stay you my Lord, and guard the Prifoners,  
While I, alas, unhappiest Prince alive,  
Over his Trunk consume my self in Tears.  
Hath *Alexander* done this damned deed?  
That cannot be, why should he slay his Lord?  
O cruel Fate, O miserable me!  
Me thinks I now present *Mark Antony*,  
Folding dead *Julius Cæsar* in mine arms.  
No, no, I rather will present *Achilles*,  
And on *Patroclus* Tomb do sacrifice.  
Let me be spurn'd and hated as a Dogg,  
But I perform more direfull bloody Rites  
Than *Thetis* Son for *Menetiades*.

*Edward.* Leave mourning for thy Foes, pittty thy  
Friends.

*Sax.* Friends have I none, and that which grieves  
my Soul,  
Is want of Foes to work my wreak upon;  
But were you Traitors 4, four hundred thousand,  
Then might I satisfie my self with Blood.

*Enter Brandenb. Alexand. and Soldiers.*

*Saxon.* See *Alexander* where *Cæsar* lieth slain,  
The guilt whereof the Traitors cast on thee;



Speak, canst thou tell who slew thy Sovereign ?

*Alexan.* Why who but I ? how should I curse my  
self

If any but my self had done this deed ?

This happy hand, blest be my hand therefore,

Reveng'd my Fathers death upon his Soul :

And *Saxon* thou hast cause to curse and bann

That he is dead, before thou didst inflict

Torments on him that so hath torn thy heart.

*Saxon.* What Mysteries are these ?

*Bran.* Princes, can you inform us of the Truth ?

*Edward.* The Deed's so heinous that my faltering  
tongue

Abhorres the utterance. Yet I must tell it.

*Alex.* Your Highness shall not need to take the  
pains,

What you abhor to tell, I joy to tell,

Therefore be silent and give audience.

You mighty men, and Rulers of the Earth,

Prepare your Ears to hear of Stratagems

Whose dire effects have gaul'd your princely hearts,

Confounded your conceits, muffled your eyes :

First to begin this villanous Fiend of Hell

Murder'd my Father, sleeping in his Chair,

The reason why, because he only knew

All Plotts, and complots of his villanie ;

His death was made the Basis and the Ground

Of every mischief that hath troubled you.

*Saxon.* If thou, thy Father and thy Progenie  
Were hang'd and burnt, and broken on the Wheel,  
How could their deaths heap mischief on our  
heads ?

*Alex.* And if you will not hear the Reason  
chuse.

I tell thee I have slain an Emperour,

And thereby think my self as good a man

As thou, or any man in Christendom,

Thou shalt entreat me ere I tell thee more.

*Brand.* Proceed.

*Alex.* Not I.

*Saxon.* I prethe now proceed.

*Alex.* Since you intreat you then, I will proceed.

This murtherous Devill having flain my Father,  
 Buz'd cunningly into my credulous ears,  
 That by a General Councill of the States,  
 And as it were by Act of Parlement,  
 The seven Electors had set down his death,  
 And made the Emprefs Executioner,  
 Transferring all the guilt from him to you.  
 This I believ'd, and first did set upon  
 The life of Princely *Richard*, by the Boors,  
 But how my purpose faild in that, his Grace best  
 knows ;

Next, by a double intricate deceit,  
 Midst all his Mirth was *Bohem* poysoned,  
 And good old *Mentz* to save *Alphonso's* life,  
 (Who at that instant was in perfect health)  
 Twixt jest and earnest was made a Sacrifice ;  
 As for the *Palatine*, your Graces knew  
 His Highness and the Queens unguiltines ;  
 But now my Lord of *Saxon* hark to me,  
 Father of *Saxon* should I rather call you,  
 Twas I that made your Grace a Grandfather :  
 Prince *Edward* plow'd the ground, I sow'd the  
 Seed,

Poor *Hedewick* bore the most unhappy fruit,  
 Created in a most unluckie hour,  
 To a most violent and untimely death.

*Sax.* O loathsome Villain, O detested deeds,  
 O guiltless Prince, O me most miserable.

*Brand.* But tell us who reveal'd to thee at  
 last

This shamefull guilt, and our unguiltines ?

*Alex.* Why that's the wonder Lords, and thus it  
 was :

When like a tyrant he had tane his seat,  
 And that the furie of the Fight began,

Upon the highest Watch-Tow'r of the Fort,  
It was my office to behold aloft  
The Warres event, and having seen the end,  
I saw how Victory with equal wings  
Hang hovering 'twixt the Battails here and there,  
Till at the last, the English Lyons fled,  
And *Saxon's* side obtain'd the Victory;  
Which seen, I posted from the turrets top,  
More furiously than ere *Laocoon* ran,  
When Trojan hands drew in *Troy's* overthrow,  
But yet as fatally as he or any.

The tyrant seeing me, star'd in my face,  
And suddainly demanded whats the newes,  
I, as the Fates would have it, hoping that he  
Even in a twinkling would have slain 'em both,  
For so he swore before the Fight began,  
Cri'd bitterly that he had lost the day,  
'The found whereof did kill his dastard heart,  
And made the Villain desperatly confess  
The murder of my Father, praying me,  
With dire revenge, to ridd him of his life;  
Short tale to make, I bound him cunningly,  
Told him of the deceit, triumphing over him,  
And lastly with my Rapier slew him dead.

*Sax.* O Heavens! justly have you tane re-  
venge.

But thou, thou murtherous adulterous slave,  
What Bull of *Phalaris*, what strange device,  
Shall we invent to take away thy life?

*Alex.* If *Edward* and the Emprefs, whom I  
fav'd,

Will not requite it now, and save my life,  
Then let me die, contentedly I die,  
Having at last reveng'd my Fathers death.

*Sax.* Villain, not all the world shall save thy  
life.

*Edw.* Hadst thou not been Author of my *Hede-  
wicks* death,

I would have certainly fav'd thee from death ;  
 But if my Sentence now may take effect,  
 I would adjudge the Villain to be hang'd  
 As here the Jewes are hang'd in *Germany*.

*Sax.* Young Prince it shall be so ; go dragg the  
 Slave

Unto the place of execution :  
 There let the *Fudas*, on a Jewish Gallowes,  
 Hang by the heels between two English Mastives,  
 There feed on Doggs, let Doggs there feed on  
 thee,  
 And by all means prolong his miserie.

*Alex.* O might thy self and all these English  
 Currs,  
 Instead of Mastive-Doggs hang by my side,  
 How sweetly would I tugg upon your Flesh.

*Exit Alex.*

*Sax.* Away with him, suffer him not to speak.  
 And now my lords, *Collen*, *Tryer*, and *Branden-*  
*burg*,

Whose Hearts are bruz'd to think upon these woes,  
 Though no man hath such reason as my self,  
 We of the seven Electors that remain,  
 After so many bloody Massacres,  
 Kneeling upon our Knees, humbly intreat  
 Your Excellence to be our Emperour.  
 The Royalties of the Coronation  
 Shall be, at *Aix*, shortly solemnized.

*Cullen.* Brave Princely *Richard* now refuse it  
 not,  
 Though the Election be made in Tears,  
 Joy shall attend thy Coronation.

*Richard.* It stands not with mine Honour to deny  
 it,  
 Yet by mine Honour, fain I would refuse it.

*Edward.* Uncle, the weight of all these Miseries  
 Maketh my heart as heavy as your own,  
 But an Imperial Crown would lighten it,  
 Let this one reason make you take the Crown.

*Richard.* What's that sweet nephew?

*Edward.* Sweet Uncle, this it is,  
Was never Englishman yet Emperour,  
Therefore to honour *England* and your self,  
Let private sorrow yield to publike Fame,  
That once an Englishman bare *Cæsar's* name.

*Richard.* Nephew, thou hast prevail'd; Princes  
stand up,  
We humbly do accept your sacred offer.

*Cullen.* Then sound the Trumpets, and cry *Vivat*  
*Cæsar.*

*All.* *Vivat Cæsar.*

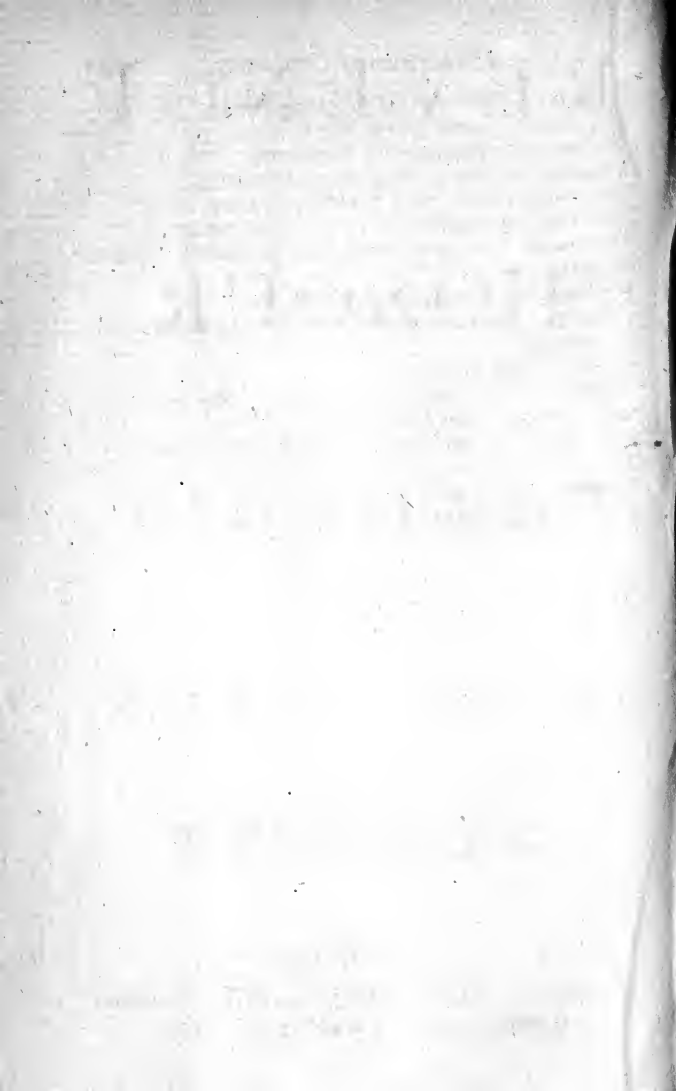
*Cullen.* *Richardus Dei gratia Romanorum Imperator,*  
*semper Augustus, Comes Cornubiæ.*

*Richard.* Sweet Sister now let *Cæsar* comfort you,  
And all the rest that yet are comfortless;  
Let them expect from English *Cæsar's* hands  
Peace, and abundance of all earthly Joy.

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*FINIS*

---



REVENGE<sup>285</sup>

FOR

HONOUR.

A

TRAGEDIE,

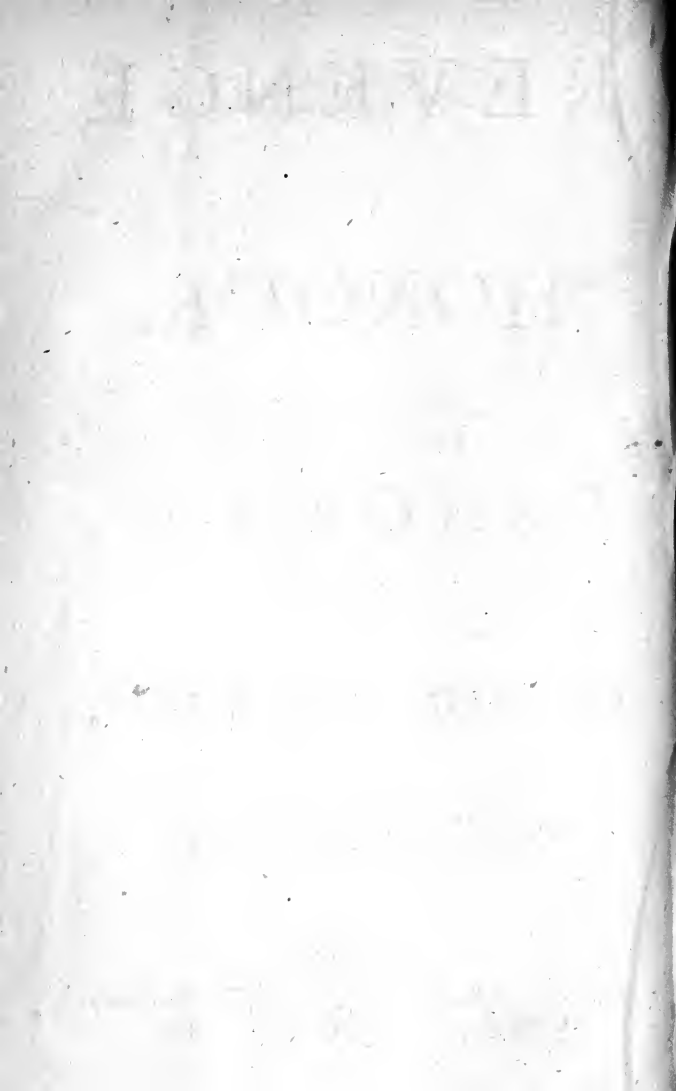
BY

GEORGE CHAPMAN.



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## The Persons Acting.

*Almanzor* Caliph of Arabia.

*Abilqualit* his eldest Son.

*Abrahen* his Son by a second Wife.

Brother to *Abilqualit*.

*Tarifa* an old General, Conqueror of  
*Spain*, Tutor to *Abilqualit*.

*Mura* a rough Lord, a Souldier, Kin-  
man by his Mother, to *Abrahen*.

*Simanthes* a Court Lord, allyed to  
*Abrahen*.

*Selintus* an honest, merrie Court  
Lord.

*Mefithes* a Court Eunuch, Attendant  
on *Abilqualit*.

*Osman* a Captain to *Tarifa*.

*Gafelles* another Captain.

*Caropia* Wife to *Mura*, first beloved of  
*Abrahen*, then of *Abilqualit*.

*Perilinda* her Woman.

*Souldiers,*      *Guard.*  
*Muts.*            *Attendants.*



## PROLOGUE.

**O**ur Author thinks 'tis not i'th power of Wit,  
Invention, Art, nor Industrie, to fit  
The severall phantasies which in this age  
With a predominant humour rule the Stage.  
Some men cry out for Satyr, others chuse  
Meerly to story to confine each Muse ;  
Most like no Play, but such as gives large birth  
To that which they judiciously term mirth.  
Nor wil the best works with their liking crown,  
Except 't be grac'd with part of foole or clown.  
Hard and severe the task is then to write,  
So as may please each various appetite.  
Our Author hopes wel though, that in this Play,  
He has endeavour'd so, he justly may  
Gain liking from you all, unlesse those few  
Who wil dislike, be't ne're so good, so new ;  
Whe rather Gentlemen, he hopes, cause I  
Am a mean Actor in this Tragedie :  
You've grac'd me sometimes in another Sphear,  
And I do hope you'l not dislike me here.



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# REVENGE FOR HONOUR.

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## ACTUS PRIMUS. Scena I.

*Enter Selinthus, Gafelles, and Ofman.*

*Sel.* NO murmurings, Noble Captains.

*Gaf.* NO Murmurings, Cosen ?

this Peace is worse to men of war and action  
then fasting in the face o'th' fo, or lodging  
on the cold earth. Give me the Camp, say I,  
where in the Sutlers palace on pay-day  
we may the precious liquor quaff, and kisse  
his buxome wife ; who though she be not clad  
in Persian Silks, or costly Tyrian Purples,  
has a clean skin, soft thighes, and wholesome corps,  
fit for the trayler of the puiffant Pike,  
to sollace in delight with.

*Of.* Here in your lewd Citie,

the Harlots do avoid us fons o'th' Sword  
 worfe then a fevere Officer. Befides,  
 here men o'th' Shop can gorge their muftie maws  
 with the delicious Capon, and fat limbs  
 of Mutton large enough to be held foulders  
 o' th' Ram ancouge the 12 Signes, while for pure  
 want

Your fouldier oft dines at the charge o' th' dead,  
 'mong tombs in the great Mosque.

*Sel.* 'Tis beleev'd Coz,  
 and by the wifest few too, that i' th' Camp  
 you do not feed on pleafant poults ; a fallad,  
 and without oyl or vinegar, appeafes  
 fometimes your guts, although they keep more noife  
 then a large pool ful of ingendring frogs.  
 Then for accoutrements, you wear the Buff,  
 as you believ'd it herefie to change  
 for linnen : Surely moft of yours is fpend  
 in lint, to make long tents for your green wounds  
 after an onflaught.

*Gaf.* Coz. thefe are fad truths,  
 incident to fraile mortals !

*Sel.* You yet crie  
 out with more eagerneffe ftill for new wars,  
 then women for new fashions.

*Cf.* 'Tis confefs'd,  
 Peace is more oppofite to my nature, then  
 the running ach in the rich Ufurers feet,  
 when he roars out, as if he were in hel  
 before his time. Why, I love mifchief, Coz,  
 when one may do't fe curely ; to cut throats  
 with a licencious pleafure ; when good men  
 and true o' th' Jurie, with their froftie beards  
 fhall not have power to give the noble wefand,  
 which has the fteele defied, to th' hanging mercy  
 of the ungracious cord.

*Sel.* Gentlemen both,  
 and Cozens mine, I do believe't much pity,  
 to ftive to reconvert you from the faith

you have been bred in : though your large discourse and praise, wherein you magnifie your Mistrifs, Warr, shall scarce drive me from my quiet sheets, to sleep upon a turfe. But pray say, Cozens, How do you like your General, Prince, is he a right Mars ?

*Gaf.* As if his Nurfe had lapt him in swadling clouts of steele ; a very *Hector* and *Alcibiades*.

*Sel.* It seems he does not relish these boasted sweets of warre : for all his triumphs, he is reported melencholy.

*Of.* Want of exercife renders all men of actions, dul as dormife ; your Souldier only can dance to the Drum, and sing a Hymn of joy to the sweet Trumpet : there's no musick like it.

*Enter Abrahen, Mura, and Simanthes.*

*Ab.* I'll know the cause, he shall deny me hardly else.

*Mu.* His melancholy known whence it rises once, 't may much conduce to help our purpose.

*Gaf.* Pray Coz. what Lords are these ? they seem as ful of plot, as Generals are in Siege, they're very ferious.

*Sel.* That young Stripling is our great Emperors son, by his last wife : that in the rich Imbroidery's, the Count *Hermes* ; one that has hatcht more projects, then the ovens in Egypt chickens ; the other, though they call friends, his meer opposite Planet *Mars*, one that does put on a reserv'd gravitie, which some call wisdom, the rough Souldier *Mura*, Governour i' th' *Moroccos*.

*Of.* Him we've heard of before : but Cozen, shall that man of trust,

thy tailor, furnish us with new accoutrements ?  
 hast thou tane order for them ?

*Sel.* Yes, yes, you shal  
 flourish in fresh habiliments ; but you must  
 promise me not to ingage your corporal oathes  
 you wil see't satisfied at the next pres,  
 out of the profits that arise from ransome  
 of those rich yeomans heires, that dare not look  
 the fierce foe in the face.

*Gaf.* Doubt not our truths,  
 though we be given much to contradictions,  
 we wil not pawn oaths of that nature.

*Sel.* Well then, this note does fetch the garments :  
 meet me Cozens anon at Supper. *Exeunt. Gaf. Of.*

*Of.* Honourable Coz. we wil come give our  
 thanks. *Enter Abilqualit.*

*Ab.* My gracious brother,  
 make us not such a stranger to your thoughts,  
 to consume all your honors in close retirements ;  
 perhaps since you from *Spain* return'd a victor,  
 with (the worlds conqueror) *Alexander*, you greive  
 Nature ordain'd no other earths to vanquish ;  
 if't be so, Princely brother, we'le bear part  
 in your heroique melancholy.

*Abil.* Gentle youth,  
 pres me no farther, I stil hold my temper  
 free and unshaken, only some fond thoughts  
 of trivial moment, cal my faculties  
 to private meditations

*Sim.* Howfoe're your Highnesse  
 does please to term them, 'tis meer melancholy,  
 which next to sin, is the greatest maladie  
 than can oppres mans' soul.

*Sel.* They say right :  
 and that your Grace may see what a meer madnesse,  
 a very mid-summer frenzy, 'tis to be  
 melancholy, for any man that wants no monie,  
 I (with your pardon) wil discusse unto you  
 All sorts, all sises, persons and conditions,

that are infected with it ; and the reasons why it in each arises.

*Ab.* Learned *Selinthus*,  
Let's taste of thy Philosophie.

*Mu.* Pish, 'Tis unwelcome to any of judgment, this fond prate : I marvel that our Emperor dos permit fools to abound ith' Court !

*Sel.* What makes your grave Lordship in it, I do beseech you ? But Sir, mark me, the Kernel of the text enucleated, I shall confute, refute, repel, refel, explode, exterminate, expunge, extinguish like a rush candle, this same heresie, that is shot up like a pernicious Mushroom, to poison true humanitie.

*Ab.* You shall stay and hear a lecture read on your disease ; you shall, as I love virtue.

*Sel.* First the cause then from whence this *flatus Hypochondriacus* this glimmering of the gizzard (for in wild fowl, 'tis term'd so by *Hypocrates*) arises, is as *Averroes* and *Avicen*, with *Abenbucar*, *Baruch* and *Aboflii*, and all the Arabick writers have affirm'd, a meer defect, that is as we interpret, a want of—

*Abil.* Of what, *Selinthus* ?

*Sel.* Of wit, and please your Highnesse, That is the cause in gen'ral, for particular and special causes, they are all deriv'd from severall wants ; yet they must be considered, pondred, perpended, or premeditated.

*Sim.* My Lord, y'ad best be brief, your Patient will be wearie else.

*Sel.* I cannot play the fool rightly, I mean, the Phyfician without I have licence to expalcat on the disease. But (my good Lord) more briefly, I shall declare to you like a man of wisdom

and no Physician, who deal all in simples,  
why men are melancholy. First, for your Courtier.

*Sim.* It concerns us all to be attentive, Sir.

*Sel.* Your fage and ferious Courtier, who does  
walk

with a State face, as he had drest himself  
ith' Emperors glasse, and had his beard turn'd up  
by the' irons Roial, he will be as pentive  
as Stallion after Catum, when he wants suits,  
begging suits, I mean. Me thinks, (my Lord)  
you are grown something solemn on the fudden;  
since your Monopolies and Patents, which  
made your purse swell like a wet sponge, have been  
reduc'd to th' last gasp. Troth, it is far better  
to confesse here, then in a worfer place.  
Is it not so indeed?

*Abil.* What ere he does  
by mine, I'me sure h'as hit the cause from whence  
your grief springs, Lord *Simanthes*.

*Sel.* No *Egyptian* Soothfayer  
has truer inspirations, then your finall Courtiers  
from causes and wants manifold; as when  
the Emperors count'nance with propitious noise  
does not cry chink in pocket, no repute is  
with Mercer, nor with Tailor; nay sometimes too  
the humor's pregnant in him, when repulse  
is given him by a Beautie: I can speak this  
though from no Memphian Priest, or fage Caldean,  
from the best Mistris (Gentlemen) an Experience.  
Last night I had a mind t'a comly Semstrefs,  
who did refuse me, and behold, ere since  
how like an Afs I look.

*Enter Tarifa.*

*Tar.* What, at your Counsels, Lords? the great  
*Almanzor*  
requires your presence, *Mura*; has decree'd  
the Warr for *Persia*. You (my gracious Lord)



Prince *Abilqualet*, are appointed Chief :  
 And you, brave spirited *Abrahen*, an Assistant  
 to your victorious Brother : You, Lord *Mura*,  
 destin'd Lieutenant General.

*Abil.* And must I march against the foe, without  
 thy company ? I relish not th' employment.

*Tar.* Alas, my Lord,  
*Tarifa's* head's grown white beneath his helmet ;  
 and your good Father thought it charity  
 to spare mine age from travel : though this ease  
 will be more irksome to me than the toil  
 of war in a sharp winter.

*Abr.* It arrives just to our wish. My gracious  
 brother, I  
 anon shall wait on you : mean time, valiant *Mura*,  
 let us attend my Father.

*Exeunt Ab. Mura, Sim.*

*Abil.* Good *Selinthus*,  
 vouchsafe a while your absence, I shall have  
 employment shortly for your trust.

*Sel.* Your Grace shall have as much power to com-  
 mand  
*Selinthus*, as his best fanci'd Mistress. I am your crea-  
 ture. *Exit.*

*Tar.* Now, my Lord,  
 I hope y'are cloath'd with all those resolutions  
 that usher glorious minds to brave achievements.  
 The happy genius on your youth attendant  
 declares it built for Victories and Triumphs ;  
 and the proud *Persian* Monarchie, the sole  
 emulous opposer of the Arabique Greatness,  
 courts (like a fair Bride) your Imperial Arms,  
 waiting t'invest You Sovereigne of her beauties.  
 Why are you dull (my Lord ?) Your cheerful looks  
 should with a prosp'rous augury presage  
 a certain Victory : when you droop already,  
 as if the foe had ravish'd from your Crest  
 the noble Palm. For shame (Sir) be more sprightly ;

your sad appearance, should they thus behold you, would half unfoul your Army.

*Abil.* 'Tis no matter, Such looks best sute my fortune. Know (*Tarifa*) I'm undispos'd to manage this great Voiage, and must not undertake it.

*Tar.* Must not, Sir!

Is't possible a love-sick youth, whose hopes are fixt on marriage, on his bridal night should in soft slumbers languish? that your Arms should rust in ease, now when you hear the charge, and see before you the triumphant Prize destin'd t'adorn your Valour? You should rather be furnish'd with a power above these passions; and being invok'd by the mighty charm of Honour, flie to atchieve this war, not undertake it. I'd rather you had said, *Tarifa* ly'd, then utter'd such a sound, harsh and 'unwelcome.

*Abil.* I know thou lov'st me truly, and durst I to any born of woman, speak my intentions, the fatal cause which does withdraw my courage from this imployment, which like health I covet, thou shouldst enjoy it fully. But (*Tarifa*) the said discov'ry of it is not fit for me to utter, much lesse for thy vertue to be acquainted with.

*Tar.* Why (my Lord?) my loyaltie can merit no suspicion from you of fallhood: whatsoere the cause be or good, or wicked, 't meets a trustie silence, and my best care and honest counsel shall indeavour to reclaim, or to assist you if it be good, if ill, from your bad purpose.

*Abil.* Why, that I know *Tarifa*. 'Tis the love thou bear'st to honour, renders thee unapt to be partaker of those resolutions that by compulsion keep me from this Voiage: For they with such inevitable sweetnesse invade my sence, that though in their performance

my Fame and Vertue even to death do languish,  
I must attempt, and bring them unto act,  
or perish i' th' pursuance.

*Tar.* Heaven avert  
a mischief so prodigious. Though I would not  
with over-sawcie boldnesse presse your counsels ;  
yet pardon (Sir) my Loialtie, which timorous  
of your lov'd welfare, must intreat, beseech you  
with ardent love and reverence, to disclose  
the hidden cause that can estrange your courage  
from its own *Mars*, with-hold you from this Action  
so much ally'd to honour : Pray reveal it :  
By all your hopes of what you hold most precious,  
I do implore it ; for my faith in breeding  
your youth in warrs great rudiments, relieve  
*Tarifa's* fears, that wander into strange  
unwelcome doubts, lest some ambitious frenzy  
'gainst your imperial fathers dignitie  
has late seduc'd your goodness.

*Abr.* No, *Tarifa*,  
I ne're durst aim at that unholy height  
in viperous wickednesse ; a finlesse, harmlesse  
(ist can be truly term'd one) 'tis my foul  
labours even to dispaire with : 't faine would out,  
did not my blushes interdict my language :  
'tis unchast love, *Tarifa* ; nay, tak't all,  
and when thou hast it, pity my misfortunes,  
to fair *Caropia*, the chast, vertuous wife  
to surly *Mura*.

*Tar.* What a fool Desire is !  
with Giant strengths it makes us court the knowledg  
of hidden mysteries, which once reveal'd,  
far more inconstant then the air, it fleets  
into new wishes, that the coveted secret  
had slept still in oblivion.

*Abil.* I was certaine  
'twould fright thy innocence, and look to be  
besieged with strong dissuasions from my purpose :  
but be assur'd, that I have tir'd my thoughts

with all the rules that teach men moral goodnesse,  
 so to reclaime them from this love-sick loofenes; ;  
 but they (like wholesome medicines misapplied)  
 fac'd their best operation, fond and fruitlesse.  
 Though I as wel may hope to kiſs the Sun-beams  
 'cause they shine on me, as from her to gaine  
 one glance of comfort; yet my mind, that pities  
 it self with constant tenderneſſe, muſt needs  
 revolve the cauſe of its calamity,  
 and melt i' th' pleaſure of ſo ſweet a ſadneſs.

*Tar.* Then y'are undone for ever; Sir, undon  
 beyond the help of counſel or repentance.  
 'Tis moſt ignoble, that a mind unſhaken  
 by fear, ſhould by a vain deſire be broken;  
 or that thoſe powers no labour e're could vanquiſh,  
 ſhould be orecome and thral'd by fordid pleaſure.  
 Pray (Sir) conſider, that in glorious war,  
 which makes Ambition (by baſe men termed ſin)  
 a big and gallant Virtue, y'ave been nurs'd,  
 lull'd (as it were) into your infant ſleeps  
 by th' ſurly noiſe o' th' trumpet, which now ſummons  
 you to victorious uſe of your indowments:  
 and ſhall a Miſtriſſe ſlay you! ſuch a one too,  
 as to attempt, then war it ſelf's more dangerous!

*Abil.* All theſe perſwaſions are to as much purpoſe,  
 as you ſhould ſtrive to reinveſt with peace,  
 and all the ioyes of health and life, a ſoul  
 condemn'd to perpetuity of torments.  
 No (my *Tarifa*) though through all diſgraces,  
 loſſe of my honour, fame, nay hope for Empire,  
 I ſhould be forc'd to wade to obtain her love;  
 thoſe ſeas of miſchief would be pleaſing ſtreams,  
 which I would haſt to bath in, and paſſe through them  
 with that delight thou would'ſt to victory,  
 or ſlaves long chain'd to' th' oare, to ſudden freedome.

*Tar.* Were you not *Abilqualit*, from this time then  
 our friendſhips (like two rivers from one head  
 riſing) ſhould wander a diſſever'd courſe,  
 and never meet againe, unleſſe to quarrel.

Nay, old and stiffe, now as my iron garments,  
 were you my son, my sword should teach your wildness  
 a swift way to repentance Y'are my Prince,  
 on whom all hopes depend ; think on your Father,  
 that lively Image of majestick goodness,  
 who never yet wrong'd Matron in his lust,  
 or man in his displeasure. Pray conjecture  
 your Father, Countrie, Army, by my mouth  
 beseech your pietie to an early pittie  
 of your yet unslain Innocence. No attention !  
 Farwel : my praiers shall wait you, though my Counsels  
 be thus despis'd. Farwel Prince ! *Exit.*

*Abil.* 'Las good man, he weeps.  
 Such tears I've seen fall from his manly eyes  
 once when ye lost a battel. Why should I  
 put off my Reason, Valor, Honour, Virtue,  
 in hopes to gain a Beautie, whose possession  
 renders me more incapable of peace,  
 then I am now I want it ? Like a sweet,  
 much coveted banquet, 'tis no sooner tasted,  
 but it's delicious luxury's forgotten.  
 Besides, it is unlawful. Idle fool,  
 there is no law, but what's prescribed by Love,  
 Natures first moving Organ ; nor can ought  
 what Nature dictates to us be held vicious.  
 On then, my foul, and destitute of fears,  
 like an adventurous Mariner, that knows  
 storms must attend him, yet dares court his peril,  
 strive to obtain this happy Port. *Mefithes*  
 (Loves cunning Advocate) does for me besiege  
 (with gifts and vows) her Chastitie. She is  
 compass'd with flesh, that's not invulnerable,  
 and may by Love's sharp darts be pierc'd. They stand  
 firm, whom no art can bring to Love's command.

*Enter Abrahen.*

*Abr.* My gracious brother !

*Abil.* Dearest *Abrahen*, welcome.

Tis certainly decreed by our dread Father,  
 we must both march against th' insulting foe.

How does thy youth, yet uninur'd to travel,  
relish the Imploiment ?

*Abr.* War is sweet to those  
that neuer have experienc'd it. My youth  
cannot desire in that big Art a nobler  
Tutor then you (my Brother :) Like an Eglet  
following her dam, I shall your honour'd steps  
trace through all dangers, and be proud to borrow  
a branch, when your head's coverd ore with Lawrel,  
to deck my humbler temples.

*Abil.* I do know thee  
of valiant active soul ; and though a youth,  
thy forward spirit merits the Command  
of Chief, rather then Second in an Armie.  
Would heaven our Roial Father had bestow'd  
On thee the Charge of General.

*Abr.* On me, Sir !  
Alas, 'tis fit I first should know those Arts.  
that do distinguish Valour from wild rashness.  
A Gen'ral (Brother) must have abler nerves  
of Judgment, then in my youth can be hop'd for.  
Your self already like a flourishing Spring  
teeming with early Victories, the Souldier  
expects should lead them to new Triumphs, as  
if you had vanquisht fortune.

*Abil.* I am not so  
ambitious (*Abrahen*) of particular glories,  
but I would have those whom I love partake them.  
This *Persian* war, the last of the whole East  
left to be managed, if I can perswade  
the great *Almanzor*, shall be the trophee  
of thy yet maiden Valour. I have done  
enough already to inform Succession,  
that *Abilqualit* durst on fiercest foes  
run to fetch Conquest home, and would have thy  
name  
as great as mine in Arms, that Historie  
might register, our Familie abounded  
with Heroes, born for Victorie.

*Abr.* Tis an honour,  
 which, though it be above my powers, committed  
 to my direction, I would seek to manage  
 with care above my years, and courage equal  
 to his, that dares the horrid'ft face of danger :  
 But 'tis your noble courtesie would thrust  
 this masc'line honor (far above his merits)  
 on your regardless Brother ; for my Father,  
 he has no thought tending to your intentions ;  
 nor though your goodness should desire, would hardly  
 be won to yeild consent to them.

*Abil.* Why, my *Abrahen*,  
 w'are both his sons, and should be both alike  
 dear to's affections ; and though birth hath given me  
 the larger hopes and Titles, 'twere unnatural,  
 should he not strive t' indow thee with a portion  
 apted to the magnificence of his Off-spring.  
 But thou perhaps art timorous, lest thy first  
 essayes of valour should meet fate disastrous.  
 The bold are Fortunes darlings. If thou hast  
 courage to venture on this great imploiment,  
 doubt not, I shall prevail upon our Father  
 t' ordain thee Chief in this brave hopefull Voiage.

*Abr.* You imagine me  
 beyond all thought of gratitude ; and doubt not  
 that I'll deceive your trust. The glorious Ensignes  
 waving i' th' air once, like so many Comets,  
 shall speak the Persians funerals, on whose ruines  
 we'll build to Fame and Victorie new temples,  
 which shall like Pyramids preserve our memories,  
 when we are chang'd to ashes.

*Abil.* Be sure, continue  
 in this brave minde ; I'll instantly folicite  
 our Father to confirm thee in the Charge  
 of General. I'll about it.

*Exit.*

*Abr.* Farewell gracious Brother.  
 This haps above my hopes. 'Las, good dull fool,  
 I see through thy intents, clear, as thy soul  
 were as transparent as thin air or Cristal.

He would have me remov'd, march with the Armie,  
 that he mean time might make a fure defeat  
 on our aged fathers life and Empire: 't must  
 be certain as the light. Why should not his  
 with equall heat, be like my thoughts, ambitious?  
 Be they as harmles as the prai's of Virgins,  
 I'll work his ruine out of his intentions.  
 He like a thick cloud stands 'twixt me and Greatnesse:  
 Greatnesse, the wise mans true felicity,  
 Honour's direct inheritance. My youth  
 wil quit suspicion of my subtil practice:  
 then have I furly *Mura* and *Simanthes*,  
 my allyes by my dead Mothers bloud, my assistants,  
 his Eunuch too *Mefithes* at my service.  
*Simanthes* shall inform the King, the people  
 desire Prince *Abilqualit's* stay; and *Mura*  
 whose blunt demeanour renders him oraculous,  
 make a shrewd inference out of it. He is my halt  
 Brother,  
 th' other's my Father; names, meer airie titles!  
 Soveraigntie's onely sacred, Greatnesse goodnesse,  
 true self-affection Justice, every thing  
 righteous that's helpfull to create a King.

*Enter Mura, Simanthes.*

*Abr.* My trustie friends, y'are welcome:  
 our fate's above our wishes; *Abilqualit*  
 by whatso'ere pow'r mov'd to his own ruine,  
 would fain inforce his charge of General on me,  
 and stay at home.

*Sim.* Why, how can this conduce  
 t' advance our purpose?

*Abr.* Tis the mainest engine  
 could ever move to ruine him. *Simanthes*,  
 you shall inform our Father, tis the people  
 out of their tender love desires his stay.  
 You (*Mura*) shall infer my Brothers greatnesse  
 with people; out of it, how nice it is and dangerous.



The air is open here ; come, wee'll discourse  
with more secure privacie our purpose.  
Nothing's unjust, unfacred, tends to advance  
us to a Kingdom ; that's the height of chance.

ACTUS SECUNDUS. Scena I.

*Enter Almanzor, Mura, and Simanthes.*

*Al.* How? not go, *Simanthes*?

*Sim.* **H** My dread Sovereign,  
I speak but what the well affected people  
out of their loyal care and pious duty  
injoyn'd me utter : they do look upon him  
as on your eldest Son, and next Successor,  
and would be loth the *Persian* War should rob  
their eies of light, their souls of joy and comfort,  
this flourishing Empire leave as it were widow'd  
of its lov'd Spouse : They humbly do beseech  
your Maiesty would therefore destine some  
more fitting General, whose los (as heaven  
avert such a misfortune) should it happen,  
might lesse concern the State.

*Al.* 'Tis not the least  
among the blessings Heaven has show'd upon us,  
that we are happie in such loving Subjects,  
to govern whom, when we in peace are ashes,  
we leave them a Successor whom they truly reverence:  
A loving people and a loving Sovereign  
makes Kingdoms truly fortunate and flourishing.  
But I beleave (*Simanthes*) their intents,  
though we confirm them, will scarce take effect :

My *Abilqualit* (like a Princely Lion,  
in view of's prey (wil scarcely be orecom  
to leave the honour of the *Persian War*,  
in's hopes already vanquish'd by his valour,  
and rest in lazy quiet, while that Triumph  
is ravish'd by another.

*Sim.* With the pardon  
of your most sacred Majestie, 'tis fit then  
your great commands forbid the Princes Voyage :  
boldnesse inforces youth to hard atchievements  
before their time, makes them run forth like Lapwings  
from their warm nest, part of the shel yet sticking  
unto their downie heads. Sir, good succeffe  
is oft more fatal far then bad ; one winning  
cast from a flatt'ring Die tempting a Gamester  
to hazard his whole fortunes.

*Mur.* This is dull,  
fruitless Philosophy, he that falls nobly  
winns as much honour by his los, as conquest.

*Sim.* This rule may hold wel among common men,  
but not 'mong Princes. Such a prince as ours is,  
who knows as wel to conquer mens affections  
as he does enemies, should not be expos'd  
to every new cause, honourable danger.  
Prince *Abilqualit's* fair and winning carriage  
has stolne possession of the peoples hearts,  
they doate 'on him since his late Spanish conquest,  
as new made brides on their much coveted husbands ;  
and they would pine like melancholy turtles,  
should they so soone lose the invaluable object  
both of their love and reverence : Howfoe're,  
what ere your awful wil (Sir) shall determine,  
as heaven, is by their strict obedience  
held sacred and religious.

*Al.* Good *Simanthes*, let them receive our thanks  
for their true care of our dear *Abilqualit*.

Wee'l consider of their request, say.

*Sim.* Your highnesse humblest creature.

*Exit.*

*Mu.* I do not like this.

*Al.* Like what? Valiant *Mura*,  
we know thy counfels so supremely wife,  
and thy true heart so excellently faithful,  
that whatsoere displeases thy sage Judgment,  
*Almanzor's* wifdome must account distastful.  
What is't dislikes thee?

*Mu.* Your Majestie knows me  
a downright Souldier, I affect not words;  
but to be brief, I relish not your son  
should (as if you were in your tomb already)  
ingross so much the giddie peoples favours.  
'Tis neither fit for him, nor safe for you  
to suffer it.

*Al.* Why, how can they, *Mura*,  
Give a more serious testimony of reverence  
to me, then by conferring their affections,  
their pious wishes, zealous contemplations  
on him that fits the nearest to my heart,  
my *Abilqualit*, in whose hopeful virtues  
my age more glories then in all my conquests?

*Mu.* May you prove fortunate in your pious care  
of the Prince *Abilqualit*. But (my Lord)  
*Mura* is not so prone to idle language  
(the Parasits best ornament) to utter  
ought, but what (if you'll please to give him audience  
hee'll show you a blunt reason for.

*Al.* Come, I see  
into thy thoughts, good *Mura*; too much care  
of us, informs thy loyal soul with fears  
the Princes too much popularity  
may breed our danger: banish those suspicions;  
neither dare they who under my long reign  
have been triumphant in so many blessings,  
have the least thought may tend to disobedience:  
or if they had, my *Abilqualit's* goodnesse  
would ne're consent with them to become impious.

*Mu.* 'Tis too secure a confidence betrays  
minds valiant to irreparable dangers.  
Not that I dare invade with a foule thought

the noble Princes loyalty ; but (my Lord)  
 when this fame many headed beaft (the people)  
 violent, and fo not constant in affections,  
 fubject to love of novelty, the fickneffe  
 proper t'all humane fpecially light natures,  
 do magnifie with too immoderate praifes  
 the Princes actions, doate upon his prefence,  
 nay chaine their fouls to th' fhadow of his foot-fteps,  
 as all exceffes ought to be held dangerous,  
 efpecially when they do aim at Scepters,  
 their too much dotage fpeaks, you in their wifhes  
 are dead alreadie, that their darling hope  
 the Prince might have the Throne once.

*Al.* 'Tis confefs'd, all this a ferious truth.

*Mu.* Their mad applaufes  
 oth' noble Prince, though he be truly virtuous,  
 may force ambition into him, a mischief  
 Seafing the foul with too much craft and fweetnefs,  
 as pride or luft do's minds unftay'd and wanton :  
 'tmakes men like poyfon'd rats, which when they've  
 fwallow'd  
 the pleafing bane, reft not until they drink,  
 and can reft then much leffe, until they burft with't.

*Al.* Thy words are ftill oraculous.

*Mu.* Pray then think  
 with what an eafie toil the haughty Prince,  
 a demy God by th' popular acclamations,  
 nay, the world's Sovereign in the vulgar wifhes,  
 had he a refolution to be wicked,  
 might fnatch this diadem from your aged temples ?  
 What law fo holy, tye of blood fo mightie,  
 which for a Crown, minds fanctified and religious  
 have not prefum'd to violate ? How much more then  
 may the foul dazling glories of a Scepter  
 work in his youth, whose constitution's fierie,  
 as overheated air, and has to fan it  
 into a flame, the breath of love and praifes  
 blown by ftrong thought of his own worth and actions.

*Al.* No more of this, good *Mura*.

*Mu.* They dare already limit your intentions, demand (as 'twere) with cunning zeal (which rightly interpreted, is insolence) the Princes abode at home. I wil not say it is, but I guefs, 't may be their subtle purpose while we abroad fight for new kingdomes purchase depriv'd by that means of our faithful succors, they may deprive you of this crown, inforce upon the prince this Diadem ; which however he may be loth t'accept, being once possessed of't and tasted the delights of supreme greatness, hee'l be more loath to part with. To prevent this, not that I think it wil, but that may happen, 'tis fit the Prince march. I've observed in him too of late a fullen Melancholly, whence rising i'lle not conjecture : only I should grieve, Sir, beyond a moderate sorrow, traitorous practise should take that from you which with loyal blood ours and your own victorious arms have purchas'd. and now I have discharg'd my honest conscience censure on't as you please ; henceforth I'me silent.

*Al.* Would thdu hadst been so now, thy loyal fears have made me see how miserable a King is, whose rule depends on the vain people suffrage. Black now and horrid as the face of storms appears al *Abilqualits* lovely vertues, because to me they only make him dangerous, and with great terror shall behold those actions which with delight before we view'd, and dotage ; like Mariners that blefs the peaceful seas, which when suspected to grow up tempestuous, they tremble at. Though he may stil be virtuous, 'tis wisdom in us, to him no injustice, to keep a vigilant eie o're his proceedings and the wild peoples purposes.

*Enter Abil.*

*Al.* *Abilqualit!*  
come to take your leave, I do conjecture.

*Abil.* Rather, Sir, to beg

your gracious licence, I may stil at home attend your dread commands, and that you'd please to nominate my hopeful brother *Abrahen* (in lieu of me) chief of your now raised Forces for th' *Persian* expedition,

*Al.* Dare you (Sir) presume to make this suit to us?

*Abil.* Why? (my roial Lord)

I hope this cannot pull your anger on your most obedient Son : a true affection to the young Prince my brother, did beget this my request ; I willingly would have his youth adorn'd with glorie of this conquest. No tree bears fruit in Autumn, 'less it blossome first in the Spring : 'tis fit he were acquainted in these soft years with military action, that when grown perfect man, he may grow up too perfect in warlike discipline.

*Al.* Hereafter

we shall by your appointment guide our Counsels. Why do you not intreat me to resigne my Crown, that you the peoples much lov'd minion may with't impale your glorious brow ? Sir, henceforth or know your duty better, or your pride shall meet our just wak'd anger. To your Charge, and march with speed, or you shall know what 'tis to disobey our pleasure. When y'are King, learn to command your Subjects ; I will mine (Sir.) You know your Charge, perform it.

*Exit Alm. and Mura.*

*Abil.* I have done.

Our hopes (I see) resemble much the Sun, that rising and declining cast large shadows ; but when his beams are dress'd in's midday brightnesse, yeelds none at all : when they are farthest from successe, their guilt reflection does display the largest show of events fair and prosp'rous. With what a settled confidence did I promise my self, my stay here, *Mura's* wish'd departure ? when stead of these, I finde my fathers wrath

destroying mine intentions. Such a fool  
is self-compassion, soothing us to faith  
of what we wish should hap, while vain desire  
of things we have not, makes us quite forget  
those w'are possess'd of.

*Enter Abrahen.*

*Abr.* Alone the engine works  
beyond or hope or credit. How I hug  
with vast delight, beyond that of stoln pleasures  
forbidden Lovers taste, my darling Mistris,  
my active Brain ! If I can be thus subtle  
while a young Serpent, when grown up a Dragon  
how glorious shall I be in cunning practise ?  
My gracious brother !

*Abil.* Gentle *Abrahen*, I  
am griev'd my power cannot comply my promise :  
my Father's so averse from granting my  
request concerning thee, that with angrie frowns  
he did expresse rather a passionate rage  
then a refusall civil, or accustom'd  
to his indulgent disposition.

*Abr.* Hee's our Father,  
and so the tyrant Custome doth inforce us  
to yeeld him that which fools call natural,  
when wise men know 'tis more then servile duty,  
a slavish, blind obedience to his pleasure,  
be it nor just, nor honourable.

*Abil.* O my *Abrahen*,  
these sounds are unharmonious, as unlookt for  
from thy unblemish'd innocence : though he could  
put off paternal pietie, 't gives no priviledg  
for us to wander from our filial dutie :  
though harsh, and to our natures much unwelcom  
be his decrees, like those of Heaven, we must not  
presume to question them.

*Abr.* Not, if they concern  
our lives and fortunes ? 'Tis not for my self  
I urge these doubts ; but 'tis for you, who are  
my Brother, and I hope, must be my Sovereigne,

my fears grow on me almost to distraction :  
 Our Father's age betrayes him to a dotage,  
 which may be dang'rous to your future safetie ;  
 he does suspect your loyaltie.

*Abil.* How, *Abrahen* ?

*Ab.* I knew 'twould start your innocence ; but 'tis  
 truth,

a sad and serious truth ; nay his suspicion  
 almost arriv'd unto a settled faith  
 that y'are ambitious.

*Abil.* 'Tis impossible.

*Ab.* The glorious shine of your illustrious vertues  
 are grown too bright and dazling for his eyes  
 to look on as he ought, with admiration ;  
 and he with fear beholds them, as it were,  
 through a perspective, where each brave action  
 of yours survey'd though at remotest distance,  
 appears far greater then it is. In brief,  
 that love which you have purchas'd from the people  
 that sing glad Hymns to your victorious fortunes,  
 betrayes you to his hate ; and in this Voiage  
 which he inforces you to undertake,  
 he has set spies upon you.

*Abil.* 'Tis so : afflictions  
 do fall like hailstones, one no sooner drops,  
 but a whole Showre does follow. I observ'd  
 indeed, my *Abrahen*, that his looks and language  
 was dress'd in unaccustom'd clouds, but did not  
 imagine they'd presag'd so fierce a tempest.  
 Ye gods, why do you give us gifts and graces,  
 share your own attributes with men, your virtues,  
 when they betray them to worse hate then vices ?  
 But *Abrahen*, prithee reconfirm my feares  
 by testimonial how this can be truth ;  
 for yet my innocence with too credulous trust  
 fooths up my soul, our father should not thus  
 put that off which does make him so, his sweetnesse,  
 to feed the irregular flames of false suspicions  
 and soul tormenting jealousies.



*Ab.* Why, to me,  
to me (my Lord) he did with strong Injunctions  
give a solicitous charge to overlook your actions.  
My *Abrahen* (quoth he) I'me not so unhappie,  
that like thy brother thou shouldst be ambitious,  
who does affect, 'fore thy ag'd Fathers ashes,  
with greedie lust my Empire. Have a strict  
and cautious diligence to observe his carriage,  
'twil be a pious care. Mov'd with the base  
indignity, that he on 'me should force  
the office of a spy ; your spy, my noble  
and much lov'd brother : my best manhood scarce  
could keep my angry tears in ; I resolv'd .  
I was in duty bound to giue you early  
intelligence of his unjust intentions,  
that you in wisedome might prevent all dangers  
might fall upon you from them, like swift lightning,  
killing 'cause they invade with sudder fiercenesse.

*Abil.* In afflicting me, misery is grown witty.

*Ab.* Nay besides (Sir)

the fullen *Mura* has the self same charge too  
confign'd and fetled on him ; which his blind  
duty will execute. O brother, your  
soft passive nature, do's like jet on fire  
when oyls cast on't, extinguish : otherwise,  
this base suspicion would inflame your sufferance,  
nay make the purest loyalty rebellious.  
However, though your too religious piety  
forces you 'ndure this foul disgrace with patience,  
look to your safety, brother, that dear safety  
which is not only yours, but your whole Empires :  
for my part, if a faithfull brothers service  
may aught avail you, tho against our father,  
since he can be so unnaturally suspicious,  
as your own thoughts, command it.

Enter *Selinthus* and *Mesithes*.

*Sel.* Come, I know,  
although th' ast lost some implements of manhood

may make thee gracious in the fight of woman,  
yet th' ast a little engine, cal'd a tongue,  
by which thou canst orecome the nicest female,  
in the behalf of friend. Infooth, you Eunuchs  
may well be stil'd Pimps-royal, for the skill  
you have in quaint procurement.

*Mef.* Your Lordship's merry,  
and would inforce on me what has been your  
office far oftner than the cunningst Squire belonging  
to the smock transitory. May't please your Highnesse.

*Abil.* Ha! *Mefithes.*

*Ab.* His countenance varies strangely, some affaure  
the Eunuch gives him notice of, 't should seem,  
begets much pleasure in him.

*Abil.* Is this truth?

*Mef.* Else let me taste your anger.

*Abil.* My dear *Abrahen,*  
wee'l march to night, prethee give speedie Notice  
to our Lieutenant *Mura,* to collect  
the forces from their severall quarters, and  
draw them into Battalia on the plain  
behind the Citie, lay a strict command  
he stir not from the Ensigns til our self  
arrive in person there. Be speedie, brother,  
a little hastie busines craves our presence.  
We wil anon be wiith you, my *Mefithes.*

*Exeunt Abil. and Mef.*

*Sel.* Can your grace imagine  
whether his highness goes now?

*Ab.* No, *Selinthus* ;  
canst thou conjecture at the Eunuchs busines?  
what ere it was, his countenance seem'd much altred :  
It'd give a talent to have certain knowledg  
what was *Mefithes* message.

*Sel.* I'll inform you  
at a far easier rate. *Mefithes* businesse  
certes concern'd a limber petticoate,  
and the smock soft and slipperie ; on my honour,  
has been providing for the Prince, some female

that he takes his leave of Ladies flesh  
ere his departure.

*Ab.* Not improbable, it may be so.

*Sel.* Nay, certain (Sir) it is so :  
and I believe, your little bodie earns  
after the same sport. You were once reported  
a wag would have had business of ingendring  
with surly *Mura's* Lady : and men may  
conjecture y'are no chaster then a vot'rie :  
yet though she would not solace your desires,  
there are as handsome Ladies wil be proud  
to have your Grace inoculate their stocks  
with your graft-royal.

*Ab.* Thou art *Selinthus* stil,  
and wilt not change thy humor. I must go  
and find out *Mura* ; so farwel *Selinthus*,  
thou art not for these warrs, I know.

*Exit.*

*Sel.* No truly,  
nor yet for any other, 'less 't be on  
a naked yeilding enemy ; though there may  
be as hot service upon such a foe  
as on those clad in steel : the little squadron,  
we civill men assault body to body,  
oft carry wild-fire, about them privately,  
that findges us ith' service from the crown  
even to the sole, nay sometimes hair and all off.  
But these are transitory perills.

*Enter Gasilles, Osman.*

Couzens,  
I thought you had been dancing to the drum.  
Your General has given order for a march  
this night, I can assure you.

*Gas.* It is Couzen,  
something of the soonest ; but we are prepar'd  
at all times for the journey.

*Sel.* To morrow morning  
may serve the turn though. Hark you, Couzens mine ;  
if in this *Persian* War you chance to take a  
handsome she Captive, pray you be not unmindfull

of us your friends at home ; I will disburse  
her ransome, Couzens, for I've a months mind  
to try if strange flesh, or that of our own  
Country has the compleater relish.

*Of.* We will accomplish thy pleasure, noble Couzen.

*Sel.* But pray do not  
take the first say of her your selves. I do not  
love to walk after any of my kindred  
ith' path of copulation.

*Gaf.* The first fruits  
shall be thy own, dear Couz. But shall we part  
(never perhaps to meet agen) with dry  
lips, my right honoured Coz ?

*Sel.* By no means,  
though by the *Alcharon* wine be forbidden,  
you Souldiers in that case make't not your faith.  
Drink water in the Camp, when you can purchase  
no other liquor ; here you shall have plenty  
of wine, old and delicious. I'le be your leader,  
and bring you on, let who will bring you off.  
To the encounter, come let us march, Couzens.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Song.*

### *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Abilqualit, Caropia, and Mefithes, Perilinda.*

*Car.* No more, my gracious Lord, where real love  
is  
needleffe are all expreffions ceremonious :  
the amorous Turtles, that at first acquaintance  
strive to expresse in murmuring notes their loves,  
do when agreed on their affections change  
their chirps to billing.

*Abil.* And in feather'd arms  
incompasse mutually their gawdy necks.

*Mef:* How do you like

these love tricks, *Perilinda* ?

*Per.* Very well ;

but one may sooner hope from a dead man  
to receive kindness, than from thee, an Eunuch.  
You are the coldest creatures in the bodies,  
no snow-balls like you.

*Mef.* We must needs, who have not  
that which like fire should warm our constitutions,  
the instruments of copulation, girls,  
our toys to please the Ladies.

*Abil.* Caropia, in your well becoming pity  
of my extrem afflictions and stern sufferings,  
you've shown that excellent mercy as must render  
what ever action you can fix on, virtuous.

But Lady, I till now have been your tempter,  
one that desired hearing, the brave resistance  
you made my brother, when he woo'd your love,  
only to boast the glory of a conquest  
which seem'd impossible, now I have gain'd it  
by being vanquisher, I my self am vanquish'd  
your everlasting Captive.

*Car.* Then the thraldome  
will be as prosperous as the pleasing bondage  
of palms, that flourish most when bowd down fastest ;  
Constraint makes sweet and easie things laborious,  
when love makes greatest miseries seem pleasures.  
Yet 'twas ambition (Sir) join'd with affection  
that gave me up a spoil to your temptations.  
I was resolv'd, if ever I did make  
a breach on matrimonial faith, 't should be  
with him that was the darling of kind fortune  
as well as liberall nature ; who possess'd  
the height of greatnesse to adorn his beauty ;  
which since they both conspire to make you happy,  
I thought 't would be a greater sin to suffer  
your hopeful person, born to sway this Empire,  
in loves hot flames to languish, by refusal  
to a consuming fever, then t' infringe  
a vow which ne're proceeded from my heart

when I unwillingly made it.

*Abil.* And may break it with confidence, secure  
from the

least guilt, as if 't had only in an idle dream  
been by your fancy plighted. Madam, there  
can be no greater misery in love,  
than separation from the object which  
we affect; and such is our misfortune  
we must ith' infancy of our desires  
breath at unwelcome distance; ith' mean time,  
lets make good use of the most precious minuts  
we have to spend together.

*Car.* Else we were unworthy to be titled lovers;  
but

I fear loath'd *Mura* may with swift approach  
disturb our happinesse.

*Abil.* By my command hee's mustring up our  
forces.

Yet *Mesithes*, go you to *Abrahen*, and with intimations  
from us, strengthen our charge. Come my *Caropia*,  
love's wars are harmlesse, for who ere do's yeild,  
gains as much honor as who wins the field.

### ACTUS TERTIUS SCENA I.

*Enter Abilqualit and Caropia, as rising from  
bed, Abrahen without, Perilinda.*

**A***Br.* Open the door, I must and will have  
entrance  
unto the Prince my brother, as you love  
your life and safety and that Ladies honor,

whom you are lodg'd in amorous twines with, do not deny me entrance to you, I am *Abrahen*, your loyal brother *Abrahen*.

*Abil.* 'Tis his voice, and there can be no danger in't, *Caropia*, be not difmaid, though w'are to him discover'd. Your fame shall taste no blemish by't. Now brother, 'tis something rude in you, thus violently to preffe upon our privacies.

*Abr.* My affection shall be my Advocate, and plead my care of your lov'd welfare, as you love your honour, haste from this place, or you'll betray the Lady to ruin most inevitable. Her husband has notice of your being here, and's comming on wings of jealousie and desperate rage to intercept you in your close delights. In breif, I over heard a trusty Servant of his ith' Camp come and declare your highnesse was private with *Caropia*: at which tidings the sea with greater haste when vext with tempests, so sudder and boystrous, flies not towards the shore, then he intended homewards. He by this needs must have gain'd the City; for with all my power

I hasted hitherward, that by your absence you might prevent his veiw of you.

*Abil.* Why? the slave dare not invade my person, had he found me in fair *Caropias* armes: 'twould be ignoble, now I have caus'd her danger, should I not defend her from his violence. I'll stay though he come arm'd with thunder.

*Abr.* That will be a certain means to ruin her: To me count that cure, I'll stand between the Lady, and *Mura's* fury, when your very fight, giving fresh fire to th' injury, will incense him 'gainst her beyond all patience.

*Car.* Nay, besides  
his violent wrath breaking through his allegiance  
may riot on your person. Dear my Lord  
withdraw your self, there may be some excuse  
when you are absent thought on, to take off  
*Mura's* suspition : by our loves, depart  
I do beseech you. Hapless I was born  
to be most miserable.

*Abil.* You shall over-rule me.  
Better it is for him with unhallowed hands  
to act a sacriledg on our Prophets tombe  
then to profane this purity with the least  
offer of injurie ; be careful *Abrahen*,  
to thee I leave my heart. Farewell *Caropia*,  
your tears inforce my absence. *Exit Abil.*

*Abr.* Pray hast my Lord  
lest you should meet the inrag'd *Mura* : now Madam  
where are the boasted glories of that virtue,  
which like a faithful Fort withstood my batt'ries ?  
demolish'd now, and ruin'd they appear ;  
like a fair building totter'd from its base  
by an unruly whirlwind, and are now  
instead of love the objects of my pitie.

*Car.* I'me bound to thank you Sir, yet credit me ;  
my sin's so pleasing 't cannot meet repentance.  
Were *Mura* here, and arm'd with all the horrors  
rage could invest his powers with ; not forgiven  
Hermits with greater peace shal hast to death,  
then I to be the Martyr of this cause,  
which I so love and reverence.

*Abr.* 'Tis a noble  
and wel becoming constancie, and merits  
a lover of those Supreme eminent graces,  
that do like ful winds swel the glorious Sails  
of *Abilqualit's* dignitie and beautie !  
yet Madam, let me tell you, though I could not  
envie my brothers happineffe, if he  
could have enjoy'd your priceless love with safetie,  
free from discoverie, I am afflicted



beyond a moderate sorrow, that my youth  
 which with as true a zeal, courted your love,  
 should appear so contemptible to receive  
 a killing scorn from you : yet I forgive you,  
 and do so much respect your peace, I wish  
 you had not sin'd so carelessly to be  
 betray'd ith' first fruitions of your wishes  
 to your suspicious husband.

*Car.* 'Tis a fate Sir,  
 which I must stand, though it come dress'd in flames,  
 killing as circular fire, and as prodigious  
 as death presaging Comets: there's that strength  
 in love, can change the pitchie face of dangers  
 to pleasing formes, make ghastly fears seeme beau-  
 teous ;  
 and I'me resolv'd, since the sweet Prince is free  
 from *Mura's* anger, which might have been fatal  
 if he should here have found him, unresistless  
 I dare his utmost fury.

*Abr.* 'Twill bring death with't  
 sure as stifling dampe ; and 'twere much pitie  
 so sweet a beautie should unpitied fall,  
 betray'd to endlessse infamie ; your husband  
 knowes only that my brother in your chamber  
 was entertained ; the servant that betrayed you,  
 curse on his diligence, could not affirm  
 he saw you twin'd together : yet it is  
 death by the law, you know, for any Ladie  
 at such an hour, and in her husbands absence ;  
 to entertain a stranger.

*Car.* 'Tis considered Sir,  
 and since I cannot live to enjoy his love,  
 I'll meet my death as willingly as I  
 met *Abilqualit's* dear embraces.

*Abr.* That were too severe a crueltie. Live *Caropia*,  
 til the kind destinies take the loath'd *Mura*  
 to their eternal Mansions, til he fall  
 either in war a sacrifice to fortune,  
 or else by stratagem take his destruction

from angry *Abilqualit*, whose faire Empresse you were created for : there is a mean yet to save th' opinion of your honour spotlesse, as that of Virgin innocence, nay to preserve, (though he doth know (as certainly he must do) my Brother have enjoy'd thee) thee stil precious in his deluding fancie.

*Car.* Let me adore you  
if you can give effect to your good purpose.  
But tis impossible.

*Abr.* With as secure an ease  
't shal be accomplish'd as the blest desires  
of uncross'd lovers : you shal with one breath  
dissolve these mists that with contagious darknesse  
threaten the lights both of your life and honour.  
Affirm my brother ravish'd you.

*Car.* How my Lord ?

*Abr.* Obtained by violence entry into your chamber  
where his big lust seconded by force,  
despight of yours and your Maids weak resistance  
surpris'd your honor : when't shal come to question,  
my brother cannot so put off the truth,  
he owes his own affection and your whiteness,  
but to acknowledg it a rape.

*Car.* And so by saving mine, betray his fame and  
safety,  
to the lawes danger, and your fathers justice,  
which with impartial doome will most severely  
sentence the Prince, although his son.

*Abr.* Your fears  
and too affectionate tendernesse wil ruine  
all that my care has builded. Sure, *Mefithes*  
has (as my charge injoin'd him) made relation

*Enter Mura.*

to him of *Abilqualit's* action. See your Husband,  
resolve on't, or y'are miserable.

*Mu.* Furies,  
where is this lustful Prince, and this lascivious  
Strumpet ? ha *Abrahen*, here ?

*Abr.* Good Cozen *Mura*,  
 be not so passionate, it is your Prince  
 has wrought your injury ; resolve to bear  
 your crosses like a man : the great'st afflictions  
 should have the greatest fortitude in their sufferings  
 from minds resolv'd and noble. 'Las poor Ladie,  
 'twas not her fault ; his too unruly lust  
 'tis, has destroy'd her puritie.

*Mu.* Ha, in tears !  
 Are these the liverie of your fears and penitence,  
 or of your sorrows (minion) for being rob'd  
 so soon of your Adulterer ?

*Abr.* Fie, your passion  
 is too unmannerly ; you look upon her  
 with eyes of rage, when you with grief and pitie  
 ought to surveigh her innocence. My Brother,  
 degenerate as he is from worth, and meerly  
 the beast of lust, (what fiends would fear to violate)  
 has with rude insolence destroyed her honor,  
 by him inhumane ravished.

*Car.* Good Sir be  
 so merciful as to set free a wretch  
 from loath'd mortalitie, whose lifes so great  
 and hateful burden now sh'as lost her honor :  
 'Twil be a friendly charitie to deliver  
 her from the torment of it.

*Mu.* That I could  
 contract the foul of universal rage  
 into this swelling heart, that it might be  
 as full of poisonous anger as a dragons  
 when in a toile insnar'd. *Caropia* ravished !  
 Methinks the horror of the sound should fright  
 to everlasting ruine, the whole world,  
 start natures Genius.

*Abr.* Gentle Madam, pray  
 withdraw your self, your sight, til I have wrought  
 a cure upon his temper, wil but adde  
 to his affliction.

*Car.* You're as my good Angel,

I'll follow your directions.

*Exit.*

*Abr.* Cozen Mura,

I thought a person of your masculine temper, in dangers fostred, where perpetual terrors have been your play-fellowes, would not have resented with such effeminate passion a disgrace, though ne're so huge and hideous.

*Mu.* I am tame, collected now in all my faculties, which are so much oppress'd with injuries, they've lost the anguish of them: can you think, Sir, when all the winds fight, the inrag'd billows that use to imprint on the black lips of clouds a thousand brinie kisses, can lie still, as in a lethargie? that when baths of oyl are pour'd upon the wild irregular flames in populous Cities, that they'll then extinguish? Your mitigations adde but seas to seas, give matter to my fires to increase their burning, and I ere long enlightned by my anger shall be my owne pile, and consume to ashes.

*Abr.* Why, then I see indeed your injuries have ravished hence your reason and discourse, and left you the meere prostitute of passion. Can you repaire the ruins you lament so with these exclames? was ever dead man call'd to life again by fruitful sighs? or can your rage reedifie *Caropias* honour, slain and betrai'd by his foul lust? Your manhood, that heretofore has thrown you on all dangers, me thinks should prompt you to a noble vengeance, which you may safely prosecute with Justice, to which this crime, although he be a Prince, Renders him liable.

*Mu.* Yes, I'le have justice or I'le awake the sleepy Deities, or like ambitious Gyants wage new wars with heaven it self, my wrongs shall steel my courage, and on this vicious Prince like a fierce Sea-breach

my juſt wak'd rage ſhall riot till it ſink  
in the remorceleſſe eddie, ſink where time  
ſhall never find his name but with diſgrace  
to taint his hatefull memory.

*Abr.* This wildneſſe neither befit your wiſdom nor  
your courage,  
which ſhould with ſetled and collected thoughts  
walk on to noble vengeance. He before  
was by our plots proſcrib'd to death and ruine  
to advance me to the Empire ; now with eaſe  
we may accompliſh our deſigns

*Mu.* Would heaven  
I nere had given conſent, o'recome by love  
to you to have made a forfeit on my allegiance,  
'tis a juſt puniſhment, I by him am wrong'd,  
whom for your ſake I fearleſſe fought to ruin.

*Abr.* Are you repentant grown, *Mura* ? this ſoft-  
neſe ?  
ill ſuits a perſon of your great reſolves,  
on whom my fortunes have ſuch firm dependance.  
Come, let *Caropia's* fate invoke thy vengeance  
to gain full maſtry o're all other paſſions,  
leave not a corner in thy ſpacious heart  
unfurniſh'd of a noble rage, which now  
will be an attribute of glorious juſtice :  
the law you know with loſs of ſight doth puniſh  
all rapes, though on mean perſons ; and our father  
is ſo ſevere a Juſticer, not blood  
can make a breach upon his faith to juſtice.  
Beſides, we have already made him dangerous  
in great *Almanzors* thoughts, and being delinquent  
he needs muſt ſuffer what the meaneſt offender  
merits for ſuch a treſpaſs.

*Mu.* I'me awake now,  
the lethargy of horror and amaze  
that did obſcure my reaſon, like thoſe dul  
and lazy vapors that o'reſhade the Sun,  
vanish, and it reſumes its native brightneſs.  
And now I would not but this devil Prince

had done this act upon *Caropia's* whiteness, since't yeilds you free access unto the Empire, The deprivall of's fight do's render him incapable of future soveraignty.

*Abr.* Thou'rt in the right, and hast put on manly considerations : *Caropia* (since shee's in her will untainted) ha's not forgon her honor : he dispatc'd once, as we will have him shortly, 't shall go hard else, a tenant to his marble, thou agen wedded in peace maist be to her pure vertues, and live their happy owner.

*Mu.* I'le repair to great *Almanzor* instantly, and if his partial piety do descend to pittty, I will awake the Executioner of justice, death, although in sleep more heavy than he can borrow from his natural coldness ; on this good sword I'le wear my causes justice till he do fall its sacrifice.

*Abr.* But be sure you do't with cunning secrecie, perhaps, should he have notice of your just intentions, he would repair to th' Army, from which safegard our best force could not pluck him without danger to the whole Empire.

*Mu.* Doubt not but I'le manage with a discreet severity my vengeance, invoke *Almanzors* equity with sudden and private haste.

*Abr.* Mean time I will go put a new design in practice that may be much conducing to our purpose. Like clocks, one wheele another on must drive, affairs by diligent labor only thrive. *Exeunt.*

### *Scena Secunda.*

*Enter Selinthus, Gafelles, Osman, and Souldiers.*

*Sel.* No quarrelling good Couzens, lest it be

with the glafs, 'caufe 'tis not of fize fufficient to give you a magnificent draught. You will have fighting work enough when you're i' th' wars, do not fall out among your felves.

*Of.* Not pledg  
my peerleffe Miftrefse health ? Souldier, thou'rt mortal,  
if thou refuse it.

*Gaf.* Come, come, he fhall pledg it,  
and 'twere a Tun. Why, w'are all as dull  
as dormife in our liquor : Here's a health  
to the Prince *Abilqualit.*

*Soul.* Let go round :  
I'd drink't, were it an Ocean of warm bloud  
flowing from th'emie. Pray, good my Lord  
what news is stirring ?

*Sel.* It fhould feem, Souldier,  
thou canst not read ; otherwise the learn'd Pamphlets  
that flie about the ftreets, would fatisfie  
thy curiofitie with news ; they'r true ones,  
full of difcreet intelligence.

*Of.* Cofens, fhall's have a Song ? here is a Souldier  
in's time hath fung a dirge unto the foe  
oft in the field.

*Soul.* Captain, I have a new one,  
the Souldiers Joy 'tis call'd.

*Sel.* That is an harlot.  
Preethee be muficall, and let us taste  
the fweetneffe of thy voice.

*A Song.*

*Gaf.* Whift, give attention.

*Soul.* How does your Lordfhip like it ?

*Sel.* Very well.

And fo here's to thee. There's no drum beats yet,  
and 'tis cleer day ; some hour hence 'twill be

*Enter Abr. Mef.*

time to break up the Watch. Ha ! young Lord  
*Abrahen,*

and trim *Mefithes* with him ! what the divel  
does he make up fo early ? He has been

a bat-fowling all night after those Birds,  
those Ladie-birds term'd wagtails ; what strange busi-  
ness

can he have here, tro ?

*Abr.* 'Twas wel done, *Mefithes* !  
and trust me, I fhall find an apt reward,  
both for thy care and cunning. Prethee haft  
to Lord *Simanthes*, and deliver this  
note to him with beft diligence, my dear Eunuch ;  
thou'rt halfe the foul of *Abrahen* :

*Mef.* I was borne  
to be intituled your moft humble vaffal ;  
I'll haft to the Lord *Simanthes*.

*Exit.*

*Sel.* How he cringes !  
Thefe youths that want the instruments of Manhood,  
are very fupple in the hams.

*Abr.* Good morrow  
to noble Lord *Selinthus* : what companions  
have you got here thus early ?

*Sel.* Blades of metal,  
tall men of war, and't please your Grace, of my  
own blood and family, men who gather'd  
a fallad on the enemies ground, and eaten it  
in bold defiance of him ;  
and not a Souldier here but's an *Achyllis*,  
valiant as stoutest *Mirmidon*.

*Abr.* And they  
never had jufter caufe to show their valor ;  
the Prince my deareft brother, their Lord General's  
became a forfeit to the ftern laws rigour ;  
and 'tis imagin'd, our impartial father,  
will fentence him to lofe his eyes.

*Gaf.* Marry heaven  
defend, for what, and 't like your Grace !

*Abr.* For a fact  
which the fevere law punifhes with lofs  
of natures precious lights ; my teares wil fcarce  
permit me utter't : for a rape committed  
on the fair wife of *Mura*.



*Of.* Was it for nothing else, and please your Grace ?  
ere he shal lose an eie for such a trifle,  
or have a haire diminish'd, we wil  
lose our heads ; what, hoodwink men like sullen hawks  
for doing deeds of nature ! I'me asham'd  
the law is such an Afs.

*Sel.* Some Eunuch Judg,  
that could not be acquainted with the sweets  
due to concupiscencial parts, invented  
this law, I'll be hang'd else. 's Life, a Prince,  
and such a hopeful one, to lose his eyes,  
for satisfying the hunger of the stomach  
beneath the wast, is crueltie prodigious,  
not to be suffer'd in a common-wealth  
of ought but geldings.

*Abr.* 'Tis vain to sooth  
our hopes with these delusions, he wil suffer  
less he be reskued. I would have you therfore  
if you ow any service to the Prince,  
my much lamented brother, to attend  
without least tumult 'bout the Court, and if  
there be necessity of your ayd, I'le give you  
notice when to imploy it.

*Sel.* Sweet Prince, wee'l swim  
in blood to do thee or thy brother service.  
Each man provide their weapons.

*Abr.* You will win  
my brothers love for ever, nay my father,  
though hee'l seem angry to behold his justice  
deluded, afterwards when his rage is past,  
will thank you for your loyalties : Pray be there  
with all speed possible, by this my brothers  
commanded 'fore my father, Ile go learn  
the truth, and give you notice : pray be secret  
and firm to your resolves.

*Exit.*

*Sel.* For him that flinches  
in such a cause, I'le have no more mercy  
on him. Heres *Tarifa*      *Enter Tarifa and Mura.*  
the Princes sometimes Tutor, *Mura* with him

a walking towards the Court, let's take no notice of them, lest they discover our intentions by our grim looks. March fair and softly Couzens, wee'l be at Court before them.

*Tar.* You will not do this, *Mura* !

*Mu.* How *Tarifa* ?

will you defend him in an act so impious ? Is't fit the drum should cease his furlly language, when the bold Souldiers marches, or that I should passe o're this affront in quiet silence, which Gods and men invoke to speedy vengeance ? which I will have, or manhood shall be tame as Cowardice.

*Tar.* It was a deed so barbarous, that truth it self blushes as well as justice to hear it mention'd : but consider *Mura*, he is our Prince, the Empires hope, and pillar of great *Almanzors* age. How far a publick regard should be prefer'd before your private desire of vengeance ! which if you do purchase from our impartial Emperors equity, his loss of fight, and so of the succession, will not restore *Caropia* to the honor he ravish't from her. But so foule the cause is, I rather should lament the Princes folly than plead in his behalf.

*Mur.* 'Tis but vain,  
there is your warrant, as you are high Marshal,  
to summon him to make his speedy appearance  
'fore the Tribunall of *Almanzor* ;  
so pray you execute your office.

*Exit.*

*Tar.* How one vice  
can like a small cloud when 't breaks forth in showers,  
black the whole heaven of vertues ! O my Lord,

*Enter Abilqualit, Muts, whispring, seem to make  
protestations. Exeunt.*

that face of yours which once with Angell brightnesse  
cheer'd my faint fight, like a grim apparition  
frights it with ghastly terror : you have done

a deed that startles vertue till it shakes  
as it got a palfie. I'me commanded  
to summon you before your father, and  
hope you'l obey his mandate.

*Abil.* Willingly,  
what's my offence, *Tarifa*?

*Tar.* Would you knew not,  
I did presage your too unruly passions  
would hurry you to some disast'rous act,  
but ne're imagin'd you'd have been so lost  
to masculine honor, to commit a rape  
on that unhappy object of your love,  
whom now y've made the spoil of your foul lust,  
the much wrong'd wife of *Mura*.

*Abil.* Why, do's *Mura* charge me with his *Caropia's*  
rape?

*Tar.* This warrant sent by your angry father, testi-  
fies  
he means to appeach you of it.

*Abil.* 'Tis my fortune, all natural motions when they  
approach their end, hast to draw to't with accustom'd  
swiftnesse. Rivers with greedier speed run neere  
their out-falls, than at their springs. But I'me resolv'd,  
let what happen that will, I'll stand it, and defend  
*Caropia's* honor, though mine own I ruin;  
Who dares not dye to justifie his love,  
deserves not to enjoy her. Come, *Tarifa*,  
what e're befall, I'me resolute. He dies  
glorious, that falls loves innocent sacrifice. *Exeunt.*

ACTUS QUARTUS. Scena I.

*Enter Almanzor, Abilqualit, Tarifa and Mura.*

*Al.* NO more *Tarifa*, you'l provoke our anger,  
if you appear in this cause so folicitous,  
the act is too apparent: nor shal you

need (injur'd *Mura*) to implore our justice, which with impartial doome shall fall on him more rigorously, then on a strange offender. O *Abilqualit*, (for the name of Son, when thou forsookst thy native virtue, left thee ;) Were all thy blood, thy youth and fortunes glories of no more value, then to be expos'd to ruine for one vice ; at whose name only the furies start, and bashful fronted justice hides her amaz'd head ? But it is now bootless to shew a fathers pitie, in my grief for thy amiss. As I'me to be thy Judg, be resolute, I'll take as little notice, thou art my off-spring, as the wandring clouds do of the showers, which when they've bred to ripe-  
nessse,

they straight disperse through the vast earth forgotten.

*Abil.* I'me forrie Sir, that my unhappie chance should draw your anger on me ; my long silence declares I have on that excelling sweetnesse, that unexampled pattern of chaste goodnesse ; *Caropia* acted violence. I confesse, I lov'd the Ladie, and when no perswasions serv'd to prevail on her, too stubborn, incens'd, by force I fought my purpose and obtain'd it ; nor do I yet (so much I prize the sweetnesse of that unvalued purchase) find repentance in any abject thought ; what ere falls on me from your sterne rigor in a cause so precious, will be a pleasing punishment.

*Al.* You are grown a glorious malefactor, that dare brave thus the awful rod of justice ! Lost young man, for thou'rt no child of mine ; dost not consider to what a state of desperate destruction thy wild lust has betray'd thee ! What rich blessings (that I may make thee sensible of thy sins by showing thee thy suffering) hast thou lost by thy irregular folly ! First my love,

which never more must meet thee, scarce in pitié ;  
 the glorie flowing from thy former actions  
 stopt up for ever ; and those lustful eies,  
 by whose deprival (thou'rt depriv'd of being  
 capable of this Empire) to the law,  
 which wil exact them, forfeited. Cal in there  
 a Surgeon, and our Mutts to execute this act

*Enter Surg. Muts.*

of justice on the unworthie traitor, upon whom  
 my just wak'd wrath shall have no more compassion,  
 then the incens'd flames have on perishing wretches  
 that wilfully leap into them.

*Tar.* O my Lord,

that which on others would be fitting justice,  
 on him your hopeful though offending son,  
 wil be exemplar crueltie ; his youth Sir,  
 that hath abounded with so many vertues,  
 is an excuse sufficient for one vice :  
 he is not yours only, hee's your Empires,  
 destin'd by nature and successions priviledg,  
 when you in peace are throwded in your marble,  
 to weild this Scepter after you. O do not,  
 by putting out his eies, deprive your Subjects  
 of light, and leave them to dul mournful darknesse.

*Al.* 'Tis but in vain, I am inexorable.

If those on which his eyes hang, were my heart strings,  
 I'de cut them out rather then wound my Justice ;  
 nor dos't besit thy vertue intercede  
 for him in this cause horrid and prodigious ;  
 the crime 'gainst me was acted ; 'twas a rape  
 upon my honour, more then on her whitensse ;  
 his was from mine derivative, as each stream  
 is from its spring ; so that he has polluted  
 by his foul fact, my fame, my truth, my goodnesse,  
 strucken through my dignitie by his violence :  
 nay, started in their peaceful urnes, the ashes  
 of all my glorious Ancestors ; defil'd  
 the memorie of their stil descendent vertues ;  
 nay, with a killing frost, nipt the fair blossomes,

that did preface such goodly fruit arising  
from his own hopeful youth.

*Mur.* I ask but justice ;  
those eyes that led him to unlawful objects,  
tis fit should suffer for't a lasting blindness ;  
the Sun himself, when he darts rayes lascivious,  
such as ingender by too piercing fervence  
intemperate and infectious heats, straight wears  
obscuritie from the clouds his own beams raises.  
I have been your Souldier Sir, and fought your  
battails ;  
for all my services, I beg but justice,  
which is the Subjects best prerogative,  
the Princes greatest attribute ; and for a fact,  
then which, none can be held more black and hideous,  
which has betrai'd to an eclipse the brightest  
star in th' heaven of vertues : the just law  
does for't ordain a punishment, which I hope  
you the laws righteous guider, wil accordiug  
to equitie see executed.

*Tar.* Why ! that law  
was only made for common malefactors,  
but has no force to extend unto the Prince,  
to whom the law it self must become subject.  
This hopeful Prince, look on him, great *Almanzor* ;  
and in his eyes, those volumes of all graces,  
which you like erring Meteors would extinguish :  
read your own lively figure, the best storie  
of your youths noblest vigor ; let not wrath (Sir)  
o'recome your pietie, nay your humane pity.  
'Tis in your brest, my Lord, yet to shew mercie ;  
that precious attribute of heavens true goodnesse,  
even to your self, your son ! me thinks that name  
should have a power to interdict your Justice  
in its too rigorous progress.

*Abil.* Dear *Tarifa*,  
I'me more afflicted at the intercessions,  
then at the view of my approaching torments,  
which I wil meet with fortitude and boldness,

too base to shake now at one personal danger,  
 when I've incountred thousand perils fearless ;  
 Nor do I blame my gracious fathers Justice,  
 though it precede his nature. I'd not have him  
 (for my sake) forfeit that for which hee's famous,  
 his incorrupted equitie, nor repine  
 I at my destinie ; my eies have had  
 delights sufficient in *Caropia's* beauties,  
 to serve my thoughts for after contemplations ;  
 nor can I ever covet a new object,  
 since they can ne're hope to incounter any  
 of equal worth and sweetness.

Yet hark *Tarifa*, to thy secrecie  
 I wil impart my dearest, inmost counsels ;  
 if I should perish, as 'tis probable  
 I may, under the hands of these tormentors ;  
 thou maist unto succession show my innocence ;  
*Caropia* yeilded without least constraint,  
 and I injoy'd her freely.

*Tar.* How my Lord ?

*Abil.* No words on't,  
 as you respect my honour ! I'd not lose  
 the glorie I shall gain by these my sufferings ;  
 come grim fures, and execute your office. I wil stand  
 you,  
 unmov'd as hills at whirlwinds, and amidst  
 the torments you inflict, retain my courage.

*Al.* Be speedie villaines.

*Tar.* O stay your cruel hands,  
 you dumb ministers of injur'd Justice,  
 and let me speak his innocence ere you further  
 afflict his precious eye-sight.

*Al.* What does this mean, *Tarifa* !

*Tar.* O my Lord,  
 the too much braverie of the Princes spirit  
 'tis has undone his fame, and pul'd upon him  
 this fatal punishment ; 'twas but to save  
 the Ladies honour, that he has assum'd  
 her rape upon him, when with her consent

the deed of shame was acted.

*Mur.* 'Tis his fears  
makes him traduce her innocence : he who did not  
flick to commit a riot on her person,  
can make no conscience to destroy her fame  
by his untrue suggestions.

*Al.* 'Tis a baseness  
beyond thy other villanie (had shee yeilded)  
thus to betraie for transitorie torture,  
her honour, which thou wert ingag'd to safeguard  
even with thy life. A son of mine could never  
show this ignoble cowardize : Proceed  
to execution, I'll not hear him speak,  
he his made up of treacheries and falsehoods.

*Tar.* Wil you then  
be to the Prince so tyrannous ? Why, to me  
just now he did confes his only motive  
to undergoe this torment, was to save  
*Caropia's* honour blameless.

*Abil.* I am more troubled  
Sir, with his untimely frenzie,  
then with my punishment ; his too much love  
to me, has spoild his temperate reason. I  
confes *Caropia* yeilded ! Not the light  
is half so innocent as her spotlesse virtue.  
'Twas not wel done, *Tarifa*, to betray  
the secret of your friend thus, though Shee yeilded,  
the terror of ten thousand deaths shall never  
force me to confes it.

*Tar.* Agen, my Lord, even now  
he does confes, she yeilded, and protests  
that death shall never make him say shee's guiltie :  
the breath scarce pass'd his lips yet.

*Abil.* Haplesse man,  
to run into this lunacie !  
Fie *Tarifa*,  
so treacherous to your Friend !

*Tar.* Agen, agen.  
Wil no man give me credit ?



*Enter Abrahen.*

*Abr.* Where is our roial father ? where our brother ?  
As you respect your life and Empires safetie,  
dismis these tyrannous instruments of death  
and crueltie unexemplified. O Brother,  
that I should ever live to enjoy my eie-sight,  
and see one halfe of your dear lights indanger'd.  
My Lord, you've done an act, which my just fears  
tels me, wil shake your Scepter ! O for heavens sake,  
look to your future safetie ; the rough Souldier  
hearing their much lov'd General, My good Brother  
was by the law betrai'd to some sad danger,  
have in their pietie beset the pallace ;  
think on some means to appease them, ere their furie  
grow to its ful unbridled height ; they threaten  
your life, dear Sir : pray fend my brother to them,  
his fight can only pacifie them.

*Al.* Have you your Champions !  
We wil prevent their insolence, you shal not  
boast, you have got the Empire by our ruine.  
Muts, Strangle him immediately.

*Abr.* Avert  
such a prodigious mischief, heaven, Hark, hark  
*Enter, Enter.*

they're entred into th' Court ; desist you monsters,  
my life shal stand betwixt his and this violence,  
or I with him wil perish. Faithful Souldiers,  
hast to defend your Prince, curse on your slownesse.  
Hee's dead ; my fathers turn is next. O horror,  
would I might sink into forgetfulnesse !  
What has your furie urg'd you to ?

*Al.* To that  
which whofo murmurs at, is a faithlesse traitor  
*Enter Simanthes.*

to our tranquillitie. Now Sir, your business ?

*Sim.* My Lord, the Citie  
is up in arms, in rescue of the Prince ;  
the whole Court throngs with Souldiers.

*Al.* 'Twas high time,

to cut this viper off, that would have eat his passage through our very bowels to our Empire.

Nay, we wil stand their furies, and with terror of Majestie strike dead these infurrections.

*Enter Souldiers.*

Traitors, what means this violence ?

*Abr.* O dear Souldiers,  
your honest love's in vain ; my Brother's dead,  
strangled by great *Almanzor's* dire command,  
ere your arrival. I do hope they'l kill him  
in their hot zeal.

*Al.* Why do you stare so, traitors ?  
'twas I your Emp'ror that have done this act,  
which who repines at, treads the self same steps  
of death that he has done. Withdraw and leave us,  
wee'd be alone. No motion ! Are you statues ?  
Stay you, *Tarifa* here. For your part, *Mura*,  
you cannot now complain but you have justice ;  
so quit our presence.

*Of.* Faces about, Gentleman.

*Exeunt.*

*Abr.* It has happ'ned  
above our wishes, we shall have no need now  
to imploy your handkercher. Yet give it me.  
You'r fure 'tis right, *Simanthes*.

*Al.* *Tarifa*,  
I know the love thou bearest Prince *Abilqualit*  
makes thy big heart swell as 't had drunk the fume  
of angry Dragons. Speak thy free intentions,  
Deserv'd he not this fate ?

*Tar.* No : You're a Tyrant,  
one that delights to feed on your own bowels,  
and were not worthie of a Son so vertuous.  
Now you have tane his, add to your injustice,  
and take *Tarifa's* life, who in his death,  
should it come flying on the wings of torments,  
would speak it out as an apparant truth :  
the Prince to me declar'd his innocence,  
and that *Caropia* yeilded.

*Al.* Rise *Tarifa* ;

we do command thee, rife : a sudden chilneffe,  
 fuch as the hand of winter cafts on brooks,  
 thrills our ag'd heart. I'll not have thee ingrofs  
 forrow alone for *Abilqualit's* death :

I lov'd the boy well, and though his ambition  
 and popularitie did make him dangerous,  
 I do repent my furie, and will vie  
 with thee in forrow. How he makes death lovely !  
 Shall we fix here, and weep till we be ftatues ?

*Tar.* Til we grow ftiff as the cold Alablafers  
 muft be erected over us. Your rafhneffe  
 has rob'd the Empire of the greateft hope  
 it ere fhall boaft agen. Would I were afhes.

*Al.* He breathes (me thinks :) the over-haftie  
 foul

was too discourteous to forfake fo fair  
 a lodging, without taking folemn leave  
 firft of the owner. Ha, his handkercher !  
 Thou'rt lib'ral to thy Father even in death,  
 leav'ft him a legacie to drie his tears,  
 which are too flow ; they fhould create a deluge.  
 O my dear *Abilqualit* !

*Tar.* You exceed now  
 as much in grief as you did then in rage,  
 One drop of this pious paternal foftneffe  
 had ranfom'd him from ruine. Dear Sir, rife :  
 my grief's divided, and I know not whether  
 I fhould lament you living, or him dead.  
 Good Sir, erect your looks. Not ftir ! His forrow  
 makes him infenfible. Ha, there's no motion  
 left in his vital fpirits : The exceffe  
 of grief has ftifled up his pow'rs, and crack'd  
 (I fear) his ag'd hearts cordage. Help, the Emperor,  
 the Emperor's dead ; Help, help.

*Abrahen, Simanthes, Mefithes, Muts.*

*Abr.* What difmal outcrie's this ?  
 our royal father dead ! The handkercher has wrought  
 I fee.

*Tar.* Yes; his big heart  
vanquish'd with sorrow, that in's violent rage,  
he doom'd his much lov'd son to timelefs death,  
could not endure longer on its weak strings,  
but crack'd with weight of sorrow. Their two spirits,  
by this, are met in their delightful passage  
to the blest shades; we in our tears are bound  
to cal you our dread Sovereign.

*Omnes.* Long live *Abrahen*  
Great *Caliph* of *Arabia*.

*Abr.* 'Tis a title  
we cannot covet, Lords, it comes attended  
with so great cares and troubles, that our youth<sup>l</sup>  
start at the thought of them, even in our sorrows  
which are so mightie on us; our weak spirits  
are readie to relinquish the possession  
they've of mortalitie, and take swift flight  
after our roial friends. *Simanthes*, be it  
your charge to see all fitting preparation  
provided for the funerals. *Enter Selinthus.*

*Sel.* Where's great *Almanzor*?

*Abr.* O *Selinthus*, this  
day is the hour of funerals grief; for his  
crueltie to my brother, has translated  
him to immortalitie.

*Sel.* Hee'll have attendants  
to wait on him to our great prophets paradise,  
ere he be readie for his grave. The Souldiers  
all mad with rage for the Princes slaughter,  
have vow'd by all oaths Souldiers can invent,  
(and that's no smal store) with death and destruc-  
tion  
to pursue fullen *Mura*.

*Abr.* *Tarifa*,  
use your authoritie to keep their violence  
in due obedience. We're so fraught with grief,  
we have no room for any other passion  
in our distracted bosome. Take these roial bodies  
and place them on that couch; here where they fell,

they shal be imbalm'd. Yet put them out of our  
fight,

their veiws draw fresh drops from our heart.

Anon we'l shew our selves to chear the afflicted

Subject.

*a Shout.*

*Omnes.* Long live Abrahen, great Caliph of Arabia.

*Exeunt.*

*Abr.* And who can say now, *Abrahen* is a villain ?

I am saluted King with acclamations

that deaf the Heavens to hear, with as much joy

as if I had atchiev'd this Scepter by

means fair and vertuous. 'Twas this handkercher

that did to death *Almanzor* ; so infected

its least insensible vapour has full power ;

apply'd to th' eye, or any other Organ,

can drink its poyson in to vanquish Nature,

though nere so strong and youthful. 'Twas *Simanthes*

devis'd it for my brother, and my cunning

transferr'd it to *Almanzor* ; 'tis no matter,

my worst impiety is held now religious.

'Twixt Kings and their inferiors there's this ods,

These are meer men, we men, yet earthly gods.

*Exit.*

*Abil.* 'Twas well the Muts prov'd faithful, other-  
wife

I'd lost my breath with as much speed and silence

as those who do expire in dreams, their health

seeming no whit abated. But 'twas wisely

consider'd of me, to prepare those sure

instruments of destruction : The suspicion

I had by *Abrahen* of my fathers fears

of my unthought ambition, did instruct me

by making them mine, to secure my safety.

Would the inhumane Surgeon had tane

these blessed lights from me ; that I had liv'd for

ever

doom'd to perpetual darkness, rather then

*Tarifa's* fears had so appeach'd her honour.

Well, villain Brother, I have found that by my seeming death, which by my lives best arts I ne're should have had knowledg of. Dear Father, though thou to me wert pitileffe, my heart weeps tears of blood, to see thy age thus like a lofty pine fall, eaten through by th' gin from its own Stock descending: He has agents in his ungracious wickedness: *Simanthes* he has discover'd: Were they multitudes as numerous as collected sands, and mighty in force as mischief, they should from my Justice meet their due punishment. *Abrahen* by this is proclaim'd Caliph, yet my undoubted right, when't shall appear I'me living, wil reduce the people to my part; the armie's mine, whither I must withdraw unseen: the night wil best secure me. What a strange *Chimera* of thought possesses my dul brain! *Caropia*, thou hast a share in them: Fate, to thy mercie I do commit my self; who scapes the snare once, has a certain caution to beware. *Exit.*

Scen. 2. *Enter Caropia and Perilinda.*

*Car.* Your Lord is not returned yet!

*Per.* No, good Madam:

pray do not thus torment your self, the Prince (I warrant you) wil have no injurie by faving of your honour; do you think his father wil be so extreme outrageous for such a trifle, as to force a woman with her good liking?

*Car.* My ill boding soul beats with presages ominous. Would heaven I'd stood the hazard of my incens'd Lords furie, rather than he had run this imminent danger. Could you ne're learn, which of the slaves it was betray'd our close loves to loath'd *Mura's* notice?

*Per.* No indeed could I not ; but here's my Lord,  
pray Madam do not grieve so ! *Enter Mura.*

*Mu.* My *Caropia*,  
drefs up thy looks in their accustom'd beauties,  
cal back the constant spring into thy cheeks,  
that droope like lovely Violets, o're charg'd  
with too much mornings dew ; shoot from thy eies  
a thousand flames of joy. The lustful Prince,  
that like a foul thief, rob'd thee of thy honour  
by his ungracious violence, has met  
his roial fathers Justice.

*Car.* Now my fears  
carry too sure an augury ! you would fain  
sooth me, my Lord, out of my flood of sorrows ;  
what reparation can that make my honour,  
though he have tasted punishment ?

*Mu.* His life  
is falsn the off-spring of thy chastitie,  
which his hot lust polluted : nay, *Caropia*,  
to save himself, when he but felt the torment  
applied to his lascivious eies ; although  
at first he did with impudence acknowledg  
thy rape, he did invade thy spotless virtue,  
protested, only 'twas to save thy honor,  
he took on him thy rape, when with consent  
and not constrain'd, thou yeildedst to the loofness  
of his wild vicious flames.

*Car.* Could he be so unjust, my Lord ?

*Mu.* He was, and he has paid for't ;  
the malicious Souldier, while he was a losing  
his eies, made violent head to bring him reskue,  
which

pul'd his ruine on him. But no more  
of such a prodigie ; may his black memorie  
perish even with his ashes. My *Caropia*,  
the flourishing trees widow'd by winters violence  
of their fair ornaments, when 'tis expir'd once,  
put forth again with new and virgin freshness,  
their bushie beauties ; it should be thy emblem.

Display agen those chaste immaculate glories,  
 which the harsh winter of his lust had wither'd ;  
 and I'll agen be wedded to thy vertues,  
 with as much joy, as when thou first inrich'd me  
 with their pure maiden beauties. Thou art dul,  
 and dost not gratulate with happie welcoms,  
 the triumphs of thy vengeance.

*Car.* Are you sure, my Lord, the Prince is dead ?

*Mu.* Pish, I beheld him breathlesse.

Take comfort best *Caropia*, thy disgrace  
 did with his loath'd breath vanish.

*Car.* I could wish though,  
 that he had falne by your particular vengeance,  
 rather then by th' laws rigor ; you're a Souldier  
 of glorie, great in war for brave performance :  
 me thinks 't had been far nobler, had you call'd him  
 to personal satisfaction : had I been  
 your husband, you my wife, and ravished by him ;  
 my resolution would have arm'd my courage  
 to 've stroke him thus : The dead Prince fends you  
 that. *Stab him.*

*Mu.* O, I am slain !

*Car.* Would it were possible  
 to kil even thy eternitie. Sweet Prince,  
 how shal I satisfie thy unhappie ruins !  
 Ha, not yet breathlesse ! To increase thy anguish  
 even to despair, know, *Abilqua!it* was  
 more dear to me, then thy foul selfe was odious,  
 and did enjoy me freely.

*Au.* That I had  
 but breath enough to blast thee.

*Car.* 'Twas his brother  
 (curse on his art) seduc'd me to accuse  
 him of my rape. Do you groane, prodigie !  
 take this as my last bountie. *Stab again.*

*Enter Perilinda.*

*Per.* O Madam, Madam,



what shal we do ? the house is round beset }  
with Souldiers ; Madam, they do sweare they'le tear  
my Lord, for the sweet Princes death, in pieces.

*Car.* This hand has sav'd  
their furie that just labour : yet I'le make  
use of their malice, help to convey  
him into's Chamber.

*Enter Ofman, Gaffelles, Souldiers.*

*Gaf.* Where is this villain, this traitor *Mura* ?

*Car.* Heaven knowes what violence  
their furie may assault me with ; be't death,  
't shall be as welcome, as sound healthful sleeps  
to men oppres'd with sicknesse. What's the matter ?  
what means this outrage ?

*Of.* Marry, Ladie gay,  
We're come to cut your little throat ; pox on you,  
and all your sex ; you've caus'd the noble Princes  
death, wild-fire take you fort, weel talk with you  
at better leifure : you must needs be ravished !  
and could not like an honest woman, take  
the curtesie in friendly fort !

*Gaf.* We trifle :  
her husband may escape us. Say, where is he ?  
or you shall die, ere you can pray.

*Sold.* Here, here I have found the vallain ! what, do  
you  
sleep so soundly ? ne're wake more, this for the  
Prince, you rogue : let's tear him piecemeale.  
Do you take your death in silence, dog !

*Car.* You appear indow'd with some humanitie,  
you have tane his life ; let not your hate last  
after death ; let me embalm his bodie with  
my tears, or kil me with him.

*Of.* Now you've said the word,  
we care not if we do.

*Enter Tarifa.*

*Tar.* Slaves, unhand  
the Ladie, who dares offer her least violence,

from this hand meets his punishment. *Gafelles, Ofman*, I thought you had been better temper'd, then thus to raise up mutinies. In the name of *Abrahen* our now Caliph, I command you, desist from these rebellious practises, and quietly retire into the Camp, and there expect his pleasure.

*Gaf.* *Abrahen* Caliph!

There is some hopes then, we shall gaine our pardons :

Long live great *Abrahen*. Souldiers, flink away, our vow is consummate.

*Car.* O my deare Lord!

*Tar.* Be gone.

*Of.* Yes, as quietly as if we were in flight before the foe ; the general pardon at the coronation, will bring us off, I'me sure.

*Tar.* Alas, good Madam!

I'me sorrie that these miseries have faln with so much rigor on you ; pray take comfort : your husband profecuted with too much violence Prince *Abilqualit's* ruine.

*Car.* It appeared so ! what worlds of woes have hapless I given life to, and yet survive them !

*Tar.* Do not with such furie torment your innocent self. I'me sure the Emperor *Abrahen*, wil number 't 'mongst his greatest sorrows, that he has lost your husband. I must give him notice of these proceedings. Best peace keep you, and settle your distractions.

*Car.* not until

I'me settled in my peaceful urne. This is yet some comfort to me, 'midst the floods of woes, that do overwhelm me for the Princes death, that I reveng'd it safely ; though I prize my life at no more value then a foolish ignorant Indian does a Diamond,

which for a bead of Jet or glafs, he changes :  
 Nor would I keep it, were it not with fuller,  
 more noble braverie, to take revenge  
 for my Lord *Abilqualit's* timeleffe slaughter.  
 I muſt uſe craft and myſterie. Diſſembling  
 is held the natural qualitie of our Sex,  
 nor wil't be hard to praſtice. This ſame *Abrahen*,  
 that by his brothers ruine weilds the Scepter,  
 whether out of his innocence or malice,  
 'twas that perſwaded me to accuſe him of  
 my rape. The die is caſt, I am reſolv'd  
 to thee my *Abilqualit* I wil come.  
 A death for love, 's no death but Martyrdom. *Exit.*

ACTUS QUINTUS. Scena I.

*Enter Abilqualit, Selinthus, Gaſſelles, Ofman,  
 Souldiers, and Muts.*

*Abil.* NO more, good faithful Souldiers ; thank  
 the powers  
 divine, has brought me back to you in ſafety ;  
 the traitorous praſtifes againſt our life,  
 and our deare fathers, poiſon'd by our brother ;  
 we have diſcoverd, and ſhall take juſt vengeance  
 on the unnatural paricide : Retire  
 into your tents, and peacefully expect  
 the event of things, you *Ofman* and *Gaſſelles*  
 ſhall into th' Citie with me.

*Of.* We wil march  
 through the world with thee, dear Sovereign,  
 great *Abilqualit*.

*Abil. Selinthus,*  
 give you our dear *Tarifa* ſpeedie notice  
 we are again among the living : pray him  
 to let our loyal Subjects in the Citie,  
 have ſure intelligence of our eſcape ;

and dearest friends and fellowes, let not your too loud expressions of your joy, for our unlook'd for welfare, subject to discoverie our unexpected safety.

*Sel.* Never fear : they'r trustie Mirmidons, and wil stick close

to you their dear *Achilles* ; but my Lord, the wisest may imagine it were safer for you to rest here 'mong your armed legions, then to intrust your person in the City, whereas it seems by the pass'd storie, you'le not know friends from enemies.

*Abil.* *Selinthus,*

Thy honest care declares the zealous duty thou ow'st thy Sovereign : but what danger can assault us there, where there is none suspects we are alive ? we'l go surveigh the state of things, i' th' morning we will seize the Palace, and then proclaim our Right. Come, valiant Captains, you shall be our companions.

*Gaf.* And we'l guard you safe, as you were encompass'd with an Army.

*Sel.* You guard your own fools heads : I'st fit his safety,

on which our lives and fortunes have dependance, should be expos'd unto your single valour ?

Pray once let your friends rule you, that you may rule them hereafter. Your good brother *Abrahen* has a strong faction, it should seem i' th' Court : and those these Blood-hounds follow'd the sent hotly till they had worried *Mura*. He has other allies of no mean consequence ; your Eunuch *Mefithes* his chief Favourite, and *Simanthes*.

*Abil.* It was that Villain that betray'd my Love to him and slaught'ed *Mura*.

*Sel.* Wery likely,

An arranter, falser Parasite, never was cut like a Colt. Pray Sir, be wise this once, at my intreaties ; and for ever after

use your discretion as you please : these night works I do not like ; yet e're the morning I will bring *Tarifa* to you.

*Abil.* You shall o're rule us. Poor *Caropia*, these thoughts are thy vot'ries ; love thy active fire, flames out when present, absent in desire. *Exeunt.*

Scen. 2. *Enter Abrahen, Simanthes and Mefithes.*

*Abr.* What State and Dignitie's like that of Scepters ?

With what an awful Majesty resembles it the Powers above ? the inhabitants of that Superior world are not more subject to them, then these to us ; they can but tremble when they do speak in thunder ; at our frowns these shake like Lambs at lightning. Can it be impiety by any means to purchase this earthly Deity, Sovereignty. I did sleep this night with as secure and calme a peace, as in my former innocence. Conscience, thou'rt but a terror, first devis'd by th' fears of Cowardise, a sad and fond remembrance, which men should shun, as Elephants clear springs, lest they beheld their own deformities,

*Enter Mefithes.*

and start at their grim shadowes. Ha, *Mefithes* !

*Mef.* My Royal Lord !

*Abr.* Call me thy Friend, *Mefithes*, thou equally dost share our heart, best Eunuch ; there is not in the flock of earthly blessings another I could wish to make my state completely fortunate, but one ; and to atcheive possession of that blifs, thy diligence must be the fortunate Instrument.

*Mef.* Be it dangerous as the affrights Sea men do fain in Tempests, I'll undertake it for my gracious Sovereign, and perish, but effect it.

*Abr.* No, there is not the least shew of peril in't; 'tis the want of fair *Caropia's* long coveted beauties that doth afflict thy *Abrahen*. Love, *Mefithes*, is a most stubborn Malady in a Lady, not cur'd with that felicity, that are other passions, and creeps upon us by those ambushes, that we perceive our selves sooner in love, then we can think upon the way of loving. The old flames break more brightly from th' ashes where they have long layn hid, like the young Phenix that from her spicie pile revives more glorious. Nor can I now extinguish't; it has pass'd the limits of my reason, and intend my wil, where like a fixt Star 't settles, never to be removed thence.

*Mef.* Cease your fears; I that could win her for your brother, who could not boast half your masculine Perfections, for you will vanquish her. *Enter Simanthes.*

*Sim.* My Lord, the widow of slaughtered *Mura*, fair *Caropia* does humbly intreat access to your dread presence; Shall we permit her entrance?

*Abr.* With all freedom and best regard. *Mefithes*, this arrives beyond our wish. I'll trie my eloquence in my own cause; and if I fail, thou then shalt be my Advocate.

*Mef.* Your humblest vassal.

*Abr.* With-draw and leave us, and give strict order none approach our presence till we do call. It is not fit her sorrows should be survey'd by common eie. *Enter Car.* *Caropia*, welcom; and would we could as easily give thee comfort as we allow thee more then mod'rate pitie. In tears those eyes cast forth a greater lustre, then sparkling rocks of Diamonds inclos'd in swelling seas of Pearl.

*Car.* Your Majestie  
is pleas'd to wanton with my miseries,  
which truly you, if you have nature in you,  
ought to bear equall part in your deer brothers  
untimely losse, occasion'd by my falshood,  
and your improvident counsel: 'Tis that calls  
these hearty sorrows up, I am his Murtherer.

*Abr.* 'Twas his own destinie, not our bad intentions  
took him away from earth; he was too heavenly,  
fit only for th' societie of Angels,  
'mongst whom he sings glad hymns to thy perfections,  
celebrating with such eloquence thy beauties,  
that those immortal essences forget  
to love each other by intelligence,  
and doat on the Idea of thy Sweetnesse.

*Car.* These gentle blandishments, and his innocent  
carriage  
had I as much of malice as a Tigresse  
rob'd of her young, would melt me into meeknesse.  
But I'll not be a woman.

*Abr.* Sing out, Angel,  
and charm the world (were it at mortal diff'rence)  
to peace with thine enchantments. What soft murmurs  
are those that steal through those pure rosie organs,  
like aromatick west-winds, when they flie  
through fruitful mists of fragrant mornings dew,  
to get the Spring with child of flowers and spices?  
Disperse these clouds, that like the vail of night,  
with unbecoming darknesse shade thy beauties,  
and strike a new day from those orient eies,  
to gild the world with brightnesse.

*Car.* Sir, these flatteries  
neither besit the ears of my true sorrows,  
nor yet the utt'rance of that reall sadnesse  
should dwell in you. Are these the fun'ral rites  
you pay the memorie of your roiall Father,  
and much lamented Brother?

*Abr.* They were mortall,  
and to lament them, were to shew I envi'd

th' immortal joyes of that true happineffe  
their glorious souls (disfranchis'd from their flesh)  
possess to perpetuities and fulnesse.

Besides, (*Caropia*) I have other griefs  
more neer my heart, that circle't with a sicknesse  
will shortly number me among their fellowship,  
if speedier remedie be not apply'd  
to my most desp'rate maladie.

*Car.* I shall

(if my hand fail not my determin'd courage)  
send you to their societie far sooner  
then you expect or covet. Why, great Sir,  
what grief, unlesse your sorrow for their losse,  
is't can afflict you, that command all blessings  
men wittie in ambition of excesse  
can wish, to please their fancies?

*Abr.* The want only

of that which I've so long desir'd; thy love,  
thy love, *Caropia*, without which my Empire,  
and all the pleasures flowing from its greatnesse,  
will be but burdens, soul-tormenting troubles.  
There's not a beam shot from those grief-drown'd

Comets

but (like the Sun's, when they break forth of showers)  
dart flames more hot and piercing. Had I never  
doated before on thy divine perfections,  
viewing thy beautie thus adorn'd by sadnesse,  
my heart, though marble, actuated to softnesse,  
would burn like sacred incense, it self being  
the Altar, Priest, and Sacrifice.

*Car.* This is

as unexpected, as unwelcome, Sir.  
Howere you're pleas'd to mock me and my griefs  
with these impertinent, unmeant discourfes,  
I cannot have so prodigal a faith,  
to give them the least credit; and it is  
unkindly done, thus to deride my sorrows.  
the virgin Turtles hate to joyn their pureness  
with widow'd mates; my Lord, you are a Prince,



and such as much detest to utter falsehoods,  
as Saints do perjuries : why should you strive then  
to lay a bait to captivate my affections, when your  
greatness conjoin'd with your youths masculine beau-  
ties,

are to a womans frailtie, strong temptations ?  
You know the storie too of my misfortunes,  
that your dead brother, did with vicious loosenesse,  
corrupt the chaste streams of my spotlesse vertues,  
and left me foiled like a long pluck'd rose,  
whose leaves dissever'd, have forgon their sweetness.

*Abr.* Thou hast not (my *Caropia* ;) thou to me  
art for thy sent still fragrant, and as precious  
as the prime virgins of the Spring, the violets,  
when they do first display their early beauties,  
til all the winds in love, do grow contentious,  
which from their lips should ravish the first kisses.  
*Caropia*, thinkst thou I should fear the Nuptials  
of this great Empire, 'cause it was my brothers ?  
As I succeeded him in all his glories,  
'tis fit I do succeed him in his love.  
'Tis true, I know thy fame fell by his practise,  
which had he liv'd, hee'd have restored by marriage,  
by it repair'd thy injur'd honors ruines.  
I'me bound to do it in religious conscience ;  
It is a debt his incens'd ghost would quarrel  
me living for, should I not pay't with fullness.

*Car.* Of what frail temper is a womans weak-  
ness !  
words writ in waters, have more lasting Essence,  
then our determinations.

*Abr.* Come, I know,  
thou must be gentle, I perceive a combat  
in thy soft heart, by th' intervening blushes  
that strive to adorn thy cheek with purple beauties,  
and drive the lovelie liverie of thy sorrows,  
the Ivorie paleness, out of them. Think, *Caropia*,  
with what a settled unrevolting truth  
I have affected thee ; with what heat, what pureness ;

and when upon mature considerations,  
 I found I was unworthie to enjoy  
 a treasure of such excellent grace and goodnesse,  
 I did desist, smothering my love in anguish ;  
 anguish ! to which the soul of humane torments,  
 compar'd, were pains not easie, but delicious ;  
 yet stil the secret flames of my affections,  
 like hidden virtues in some bashful man,  
 grew great and ferventer by those suppressions.  
 Thou wert created only for an Empreffe ;  
 despise not then thy destinie, now greatnesse,  
 love, Empire, and what ere may be held glorious,  
 courts thy acceptance like obedient Vassals.

*Car.* I have consider'd, and my serious thoughts  
 tel me, tis folly to refuse these profers :  
 to put off my mortalitie, the pleasures  
 of life, which like ful streams, do flow from great-  
 nesse,

to wander i' th' unpeopled air, to keep  
 societie with ghastly apparitions,  
 where's neither voice of friends, nor visiting suitors  
 breaths to delight our ears, and all this for  
 the fame of a fell murtherers. I have blood  
 enough alreadie on my soul, more then  
 my tears can e're wash off. My roial Lord,  
 if you can be so merciful and gracious,  
 to take a woman laden with afflictions,  
 big with true sorrow, and religious penitence  
 for her amiss, her life and after actions,  
 shal studie to deserve your love. But surely  
 this is not serious.

*Abra.* Not the vowes which votries  
 make to the powers above, can be more fraught  
 with binding sanctitie.

This holy kifs

confirms our mutual vows : never til now  
 was I true Caliph of *Arabia*.

*Enter, Enter, Enter.*

*Abr.* Ha, what tumult's that !  
Be you all furies, and thou the great'st of divels,  
*Abrahen* wil stand you all, unmov'd as mountains.  
This good sword  
if you be air, shal disinchant you from  
your borrow'd figures.

*Abil.* No, ill-natur'd monster,  
we're all corporeal, and survive to take  
revenge on thy inhumane acts, at name  
of which, the bashful elements do shake  
as if they teem'd with prodigies. Dost not tremble  
at thy inhumane villaines ? Dear *Caropia*,  
quit the infectious viper, lest his touch  
poison thee past recoverie.

*Abr.* No, she shall not ;  
nor you, until this body be one wound  
Lay a rude hand upon me ! *Abilqualit*,  
how ere thou scapst my practises with life,  
I am not now to question ; we were both  
sons to one father, whom, for love of Empire,  
when I beleev'd thee strangled by those Muts,  
I sent to his eternal rest ; nor do I  
repent the fact yet, I have been titled *Caliph*  
a day, which is to my ambitious thoughts,  
honor enough to eternize my big name  
to all posteritie. I know thou art  
of valiant noble soul ; let not thy brother  
fal by ignoble hands, oppres'd by number ;  
draw thy bright weapon ; as thou art in Empire,  
thou art my rival in this Ladies love,  
whom I esteem above all joyes of life :  
for her and for this Monarchie, let's trie  
our strengths and fates : the impartial fates  
to him, who has the better cause, in justice  
must needs design the victorie.

*Abil.* In this offer,  
though it proceed from desperateneffe, not valor ;

thou showst a masculine courage, and we wil not render our cause so abject as to doubt, but our just arme has strength to punish thy most unheard of treacheries.

*Tar.* But you shall not be so unjust to us and to your right, to try your causes most undoubted Justice, 'gainst the dispairing ruffian ; Souldiers, pul the Lady from him, and disarm him.

*Abil.* Stay ! though he doth merit multitudes of death, we would not murder his eternitie by sudden execution ; yeild your self, and we'l allow you libertie of life, til by repentance you have purg'd your sin ; and so if possible, redeem your soul from future punishment.

*Abr.* Pish, tel fools of souls, and those effeminate cowards that do dreame of those fantastick other worlds : there is not such a thing in nature, all the soul of men is resolution, which expires never from valiant men, till their last breath, and then with it like to a flame extinguisht'd for want of matter, 't dos not dy, but rather ceases to live. Injoy in peace your Empire, and as a legacy of *Abrahens* love, take this fair Lady to your Bride.

*stab her.*

*Abil.* Inhumane Butcher ! has slain the Lady. Look up, best *Caropia*, run for our surgeons : I'le give half my Empire to save her precious life.

*Abr.* She has enough, or mine aym fail'd me, to procure her passage to the eternal dwellings : nor is this cruelty in me ; I alone was worthy to have injoy'd her beauties. Make good haste *Caropia*, or my soul, if I have any, will hover for thee in the clouds. This was

the fatal engine which betray'd our father  
to his untimely death, made by *Simanthes*  
for your use, *Abilqualit*: and who has this  
about him and would be a slave to your base mercy,  
deserved death more than by dayly tortures;  
and thus I kiss'd my last breath. Blast you all. *dies.*

*Tar.* Damn'd desperate villain.

*Abil.* O my dear *Caropia*,  
my Empire now will be unpleasing to me  
since I must lose thy company. This surgeon,  
where's this surgeon?

*Sel.* Drunk perhaps.

*Car.* 'Tis but needlesse,  
no humane help can save me: yet me thinks  
I feel a kind of pleasing ease in your  
imbraces. I should utter something,  
and I have strength enough, I hope, left yet  
to effect my purpose. In revenge for your  
suppos'd death, my lov'd Lord, I slew my husband,

*Abil.* I'me sorry thou hast that sin to charge thy  
soul with,  
twas rumour'd by the souldiers.

*Sel.* Couzens mine, your necks are safe agen now.

*Car.* And came hither  
with an intent to have for your sake slain your  
brother

*Abrahen*, had not his curtesie and winning carriage  
alter'd my resolution, with this poniard  
I'de struck him here about the heart. *Stabs Abil.*

*Abil.* O I am slain, *Caropia*,  
and by thy hand. Heavens, you are just, this is  
revenge for thy dear honor which I murdred,  
though thou wer't consenting to it.

*Car.* True, I was so,  
and not repent it yet, my sole ambition  
was to have liv'd an Empreffe, which since fate  
would not allow, I was resolv'd no woman  
after my selfe should ere enjoy that glory,  
you dear *Abilqualit*: which since my

weak strength has serv'd me to performe, I dye  
willingly as an infant. O now I faint,  
life's death to those that keep it by constraint. *dye.*

*Tar.* My dear Lord,  
is there no hopes of life ? must we be wretched ?

*Abil.* Happier, my *Tarifa*, by my death :  
but yesterday I playd the part in jest  
which I now act in earnest. My *Tarifa*,  
the Empire's thine, I'me sure thou'lt rul't  
with justice, and make the subject happy. Thou hast  
a Son

of hopefull growing vertues to succeed thee,  
commend me to him, and from me intreat him  
to shun the temptings of lascivious glances.

*Sel.* 'Las good Prince !  
hee dy indeed. I fear, he is so full  
of serious thoughts and Counfels.

*Abil.* For this slaughtred body,  
let it have decent burial with slain *Muras*,  
but let not *Abrahens* corps have so much honor  
to come ith' royal monument : lay mine  
by my dear fathers : for that trecherous Eunuch,  
and Lord *Simanthes*, use them as thy justice  
tells thee they have merited ; for Lord *Selinthus*,  
advance him (my *Tarifa*) hee's of faithfull  
and well deserving vertues.

*Sel.* So I am,  
I thought 'twould come to me anon :  
poor Prince, I e'ne could dy with him.

*Abil.* And for those souldiers, and those our most  
faithfull

*Muts*, that my life once sav'd, let them be  
well rewarded ; death and I are almost now  
at unitie. Farewell. *dyes.*

*Tar.* Sure I shall not  
survive these sorrows long. *Muts*, take those Traitors  
to prison ; we will shortly passe their sentence,  
which shall be death inevitable. Take up  
that fatal instrument of poisonous mischief,

and see it burn'd, *Gafelles*. Gentlemen,  
Fate has made us your King against our wishes.

*Sel.* Long live *Tarifa*, Caliph of *Arabia*.

*Tar.* We have no time now for your acclamations ;  
these are black sorrows Festival. Bear off  
in state that royal Bodie ; for the other,  
since twas his will, let them have burial,  
but in obscuritie. By this it may,  
as by an ev'dent rule be understood,  
they're onely truly great, wh' are truly good.

*Recorders*

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Flourish.*

FINIS.

---

EPILOGUE.

I'M much displeas'd the Poet has made me  
The Epilogue to his sad Tragedie.  
Would I had dy'd honestly amongst the rest,  
Rather then live to th' last, now to be prest  
To death by your hard Censures. Pray you say,  
What is it you dislike so in this Play,  
That none applauds ? Beleeve it, I should faint,  
Did not some smile, and keep me by constraint  
From the sad qualm. What pow'r is in your breath,  
That you can save alive, and doom to death,  
Even whom you please ? thus are your judgments free,  
Most of the rest are slain, you may save me.  
But if death be the word, I pray bestow it  
Where it best fits. Hang up the Poet.





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# NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PAGE I.

*The Widdowes Teares.*

Although it cannot be said that there were two editions of *The Widdowes Teares* in 1612, the copies with that date have some variations, probably introduced at the instance of the author, who seems to have been rather more anxious about the correctness of his productions than most of his contemporaries.

“The plot of *Lysander and Cynthia* is borrowed from *Petronius Arbiter’s Satyricon*, being the story of the Matron of Ephesus related by *Eumolpus*: a story since handled by several other pens, as *Janus Doufa*, the father, in his notes on this story, and *Gabbema*, in the last edition of *Petronius*, who observe that it was translated into Latin verse by *Romulus*, an antique grammarian: and into French rhyme by *Hebertus*. We have it not only in the *Seven Wife Masters*, but also I have read the same story in the *Cento Novelle Antiche di Carlo Gualteruzzi*, Nov. 51.—*Langbaine*.

PAGE 17.

*O the Gods? spurn’d out by Groomes like a base Bisogno?*

This is a term of contempt frequently used in our old plays. It is probably derived from the Ital. *bisogno*, or the Fr. *besoin* (want, need), and is generally applied to people in want or of the lower rank. See *Churchyard’s Challenge*, 1593, p. 85, and *Love’s Cure*, by *Beaumont and Fletcher*, Act 2, sc. 1.

PAGE 18.

*No yong Adonis to front you there?*

Some of the copies read “mystical” instead of *yong*.

## PAGE 18.

*Your not-headed Countrie Gentleman.*

So in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the yeman is thus described :—

“ A *nott-head* had he with a brown visage.”

A person was said to be *nott-pated* when the hair was cut short and round. Ray says the word was, in his time, still used in Essex for *polled* or *shorn*.

## PAGE 20.

*So there's venie for venie.*

*i.e.* touch for touch, bout for bout ; a technical term at fencing and cudgel-playing, from the French *venue*. The word occurs in act iii. sc. 2, of *The Old Law* ; but appears to have been out of fashion with the fantastic gallants of the times very early. Captain Bobadil, in *Every Man in his Humour*, act i. sc. 5, says, in answer to Master Matthew's request for one *venue*, “ *Venue!* fie ; “ most gross denomination as ever I heard : O, the stoccata, “ while you live, sir, note that.”

## PAGE 23.

*by the next Ripier that rides that way with Mackerell.*

“ *Ripiers (riparii)*,” says Minshieu, “ be those that use to bring fish from the sea-coast to the inner parts of the land. It is a word made of the Latin *ripa*, the bank or shore.”

## PAGE 23.

*a Bone to tire on.*

*i.e.* to peck at : a term of falconry.

## PAGE 29.

*Admitted? I, into her heart, Ile able it.*

An old phrase, signifying to undertake, or answer for. So in *King Lear* (act iv. sc. 7) :—

“ None does offend, none, I say, none *I'll able 'em.*”

## PAGE 34.

*who penn'd the Pegmas.*

*i.e.*, the bills fixed up at pageants to give some account of their contents.

## PAGE 71.

*There sticks an Achelons horne of all, Copie enough,  
As much as Alizon of Sterames receives.*

*Or lofty Ilea showes of shadie leaues.*

The first line of this passage seems hopelessly corrupt. I once thought the words, "Copie enough," were attributable rather to the printer's devil than to Lyfander, and had got interpolated into the text through the stupidity of the compositor and the negligence of the "reader." But I find that a former Editor of this play explains "Copie" as *Copia*, and supposes the passage to refer to the Cornucopia, or horn of plenty.

PAGE 116.

*Twinns of which Hippocrates speaks.*

See also *The Gentleman Vsher* (Vol. I., p. 309).

PAGE 142.

*Read the old stoick Pherecides, that tels thee  
Me truly, and sayes that I Ophioneus—  
Deuillish Serpent, by interpretation; was generall  
Captaine of that rebellious host of spirits that  
Wag'd warre with heauen.*

See the Fragments of Pherecides, the stoic, a rather recondite author.

PAGE 155.

*those dreadfull bolts*

*The Cyclops Ram in Ioues Artillery.*

This energetic expression, thoroughly characteristic of Chapman, occurs also in *Buffy d'Ambois* (Vol. II, p. 70.)

PAGE 201.

*Una arbusta non alit duos Erithicos:—*

Οὐ τρέφει μία λόχμη δύο ἐριδάκους. *Schol. Aristoph. Vesp.* 922. *Stephani Thesaur.* s. Ἐριδάκος. *Plin. Hist. Nat.* X, 29, 44.

PAGE 202.

*I'll imitate Lyfander]* See *Plutarch. Lyfand.* VII.

PAGE 203.

*That Bohemie neither cares.*

'Bohemia' in this verse, which in the original edition is erroneously given to Alphonfus, is to be read as a disyllable, as if it was written 'Bemia.' The same contraction occurs on page 213, where, however, the word is used as a trisyllable :

And do accept the king of Bohemia.

## PAGE 207.

*When we once are set.*

I am unable to say, whether or not the custom alluded to in the text was really observed in the elective council; thus much, however, is certain, that it admirably harmonizes with the directions contained in the Golden Bull: 'They (viz. the Electors) shall proceed to the Election and shall not in any manner depart out of the said Citie of Franckford, before that the greater part of them shall have chosen a temporall head or governour of the world or of Christendome, a King of Romains, to be Emperour, which if they shall prolong or deferre the space of thirty dayes from the day of taking their oathes, then the said thirty dayes being expired, they shall eate nothing but bread and water, nor by any meanes goe away from the said Citie, untill or before they or the greater number of them shall have chosen the ruler or temporall head of Christendome, as aforefaid.'

## PAGE 214.

*Count Mansfield.*

This name was familiar to the poet's contemporaries, the famous Count Ernest Mansfield having paid a visit to London in 1621 or 1622.

See also *Byron's Conspiracie* (Vol. II, p. 199).

## PAGE 220.

*Ein filtz geben.*

*i. e.* I should chide you. This expression frequently occurs in the plays of Ayrrer, of Duke Heinrich Julius, in *Simplicissimus*, and other writers of the time.

## PAGE 234.

*Bowls of Reinfal.*

'*Reinfal* (*Rainfal*), *vinum Rifolium*, *Wein von Rivoglio in Istrien*' says Schmeller in his *Bayerisches Wörterbuch*, III. 95; and O. Schade in his *Altdeutsches Wörterbuch* s. h. v. has adopted this explanation. Karajan, *Fontes Rer. Austriac* (Vienn. 1855), I. 1, 17, however, has shown that there is no place of that name in Istria. J. Grimm, in his Preface to F. F. Rössler's *Deutsche Rechtsdenkmäler aus Böhmen und Mähren* (Prag, 1845), I. VII, thinks the 'Reinfal' to have come from Rivoli near Verona or from Botzen in the Tyrol. Compare also

Zedler's *Universal-Lexikon* (Leipzig und Halle, 1742), XXXI 282 sq. ; *Brandt's Narrenschiff* ed. by Zarncke, 63, 87 ; and Keller *Fastnachtsspiele* (*Mittheil. def. Liter. Vereins* XLVI), 362.

## PAGE 234.

*Nay, gentle Forrester.*

Before this verse a line or two seem to have dropped out, in which the Emperor may have spoken of Prince Edward's not joining in the universal merriment.

## PAGE 235—9.

*Sam Got.*

'*Sam Got*' either means 'with God,' or it may be an abbreviation of '*sam mir Got,*' *i. e. so mir Gott helfe.* See Schade's *Althochdeutsches Wörterbuch* f. *Sam*, and *Lauremberg's Scherzgedichte* ed. by Lappenberg, 256.

## PAGE 238.

*With Corances on their heads.*

The much discussed 'crants' in Hamlet V. I, receives a new light from this passage. Messrs. Halliwell and Wright in their new edition of Nares' Glossary have repeated the remark of Nares, that 'no other example of the word has been found,' whilst it occurs twice in this tragedy. They are further of opinion, that Shakespeare probably found this word in some legend of Hamlet, which we cannot but think most improbable, as the word could only be found in a German (or Danish) legend, and Shakespeare therefore must be supposed to have read German or Danish. Besides no German legend of Hamlet is known to exist. Shakespeare, in our opinion, made the acquaintance of this German importation at the Steelyard, or he witnessed some German funeral in London, where the coffin of a young girl, according to the German custom, was decked with 'crances;' nay, both may have been the case, and we imagine the word thus to have found its way into Shakespeare and Chapman. At all events it was not an entire stranger to their contemporaries. Mr. Lettsom has very justly observed, that 'crants' is not the plural, but the singular number (see Shakespeare's Works ed. by Dyce, 2nd Ed. VII. 239). From the present passage it would appear that we ought to write 'crance;' this is confirmed by the Anglicised form of the German Christian

name 'Hans,' which in Mr. W. Durrant Cooper's 'Lift of Foreign Protestants and Aliens' is usually spelt 'Hance,' or 'Haunce.'

PAGE 238.

*An upspring.*

'Upspring,' neither means an 'upstart,' as most Shakespearean editors (as well as Nares, though he cites the present line from Alphonfus) have imagined, nor the German 'Walzer,' as Schlegel has translated it in Hamlet I, 4, but it is the 'Hüpfauft,' the last and consequently wildest dance at the old German merrymakings. See *Ayrer's Dramen* ed. by Keller, IV. 2840 and 2846 :

*Ey, jitz geht erst der hüpfauft an.*

*Ey, Herr, jitz kummt erst der hüpfauft.*

No epithet could therefore be more appropriate to this drunken dance, than Shakespeare's 'swaggering.'

PAGE 262.

*And should be lamps.*

Compare the Golden Bull (1619) Chap. I : '— the seven Electors of the Empire, by whom (as by seven Candlestickes, shining in the unities of a sevenfold spirit) the holy Empire should be illuminated.' The Latin text has '*velut septem candelabra lucentia.*'

PAGE 263.

*Mein allerliebest husband.*

According to Dr. Wm. Bell (Shakespeare's Puck, III. 207 fq.) this 'decidedly Teutonic word occurs only once in the English language,' viz. in 2 Henry VI, I. 1 : 'mine alderliebest soveraign.'

PAGE 271.

*Her dainty rose-Corance.*

See Note on p. 238. In Germany a '*Rosenkranz*' served as a symbol of virginity, and therefore in old popular songs often denotes maidenhead itself. *Umland's Volklieder*, I. No. 2 and 3 (with Note in Vol. II. 997) ; I. No. 114 and 173 (p. 456). Shakespeare and his contemporaries also symbolize maidenhead as a rose. *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV.

2 : " But when you have our rofes." *Othello*, V. 2 : " When I have plucked thy rofe." Chapman, *Buffy d'Ambois* (Vol. II. p. 30).

Honour, whats that ? your fecond maidenhead :  
And what is that ? a word ; the word is gone,  
The thing remains ; the rofe is pluckt, the ftalke  
Abides.

PAGE 281.

*Than ere Laocoon ran.*

For the fact alluded to compare *Virg. Æn.*, II. 40 ſqq.

PAGE 285.

*Revenge for Honour.* 1654.

" This play," ſays Langbaine, " I have ſeen acted many years go at the *Nurfery* in *Barbican*."





# I N D E X.

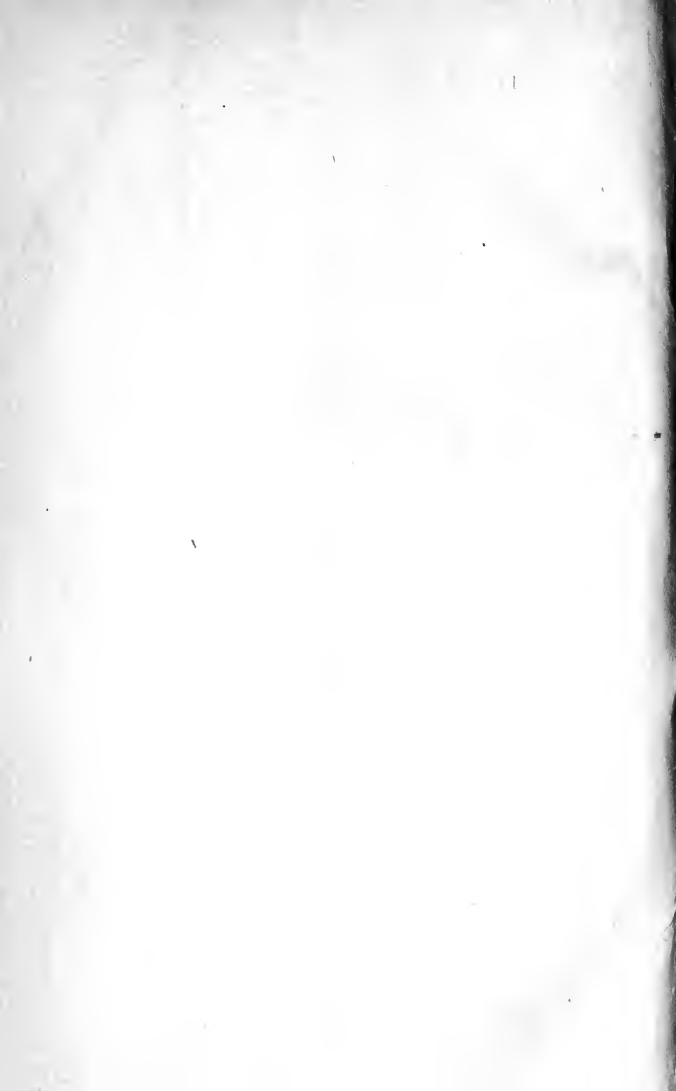
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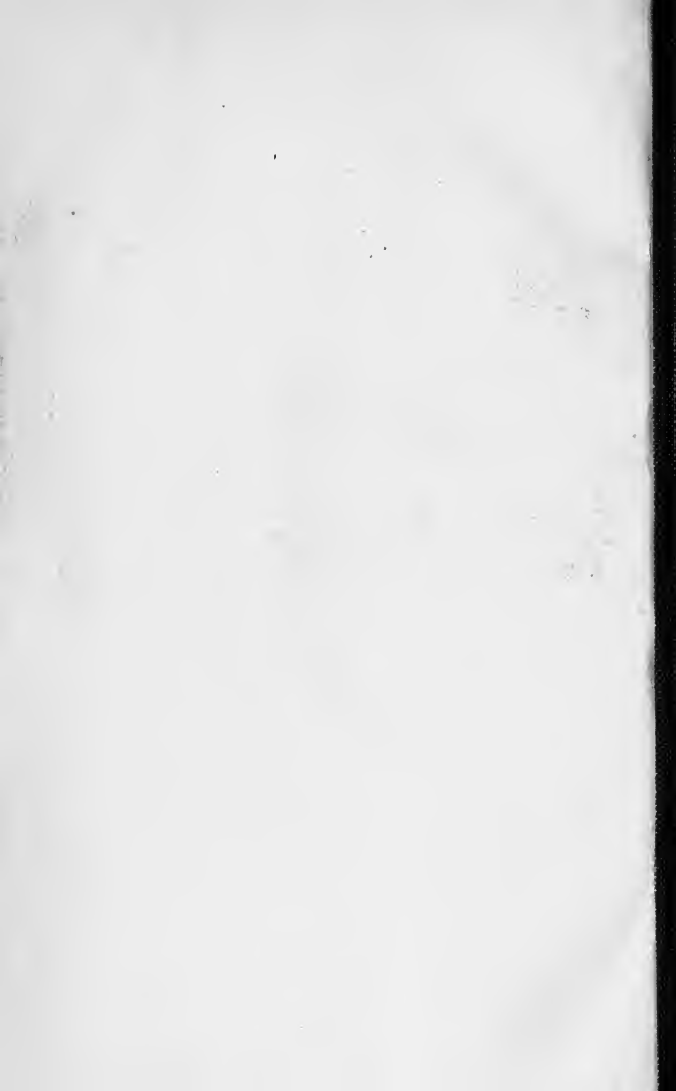
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