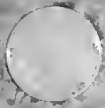


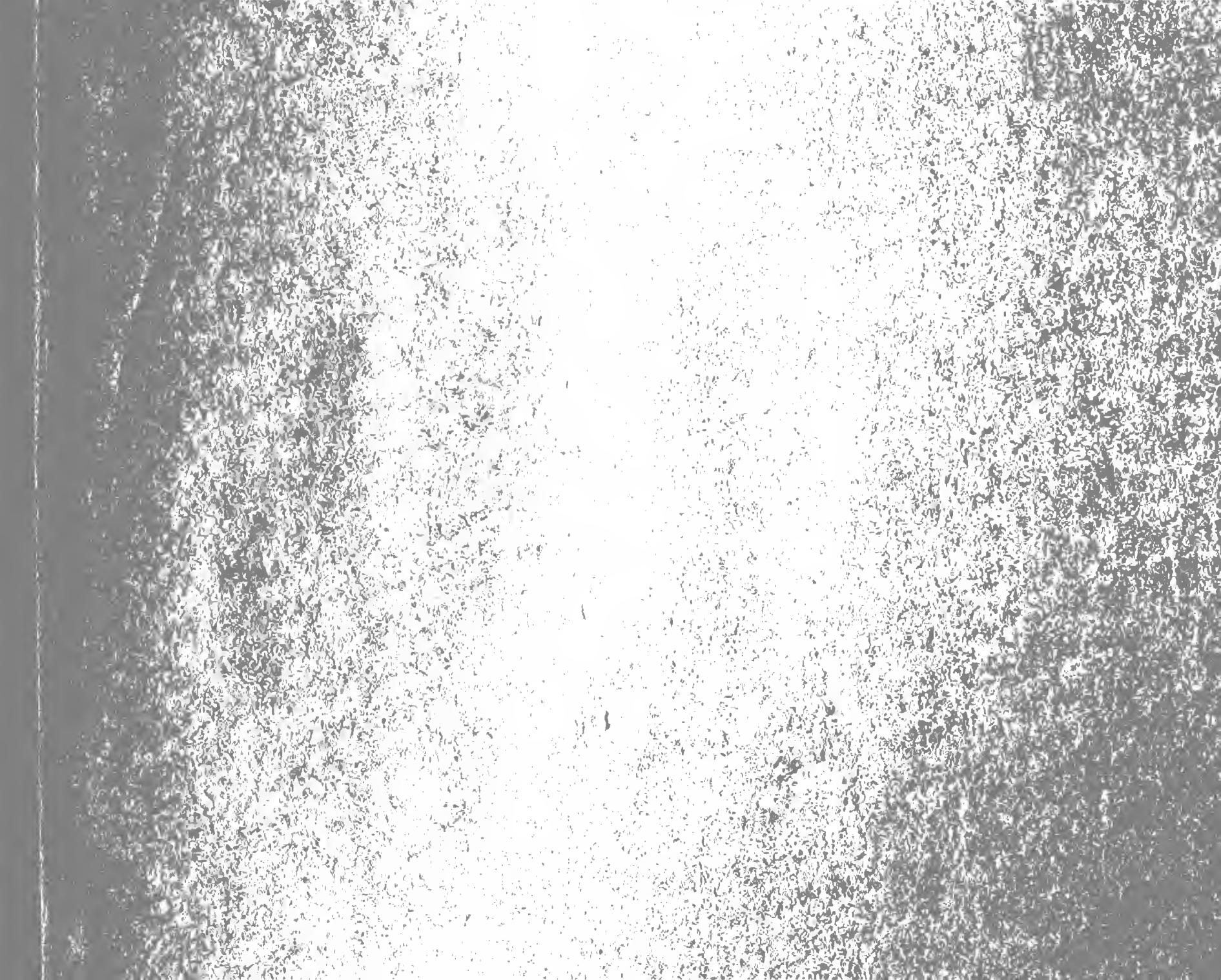
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*L'Amour & la Haine*

THE  
CRVELL  
BROTHER.

A Tragedy.

As it was presented, at the  
private House, in the  
*Blacke-Fryers* :

*By His Maiesties Seruants.*



LONDON,  
Imprinted by *A. M.* for *Iohn Waterfon,*  
and are to bee solde at the signe of the  
*Crowne* in *Pauls Church-yard.*  
1630.

976

18

11



TO  
THE RIGHT  
HONOURABLE THE  
LORD WESTON, LORD  
HIGH TREASURER OF  
ENGLAND.

MY LORD,

Should doe my  
inclination wrong,  
to call this, the first  
Testimony of my  
Zeale to your  
Lordshippe: For I did neuer

A 3            thinke

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## THE EPISTLE

thinketh the wonder, or the prayse  
that I haue written, iust; vntill I  
found your Lordships Character  
in both: and yet the age is  
growne vnworthy to receiue  
such truths; therefore, some were  
purposely conceal'd; and this fit  
esteeme of your Lordship, is  
chiefly left to delight Posterity.  
I could vrge the dignitie of *Dram-*  
*matick-Poems*, but that were vainly  
to direct, rather then wooe,  
an acceptation. Those errors,  
your Lordshippes leasure shall  
vouchsafe to reade in this *Trage-*  
*dy*, are its originall Crimes,  
hauing receiu'd no examination  
since the Birth, and being ad-  
uis'd to correct it, by a suruay,  
Ifayd; I had study'd your Lord-  
ship.

## DEDICATORIE.

ship, and would not lessen, the  
noble office of your Mercy. This  
confidence (I hope) shall no-  
thing preiudice

Your Lordships hum-  
ble Seruant.

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

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on the first (good) condition  
The Scene, *Italy.*

The Persons of this Tragedy.

- The DUKE. of Sienna.  
 LUCIO. A Count.  
 FORESTE. Creature to Lucio.  
 CASTRUOHIO. A satyricall-Courtier.  
 COSIMO. A Courtier, and Cousen to Castruchio.  
 DORIDO. A Gentleman, Companion with both.  
 LOTHARIO. A franique young-Gallant.  
 BORACHIO. A Rustick, Tennant, and Seruant to  
 Lothario.  
 A MONKE. A Sutor.  
 A GENTLEMAN. A Sutor.  
 CORSA. Sister to Foreste, Wife to Lucio.  
 LVINNA. Wife to Foreste.  
 DVARTE. Woman to Corfa.  
 A BOY. Who Sings.  
 SERVANTS. &c.

THE



THE CRVELL  
BROTHER.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter FORESTE and LUCIO.

**F**OREST. I must not be so rude as to beleue  
 That you my Lord can your affections set  
 Upon a Mayde, so humble in her birth  
 As she you name, for regard of honour  
 Doe not mock the sister of your seruant.

*Lucio.* This way to madnesse leads, teach not my heart  
 Such modern Heraldry. Let it dispose  
 Of charitable thoughts, with naturall eies,  
 Vnlimitted by customary forme,  
 Which gaine, and nicetie haue made an Art,  
 Virtue, not blood enobles vs, and ernes  
 Her attribute, without hereditary helpe  
 From ancestors. O my deere *Foreste*  
 Thy sister with such noble wealth is fraught,  
 That to be couctous for her, appeares  
 A holy sinne. But thou art cruel growne  
 Thy memory is sick. The old effects  
 That witnesse how I loue thy learned soule,  
 Are quite forgot.

*Fores.* Young Lord, disclaime that thought!  
 B. Here



## The Cruell Brother.

Hearc I Promulgare, you my Patron are;  
You found me in estate so poore, so lowe,  
That you were faine to stoope to lift me vp,  
You are the Dukes Creature! who doates by Art;  
Who in his loue, and kindnesse, Method keepes:  
He holdeth thus his Armes, in fearefull care  
Not to bruse you with his deere embracements;  
And what is she whose Virgin blood disdaines  
To quench your lawfull fire? or whom the Duke  
Would not procure to climbe your Marriage bed  
Vpon her Knees? And shall I then  
(Like to the treacherous Moone) striue to eclipse  
The Sunne that giues me light? Shall I consent  
That she, that tumbled in a Wombe with me,  
Shall giue your Issue birth? The royall Duke  
Would thankes not for such charitie. My Lord  
Though you are wi'e, you are but young.

*Lucio.* Heart of Viper!

Sure Time hath lost his feathers from his Heeles,  
Marke how slow he goes? Shall I neere be olde  
That my designs may repute haue,  
And credit in the World. I doe not aske  
Thy Sister for my Whore; but for my Wife.

*Foref.* Sir 'tis already ioynd vnto my Creede;  
For I would eate your Heart, should it contriue  
A way in thought, how to cheate my Sister  
Of her pure Chastitie. I loue you so  
That I with care suppose; She not deserues  
To be your Wife, and so esteeme of her  
That she is much too good, to be your Whore.  
In this new Argument, I am too bolde,  
You know my duty well. The Dukes abroad  
Though but the birth of day. Goe Sir!

*Enter Duke, Castruchio, Dorido, Cosimo,*

*Page: and Followers*

*Duke.* My glorious Boy, you are too vigilant:  
The Sunne, and you, doe visite me at oncè.  
This courtship is not safe. You must not meete

Your

## The Cruell Brother.

Your Louer, with a Riuall, glorious  
As your (elfe. *Foref!* welcome from Genoa,  
How fares our Brother Cardinall?

*Foref.* In health, and ease. He badde me tell your Grace  
It was a deed of charitie to thinke  
Him worthy of this same great impleyment.  
And thus letter he humbly recommends  
To your perusall.

*Duke reads the Letter to himselfe.*

*Cast.* How can it choose  
But choke the very Soule, and bruse the Heare  
To thinke that such a giddy Snipe: a Foole  
(That meere lyues to disparage Nature)  
Should creepe to this ambitious gouernment,  
Still he rules the Ruler. The Duke is Ward  
Vnto a Page; whose Eie-browes weare more Beard,  
Then doth his Chinne: And there's his Instrument,  
A darke fellow; that with disguised Lookes  
Cou'd cheate an Hypocrite, older then Time.

*Dorid.* I'ue heard a better Character of both,  
Such, as to the young Count, Witte, and vallour giues:  
Vnto *Foreste*, honest Spirits.

*Cast.* R. port is then become a Bawde to Luck;  
Whom Fortune do henrich, Fame doth flatter.

*Duke.* Sure this same Priest will make vs all Cowards.  
We must a truce confirme with Genoa.  
Well, be it so. Where now (my noble Boy)  
Shall I occasion finde, to testifie  
That you deserue my loue, by vertue of your owne?  
In sickely times, when Warre and ciuill Spleene  
Besiege the Heart, with treacherous designs,  
A friend shall find a cause to make him knowne,  
But now in faire weather: I neede not aske  
What Houell's nere?

*Lucio.* In this, I dare discredite Fate.  
They are not so wealthy in affliction:  
With sorrow so well stor'd; as could suffice  
To trie my sufferance: in the behalfe  
Of you my Prince, and still royall Master.



## The Cruell Brother.

**Duke.** Dar'st thou then die for me?  
Heere — make thy selfe a sacrifice to Fame, *Profers him a naked Bonnyard.*  
Take it, and I will be thy Chronicler.

**Lucio.** It were (Sir) but ingratitude in me  
To lessen thus the number sanctified  
Of your true friends. Be you pleas'd to sheath it,  
In that same part, which you doe most abhorre.

**Duke.** O **Lucio!** thou art my Earewig now,  
Creep'st in my eare, to feast vpon my Braines.  
When in my private graue, I lye inclos'd,  
More silent then my rulin'd Fame: no tongue  
Shall pay his tribute to my memory.  
But thine: for thou art likely to suruiue.  
Thy yeeres are few, but full of gratitude. —  
Come, thy way to the Parke: The sprightfull morne  
Gives motion wings, and libertie to those  
Whom lameness stales vnto the ground.

**Cast.** Royal Dorard, like tinder, thou dost waste  
Thy forced fire, to give another light  
Whose sawcy flame will darken thine. *Monstrous!*

**Dorid.** Why dost thou spend thy gall in secret thus?  
A pox vpon't: turne thoughts to action:  
Hesuen knowes, I had rather enrich my selfe,  
Then enuy others wealth. Employ thy brayne.  
Get the Dukes fill to this, and thou shalt share  
Five hundred Crownes.

**Cast.** What is't?

**Dorid.** The old businesse.

**Cast.** And not yet sign'd: This t'is to be modest.  
Had I had reputation in thy Creede  
It had bene done long since. There's my agent.  
Hence and prouide me thanks. Saue you Signior.

**Foref.** You may with charitie.

**Cast.** Am I in your remembrance sir?

**Foref.** Signior *Castruchio*, as I take you.

**Cast.** The same. Because I neuer did desire  
To gaine by being troublesome, I lost

## The Cruell Brother.

The deere benefit of the pra&ique part.  
Custom's a sutors safe encourager.  
I the Duke haue seru'd, since I was able  
To serue my selfe. Yet neuer had the luck  
To get by it: and as the times promise,  
Neuer shall: Vnlesse I imitate the Crab,  
And find my way: (as he doth his) backwards.  
That is: to make petition to the foote  
That he will please t'instruct, and teach the head  
When to comiserate my affaire.

**Foref.** Signior. I neede a comment to your words.

**Cast.** If you will mooue my Lord (the Count)  
To get the Dukes faire hand, subscribed heere;  
Then shall I feele my selfe well vnderstood.

**Foref.** Sir my abillities are most pregnant  
When I find I may be profitable  
To any Courtiers iust, and most iust sure.  
I pray what sense carries the inscription?

**Cast.** Only this Sir. There is an Engine made  
Which spends its strength by force of nimble wheelles,  
For they once screw'd vp, in their returne  
Will rine on Oake: but with such subtil force  
That motion gives no leasure to impediment.  
The large and ponderous Logge is soone consum'd,  
To shauings more transparant then a Glasse.  
Of these the skilfull Boxers make, Scabbards,  
Sheathes, Chests; and molds for childrens Cabinets.

**Foref.** Trust me an Engine of importance great!  
But now, what would the Engine himselfe?

**Cast.** Faith Signior, nought but a Monopoly  
For all those wares, his Engine makes.

**Foref.** Keepe it. Good sir keepe it. A monopoly?  
Why (sir) the common wealth hath bene so crush'd,  
With th'insulting Chatter of such Patents,  
That now the very word defiles the cause.  
I had thought you Signior would haue ingag'd  
My indutry in such a sute as might





## The Cruell Brother.

Noway disparedg though it did enrich;  
How ner not abuse the publique weale.

*Cast.* Very good Sir. My Lord the Count, your selfe;  
(His seruile Instrument) and some others,  
Of this new faction that now, engrosse  
All Offic's, and send your Scoutes abroad  
Intelligencers strict that bring you home  
The number, and the rate of what your selues,  
Or others in the darke can put to sale.

Nature hath not altered yet: the first  
And antick method to preferue our breaths;  
We must eat bread if we intend to liue;  
Which how to get (vnlesse this humble way  
That you deride) In troth I cannot tell.

It makes me mad to thinke you should expose  
Vs Men of Heart, to those fastidious helpes  
That scape your owne acceptance. Your wide Threats,  
That soone will swallow any thing which fills  
Although it nourish not. A pox vpon you all!

*Forest.* I did expect you would begin to rayle.  
Good troubled Soule! I knew you well before.  
You are the only Man, whose wealthy Muse  
Doth furnish all the Fidler's in the State  
With disperate Ballads, and inuictiue Songs.  
Libells of such weake fancy and compofure  
That we doe all esteeme it greater wrong  
T'haue our Names extant in such paitery Ryme  
Then in the slanderous fence.

*Cast.* Very well Sir!  
*Forest.* You, you must be a Satyrift for sooth,  
Calumniat. by instinct and inspiration.  
As if iust Heauen would borrow Gall of you,  
Wherewith to write our faults. (O strict account!)  
Your Gall, which in the Pen so overflows,  
That still it blots, where in inscribs.  
You imitate the properties of Doggs,  
Who barke and snarle most at him they know not.

## The Cruell Brother.

For else among all these you scandalize  
Why nam'd you me? (almost a stranger to your Eye)  
My Ancestors that built no Monument  
For their fames to dwell in; You also bring  
Into the knowledge of the criticke World.  
Why I could neer see thee yet but drunke:  
Which makes thy Verbeck reele and stagger so.

*Cast.* Come sir! We may exchange one thrust vnseene.  
*They draw fight, close, Forest slings down Cast. & disarms him.*

*Forest.* A pretty Curr! dare it bite as well as barke!  
How now sir, your Mathematicall thrusts?  
Then haue at ye -- Yeeld me thy Sword, or else thou dy'st.  
I haue no ioy to set at liberty

A Soule so vnprepar'd. And as thou art  
My Enemy, I take a full reuenge,  
By suffering thy corrupted blood, to dwell  
And taint within thy yzines. W'are discovered -- *Monke.*  
Take thy sword. Now get thee home and rayle vpon't,  
Because t'would fight no better.

*Cast.* Yet we may meete i'th' darke. You haue a throat  
And there are Kniues in Italy. *Exit Casternchie.*

*Forest.* A good day attend my ghostly Father!  
Doth this your variance heere discover ought,  
You would with me?

*Monke.* Your leisure shall produce my vtterance.  
O Sonne, your fame is of complexion cleere,  
Such as ensnares the virtuous Eye to loue  
And adoration. Such as would procure  
All the skillfull Angels sures to her,  
And such as serues for my encouragement  
For I no letters haue from Noble friends,  
Which a requitall from the selfes inuite,  
By Courtship bold, and troublesome to others,  
Nor am I with that wick'd metall stor'd,  
That rules the might, and betrays the minde  
To toyle in a designe, which angers Heauen,  
And makes the Deuill blush. But yet (deere Sonne)  
I haue a suite to thee.

*Forest.*



## The Cruell Brother.

*Foref.* Which I desire to know.

*Monke,* In the ancient Covent of *S. Austine*  
There is a holy brother lately dead,  
Whose place if you will but confirme on me  
By the Dukes letter to the brother-hood,  
Then shall I better leasure haue to pray  
For you my Patron.

*Foref.* Alas my Father!

The times are more obseruant to your Tribe.  
It is the method now that your deserts  
Need not to vsheer but succeed reward.  
The Treatise (written lately) to confute,  
The desperate sect in Mantua, calls it you  
The Author?

*Monke,* It knowes no other.

*Foref.* There your preferment safely taketh roote.  
Belecue me (ghostly Father) I will choose  
The fittest time to woke in your behalfe.

*Monke.* Heauen prosper your designs: *Exit Monke.*

*Foref.* What throngs of great impediments besiege  
The vertuous miade? so thick in multitude,  
They iostle one another as they come.  
Hath Vice a charter got, that none must rise  
But such, who of the Devils faction are?  
The way to honour is not euermore  
The way to Hell: a vertuous Man may climb.  
Let the flatterer sell his Lies, else where  
It is vnthrifty merchandize to change  
My gold for breath. Of all Antagonists  
Most charitie I finde in enuious men.  
For they doe sooner hurt themselues, then hurt  
Or me, or him, that rays'd me vp.  
An enuious man is made of thoughts.  
To ruminat much doth melt the braine,  
And make the heart grow leane. Such men as these  
That in opposing waste their proper strengths:  
That sacrifice themselues in silly hope,

To

## The Cruell Brother.

To butcher vs; saue Reuenge a iabour,  
And dye to make experiment of Wrath.  
Let Fame discourse aloud vntill she want  
An Antidote: I am not scar'd with noyse.  
Heere I dismisse my feares. If I can swell  
(Vnpoyson'd by those helpes, which Heauen forbids)  
Fond loue of ease, shall neere my soule dehort:  
Maugre all flattery, enuy, or report. *Exit Forefe.*

*Sutors within.*

O good your Grace heare vs, heare the complaints  
Of vs poore Men: O heare vs! we are all  
Vndone! Good your Honour heare vs.

*Enter Duke and Lucio.*

*Duke.* Death encounter 'em! *Lucio* shut the doore!  
Tis the plague of greatnesse, the curse  
Of pompe, that in our darkest priuacie, wee must  
Euen publique be to euery Mans affaires.  
How now! All these sawcy Troopes of brawling  
Sutors, attend on you my glorious Boy.

*Lucio.* It is their humble skill not to arriue  
Before your Grace, but by an Aduocate  
A Mediatour blessed in your Eies.

*Duke.* How apt am I to loue: yet now obserue  
Vnkindnesse in my care, and bitternesse  
In Physicke. I study how to make thee lesse  
That I may make thee more and more my owne.  
Office and Dignity are Enemies  
To health, and ease. Respect growes tedious  
Obreruance troublesome, where tis most due.  
He that giues his Soule no more employment  
Then what's her owne: may sleepe within a Drumme:  
While busie Hearts, that loue to vndertake  
Beyond their reach of yeeres: are faine to vse  
Drowisie potions: yet watch the Winter night  
With more distiction then the Parish Clocker  
Couldst thou resigne thy titles and thy cares  
To make me yet more capable of ill  
Enjoying

C



The Cruell Brother.

Enjoying thee?

Lucio. My zeale vnto my selfe forbids my speech.  
Since if I make reply to this, I but  
Disparedge duty, and consume my breath.  
Where sight is young, and cleere, there Spectacles  
Are troublesome; and rather hide, then shew  
The obiect. The most deuout obedience  
Which I shall euer owe vnto your Grace  
Becomes my heart, much better then my tongue.

Duke. But yet obserue (my Lucio)  
Th'vnikind tricks of Nature: how we are fool'd  
By a religious constancy in Loue.  
A Princes hate doth ruine where it falls:  
But his affection warmeth where it shines  
Vntill it kindle fire to scorch himselfe.  
If we are subiect to the sinne of Heauen,  
(Too much charitie) extreimity of loue:  
Let there be mercy shewen in punishment.  
Why is the corrupted vse of Royall loue  
Imputed to our charge, to our Audit layd?  
We that with all those Organs furnis'd are  
All those faculties naturall in Men:  
Yet limited in vse of each: prescrib'd  
Our conuersation, by a lawfull forme  
Of State. How can we choose (by this restraint)  
But struggle more for liberty? make choise  
Of some one Eare; wherein to empty out our Soules,  
When they are full of busie thoughts; of plotts  
Abortiue, crude, and thinne. 'Tis chcape, and base  
For Maiestie not to be singular  
In all effects. O then, if I must giue my heart  
To the command of one: send him (sweete Heauen!)  
A modest appetite: teach him to know  
The stomacke sooner surfeits with too much,  
Then starues for lacke of that supply  
Which conerous Ambition calleth want.  
For when my Friend begs, my bounty then

Concludes

The Cruell Brother.

Concludes to make me poore before that he  
Shall so vnthrifty be of breath to aske in vaine.  
Distraction! tameness! O my Lucio,  
How canst thou conster this. After I haue chid  
I seeme to flatter thee.

Lucio. My gracious Lord! ———

Duke. Peace ———

I will no more imploy my memory  
Thus to discourage thine. Where's *Foreste*?  
T'is fit he know you are not vigilant  
In his behalfe. *Forelo de Sforza*  
(My old Secretary) is newly dead:  
The place is his. I shall expect no thanks  
From you, nor yet from him:  
My bounty is requited in her choice.

Lucio. Your Grace will bring vs both within the reach  
Of publike enuy.

Duke. Thou now would'st certifie,  
His birth obscure and base discourageth  
Such earnest helpe to his so great promotion.  
Not a iot: Know my Boy! 't's the vulgar,  
Not the Royall trade to patch vp things:  
Or seeke to mend what was before of qualitie  
Perfect enough it selfe. To make a Man  
Of nothing: why this same creation  
Enclines a little neere Diuinitie.  
Neere the old performance; which from *Chaos*  
Drew this multitude of subtile formes.

Lucio. Since you (the royall maker) doe commend  
The mettall, and your workmanship; it shewes  
There's little skill in those which enuy him.  
*Foreste* is your Creature. Many times  
I doe acquaint him what the generall voyce  
Doth urge in his disgrace. He laughs it out  
And sweares he would not loose that priuiledge  
Which Nature gaue him by her kinde mistake  
In his natiuitie, for the Seas worth.

C 3



# The Cruell Brother.

As if from's Issue he could nere deserve.  
 A Monument; unless himselfe doe heve  
 The stones whereof t'is built: vntill he raise  
 His Monument on a Warr; his dignitie  
 On pouertie obscure and base.

*Duke.* We doe off & his thoughts: Such industry  
 Proclaimes him fit for high designs: Some Men  
 Attend the talking Drumme, and riddle out  
 Their liues on Earth; with Madnesse Sophistry:  
 Calling their lollie, their gaine, danger, delight.  
 Some men conuerse with Bookes, and melerie braine  
 In fullen study how to vindicate  
 The liberall Arts; Those loose formalitie,  
 Then grow Methodicall; and dy ith' darke.  
 Some praefise rules of State; and suffer much  
 For Honors sake: nay tread vpon themselves  
 At first; to reach the higher. Some pursue  
 The Plough; and in their wholesome sweat doe swimme.  
 And some that furnish'd are with nimbler soules,  
 Imploy their times in wanton exercise;  
 Masques and Repells: the complementes of Loue,  
 And Loue I finde the easiest vanity.

*Lucio.* O gentle *Corsa!* make it so with me,  
 Faine would I (if I durst) reueale to him  
 The heate of my affection, and where t'is fix'd.

*Duke.* Hearke: sure the gallery doore is left vnlockt.  
 Are we debar'd all place of priuacie?  
 Nature in vs hath lost her vulgar right.  
 A loude, bawling sutor; doth not waken  
 Charitie, but deafen her.

A shame vpon 'em all! In *Lucio.* *Exeunt Duke & Lucio.*  
*Enter Sisters at the other doore.*

1. Heauen blesse his Grace!
2. Amen: and my Lord the Count's good Honor.
3. Friend' went the Duke this way?
2. Heere. This way.
3. Pray shew me him; they call *Sigmar Lucio.*

# The Cruell Brother.

3. The Count. Come, I'll shew you him.  
 1. Follow, follow, follow.: *Exeunt.*

*Enter Dorido and Cosimo.*

*Dor.* Dost see? *Cosimo.*

*Cos.* What sayst thou?

*Dor.* I prethee stay, why slip but heere aside.

And thou shalt see the most resplendent *Fopp,*  
 That euer did discredit Nature. *Sigmar*  
*Lothario;* a Countrey Gentleman  
 But now the Count Baboone: who perswades himselfe,  
 (Out of a new kinde of madnesse) to be *enter Lothario,*  
 The Dukes fauorite. He comes. Th'other is *Borachio.*  
 A bundle of Prouerbs: whom he seduc'd  
 From the Plough; to serue him for Preferment.

*Loth.* *Borachio.*

*Bor.* My Lord?

*Loth.* Suruay my garments round, and then declare  
 If I haue hit it?

*Bor.* You haue sir: but not the make.

*Loth.* What marke? thou bold Parishioner of Hell.

*Bor.* Why Sir, the marke I aime at: Preferment.

After a storme, comes a calme: the harder  
 You blow, the sooner your Cheekes will ake: and he  
 That cares for your anger, may haue more oft  
 When he list, for my part, I know my Mother.

*Loth.* The froward Sisters haue conspir'd. Slaue! Dog!  
 Wilt thou neuer leaue this immense folly?  
 Can nothing serue those dull Lippes but Prouerbs?

*Bor.* Sir, I know none of your Prouerbs. First come,  
 First seru'd. These words that are neere the tongue,  
 Haue opportunitie soonest to leaue  
 The mouth.

*Loth.* Is it then decreed, I must grow mad?

*Bor.* I'll be no more flowted, nor brus'd, not I  
 What need my Lord, be beholding to me  
 For's mirth; when he may laugh at's owne folly?





## The Cruell Brother.

Besides though motion and exercise  
Be good for grosse bodies; therefore, trust they  
Of the Guard, pitch me vp and downe like a barre?

*Loth.* Sa, sa, sa, A mutinie in Heauen!

*Bor.* If there be; You are not likely to come  
Thither to appease it, first end this quarrell  
Vpon earth, I haue seru'd you this sixe Moneths,  
In hope of an Office; and am no more  
An Officer then she that bore me.

*Loth.* Alas poore foole!

I pittie thee. Thou wilt beleue nothing  
But that which may be scene or vnderstood.  
If say thou art an Officer. Or if thou art not  
Thou shalt be; which is better: for that same  
Which we now enioy is in some danger  
To be lost: but that which we neuer had  
Cannot be lost before we haue it.

*Bora.* O rare conclusion!

(Count

*Loth.* Besides. Looke heere and then reioyce, Is the  
(Whom they call my Riuall ith<sup>d</sup> Dukes fauour)  
Is he (I say) accoutred like to me?

Why his sleeues sit like stockins on his Armes.  
His Breeches are like two Clokebags, halfe sowde  
Together in the Twist: and his other  
Garments shew like Playsters on him. Follow.  
And make thy fortune fat.

*Bora.* Well. He that still expects, but tires his hope,  
What One cannot, another can: t'is so  
With dayes and houres too. And for my part  
Let the Glasse runne our.

*Exeunt*

*Loth. Bor.*

*Dorid.* His Man's as full of Prouerbs  
As a Constable: he coyns 'em himselve.

*Cos.* And such another Heade-peece fill'd with Whay  
As is the Master heere, the Sunne nere saw.

*Dorid.* He walkes like a Zealand-storke.

*Cast.* But sure the Duke  
Enables error in their fancy, by some

Behaviour

## The Cruell Brother.

Behaviour equiualent to what  
The Master, and the Man expect: for else  
Folly cannot be so sickely-Eied; but time  
Will giue it strength to know it selfe.

*Dorid.* Why sir; this dignifies the least. They scarce  
Ere saw the Duke: and are lesse knowne  
Vnto the world. His Grace well apprehends,  
These voluntary mistakes of Nature,  
In preseruatiō of their intellectualls,  
Are fitter subiects for accidentall mirth,  
Then a Comickall continuance. It is  
A leuitie too humble in a Prince  
To heede such trifles.

*Cos.* Nay — Præthee lead the way.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter FORESTE and LVINNA.*

**F**ORES. I cannot tell, why thou (my Girl) should'st  
In my aduancement thus. Honour, and place (ioy  
Bring fullen thoughts with them: businesse of such  
A ragged qualitie, as takes away  
The amorous garbe: those soft wanton touches,  
Wherewith the youthfull flatterer betrayes  
The weaker side to action: whose effects  
More weakenesse brings. I shall no leasure haue  
To comfort thee with smiles: when t'is assign'd  
That I must venture for a Boy: t'will be  
In haste. My businesse will not suffer me  
To stay, and make a prologue to the acte,  
To kisse, or simper inuitation.

*Luin.* It is not fit I apprehend you now.  
But I wish that you would know; My duty  
Is so well preseru'd from all corruption:

Which



The Cruell Brother.

Which either youth: or fowle example might  
Produce: that it implores for sufferance,  
To certefie the world how strong it is.

Foref. I was affur'd before. This is the time,  
In which I shall oblige posteritie  
Or fall (my wench) by flattering error.  
Hast thou to my sister counsaile giuen?  
Instructions safe! whereby her actions  
May warrant her promotion well deseru'd.

Luin, It was my tongues last employment.  
Foref. I would haue her weare her growing fortunes,  
In a handsome fashon: Doe but obserue  
The vnpollish'd garbe of Citty dames: of those  
Whom fathers parse-strings hoyle vp to honor.  
How they doe sucke their Chinnes into their Neckes.

Simper with vnskilfull leuetie: and trip  
On their wanton Toes, like Kibe-heeld-Fayries.  
The Deuils damme shewes like a vestall Nunne  
To them: more powerfull in hamilitie.  
Instruct my Sister, gentle wife. — Enter Lucio.

Lucio I shall be earnest to my vrmost skill.  
Foref. My Lord is come, where's my Sister  
Lucin. VVith the Florentine: who instructeth her in  
Lucio. Signior Foreste, (musicke. Exit. 40  
You see my loue is rude, and holde. I am  
The vther to my owne entrance.

Foref. My good Lord, The prouerbe will perswade you:  
To be bold, with whats your owne.  
Your title's strong, both to the house, and me. 45

Lucio. I am indebt for both. wilt thou not chide  
To see my heart assume this libertie  
Vpon my Tongue: before it rightly knowes  
Thy sisters heart;  
The Duke consent, as yet vnasked too: hea ke? 50

Foref. Cease that noyse, tis troublesome: cease Musi.  
Lucio. How Foreste? Hast thou eares? and wilt thou  
ence such hopefull harmony, or is  
Thy

20  
25  
30  
35  
40  
45  
50

The Cruell Brother.

Thy thrift vnnaturall, wilt thou forbid  
Thy friend to share in what is good, sweet tongue  
And hand, persist in what your kindnesse profferd.

Foref. Obey him, if the musick not deserue  
Your strict attention: You must blame your selfe Song.

Lucio. Shew me the way Foreste:

Foref. Whither sir?

Lucio. My heart is stolne out of my care; let me  
But know the thiefe, and Ile forgiue the robbery.  
Speake; who ist that, with a voyce so amorous  
And shrill, confounds the others hollow organ?  
Still so reseru'd, and vnto me. Enter Corfa.

Foref. Why then looke there, the voyce was hers, goe sir  
And take what else you would enforce from my possession.

Lucio. Is this that child of Orpheus? how? kneele to me?

Foref. Stay Sir — If she consent-but to abuse  
The propertie of motion in such kinde  
As may exalt her person but on such  
Aboue this height: I am her enemy  
For euermore. Consider what you doe.  
She brings no portion but humilitie,  
If her first payment faile: who dares assure  
The future debt? Pray looke into her lappe:  
You'le finde she comes not from the East enrich'd  
With Diamonds, bright wealth: whose wanton worth  
Vnskilfull fancy prizes not from vse  
But from the idolatrous doting of the eie.  
Her chaste obedience is all her dowrie.  
O bitter speech! it cuts my very soule  
To thinke that fortune should create vs two  
Meere patterns of your charitie.

Lucio. Dare you authorize this Idolatry?  
Then I'le kneele too.

Foref. And I,  
Will ioyne to make th'offence seeme virtuous.  
Now enterchange your soules. Where passion is  
So fond, it cannot well be counterfeit.

D Each



*The Cruell Brother.*

Each vnbufied Angel, heare me speake !  
O send, send downe vnto this youthfull paire  
Celestiall heate. Such serious loue as makes  
A businesse of delight ; Instruct her soule  
To practise duty in the humble straine.  
And furnish him with an acceptance prompt.  
Make her fruitfull as the Vine ; which growes  
Crooked with the weight of its owne encrease.  
So blessed in their Issue, that when time  
Shall thinke them fit to taste the priuiledge  
Of Death : they shall not need a Monument  
Yet dwell as chiefe i'th' memory of Fame.

*Corfa.* Amen, Amen.

*Lucio.* Such is my prayer too. O *Foreste!*  
Excessiue ioy disturbs my vtterance.  
My words are parted on my tongue, O speake !  
Thou know'it my heart ! Tell her, there may lie hope,  
I shall deserue those Teares that shew like dew  
Vpon the Morning cheeke. Intreat her, that  
My yeeres may not disgrace my loue. Though I  
Am young, I cannot counterfeit,  
I euer speake my thoughts. I am o'recome.

*Corfa.* Alas sir, so am I, There needs no Art,  
To helpe belife, where no suspition is.

*Foref.* Now ; Ple leaue you to your selues. *Exit Foref.*

*Corfa.* I'ue much to promise in my owne behalfe ;  
Of any future loue, and humble duty  
To you my deereft Lord. Time layes his hand  
On Pyramides of Brasse, and ruines quite  
What all the fond Artificers did thinke  
Immortall workemanship. He sends his wormes  
To Bookes, to old Records : and they deuoure  
Th'inscription. He loues Ingratitude,  
For he destroy'd the memory of Man :  
But I shall neere forget on what strange termes  
You take me to your bed.

*Lucio.* Excellent wretch ! I am vndone with ioy

I will.

*The Cruell Brother.*

I will not blame the Coward to feare death,  
Since the world containes such ioy as this.  
Why doe you weepe Lady ? can you suppose  
*Foreste* would consent to what is done,  
Vnlesse he knew there were no danger in't ?  
Sure his Mocher was a Sibyll ; he sees  
With a prophetique aime ; the end of his  
Designes ; before they come to action.  
He is too wise to erre. Why weepe you then ?

*Corfa.* It is a folly in my Eies.

I know not why they weepe : vnlesse they weepe  
Because they now haue lost their libertie ;  
Heeretofore each man, which chance presented,  
Was to them a lawfull obiect : but now,  
They are to looke on none but you.

*Lucio.* Marke then the bondage I impose on mine,  
My poore eies haue no obiect, but your face :  
Of which I will deprive them thus — *Couers her face*  
Shroude thee in thy vestall ornaments. *Wish her white*  
Creepe, creepe, my glorious Sunne, behind a cloud. *Vable.*  
For els my eies, will suffice with delight.  
I neuer felt true ioy till now. Me thinks  
A briske alacritie, a nimble fire,  
Conuayes me strangely from my flesh.  
Not the Cannons, Iron-entraile, when wrapp'd  
Within a swarthy case of troubled Aire,  
Could quall me in emphasis of Motion.

*Corfa.* Though Modesty would suffer me to boast,  
Yet t'were not in the power of breath, to make  
My ioy so knowne, as it is felt.

*Lucio.* Come then (my deare *Corfa*) the Priest attends  
Within ; the world wants Men ; and Hymen is  
A nimble God. When all is past preuention  
The Duke shall know my choice. *Exit.*

*Enter Dorido : and Cosimo :*

*Dorid.* This disgrace, makes thy Cousen boyle his heart  
In his owne blood.

D a

*Cosf.*



111  
*The Cruell Brother.*

*Cof.* He hath writ a most pestilent Libell  
Which must be sung all about the city,  
By one he calls his Daw; A tall, bigg, fellow:

*Dor.* I know him. He sings like *Pbalaris Bull.*

*Cof.* I suppos'd at first, he would haue sent him  
A Challenge.

*Dor.* But that's contingent now: *Foreste*  
Being made Secretary of State.

*Cof.* I haue heard o'th' new edit, which institutes  
A mitterious toy, i'th' Hatband, for those  
Of the faction:

*Dor.* Why about two dayes since: one of the sect  
Sent me a Challenge. Because my sister  
Drunke his Lords health, with her Quoife on. Eachhoure  
These giddy Participles doe imbarque  
Themselnes for Duels. The one is a kinne  
To my honorable Lady. Th'other  
To my very good Lord.

*Cof.* There comes my Cousen, chawing his leane heart.

*Dor.* Good morrow to the Court Satyrift.

*Cof.* The world is alred *Dorido, Foreste*  
Is stepp'd beyord my reach: we cannot meete  
In Duell: The Heralds stand betweene.  
But my fine Thrush, can sing you a new Lybell.

*Dor.* We shall haue your Thrush, in a Cage shortly.  
Remember, who you deale withall.

*Cof.* Hang him, dull, open slaue, His thoughts may be  
Discernd, through the shauing of a deale boid.  
I'll sift and winnow him, in an old hat.

*Dor.* Prethee (sweete *Castruchio*) leaue thy barkeing.  
'Twill be treason shortly for any man,  
To carry cares, within three miles of thy Tongue.

*Cof.* Why Signior, what Faction are you of:

*Dor.* Not of your faction ( Sir ) if none returne  
Vnto the prison for your libelling.  
You remember your Vices-strip'd, and whip'd.  
Your trimme Eclogues, the fulsome Satyr too,

*The Cruell Brother.*

Written to his Grace. Wherein you flatter,  
Whine, and damne your selfe to get a pardon  
For what seemes there a resolute offence.  
Satyrs, are more vsfull, now then euer.  
Nor grieues it me to see the humour vs'd,  
But thus abus'd. To see a Bard still reach  
At holy Bayes. Pafsion o'me! I'll tell thee.  
Thy Rimes include not so much Braines, as would  
Suffice to fill a Cherry-stone.

*Cof.* Yo'ld faine make me angry.

*Dor.* I, with thy selfe.

*Cof.* And then thou spend'st thy Gall, with more iustice,  
Then when, thou rayl'st against *Foreste*.

*Cof.* Cry you mercy (precious Cox) Hath *Foreste*,  
So great a share in your tongue too? Sympathy  
Is corrupted: Behold society  
Amongst the wicked: whilst a vertuous man,  
Is left alone to resist his bad fate.

Let him chide the fulsome Age, raile against  
The Times, aloude; though in a Vault: or'tweene  
Two Hills. He shall find no zealous ecchoe,  
To second his bold Language. When I dye,  
I dye a Martyr to the Common-weale.

*Enter Lothario and Borsachio.*

*Loth.* Dull Caytife, leaue these abortiue Prouects,  
And talke in the newest fashion. I'll haue  
My very Dogge barke i'th' Courtly garbe.

*Dor.* Steppe aside. They are as mad as thy Cousen.

*Loth.* The excrements and meere defects of nature,  
shall be reduc'd to Ornaments in me.  
I'll feed vpon the tongues of Nightingales,  
For so each fart I let, will be a Song —

*Cof.* For the Peripatericks being Butchers  
Heere in Sienna: —

*Loth.* A Pallas hewne in an intire Carbuncle.  
Encircled with a Mote that flowes with Lhasis —





The Cruell Brother.

Cast. Deriv'd their Augury from the warme Entrailles  
Of a Calfe. 75

Bor. Sir, These are some of those, that laugh'd at yee  
In the presence.

Loth. At me? thou lyest. They laugh'd at thee.

Bora. Why then the Devill, will ne're giue a Man  
Leasure, to beleue a trueth. 80

Cast. Seignior Lothario, the great Minion  
To our Duke: I greet your health, with all ioy.

Cast. And I with all humility.

Dorid. And I with all celerity. 85

Loth. Hearke! thou dull Sinner. Is this reall? hah!

Bora. Sir, let him, that hath a heart of his owne  
Thinke what he list.

Loth. Doe they adore, or floute me now?

Bora. All is witchcraft. know when the Moone winks  
There's something in't, besides an ecclips. 90

Loth. Miscreant: What suspirious follis  
Dost thou creat within that Wodden-skull?  
And with what Heathen-phrase vtter'd? Know Dogg,  
If I imploy my wrath — 95

Bora. Allas sir I'ue more-faults then misbeliefe.  
Therefore giue me your blessing, and let me  
Goe home in peace. T'is true, when the skie falls  
We shall haue Larkes. But let weaker stomachs,  
Expect such curious meate. I can eat  
Oates, and Garlick, vnder my owne Roofe. 100

Dorid. How? will Borachio leaue the Court?

Cast. What accident of dire portent is fallne?

Loth. Gentlemen applaud my patience: Because,  
He cannot furnish me with wholesome Sutes,  
He doubts my power to get 'em granted. 105

Cast. Why we, will furnish him with Sutes.

Bora. But wont yee floute, and play the knaue with one?

Cast. How (Knaue!) was that the word?

Bora. Interpret the word, as your selfe shall please.  
I scorne to be your Dictionary. 110

Marry

The Cruell Brother.

Marry come vp: Are your eares so tender?  
I hope I'm a Man, although a sinner.

Cast. Vse no choller Amorous childe. But if  
Thou wantest sutes, thy Lord being nere the Duke,  
May furnish thee with —

Cast. Or me thinks thou would'st become a knighthood  
Get him to begg it for thee.

Bora. No, no, Hot words make but warme aire, A figg  
For a Knight-errant; that hath a stile, and nere a hedge.

Dorid. Then get a Patent to suruay Brine-pits.  
Or else for casting Ordinance in Lome.

Cast. Or else searce Saint Peters patrimony,  
Lay Prebendrys are good, and Symony  
Is an old Paradox.

Bora. Holde, holde  
Enough sufficeth all women but whores.  
He that expect's the Morning lengthens the Night  
Therefore I traitway let my Lord get the Duke  
To signe these Patents: which done  
I'll returne to the wife of my bowels,  
And dye for ioy.

Cast. Why this, is fit, and requisite.

Cast. If Signior Lothario doe consent.

Loth. It is decreed.

Bora. Who would hasten Time, when we may be old  
Too soone. Let me take downe a Cushion, and pray,  
For I shall haue more dignitie then will suffice  
To damne a Monke.

Cast. Who could perish in a better cause?

Bora. Why, can I helpe it? If a man be borne  
To Offices. Or as my Master sayd,  
Predestinate in the wombe of greatnesse.  
Tis not our faults. Each man obayes his Starre,  
In spight of his Teeth,

Dor. All this is Alcaron.

Bora. One thing grieues me. I'ue a badd memory  
Already, and now t'will be made worse.

Cast:



## The Cruell Brother.

*Cast.* How can preferment hurt thy memory?

*Bora.* O Sir! preferment makes a man forget  
His deereft friends; nay his kindred too. (Aire. 150

*Cof.* Looke, Thy Master's building more Castles, in the

*Cast.* He has intelligence from Spaine, and fortifies,  
To no purpose gainst the next Spring.

*Loth.* All offices shall be sold i'th' darke — 155

*Bora.* How! Grow not old in anothers garment,  
Sell what's your owne, Some of those offices  
Are mine by promise.

*Loth.* Still, crosse to my designs. Ile stretch your Sinnes —

*Dor.* Hold! Signior *Lothario*, hold! Mercy 160  
Becomes the powerfull,

*Bora.* Let the Deuill take the Knighthood, and make  
His Damme a Lady. Ile not be his Assle, *Exit Bor. Loth.*  
That seru'd for blowes; and Prouander. *running after him.*

*Dor.* Lets relieue *Borasbio*; or all our Comick Scenes 165  
Are at an end. *Exeunt Omnes.*

*Chaire out:*

*Enter Duke and Foreste.*

*Duke.* *Foreste.*

*Foref.* My gracious Lord.

*Duke.* Are yet our Letters to his Holinesse  
Dispatch'd?

*Foref.* They are so please your Grace. 5

*Duke.* Did the French-Embassador make some shew  
Of discontent at his departure hence?

*Foref.* Both in his words and lookes: for when he heard  
Th'English-Leiger had oppos'd his Treaty  
Concerning traffique with the Florentine, 10  
His anger straight dismissed the Argument,  
And seiz'd vpon the Nation, nay rayl'd  
Against the Leiger too, whose opposition,  
Might be chidden as too nice a Virtue,  
But could not be accused as a vice, 15

Tis

## The Cruell Brother.

Tis knowne indeed the French doe take a pride,  
In the emphasis of sudden anger,  
As if alacritic in ill did make,  
The fault looke handsomely, and; dulnesse adde  
Deformitic to sinne. 20

*Duke.* Tis faithfully obseru'd.

*Foref.* Swell'd with vncharitable pride: such as  
Admits no stile of Neighbour; as if growne  
About the vse of friendshippe. They seeme to call  
Those mighty Ilanders neereft their soyle, 25  
Poore borderers to their Continent. Such,  
Whose thinne numbers, haue in bloody battaile,  
Made their multitudes their impediments,  
Worne their Ensignes, instead of gaudy Skarfes.

*Duke.* The chance of war,  
Admitteth many times of Miracles, 30  
Euen such, as doe discredit History,  
High-providence confers the conquest there,  
Where probability conferd the losse.

And this is done, that we may attribute  
The prayse to him that gaue the victory,  
Not to them that got it. Obserue besides,  
That when the weak doe ouercome: the strong,  
Doe leaue that staine, for their Posteritie  
To wipe away: which is already done; 35  
The French, haue fiery nimble spirits. 40

*Foref.* Your Grace deales iustly in your praise. They  
Spirits: but they all are vselesse made, (haue  
By forward and affectate violence.  
He that spends his fury, and his strength  
I'th' first charge, must not hope to make's retreat,  
So nobly, as the modest Combatant,  
Whose onfet slowly mooues: as carefull not  
To ride his skill. Their valour is t'attempt,  
Not to performe. Tis a giudy Nation; 45  
And neuer serious but in trifles. 50

*Duke.* Thou doest mistake in naturall effects,

E

Where



## The Cruell Brother.

Where Fancy is so rich, tis incident  
To some mis-experience. These witty ryots  
Divulge the wealth o' th' Braine. Fruite that is ripe  
Is prone to fall, or to corrupt it selfe. 55  
According to the age of Monarchies  
They now are fully ripe & they reach  
The height, and top of mor'all faculties.  
Nature in them doth stand vpon the verge 60  
Of her owne youth The English want  
Three hundred yeeres of that perfection.  
And as the Moone ner'e changes but i' th' full  
Euen so the mighty Nations of the Earth,  
Change in their greatest glory. First their strict  
And rugged discipline, to vaine delights. 65  
Their solemne Marches next to wanton Iigs.  
Their Battailles fierce to Duells spleenatiue, *enter Lucio.*  
Or witty quarrels of the Peine. *kneeles.*

*Luc.* Heere may my knees take root: whilst I doe grow 70  
A liuing Statue of true obedience,  
Or let my royall Master grant his pardon.

*Duke.* Sure we may trust, the iudgement of our eies,  
Thou dost not looke as if thou coul'st commit  
A sinne so horrid, so vgly as can fright  
Our mercy from vs. Rise, we pardon thee. 75  
Now let vs know thy crime.

*Lucio.* It is no crime  
Vnlesse against that great prerogatiue  
Youre care hath ouerrune. Perhaps my Heart,  
Hath made escape through these fonde Eies. And I  
(I' th' rash discretion of my youthfull blood)  
Confin'd my selfe in Matrimoniall bonds.

*Duke.* Hah! married? speake suddenly, to whom?

*Foref.* To my Silter. Sir pardon the permission, *Forefste* 85  
Or frowne, and leaue your creature more obscure *kneeles.*  
Then when you own'd him first. Now is the time  
To shew your charity Diuine. *Forefste*  
What you haue made, *Forefste*

*Duke.*

## The Cruell Brother.

*Duke.* *Forefste* this is ill. 90

What, confederate with vngouern'd youth?  
But rise, we pardon you. Where's the Lady? *Enter Corfs.*  
Rare beauty! —

You haue our pardon, and our fauour too.  
I thus inuite more knowledge of your worth. 95  
Beleeue me Lady: you haue a feature  
That would betray a more experienc'd Eie  
Then *Lucio's* is: Excellent wretch! with a  
Timorous modesty, she stiffeth vp  
Her vtterance. O such a pregnant Eye!  
And yet so slow of speech; is a wonder  
More delightfull, then any Nature makes.  
Hast thou *Lucio*, so much vnhappy witt,  
As to be jealous yet? wilt thou suppose  
Thy selfe secure in our discourse?

*Lucio.* Heauen forbid, your Grace should er'e employ  
Your time so ill, as to discourse with her  
'Till I grew jealous. 105

*Duke.* Come hither Lady, come, confesse, how chance  
You haue bewitch'd my Boy with subtil smiles,  
With wanton hauiour of those pretty Eies?  
Doth Heauen bestow such Noble ornaments,  
To be abused in the vse: and now  
He is your Prisoner too, in cheerefull bonds,  
How can you haue the heart to make such spoile,  
And hauck of his beauty? hah! speake Lady! 110  
115

*Corfs.* I hope your Grace hath thoughts more mercifull.  
I know this match was made in Heauen; and not  
Prook'd by any sinfull art in me.  
How I haue v'nd him in this little time  
That he hath bin my Lord: let him declare.  
My duty is so strict, I need not blush  
To heare the story told. 120

*Duke.* No! looke, looke there. His Eies for very shame  
Their luster's lost are crept into his head:  
Encircled with the weakely cullor blew. 125



## The Cruell Brother.

The Roses in his Cheekes are withered quite  
His cleere and briske aspect is muddy now  
And dull: His voyce (that was so shrill; and could  
Euen Trumpet-like, outscolde the Ecchoe)  
Is hollow growne, and horce. Haue you then vs'd him well?

*Corfa.* Alas (most gracious sir) goe not about  
To make my Lord suspect my Loyalty.  
If Nature sickne in his faculties;  
Which (heauen be thanked) I perceiued not yet,  
It cannot prooue a guiltinesse in me.

*Duke.* Beleeu't (young wife) I am no Profelyte.  
I still auerr, you are that greedy Nymph,  
That hath deuour'd the rich complexion of my Boy.  
See how his feature's shrunke? his beauty stain'd?  
The Scythian Dame (whose cruelty is such,  
Whose lust so prodigall, that she doth striue  
To kill the able Lecher in the act;  
Making her wombe his Sepulchre) would yet  
Haue spard that wanton handsomenesse; to shew  
As patterne of her Lenitic.

*Corfa.* I hope, your Grace will pardon Ignorance,  
That so ill mannerd is, as not to know  
Your meaning.

*Duke.* No matter Lady.  
My accusation shall withdraw it selfe.  
Pretty innocence! *Lucia*, prepare.  
Tis our will to make thy Wife a Courtier;  
She shall be high in fauour; if she'll leaue  
Her modesty; that's out of fashion now;  
In Neighbor Courts, the Ladys so preuaile  
With masculine behauiour: they grow  
In factions able to depose their Husbands.  
From the charter of their Sex.

*Fores.* Tis strange that his dislike is fled so soone.

*Duke.* Your Marriage we wil solemnize with masques,  
And Reuels. If Invention euer meane,  
To get reward for subtiltie; tis now.

## The Cruell Brother.

We take notice (*Lucia*) She is thy wife,  
And thy sister our *Foresa*.

*Fores.* *Lucia.* We your Graces humblest Creatures.

*Fores.* Affection is become a Paraisie;  
Srriuies to please, whom it cannot benifit.

*Exiunt omnes.*

## Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter, DORIDO, COSIMO, CASTRUCHIO.*

**D**ORIDO, Knowne, by whom: by Citty witts!  
*Cos.* Or my Ladys workemen.

*Dor.* Who ne're saw verse, but what their Sutors writ,  
Which they read like Prose too.

*Cos.* I'le not discredit my patience, talke on.

*Dor.* They say you are particular with a  
Great Lady.

*Cos.* Yes, and her Pensioner.

*Dor.* Some loose thing (belike) yet will be at charge,  
To secure her fame from noyse. For thou prayst  
Against all lechery but thine owne.

*Cos.* And she hath wish'd in witty penitence,  
Thou had'st beene single in the world.

*Dor.* I, for then she had liu'd chaste. He growes angry,  
His eies looke red.

*Cos.* No Sir. They blush to see a Foole.

*Dor.* T'were fit they would imploy their modesty  
At home. For thou art a foole in print.

*Cos.* Yet had he liu'd, when the old Sybill,  
Presented her diuine Manuscripts, to  
The dull Romane; he would haue scolded with her,  
Vnlesse his Pamphlets had attain'd the first  
Acceptance.





*The Cruell Brother.*

*Dor.* True, for every Poet thinks himselfe  
The best Poet in the world. 25

*Cof.* And that Satyr not the worst; wherein  
He chides Women, for wearing their Halfe Ruffes,  
Which pinn'd behind traile scititates the face,  
Or makes 'em looke, like *Ianus* with two faces.

*Dorid.* A iust exception: for going hattily  
To kisse his whore; he could not find her Mouth. 30

*Cof.* Why sure her breath was strong enough  
To direct him to it.

*Caf.* Yet I have heard nothing, but what deserues  
More pittie, then anger. 35

*Dorid.* Now when he hath provided some high toy  
For the Presse; he thinks on dedication,  
Strait chooseth one of the faction; who must  
Not Patronize, but buy what he makes vendable,  
With praise in the Epistle. 40

*Cof.* Can you deny this Cousen Satyrist?

*Dorid.* And nothing makes Learning so cheape; but that  
Every writer tells his works. *Exit Castruchio.*

*Cof.* Nay let's follow; and worry him to peeces. *they af-  
ter him.*

*Enter Lucio, and Foreste.* III, ii

*Lucio, Foreste.* Our ruine is contriu'd above.  
If our Master prouue vnkin'd, the Planets  
Gouerne ill: For our gratitude, and care,  
Deserues more constancy.

*Foreste* Lookes he so strangely on yee? 5

*Lucio.* As if the obie& were but new to him:  
And his owne heart vnsetled in his breast.

*Foref.* Is his violence so soone tir'd? suruay  
The Register of your owne deeds. Speake Sir,  
Haue you so engros'd his eares, as if their  
Organ, were yours, not his. Confine a vnto  
Your owne tongue: and so depriu'd the sorrowfull  
The grieu'd in heart, of an easie audience? *Lucio.*

*The Cruell Brother.*

*Lucio.* Neuer. 15

*Foref.* Since you haue shar'd the Dukes prerogative,  
And by his loue, held opposition,  
At such great aduantage. did you e're flight  
With cheape regard, those of high, and Noble birth?

*Lucio.* My soule abhorrs such tyranny.

*Foref.* Haue those who weare th' Eternalls Liuey  
Bought their wages of ye? Or haue they found  
Bold, and ski'full flattery, more helps  
Aduancement; then deepe and modest Learning? 20

*Lucio.* Neuer, since my distinction was of power,  
To helpe its choyce. 25

*Foref.* In nice triall, or euidence of Law,  
Hath Custome (which only giues vs hope  
Of certainty in iustice) bin traduc'd  
By your obscure helpe? 30

*Lucio.* Neuer. 30

*Foref.* Hath the desolate Widow scar'd mercy  
From your eies, with her old ruin'd beauty,  
(For grieffe was neuer amorous) or hath  
The torne Begger too soone dismissed your charitic  
Because not giddy, enough to delight  
Wantonesse. 35

*Lucio.* Neuer.

*Foref.* Then if our great Master withdraw his loue;  
The weight of sufferance cannot bruise ye;  
For the whole world will share i'th' burden. 40

*Enter a young Gentleman with a Letter.*

*Lucio.* From whom is this sir? 45

*Gent.* From my Lord Marquisse de Lorissa.

*Lucio.* I humbly kisse his hand.

*Gent.* Now luck flatter me but once, and I am made  
Tis short, pray heauen it be sweete, or I'le nere loue  
The Proverb. 50

*Lucio.* Sir, haue you euer bin in seruice;  
Vnder any eminent Commander?

*Gent.* Neuer yet.

*Lucio.*

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# The Cruell Brother.

*Lucio.* Reade these *Foreste.*

How Reputation lessens in esteeme,  
 Courtesie growes so cheape, that deniall,  
 Seemes lesse troublesome then consent.  
 And performance is only Lazy  
 The labor of subscription hinders more,  
 Then thought of that, to which it doth subscribe.  
 This Letter would faine make you a Captaine  
 In the new Troupes, sent to the Valtaine.  
 But sure your modesty will teach you banke  
 The grant, though I should beg ye to receau't.

*Foref.* Sir. Shall the grey head, the old Souldier,  
 That tries misfortune by his constancy  
 In sufferance; affronts the winters rage;  
 Whilst his blood is frozen into Corral,  
 His sinnes into Wyer: whose Vallor thinkes  
 To weare Chain'd shot, as bracelets on his Loynes.  
 Shall his preferment be intercepted?  
 Shall he now traile a Pike vnder a Boy,  
 Whose experience is younger then his face?

*Lucio.* No, the friendship of the noble Marquisse  
 Shall neuer countenance vniust deeds.  
 Finde a Sute more capable of my grant,  
 And your acceptance, it is your owne.

*Gent.* Noble Signior, I'le put ye to the test.

*Foref.* Princes letters are cheaper far then those  
 Which Scriueners put to sale. If such Pigmyes,  
 Apes in doublets, procure command oth' Campe,  
 Let the Cranes wage war agen. No opposition  
 Is too weake to ruinate. — Goe young Lord,  
 The Duke is ill accompany'd, if only  
 With his owne thoughts. Discover more. Perhaps  
 His discontent concerns not you.

*Lucio.* I feare, yet my hopes would faine comfort me,  
 Farewell.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter.*

# The Cruell Brother.

*Enter Luinna, and Duarte.*

*Luin.* I would not be vnmanerly, but if  
 She be at leisure, tell her, I am heere.

*Dna.* Please your Ladyship to sit, I'll tell her so. *enter*  
 She's come already. *Corfa.*

*Corfa.* I saw your entrance. How doe you Sister?

*Luin.* I humbly thanke your honor, I am well,  
 Pray dismisle your woman: I would impart  
 A priuacy. *(bring*

*Corfa.* Watch my Lords comming from the Duke, and  
 Me word, before he is vncoach'd.

*Dna.* I shall.

*Exit Duarte.*

*Luin.* O Madam Time is now growne old, and runnes  
 But slowly, I thought each Hower, a yeere,  
 Vntill I saw your Ladyship.

*Cor.* Why what's the matter? I hope my brother's well.

*Luin.* Yes, I thanke heauen. But pray come hither.  
 Who doe you suppose was with me last night,  
 When my husband was at Court?

*Corfa.* How should I tell, without you instruct me.

*Luin.* Why giue a guesse.

*Corfa.* The Lady *Benuolia*, or the Lady  
*Pyruuia*, who was it?

*Luin.* Nay t'was a Man too.

*Corfa.* That's fine i'faith, pray name him to me.

*Luin.* What thinke you of the best man in Sienna?

*Corfa.* How! was the Duke with ye?

*Luin.* Yes, disguis'd too: he either came, (or else  
 Pretended so) to meete your husband there.

After some talke, (in which he did expresse  
 His loue to all our family) he gaue

An ample praise of you: and sayd he saw

Already so much worth in your faire breast

As will adde a knor to your Lords Heart,

And his owne: nay and make his constant loue

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## The Cruell Brother.

A patterne for euery royall Master.

*Corfa.* Indeed, I dayly pray to haue it so.

*Luin.* Then he gaue me this same Iewell; to you!  
He recommended the receipt of this.

*Corfa.* Trust me wench, they are both full of glory  
Rarely cut, and set.

*Luin.* Your's is the better of the twaine,

*Corfa.* It is.

But truely I mislike the manner of  
The gift. Dost thou thinke his thoughts are honorable?  
I prethee tell me?

*Luin.* Th'are such as I suspected at the first,  
Such as made me to refuse these Iewels.  
He swore I was a Traytor, if I thought  
He meant amisse. Or if I did deny  
To beare this same to you, I did but ill  
Requite his kind request vnto my husband.  
Then in the close he vs'd such Art, such subtill phrase,  
To free his thoughts from the strict ielousie  
Of mine; as reconcil'd me to obey his will,  
You know besides how harsh it is to chide  
With Maiestie, or slight Princes fauors.

*Corfa.* I'll shew it to my Lord.

*Luin.* I had thought t'haue shewne my husband mine too  
But since t'is capable of curious

Questioning, I meane to stay awhile. (at once. 60

*Corfa.* Thou counsayl'st well. Wee'll weare 'em both  
Mine is the best, I e're was Mistresse of. *Enter Duarte.*

*Luin.* And mine is not eclipsed much by yours.

*Dua.* Madam, my Lord is nere at hand.

*Corfa.* Come Sister, we shall heere the newes at Court. 65

*Luin.* I'll waite vpon your Ladyship.

*Exeunt omnes.*  
III, iv

*Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Borachio.*

*Cast.* Sir Knight, beleeu't *Foreste* is the Man;  
That duls your reputation with the Duke,

And

## The Cruell Brother.

And subbornes the Count against ye.

*Loth.* Dares he controle my purposes?

*Cast.* Aske honest *Borachio* else.

*Bora.* Nay He'll not beleue me: though I should sweare  
You flout him behind his backe: and when a man  
Sees things plainly; he neede not buy spectacles,  
Till he grow old.

*Loth.* I'll mince the Villaine into sand, to fill  
My Howergasse —

*Cast.* In this Garden he walkes continually  
Afrer dinner. Heere stay, and expect him.  
And Signior in this skin of parchment; marke  
What paines I take, to perfect your reuenge.  
I'th' shape of a tree (which takes roote in Hell)  
You shall discouer all his base discent.  
On that branch appeares a Hangman. Then,  
A Iakes-man, then, a Tynker. On's Mothers side  
A Bawde profess'd. then, a Tybb. then, a Trypewife.  
A Synagogue of Welsh Rabbys; could not  
Expresse more skill in Genealogies,  
Then this includes. Sir, shew it him, and he  
Insaniates strait.

*Loth.* I'll make him weare it on his forehead.

*Cast.* Excellent rage! but not a word of me.  
I humbly take my leaue. *exit Castruchio.*

*Loth.* Not the foure winds (met in March) shall coole my  
*Bora.* Sir, now we are priuat, tis a fit time (I spleene  
To be troublesome — (blood -- 30

*Loth.* I'll cram Cerberus, with sopps made of the slaues

*Bora.* Concerning those Offices. I've thought on 'em,  
And will haue 'em all in spight of *Boltens* teeth. *ent. For.*

*Foref.* Signior *Lothario!* *Borachio* too.  
Thou art an honest fellow.

*Bora.* I, your worship is wise, to speake no more,  
Then what you may well stand too.

*Loth.* Base stemme, deriu'd from Ilope roote,  
Our Ancestors were not so familiar.



III, IV  
*The Cruell Brother.*

Behold, & grow more minnerly. *Shows him a Parchment.* 40

*Forest.* Whats heere? My Pedigree? Some sawcy knaue  
Hath counsell'd him, to this affronc. What he, *Enter*  
I must know th'originall projector. *servants.*

Lay hold vpon those fooles.

*Loth.* Lay hold on me? 45

Take off your hands; or I will tosse ye all  
Into the cloudes, and kicke the Mountaines after ye.

*Bora.* I pray bid the Gentleman take good heede;  
For my Master, can doe all this, and more too  
I haue seene him. 50

*Ser.* Be you quiet. You that desire Offices.

*Bora.* If I doe, what then? there be those desire  
Worse things.

*Loth.* Know ye not Rogues, that I can muzle vp  
The testie Vnicorne, in a Spinners threed? 55

*Forest.* Lay all hold on him.

*Bora.* He that cannot runne for his Liberty  
Hath no courage in his Heeles. Let the Goute  
Take him, that hath Leggs, and w'ont vse'em *he runs away.*

*Forest.* No matter, let him goe. Conuey that foole, 60  
Vnto the Porters Lodge.

*Loth.* A Chaos shall succeed this same. *Exeunt ser-*  
*uants with Lotharis.*

*Enter Lucio.*

*Foreste.* Whither so fast (sweete Lord!)

*Lucio.* *Foreste,* I haue tane my leaue o'th' Duke.

*Forest.* Must ye away to night. 65

*Lucio.* Now, presently. My followers attend  
At doore. I onely came to kisse thy hands.

*Forest.* The Sonne will faile yee, ere ye reach *Lucca.*

*Lucio.* I must through. His grace will haue it so. 70  
Why dost thou make thy head, to shake and reele,  
Vpon thy shoulders thus. Is it o'th' come  
With thoughts, and such as must be hid from me?

*Forest.* Take heede, suspicion is the Favorite

III  
*The Cruell Brother.*

Of Time, and Nature it takes a sudden growth:  
And gathers in the breast, like Balls of snow, 75  
In snow; vntill the weight make it deny  
To be remou'd; then melts at leasure too.

*Lucio.* He's too moderate, that will at my yeeres,  
Be satisfied thus.

*Forest.* Why then consider thus. You goe to *Lucca,*  
There to congratulate the safe approach  
Of the Popes Legate; He hath bin there a weeke;  
And why he was not visited ere this  
Or why vpon such strict, and short summons.  
Your selfe must now be sent; quite puzzles me. 80

Actions rare, and sudden, doe commonly  
Proceed from fierce necessitie: or else  
From some oblique designe: which is ashamed,  
To shew it selfe i'th' publique Rode. 85

*Lucio.* *Foreste* is this all? 90

*Forest.* Why my sweete Patron: this is enough  
Of danger, since none is merited.

*Lucio.* Yong thoughts encourage me to sufferance.  
Each storme is vsher to a gentle calme:  
Who toyles with speede, gets soonest home to rest. 95  
The plodding Mule shall sleepe eternally.  
Why should the stricken deare bemoane his death:  
His obsequies, were full of noble rites:  
*Aitons Quire,* a iolly Requiem gaue:

An i'th' Arrow from the bow did sing his dirge. 100

*Forest.* Thus thy yeeres doe riddle griece away;  
Making sorrow swift, because 'tis mortall.  
Let me waite, on your Lordship to your horse,  
And at your better leasure read this same.  
I'll tell ye as we goe, who brought it me. 105

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* To wrong my boy, vnkinde, incestuous heate!  
Why is Copulation legal; it giues

P 3

Authority.





## The Cruell Brother.

Authoritie to lust, for chastetic  
Would soone conclude the World. O virtuous  
Preiudice, when error, prevents folly!  
Fiendes, Devils, that doe liue in liquid fire,  
Haue constitutions not halfe so hot,  
So riotous as mine. But why this?  
The beautious *Corsa* is not yet defild.  
He that repents ere he commits a fault,  
Doth like a thirsty sinner store his Soule  
With mercy, to absolue that sinne himselfe;  
Which he may afterwards, more securely  
Fall into. Enough this soone Initiates. *Enter Castruchio.*  
The credulous Count her husband, I haue sent  
To Lucca. And to morrow he returnes,  
My plots are limmited too short a time  
To become Actions. Nor was it skill  
To send the Jewell by her sister. Marke!  
My Soule and braine, are perfect Courtiers growne;  
In my declention, and my greatest want  
They leaue me to instruct, and helpe my selfe.  
*Cast.* These fancies are not old: the whole Court  
Obsernes him strangely altered. But why  
Am I sent for? that I must know, by safe,  
And cautelous insinuation.  
*Duke.* How soone, I'ue profited in discipline  
Of Hell. I must through. What I did meane  
Adultery at first; will now I feare  
Become a Rape.  
*Cast.* Hah! still vpon that string? I like it well,  
T'is musicall.  
*Duke.* *Castrucho*: art thou come?  
Thou hast bin a Courtier long; but whether  
'Twas want of skill in me to choose a Man,  
Or want of lucke in thee to be my choyce;  
Suspence makes neutrall. But know; my loue  
Wastardy, because still voyde of leasure;

To

## The Cruell Brother.

To warrant passion well bestowed; by safe  
(Though tedious) trials. Affection  
That is slow, is sure: And now, I weare my heart  
Not in mine owne breast, but thine.

*Cast.* I haue but one life, it is some error  
In your Grace, thus, t'oblige me to the losse  
Of more, in your deare seruice.

*Duke.* I am not skill'd in words: But I affect  
Thy fury. For thou art the bold Satyr,  
That whips *Foreste*, and the wanton Count,  
In thy tart Verse.

*Cast.* My gracious Lord! I shall conceiue much griefe,  
If my zeale mistake in accusation  
Of those Men, which th'vncertaine Tongue of Fame  
Deliuers to my charge.

*Duke.* Nay, make not thy confession an excuse  
Rather then a story: For there needs none.  
I hate *Foreste*, and the Count, and would  
Deuise succinct ways to my reuenge.

*Cast.* Heauen forbid! I'de rather farre disgrace  
The skill of my subiect; call accusation  
Slander: then that the busie multitude  
Should note inconstancy in you,

*Duke.* This is a damn'd Hypocrite. Chamelions  
Changes, are not so intricate to sense.

*Castruchio*! ease me with nimble apprehension.  
I haue not leasure, to be modest now.  
Speake; hast no acquaintance with any neere  
*Corsa's* person; the Counts faire wife?

*Cast.* I humbly beg, your Grace would not mistake  
The condicions of my duty.

*Duke.* I beg of thee not to mistake the sense  
Of my designes. My words import my heart,  
And both, no danger vnto thee.

*Cast.* I hope my skill in seruitude, will not  
Pronoke my Prince to tempt my honor.

Duke



The Cruell Brother.

Duke. What prolix lone is this, Dost thou indent  
With my acceptance; make choyce of seruices! 75

Cast. Your Grace will giue me leaue; since that I know  
I not deserue to share in your high secrets,  
To doubt my safety in knowing this.

Duke. Death! and horror! thy inspitions are too thinne. 80  
Consider why I sent the Count to Lucca?  
Vpon my life thou art secure: therefore  
Reply vnto my former question.

Cast. My gracious Lord, I haue some interest  
In her woman. 85

Duke. Is *Corsa's* woman knowne to thee?

Cast. She is. Perhaps—

Duke. Discharge thy tongue. May my eares blister  
If they digest words to thy preiudice.

Cast. Perhaps I knew her, beyond the modest straine. 90

Duke. There's Gold. *Castruchio*, shew some pittie *flings*  
On rebellious blood. Be my Harbenger, *him a Bag.*  
Billet me this night where she doth lye  
And thou art made for euer.

Cast. Must it be this night?

Duke. Strict opportunitie will haue it so. 95  
Her Lord returnes with the next Sunne.

Cast. I cannot say her selfe shall porter be  
Vnto your entrance; but her woman shall.

Duke. Enough! there's more Gold. Summon vp thy  
Thy heart, thy soule, to meet in consultation, *(braine*  
And so contriue my peace, Farewell. 100

Cast. I will instruct your Grace ere long: both when,  
And how to make this amorous assault.

Duke. My selfe and my Exchequer are thine owne. 105  
There needs no Art to worke him into euill;  
He is bad enough to infect the Deuill.

*Exeunt several wayes.*

*Actus*

The Cruell Brother.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter DORIDO.

(lock'd

DORIDO, Good! they haue left the Garden dore vn-  
I'll venture in to helpe discouery.

*Castruchio* is grac'd with rare imployment:  
The Duke and he doe heere consume the Night.  
These are houres for Ghosts, Adulterers  
And Theeues. The slaue is Haggard. At Supper  
Being full of gold: his vaine Appetite  
Fed at *Nero's* rate; I was discarded  
With a frowne: shaken like a Burre from's sleue.

As if my closure heeretofore had bin  
Impertinent. Ambition lessens all  
Beneath it selfe to nothing: the higher *Enter Castra.*  
We doe stand: so much lesse those men appeare *Duarro.*  
Whom we behold below — Hearke! Kinde Fortune  
Lend me thy Eares —

*Cast.* The night growes aged now. T'were fit the Duke  
Would hasten his departure. In troth Wenchi,  
Thy seruice to him exceeds requitall.  
But what; she tooke it willingly!

*Dua.* No, but she did not.

*Cast.* Pox 'o these modest Lies! I say she did,

*Duar.* In troth you doe abuse her then; I'm sure  
Her shreeks did scare my heart vp to my lipps.

*Cast.* Then thou couldst haue Kifs'd heartely.

*Duar.* I wonder, it wakened not the whole house.

*Cast.* Ist possible! what meanes did the Duke vse  
To stifle vp this noyse?

*Dua.* Nay, I know not. But since she was no more  
Pliant; it doth repent me much, I'ere  
Was instrument to his other actions.

G

*Cast.*



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*The Cruell Brother.*

*Cast.* What, repent ! I prethee sweete *Duarte*  
Wrong not Diuinitie so much: waste not  
A virtue, that would more profit others:  
And to suppose that the Lady was rauish'd,  
Is an heresie, which my Soule must nere  
Be guilty of. Doe not I know Women  
Are a kinde of soft waxe, that will receaue  
Any impressiō ?

*Dua.* And doe not I know: there is difference  
In workemen as in wax. Hard wax (when cold)  
Accepts of no impressiō. By coldnesse  
I inferre chastitie: for chastitie  
Is colde.

*Cast.* But those workemen are harder farre  
Then that hard waxe. And 'tis hardest of all  
To finde those workemen: vnlesse by Russia  
Where the people freeze, till they spit snow. Come,  
Kisse me Chuck. Agen, once more —

*Dor.* A precious Satyrist ! This surly Dog,  
In eyes 'gainst lechery in others, 'cause  
He would engrosse all Women to himselfe.

*Cast.* Your greatest Thieues, are commonly begot  
When Parents doe their leachery by stealth.  
Men get Cowards, when frighted in the Act.  
And by such vulgar consequence: 'tis now  
A proper time to beget a Pander.  
One, that may hereafter doe other men  
The same office: which we doe the *Duke* now.  
Come. Shall we in, and try ?

*Dua.* You presume much, on an easie nature;  
And how extrauagant you are abroad;  
I am not so vnkind to quession.

*Cast.* Faith Wench: I've some interest in every Childe  
That plays i' h' streete, The *Dukes* come down. Go, go, ent.  
Giue your Lady a Cawdle; and let me heare *Duke.* 65  
How she likes her new Bedfellow. I'le meete *Exit Duar.*  
His Grace two houres hence: when he hath dismiss'd

Those

*The Cruell Brother.*

Those thoughts, which still succeed vnlawfull lust: *Exit*

*Dor.* O damn'd villany ! Is this th' imployme nt *Castro.*  
That doth make ye proude ? I will haunt ye still,  
To strengthen my intellige nce. *Exit Dor. after. Cast.* 70

*Duke.* O silly, weake euasiō ! being darke,  
I creepe within my Cloke. T'is modesty  
In sinne to practise euery disguise  
To hide it from the World. But Creatures free from guilt  
Affect the Sunne, and hate the darke; because  
It hides their innocence. O trayoutour Lust !  
That leades vs with encouragement to fight,  
And when we haue discharg'd our Vaines for thee,  
W'are besieg'd with thoughts, that more perplex vs  
Then the former. For then we did complaine  
Of strength; but now of weakenesse more.  
Away, away. T'is time that I were gone:  
The modest Morne doth blush i' th' East, as if  
Asham'd to see so fowle a Rauisher. *exit Duke.* 85

*Enter Castruchio, and Dorido.* 85

*Dorido.* So swift of foote ! I must ouertake ye.

*Cast.* How now ! the World is wide enough: wherefore  
Dost thou iostle me ?

*Dor.* Cry mercy Signior: the day's bleare Eie'd yct,  
And my owne haft made me vnmanerly. 5

*Cast.* Signior *Dorido* is it you ? T'is much  
To see you appeare before the Sunne.

*Dor.* Faith Signior; the Count being out o' Towne  
I thought *Foreste* would haue more leasure  
To peruse my new Sute. He's early vp;  
Which caus'd my vigilance. 10

*Cast.* Why Signior vse a meanes more absolute;  
It is true, *Foreste* does all: but how ?  
As th' instrument govern'd i' th' workemans hand.  
Instruēt me with conueniency of time,

G 2

And 15

1500

## The Cruell Brother.

And I will worke the Duke in thy behalfe.

*Dor.* Then Signior, you will oblige my prayers.

*Cast.* At supper, when you departed from me,  
You gaue demonstrations of discontent :  
Who knowes, but whilst the soul's employ'd within; 20  
The body might neglect some outward forme,  
Which curiosity prefers to custome,  
Custome to abuse. It was my businesse  
Not disrespect of you, that did depriue  
My complement of vanity. I shall 25  
Reioyce when I can shew you kindenesse.

*Dorid.* I will be bold to thinke so.

*Cast.* I'de haue thee build thy Mansion on a Rocke.  
Fauorites are seru'd in with those Dishes  
The Prince best loues. And meate we most affect 30  
We soonest surfeit on. Instru& thy soule.  
The Count is but a glorious trifle.  
And to be factious without benefit—  
Well, thinke vpon't. I know a way to get  
The Dukes best Eare, without *Foresste's* helpe. 35  
Farewell. *Exit Castruchio.*

*Dor.* The Profit of the day be yours. These tricks  
Shall make me weare him in my Eies. The slaue  
Doth vs her out his breath in state; as if  
His honours had out growne his owne knowledge. 40  
Yet but a tame Pander. The beautious *Corfa*  
Is rauish'd by the Duke. O blacke horror.  
Arise my soule, inspire my industry  
With noble purpose. Something I'l'e doe  
That shall proclaime my Spirit. *Exit.* 45

*Enter Corfa, and Duarte.*

IV, iii

*Corfa.* Hence, hence, like Time; who swiftly flies away,  
But euer more returns. Goe cruell wench!  
Thou hast betray'd thy Mistresse, euen to

Eternall

## The Cruell Brother.

Eternall losse. Th'Angels that liue aboue  
Haue scene it all. They know thee well enough. 5  
In the generall Sesion of the world;  
It will not my adultery be call'd;  
But a prodigious Rape: deriu'd from thee.

*Duarte.* Good Madam, your Conscience is too bold:  
It troubles you too much. Dismiss it; thinke,  
That other Ladys haue offended more. 10

*Corfa.* Out Deuill. Wilt thou betray my soule too?  
*Duarte* hence! I am inspired with strength  
To make reuenge prooue masculine.  
Flye quickly hence. Why doest thou stay? There's Gold. 15  
I prethee wench in all thy Pilgrimage  
Disperse my faulte in charitable sence.  
Vse me nobly with thy Tongue. So farewell.

*Duarte.* Or let my sinne no mercy finde in Heauen,  
No pittie here on Earth. *Exit Duarte.* 20

*Corfa.* Now all the motiues of my Lords delight  
Exterminate for euermore with me.  
My silent Lute's interred in the Case.  
My voyce now rather frights, then captiuates  
The sence. *Enter Luinna.* 25

O Sister, dare you visit me?  
I am a strumpet growne. Hence, and secure  
Your fame.

*Luin.* Alack, what prodegie is this!

*Corfa.* I will tell thee all. For I should disgrace  
Iniquitie to be modest now. The Duke — 30

*Luin.* Ay me! What in that name can priuiledge  
Offence?

*Corfa.* Heare my *Luinna*, heare. In midst of night,  
By my pernicious womans helpe; He opes  
My chamber doore: whose faithfull Hinges shreek'd,  
To warne me of his dire approach. His Hand  
Imployd a Torch, a Torch; whose fancy weake  
Aged, and blacke, had ouergrownen the flame.  
And shew'd (me thought) like vnto *Tarquins* Ghost; 40

G 3

Preaching

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## The Cruell Brother.

Preaching in fire as if it counsell'd him,  
To prevent such pennance by forsaking  
His attempt. This, I told him too. But he  
(That came not to consider, but to act)  
O'erul'd my Hands with his; then made shipwrack  
Of my Honor. 45

*Luin.* O royall Villaine!  
My ioynts and sinnews dissipated are,  
And scatter'd in a trembling feare. But marke  
More sorrowes yet. My Husband lookeing in  
My Cabinet, did spy that Jewell there, 50  
Which the *Duke* last gaue me. It was to him  
A new, and vnknowne starre: and Commet like,  
Imployd his thoughts with such Astrologie  
As made an Optick of his ieaousie; 55  
Through which, he would discern the cause, th' effect  
Of its being there. I told him all the truth:  
And Truth's oftner prayesd, then rewarded  
Heere on Earth: for he dismiss'd me streight  
With fatall lookes. 60

*Corfa.* My Brother is a noble Gentleman.  
Goe, goe, and kneele to him. All ieaousie  
Must still be strangled in its birth: or Time  
Will soone conspire to make it strong enough  
To ouercome the truth. Shield vs sweete Heauen! 65  
The Sybills daunce about my Heart. They lay  
Their verges heere: infusing a prophetique feare:  
Which whispers we shall neuer meete againe,  
Lets take a solemne leaue: farewell for euer *they kisse.*  
*Luin.* Farewell! the noblest Lady o'th' World. 70

*Exeunt severall Wayes.*

*Enter Cofino, and Borachio.* II, iv

*Cof.* I am glad to see thee well *Borachio!*  
But where's thy Master? what, in durance still?

*Bora.* Alas Sir, I (Good Gentleman,) the Roome  
Wherein they haue put him, is so litle

Hee

## The Cruell Brother.

Hee fills it vp to the Roofe: and is faine  
To leaue his Legges Sentinels without doore,  
To watch the rest of his body. Tis no  
Chamber, but a Court-Cubbord.

*Cof.* But they make him amends in his diet.

*Bora.* They cannot Sir, For he's a fainte eater,  
If he would pray so often as he fasts;  
He had bin at libertie long agoe.  
He'le dine vpon a single Pea; and leaue Orts.

*Cof.* Doe they no more regard his potent hopes?

*Bora.* Alas Sir, when Fortune's Tippet stands vp,  
Few men will lend a pin to tacke it downie,  
I, and my lineage haue sweete losse of him:  
I'm sure o'that, 15

*Cof.* Nay, that's too eident.

*Bora.* O sir! I would not a'giuen this Rush;  
T'haue bin assur'd all th' offices in's gift  
But hang such Dukes (I say) that suffer thus  
Their Favorites to be imprisoned. 20

*Cof.* How now *Borachio!* Dost thou speake treason?

*Bora.* Sir, I haue sayd no more, then what I meane  
To vnfay againe: which is but a kinde  
Of loosing one's labor. And 'tis better,  
To be ill employ'd then to be idle. *enter Castruchio.* 25

*Cof.* How the slaue sowes his Prouerbs together.  
Are you come? I haue stay'd vntill the Clocke  
Gaued your promise the lye. 30

*Cast.* My time was spent to more aduantage.  
I haue declar'd my interest in your blood.  
If you assist my plots; you needs must share  
Successes, that hath already warranted  
A large requitall. 35

*Cof.* I am resolu'd: and with my selfe more able.

*Cast.* T'is well. But now you vndertake businessse:  
You must be as serious as a Musle.  
That is; weare your Beard, vpon your tongue: talke,  
Brauely. But of all auoyd *Darido.* 40

As



*The Cruell Brother.*

As you would to drinke

A violent poyson.

*Cof.* Enough, he is a stranger to my thoughts.

*Cast.* There's fresh encouragement — *gives him Gold.* 45

*Cof.* A little more of this mettall would puzzle

My Geography; Is this Italy

Or the Indies. There *Borachio!* Weepe no more

For thy Master.

*Bora.* Allas I'm apt to weepe, though I but see

An Onyon stripp'd naked.

*Cast.* I thought to meete thy Master heere. I'm sure

I saw the warrant sign'd for his release.

*Bora.* The Deuill take your worship for me, why,

D'ye bring such good newes, on a work'y day?

*Cast.* But thou pray'st ill, in praying the Deuill

To take me.

*Bora.* Why could he euer come to lesse purpose

Then when he findes you doing well. Though he

Loose his labour on'ce: I dare warrant ye,

He'll come againe on the same arrand.

*Cast.* A bitter foole.

*Bora.* Sir, let we friends be true to one another.

There are but few true friends extant. Let them

Be kindly vs'd and kept, if only for breed.

*Cast.* With all my heart, translate thy meaning.

*Bora.* Is my Master at liberty?

*Cast.* I'll deferre an answer of this, vntill

Thy owne Eies be a little elder.

*Bora.* Well, is he still in fauour with the Duke?

*Cast.* Why he shall shortly gouerne all at Court,

And be a very Mote in the Duk's eye.

*Bora.* Enough. Tis not wholesome to burst with loy.

*Cast.* But what then?

*Bora.* I've thought with much care on these Offices:

And finde my selfe fitting to be in'em.

I will haue'em all; come Cut, and Long-taile.

For my Wife, will be such a glad woman. *Enter Lothario.*

*Cof.*

*The Cruell Brother.*

*Cof.* Looke: who comes there?

*Bora.* O Sir: giue me your blessing — *He kneeles* 80

*Loth.* Weepe not *Borachio!* I haue prepar'd

Such bloody art in my reuenge; as makes

Mens wits, more famous then their cruelty.

Let horror propagate. All's too litle

For my vse. But you Sir had the honor,

To release me. 85

*Cast.* Or else I had bin much dishonour'd.

*Cof.* Sir, now he supposeth you in durance:

And is himselfe secure; happely drunke,

Or riding in the stewes; you may take some

Aduantage on his soule too. Loose no time. 90

*Loth.* That's my intent.

For it were dull humanitie to aime

No farther then his life. He pursue him

Euen to Hell. 95

*Cast.* And let me alone so to facilitate

The proiect; by search of fit time, and meanes:

As shall declare the a& lesse troublesome,

Then thus to threaten it with words.

*Bora.* You Signior *Castruchio!* Signior *Coxcombe!* 100

Are you tir'd with doing well? you haue scarce

Brought my poore Lord out of the Prison doores;

But you long to haue him in agen. Nay,

N'ere looke: For my Sword dwells within a Yard

Of my Tongue, and shall defend what I say 105

*Cast.* What a pernicious Calfe is this?

*Bora.* What harme haue my poore Wife, and Children

To you, or yours; that seeing me within

A haire's breadth, of a hundred offices,

You confound all, by leading my poore Lord

Into new boyles. 110

*Loth.* Bold Miscreant! If I but stir —

*Cof.* Nay Signior! let him alone. *Borachio!*

Steepe thy wrath in cold water: follow,

And be dumbe. All shall be well. 115

H

*Bora.*



The Cruell Brother.

Bora. Yes, perswade me to dry Ice in an Ouch?  
But I'll follow your Heeles so close; as Ile  
Goe neere to tread vpon your Kibes.

Exit omnes:  
Enter Dorido, and Forests. IV, V

Dorido. Signior, I knew ye a braue Commander  
Vnder the great Petruchio; and since  
That time your constant virtues haue deseru'd  
More recompence, then Fate will minister  
By me. My kindenesse is no miracle:  
Since gratitude is only sicke, not dead,  
But pray beleue what I haue sayd is truth.

Forest. O Sir, t'is th'error of vnskillfull loue  
To be too constant in her charitie  
To all. But I haue grounds more relatiue  
To make me iealous of the truth; and I  
Beleue you with my heart; and yet t'is strange.  
Doth this *Castruchio* thinke his haggard fate  
Can triumph ouer mine? because in iust  
The Deuill did instruct his industry:  
Dares he attempt my life?

Dor. I giue you reall grounds for my suspence.  
Reward (fit) may make a Villaine bloody  
Though it cannot make him valiant: The Duke  
Will let him want no Gold.

Forest. Nay t'is often scene.  
Amongst the severall Creatures of a Prince,  
Such instruments as these most profit reape.  
Impliments noble doe require themselves,  
And honour payes, the great of heart; who loose  
But Time in seruice which is the Bodys wealth.  
Your friend stays. If you please appeare with him  
From thence, as my summons: I shall discouer more.

Dor. Noble Signior, I am yours,  
Forest. What hoa? *Luinna's* Wife!  
Exit Dorido.  
Enter Luinna.  
Luinn.

The Cruell Brother.

Luinn. My Lord!  
Forest. Come hither Loue. Signefie in secret  
When was the royall Lecher beere disguis'd?  
What did he send thee last? when must ye quench  
The Cyprian fire; hah! you may tell me all.  
For I'll not blabb. Alas, I'm more silent  
Then my Grandfire in his Tombe. A subtile Pinpe, I  
A Pander learned in the art. Tell me Chucke?

Luinn. Alas my noble Lord! what doe ye meane?  
Forest. Why nothing, I: yet tis enough I feele  
The wrong. Ignorant, I suffer twice.  
And therefore let me know my Enemy.

The little worme, when trod vpon; will turne  
His Head, to looke vpon his Murderer.  
And hath my Spleene no Eies? Is the reuenge  
Of Man lesse curious then a Wormes. — She weepes.  
O *Luinna*, the sacred knot's vnti'd.  
Thou hast defil'd and stayn'd the vestall Sheetes.  
Thy Breast shall be no more my Pillow.

Luinn. O say not so: Let Thunder strike me dead,  
If I'ere knew the Duke; with knowledge more  
Dishonest, then what harbours in the Fits;  
Only by fight.

Forest. O new horror! such brazen impudence,  
Would make a Negro blush. Come glorious whore.  
Acquaint me with your tricks. Who! when, where, how?  
For besides the Jewell which he gaue thee:  
I haue proofes, that will euen damme my sister;  
And conuince thee too.

Luinn. My deere Lord? be not cruell in your Faith;  
What I haue sayd is truth.

Forest. Still constant in thy periurie. Mercy  
Were tamenesse then. Thou shalt dye  
Like an heroyique Whore: a stoute Martyr.  
Enter Dorido  
To thy concealed louer. Appeare here  
Heere my she goats: These men are full and fresh;  
visards.

Luinn. H. a. But

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## The Cruell Brother.

But if they cannot tire ye out : I will  
Procure yefome of larger Thighs ; that feede  
On th' vnctious Lhasis, and the Persian-Crab.  
Or bring the riotous Horse, and the Towne Bull  
To drown ye in the sea. Take her aside,  
And agree who shall beginne.

*Luin.* Stay, stay, O my Husband, my dearest Lord!  
Will you permit such cruelty against  
Your owne Wife. She, that hath so often slept  
Within your Bosome. O speake? doe you want  
The naturall touch? stay, stay, I will confesse.

*Forest.* Stay, I'm of too easie, too soft a Soule.  
My Heartstrings (sure) are made of silke : and 'tis  
A subtile whore, she knowes it well enough.  
But come, be briefe. Charme me not with storys.  
Of my former loue betweene vs.

I see thee as thou art, and thou appear'st  
Like an intire, proportionable Boyle.  
Why speak'st thou not?

*Luin.* Sorrow was euer flow of viterance,  
And I doe tremble still. I knew the time,  
My duty hath bin held in more regard  
Then now it is. All former interest  
Is quit forgot.

*Forest.* Marke, did not I suspect, she would begin  
Her Charmes agen. Away with her.

*Luin.* O stay, now, now, I will reueale all.

*Forest.* Be nimble then : and tell me punctuall truth,  
For my reuenge is honest, and would not  
Willingly mistake, when it shall strike.

*Luin.* 'Tis true, your Sster's raiuish'd by the Duke.  
Which fatall truth, this morning receau'd  
From her owne mouth. But if I ere did breake  
My Marriage vowes, or thinke vnlawfully ;  
Then may I loose my interest in Heauen.  
My duty, and my loue remaine still yours,  
And this constancy deserues some kindnesse.

Therefore,

## The Cruell Brother.

Therefore, if 'tis decreed that I must dye :  
Let me dye a modest death. Expose not  
Your poore vvife, vnto the cruelty  
Of Rauishers.

*Forest.* What thinke ye sir?

*Dor.* My thoughts continue in the former sencer  
I haue a chaste, and virtuous vvife ; howeuer  
You desir'd assurance from a triall  
So vnkind as this.

*Forest.* Still me thinks that Iewell which he gaue her,  
Procur'd the same requitall that my Sister made.  
But let it passe. I doe conire ye both,  
(As y'haue bin Souldiers) to keepe your Tongues,  
A safe distance from your Eares ; Let not words  
Disperse what you haue heard. 'Tis externall  
Reputation that keeps some Men from sinne.  
Our faults once knowne, we doe negle& to mend :  
Since Reputation suffers still : for that  
Admits of helpe, but it is neuer cur'd.  
And so the fatall iarrs tweene Man, and Wife,  
If secret kept, disension falls asleepe.  
But if once knowne to Fame ; Fame talks so loude  
She waketh it agen. Your silence Signiors,  
Shall challenge much from my requitall.

*Dor.* Besides our obligations to your worth,  
Euen both our honors would impose it  
As a virtue, not a trouble. We are  
Your humble seruants. *Exit Dorido with his Friend,*

*Forest.* I will deserue you for my friends. Rise —  
You must be cleer'd by a stricter triall :  
'Till when I doe negle& the large Charter  
Of Husbands o're their Wines : and command ye  
As a Iudge th'offendor. Hence, and beco me  
My Prisoner in your Closet. Take heede,  
No curiosity in feare make you,  
To pry in my designs.

H 3

*Luin.*





The Cruell Brother.

The Cruell Brother.

Luin. I doe obay ye cheerefully. *Exit Luin.* 40  
Forest. O my heart! shall my industry, and hopes  
Finde this period? My sufferance is tir'd.  
It is an old inconstancy in Fate,  
Soone to erect, and soone to ruinate. *Exit.*

A Chayre at the Arras.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter FORESTE Solus.

FORESTE, No, no, my Starres, it is too much to beare.  
Though I were stomach'd like an Estridge,  
Yet could I not digest such hard dealing.  
My Wife defil'd, Corfa rauish'd. The Count  
Abus'd where satisfaction is exempte  
By Nature. My selfe proscrib'd to suffer  
By the cheape vallour of obscure Villaines.  
Would I had trode the humble path, and made  
My industry lesse ambitious. The Shrub  
Securilie growes. The tallest Tree, stands  
Most in the winde. And thus we distinguish  
The Noble from the base: the Noble finde  
Their liues, and deaths still troublesome  
But humility doth sleepe, whilst the storme  
Growes horce with scolding. My Gall o'eflowes my heart:  
And drownes propitious Thoughts. I will be iust  
Yet cruell too. The darkenesse of the Night  
Is thicke. I feele as I grope for way  
Stay — That sickly light from her chamber breaks.  
Minion I'e beginne with you.

*Exit.*

*Enter*

Enter Corfa and a Boy.

Corfa. Sing gentle youth; who knowes if I shall liue  
T'employ thy voyce agen;

Song.

Boy. Weepe no more for what is past  
For Time in motion makes such hast  
He hath no leasure to discry  
Those errors which he passeth by.  
If we consider Accident,  
And how repugnant vnto sence,  
It pays desert with badement:  
We shall disparedge Prouidence.

Enter Foreste.

Forest. This is your Dirge.

Corfa. Hah! who is there?

Foref. 'Tis I. Dismiss that tripe hence, and shut  
The doore.

Corfa. Farewell Youth! Get thee to bed. *Exit Boy.*

Foref. But where's the rigled Hagg; th' incestuous lump  
Of heate? where is she, speake?

Corfa. Alas Sir, who doe you meane?

Foref. Why she that Gossips with the Devils Damme,  
The subtrill Bawde, your Woman. O Sister! *Corfa kneeles.*  
I haue heard all. — Nay doe not worke distinction thus.  
Kneele not to me; you are my Patrons wife.  
But yet where obligation is indeer'd;  
There Inturie condemns it selfe. Can you  
Suruiue a wrong so eminent: a wrong  
Committed gainst your Husband, and my Patron?

Corfa. O Sir! I hope if you haue heard the truth:  
You will conclude it as a rape i'th' Duke;

And



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*The Cruell Brother.*

And no adultery in me.

*Foref.* How, a rape! o weake, and immodest shift; 30  
Were *Aretine* aliuie; or had I brought

A Crew of Midwiues heere: whose obscene art  
Might warrant the distinction good;

Although the cause did blush, to owne th' effect;

Yet thy appeale might stand; but heere are none. 35

If compulsion doth insift, vntill

Enforcement breed delight, we cannot say,

The femall suffers. Acceptance at the last,

Disparageth the not consenting at the first: 40

Calls her deniall, her vnskilfulnesse;

And not a virtuous frost i'th' blood.

Come, sit thee downe. — Or if ye meane to pray,

Kneele, and be nimble in deuotion.

Thou art to dye.

*Corfa.* My Noble Brother! 45

Doc not fright my sufferance: vse me kindly

With your tongue, and lookes: I am already

Reconcil'd to Heauen; and would perhaps

Consent to your designe.

*Foref.* Blessed speech! thou shalt prescribe my gesture 50  
And my Phrase.

*Corfa.* Twere not vnnaturall in me, to wish

For life! yct minding what constructions

The world may make of my sinister-chance —

*Foref.* I there's the point. The gidly multitude 55  
Haue neither skill, nor leasure to conuince

Supposition, with Arguments of strength

And charitie. Their quicke censure, brings such

Effect, as Spectacles, when vs'd in hast;

Which then doe rather aggrauate the shape:

Then giue distinction of the forme. Who, who, 60  
Would liue to be an Argument for them?

*Corfa.* Doe ye conclude then, that I must now dye?

*Foref.* Why ist not apt, and pregnant to your sence,

It should be so? 65

*Corfa.*

*The Cruell Brother.*

*Corfa.* Ere I take my last leaue of my kinde Lord.

*Foref.* Ceremonious forme, doth oft, so long

Delay our iourney; till it prooue too late

To reach our home. T'is a long way to Heauen.

We must make hast. Nay, if your courage faile

Before it comes vnto the lest: I shall

Prepare to be vnkind. Grimme, black fancy

Could you indure to see your Lord; defil'd,

Polluted as you are? That kinde Patron

To all our family; whose constant loue

Is warranted by Time; that best can iudge

Of constancy. Who tooke you to his bed;

Vpon conditions cheape, and dangerous

To his owne estate.

*Corfa.* Sir, speake no more: but vse me as you please;

I will obey in all.

(Scarfe

*Foref.* Come, stretch downe your Arme: and permit this

To fastne it to th' Chaire. Then vaile your Eies.

We must not trust a Woman's vallour so —

*Corfa.* Oh, oh, oh.

(Heere

*Foref.* The torture's past. Thy wrist vaynes are cur,

In this Bason bleed; till drynesse make them curle

Like Lute-strings in the fire —

*Corfa.* Commend me to my deereft Lord. I am

His humble sacrifice. Hee'le not be more:

Vnwilling to grant attonement: then I

Haue bene to neede it. The Fates giue others

Expiation: which now they want themselues.

I speake too loude. For who dares chide with them

That may imploy Thunder.

*Foref.* Her beauty gins to wither. She distills

Like to a Rose. O could I separate

The blood defil'd from what is pure: I would

Shed that; then restrain the currant, know!

(Vnskilfull Nature) If operation

Should long subsist in such grosse mixture: Men,

Would be Devils 'ere they liu'd in Hell.

I

*Corfa.*



V, 11  
**The Cruell Brother.**

*Corfa.* I come Celestiall Quire! — *She riseth up.*

*Foref.* Extasie! through weakenes in expence of blood!  
Deare sister! Disturbe not your last Minutes.

*Corfa.* I must ascend —

*Foref.* How! would you enter Heauen; with fetters on  
Your Soule? clogg'd with these mortall Limbs. Sit downe,  
Expire in peace.

*Corfa.* O my Brother! whilst I am yet humane,  
Let me feele some interest in your blood.

What fault of mine deserues impediments  
In my last iourney? If my Lord were heere  
He would haue seene me vs'd with mercy.

*Foref.* Sweete Soule! these, are but mistakes of weakene-  
*(nesse.)*

*Corfa.* Will not my Lord be mercifull; to me,  
And to my memory. *riseth up.*

*Foref.* Sit still. I bring no negatiue reply.  
Thy worth shall shine in such a Character:  
That being dead; he needs must wooe thy Ghost.

*Corfa.* And will Posterity consent, that I  
Abide in List; with those of modest fame?

*Foref.* That Astrologer; who spys thee first  
Within a Starre: must not finde thee billeted  
Neere to *Venus*. Such error in his Art;  
Would make me wreath his Body into Cords.  
And with prolix strength draw the dull Caytiffe,  
Through his slender Optick.

*Corfa.* Oh, oh, oh —

*Foref.* A Convulsion in her Arteries!

*Corfa.* Mercy Heauen!

*Foref.* Hearke!

As she ascends, the Spheares doe welcome her,  
With their owne Musicke. --- Her Soule is gone!  
Hah? whether is it gone? O vast suspence!

Madnesse succeeds inquirie. Fooles of Nature!  
What Ancestor (that dyde long since) hath brought  
Vs newes of his abode! or told vs how  
They vse him in the other world? O this.

V. Wilde

**The Cruell Brother.**

Wilde mysterie so much concerneth Man:  
That we would willingly dismisse suspence  
With Eiesight not with consequence.

For he that sees through Faith, but flatters doubt.  
Faith's a Perspective; through whose narrow lane;  
Little things (far of) seeme so much too great,  
Too neere: that what was first vnknowne is more  
Estrang'd from knowledge, then it was before.

Yet by the rules of lawfull notion: It  
Goes well with her: for she was euer giuen  
To prayer: superstitious in humilitie:  
And euen vnchristy in her charitie.

She held her Virtues in such high extreames,  
That her Diuinity was troublesome.  
Grew from a Saint, a holy Cynick. Sleepe heere:  
A sacrifice to thy wrong'd Lord: Till I  
(Thy Priest) become an Executioner  
To him; who was thy cruell Rauisher. *Exit Foreste.*

*Enter Duke, and Castruchio.*

*Duke.* Doth she insist in censure of the act  
With such a sterne impatience, and dislike?

*Cast.* Euen so (Sir) my intelligence imports.  
For since her Woman, was dismissed: she sent  
A Messenger vnto Lucca; to vrge,  
Her Lords returne: whom (by a labor'd consequence)  
I doe expect within this Hower. Hee'le choole  
To trauaile in the Night for priuacie.

*Duke.* And I haue sent to stay him there: vntill  
A new Commission order his returne.

*Cast.* Most royall Sir, you then may guesse what frights  
Such opposition in these messages  
Will nourish in his Heart. And being yong,  
He cannot feede on doubts. Hee'le rather thinke  
His interest in you his preuiledge to erre:  
So, slight your Mandate, and come home,

I 2

To



V, III

## The Cruell Brother.

To settle his suspence.

*Duke.* Remorse doth cherish danger! Let me be safe.  
Secure me in thy wholesome Art. I would  
Expresse my selfe without a Tongue —

*Cast.* My gracious Lord; my apprehension lies  
Not in my Eares but in my Braine. I can  
Conceiue without the noyse of words. It shewes  
Apparent to my intellect: the Count  
Presuming on that free adresse, he still  
Hath had vnto your person: will hither bring  
*Corso*, and *Foreste* to shew the shape,  
And quality, of his new sufferance.

Be you within your bed, to free you from  
The worlds suspition: whilst I doe place  
Behind the Gallery doore (which leads vnto  
Your Closset Chappell) such trusty spirits,  
As shall dare to thrust their weapons home.

*Duke.* O quintessence of Soule. I will deuote  
My actions wholly to thy vse. Goodnight.

*Cast.* May slumber cease vpon your royall Eies  
With gentle closure. Know, poore *Foreste*!  
The bag that holds my Gall is so immense, *Enter Duke.*  
That when I steepe thee in it thou art drown'd.

*Duke.* *Castruchio*; I haue better thought vpon't.

*Cast.* My gracious Lord.

*Duke.* I would not haue thee hurt my Boy w<sup>th</sup> him  
Kindly for my sake.

*Cast.* Shall I not strike him heere; betweene the Ribbes?

*Duke.* Not for the world. Thou dost not know his Soule.

He's of so soft, so sweete a propperie,  
That he enchants where he is knowne. Besides,  
I finde I am so powerfull o're his youth:

That I shall soone extirpate from his memory

The wrong I did his Wife, and him. As for

*Foreste*: his experience is of growth

Too stubborne, of practise stiffe; and will not

Be remoou'd from his reuenge, by strength of words.

Therefore

## The Cruell Brother.

Therefore, let him no mercy see: but let;  
My Boy be gently vs'd for my sake. Farewell —

*Cast.* This is a silly kinde of loue!

But let me thinke — So to contriue this plot:

That *Lothario* may destroy *Foreste*,

And I him to make his silence safe! humh —

*Duke.* No; it must not be —

*Cast.* My royall Lord!

*Duke.* *Lucio* (my Boy) is not perscrib'd. Take heed  
*Castruchio*! If thou dost extend thy hand:

In motion, boysterous, and rough to him;

Thou dost infect all thy other kindnesse:

And I shall see thee as a Cocatrice:

That will enforce my Optick-nerues to shrinke,

And pull my Eies into my skull. Looke to't:

*Cast.* Most gracious Sir, were his person bulwark'd

With the Alpes: were he hidden in's owne feare;

He could not be more safe, then you haue made him.

*Duke.* Once more then good Night.

*Cast.* A plague vpon this turd-love. Such thoughts

When first your Blood did make your Vaines to swell

(Like Bridges o're your flesh) had preuented

My employment. Softely, softely.

Feare, and suspition euer walke on Egges.

*Enter Foreste, and Seruants with a Light.*

*Foref.* Leau' heere the Light, and goe to Bed.

Breake ope the doore, breake ope the doore.

*Foref.* Hah! who counsels so vnlawfully?

*Enter Lucio and Seruants.*

*Lucio.* O *Foreste*! the fatall Houre is come

Ring out your Bells, vntill they wake the dead.

Let the Drumme murmure in a fable Bagge.

Reuerse your Muskets; and traile your stubborne Pikes





V, W

## The Cruell Brother.

In slimy Channels. Let Trumpets groane,  
And the shrill Ph:ph be hoarce. The fatal Hower,  
Is come.

*Foref.* Why, what's the matter Sir?

*Lucio.* O my wife! by this she did entreat me *he shewes*  
Suddenly, (vpon some vrgent cause) *a Letter.*

To haste from Lucca to her: Iust now;  
I lighted from my Horse, enter'd her Chamber:  
And found her newly murdered in her Chayre:  
My Seruants say that my arriual there,  
Did iust succeed your departure from her.

*Foref.* Dismiss your Seruants, and you shall know all.

*Lucio.* Hence, and expect me strait at home. *Exennt*

*Foref.* I pray come hither Sir. -- Doe you dislike *serm.*  
That iustice which depriu'd your Wife of breath?

*Lucio.* Doest thou call it Iustice?

*Foref.* Yes, in the noblest straine: she was defil'd.  
The royall Goate (the Duke) hath rauish'd her:

And I (that neuer could admit excuse  
In points of honot) (where euer suspicion

Sufficeth to condemne) did summon vp  
My memory: wherein the kinde effects,

Of your best loue to vs are registred.  
And finding you betray'd in your owne Fort!

I slit her Wrist-vaynes, and gaue perpetuall  
Liberty; to her polluted Blood.

*Lucio.* O Villaine! more bloody then the Tyger;  
Whose empty Entrailles noyse, doth (Trumpet like)  
Encourage cruelty; Though thou didst slight her  
As my poore Wife: yet she might well expect  
Some mercy, as being thy owne sister.

*Foref.* Had she included all propinquity  
Of blood; which lawfull Mariage keepeth knowne,  
Or promiscuous Copulation, maketh  
Intricate: this bare word (Honor) had bin  
Enough, t'hane diuore'd her from my mercy.  
Sweete Lord; doe not mistake your Seruant:

Whose

## The Cruell Brother.

Whose kindenesse thinks his owne Sister (when defil'd)  
Was to base for your vse.

*Lucio.* A bloody kindnesse to distinguish so.  
She was no Adulteresse, but enforc'd. Her thoughts  
Were pure: and such a noble sympathy  
Indeerd her Soule to mine; that her owne Teares,  
Might soone haue wash'd away her Bodys staine,  
And she againe seeme cleane. *Corsa!*

O my Wife! my bosome Girle! where art thou?  
Speake, no reply? Art thou so much busied  
With thy new acquaintance now in Heauen:  
That thy poore Lord, may not borrow one word  
At parting? Draw, draw ingratefull Monster!  
That hast preuented thus our Dialogue.

*Foref.* Sir, coole your spleene! take breath awhile:  
And heare me speake.

*Lucio.* No false Syren! thou holy Hypocrite!  
I know thy tricks too well! Cause I am yong,  
Too soft of heart, and apt to melt  
In euery flame of my owne triniall loue:  
Therefore thou thinkst to practise on me now:  
With subtill phrase. Draw, or else thou dy'st.

*Foref.* Come -- Let me dye (as she) a sacrifice  
To thee my Patron. *offers his naked brest.*

*Lucio.* A sacrifice to me! O *Foref!*  
Why dost thou multiply thy skill. *slings away his Sword.*  
To thy friends preiudice? It is not well,  
In troth it is not. Imploy thy owne heart:  
Thinke vpon't thy selfe. 'Tis not kindly done:  
I should not haue vs'd you thus --

*Foref.* O my deere Lord! where did I loose your heart?  
I am o'recome at these expresions.  
I cannot weepe much: yet my Eies are moyst.  
O my vnskilfull gratirude! what dire  
Mistake, confounds our properties! I kill'd  
A Sister, to secure a Friend. 'Twas ill,  
'Twas not the right way. A true Romane now,

Would



## The Cruell Brother.

Would walke aside, and with his owne Sword.  
Dismiss his owne Soule: and not permit  
Moysture in youthfull Eies, thus to disgrace  
The strength of elder loue. I cannot weepe,  
But our diuinity supplies vs with  
Discreeter wayes, to make affection knowne;  
Enough. I will prefix but one short Houre,  
To thinke vpon't. Heere sir. Sheath your good sword,  
Till reuenge prooue ripe. And I coniure  
By all my Sisters loue to follow me:  
In whose behalfe, your iustice may employ  
It selfe. Which done, you shall behold my Heart  
Without a Perspective.  
If it concerneth her; by whom thou dost  
Coniure my seruice, I'm bound to follow thee.

*Forf.* What hoa!

*Enter Luinna.*

*Luin.* My Lord.

*Forf.* Come Minion, come along with vs, You walke  
Vnto the Barre. If triall find thee false;  
Thou shalt be scattered into Attomes.

*Luin.* O my deuining Soule! Sure my Sister  
Is not safe

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Cofsimo,  
seuerall wayes.*

*Cast.* Signior Lothario!

*Loth.* Heere! Signior Cofsimo!

*Cof.* I am heere, Speake low. Cofen *Castruchio.*

*Cast.* I am heere too. Why are we scattered thus?

*Cof.* T'is in search of *Borachio*; who fearing  
Danger in this action, commits himselfe  
Very tamely to his Heeles.

*Cast.* Let him be damn'd vnthought of. Haue you heard,  
Or seene a Passenger.

*Cof.* No, yet *Lothario* giues me notice:

Of

## The Cruell Brother.

Of a noyse farre off: but you know the length  
Of an Asses care.

*Loth.* Passes there (say you) who is't?

*Cof.* He echoes by mistake. No body: but  
My Coulen says he's lugg'd the Asses care,  
Speaking of your Man.

*Loth.* The Butchers dog shall saue him a labor.

*Cast.* Well Gentlemen, I haue intelligence  
(By my Boy) that *Forfeste*, and the Count,  
Are comming hither. Looke tot. But let the Count  
Be safe. You know his voyce *Lothario*?

*Loth.* Very distinctly.

*Cast.* Well, any Man (but he) that stirres his Tongue,  
Enuities his owne mine. Giue me your Hands  
I'le bring ye to a doore: through which, if they  
Doe passe, it must be ouer vs.

*Loth.* Leauē *Forfeste* to my charge for I am  
His impediment.

*Cof.* Softely, softely.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

The Duke (on his Bed) is drawne forth.

*Enter Forfeste, Lucio, Luinna.*

*Forf.* Now set we the reflex at liberty. He opens a  
Heere let me beg your tariance: till I see *darke Lansborne*.  
Resolue a doubt that most concernes my Heart.

*Lucio.* You shall. But doe not execute reuenge,  
Vpon the Duke; till my assent encourage thee.

*Forf.* My actions are confin'd: Vpon, nor in  
The Bed? Guilt confounds all order, and makes,  
Our reit vnaturall. Mistressse, stand you there.

*He leads Her to stand at the Beds feete.*

*Duke.* Hah! from whence that light! who waites within?  
*Forfeste*, is it you? what doe you meane  
By this vniciall visitation?

*Forf.*



*The Cruell Brother.*

*Foref.* I am not to vntursty of my time  
To ioyne replys, vnto demands, I must  
Deprive you of your Soule:

*Duke.* How? Is this Language lawfull, vnto me  
Thy Soueraigne Prince. Did not high-providence,  
Treble the assurance of my safety:  
By Guards inuisible; when I was first  
Predestinate to this supream function?

*Foref.* I knowe 'twere a prophane curiosity  
In me, to question the prerogatiues  
Of a free Prince. For ignorance; and a dull,  
Easie faith; must flatter bondage still.  
Or Libertie (th'eldest Child of Nature)  
Confounds predominance, by suing for  
Equalitie amongst the Sonnes of Men:  
And so reuokes a Chaos.

*Duke.* Which soone returns: vnlesse distinction  
Perswade thee fixe my Royalty, aboue  
Thy reach; that art my naturall Subiect.

*Foref.* Enough false Sir. Warne not the ayre with words.  
Be still, or I conclude ye in a trice,  
And now requite the Leaseure, I permit  
For prayer: by a true reply to what  
I shall demand.

*Duke.* I will:  
*Foref.* Looke on your opposite.  
Did you euer make her an Adulteresse?  
Speake truth, so come your Soule to Heauen.

*Duke.* Neuer. So come my Soule to Heauen, as I  
Speake truth:  
*Foref.* O Sir!  
Take heede the Periuurer hath little hope  
On the last day, to hide himselfe i'th' Crowde.  
He is a sinner much too eminent.

But what meant that Iewell which you gaue her;  
And which she conceald; till its owne lustre

Did

*The Cruell Brother.*

Did betray it?  
*Duke.* I gaue it to disguise the cause, for which  
I sent the other vnto *Corfa*.

*Lucio.* That name will prick my fury on: although  
I striue to be propitious.

*Foref.* I know *Luinna*, thou art mercifull;  
Forgiue me gentle Girle. It was the first  
Bargaine we did make i'th' Church, to Share  
In sufferance.

*Luin.* And 'tis my duty Sir, to be most prompt  
In the obseruance:

*Foref.* My Lord:

*Lucio.* A rude summons, that calls me as a Iudge,  
To censure on the errors of my Prince.

*Duke.* What, Is he thereto? O killing obiekt!

*Foref.* Behold (yong Lord) the cruell Rauisher,  
Whom Time himselfe shall neuer parallell,  
Though he suruay his old Records, and scratch  
His reuerend Head to waken memory.

*Lucio.* O horror! furnish vs (sweet Heauen) with some  
Instinct, inspire remorse: or we accuse  
Thy skilfullest to predestine vs a Prince:  
Murdring, whom thou didst annoint our Soueraigne.

*Foref.* My heart swells: I'm full of griefe, and danger.  
Some Iron Hoopes to helpe my Ribbes, or I shall burit.

*Duke.* The cause deserues great alteration:  
More then mortallity can see, and yet  
Be safe: I wonder Heauen takes so little  
Notice of it. I am not findg'd to death  
With Lightning Like the Dorr: nor muredred through  
The Eare with thunder; like a Batt. O *Lucio*!

Minde not my former loue: but strike, vntill  
I groane my last.

*Lucio.* *Forefe* sheath thy sword. It must not be.  
He was our Royall Master once, and might  
In modesty compare himselfe; with all  
Best Princess; whom Fame referes as Paternes.

K 2

For



V, vi

## The Cruell Brother.

For my sake sheath your Sword.

*Duke.* O I shall suruive my Royall Charter?  
My creature is more beautifull then I:  
More wealthy in his loue.

*Foref.* For my owne part, I will annihilate  
My selfe: for should I liue, I should grow madder.  
But I am bound to care for you (my Lord):  
Take heede! I know the tricks of Maieftie.  
They thinke they cannot be secure after  
Doing ill; but by doing worse: that is,  
By killing quite, whom erst they did but wound.

*Lucio.* And that's the surgery, which I desire.  
I will endure all. O my Lord, my Lord,  
I will not bid Posterity tell tales: nor charge  
Historians to insert in Annalls:  
On such a Night a great Italian Duke,  
Rauish'd his Creature *Lucio's Wife: Sister*  
To *Foreste*, his actiue Councillor.

*Foref.* *Lucio*, compos'd of such an humble loue:  
That to secure his Masters feete, would spread,  
And scatter all his Limmes, for him to walke vpon.

*Lucio.* And *Foreste*, whose industry, and care  
Outwatch'd Leane-vigilance, till he grew mad.  
But come, Let's leaue him to contriue our deaths.  
My Heart so fills my mouth, I cannot speake.

*Duke.* *Lucio* stay, *Foreste* stay awhile.  
Leaue me not thus anatomiz'd with breath.  
Disse& me really with your good Swords. *from the Bed.*  
Behold my Breast, take out my Heart: and if  
You finde your figures there, then vsf my Fame  
With Mercy:

*Lucio.* *Foreste* come away.

*Foref.* Make hast *Luinna*.

*Luin.* I am wak'd out of a strange amazement.

*Exeunt Foreste, Lucio, Luinna.*

*Duke.* Hide me swelling Hills! rough, and scabbed Rocks,  
Ye Quarries cleane, and sucke me in, then ioyn

Againe.

## The Cruell Brother.

Againe. Would it not make a Patriarke mad?  
O who shall bribe the Sunne, that in the day  
Of generall accompts: he may auouch  
He neuer saw me heere. Hah! false Memory!  
I forgot to tell 'em of *Castruchio*.  
Tis best to o'retake 'em. I cannot guesse  
Which way they went:

*Exit the other way.*

*Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Cosimo.*

*Cast.* Hell, and the Pillary take such dull Eares.  
It cannot be, but they haue pass'd the Cloysters,  
And e're this, with helpe of priuate Keyes,  
Entred the Dukes Bedchamber.

*Loth.* Those were Authors of that noyse, I spoke of.  
*Cast.* The very same. A pox vpon demurres.

*Cos.* Will you lead the way, that we may hearken  
If they be there, or no. *enter Duke.*

*Duke.* If I should come too late? —

*Loth.* That's none of the Counts voyce. Haue at ye sir.

*Duke.* O, O, O, I am surpriz'd in my owne snare.

*Cast.* It is *Foreste* sure. Let's make safe worke  
Kill *Lothario*, lay him by him, and depart.

*Cos.* A match.

*Loth.* O Villaines, O, O, O. *Lothario dies.*

*Enter Foreste, Lucio, Luinna.*

*Foref.* What noyse is that?

*Cast.* Another *Foreste*.

*Lucio.* My Royall Master bleeding on the Ground?  
O murderous Villaines:

*Luin.* Murder, murder. Helpe! oh helpe! *Exit*

*Lucio fights with Cosimo, Foreste with Castruchio.*

*Foref.* The *Duke* my Soueraigne slaine, and *Lucio*  
Bleeding at his feete. Villaine take this thrust.

K 3

Act





*The Cruell Brother.*

At my owne preiudice.

*Lucio.* I am foyld by a base hand.

*Cast.* Flie *Cosimo*, flie.

*Exeunt Cast. and Cos.* 25

*Foref.* Some comfort yet remaines: in that I am,  
Proscrib'd to share in thy fate, though it be bad,  
I loose much blood. O triuiall fortitude,

False Sinnewes, doe you begin to shrinke? *He falls downe.*

*Duke.* *Lucio*, Let my Soule, cary your pardon

With her vnto Heauen; and yours *Foreste.*

This stratagem was mine, but the successe,

Was much against my will.

*Lucio.* Sir, I forgieue you all.

*Foref.* Nay let vs ioyne Hands. — We doe forgieue 35

Each other, and the World. The like mercy

May Heauen bestow on vs.

*Duke.* Amen, Amen.

*Lucio.* Amen, Amen. *they die.*

*Foref.* There his heartstrings broke. *Lucio* (my Patron) 40

Already Chapfalne to: that sight deserues a Teare:

Though I should stabb my Eies to warrant it.

*Enter Dorido, Luinna, Courtiers with Light:*

*Castuchio: and Cosimo: led in.*

*Dor.* Bring the slaues in, their deeds will soone conuince

Their faint deniall, where did you leaue'em Lady?

*Luin.* Here, here, O my Lord, my Lord. 45

*Foref.* I haue not breath enough to comfort thee.

With words, mercy Heauen. *dies.*

*Luin.* O my Lord? my Husband He's dead, he's dead.

*Dor.* Hold the Lady there: O dire spectacle. 50

the *Duke, Lucio, Foreste, and Lotbario*

Lye here breathlesse. I did suspect some blacke

Conspiracy. Which made me haunt them two

Vnto the Pallace, but I did loose'em

By the Chappell staires; bloody dogs, what Deuill

Prompted thee to this action. 55

*Cast.*

*The Cruell Brother.*

*Cast.* I hope, I'ue not so much Blood left, as will preferus  
Me for an answere.

*Cos.* I feele my end to neere. (there

*Dor.* Take em away, and close their wounds, though  
Be some mercy shewne, by thus deferring

That reward which your blacke soules shall receaue  
In Hell. Yet know the Law will heere on Earth

Prouide such tortures as shall make your deaths  
Exemplary to all succeeding times. — *exeunt some with*

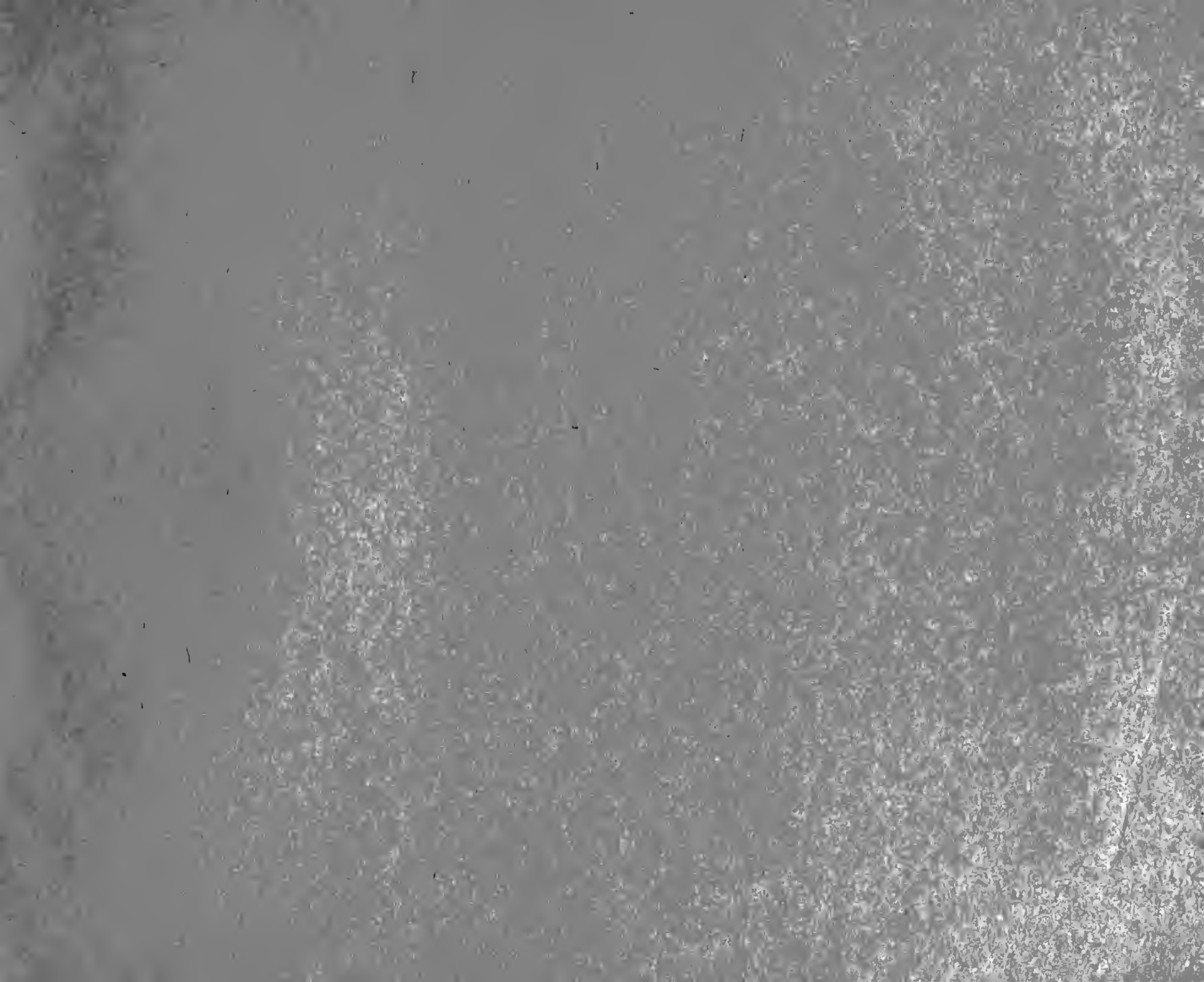
Gentlemen, your silence may be excus'd. *Cast. and Cos.*

Where, theres so much cause of admiration.  
Some helpe transfer the dead from hence, others

Call vp the Councillors of state.  
So intricate is Heauens reuenge gainst lust.  
The righteous suffer here, with the vniust. *Exeunt omnes.*

F F N F S.







*Gaylord*

PAMPHLET BINDER

Syracuse, N. Y.

Stockton, Calif.

