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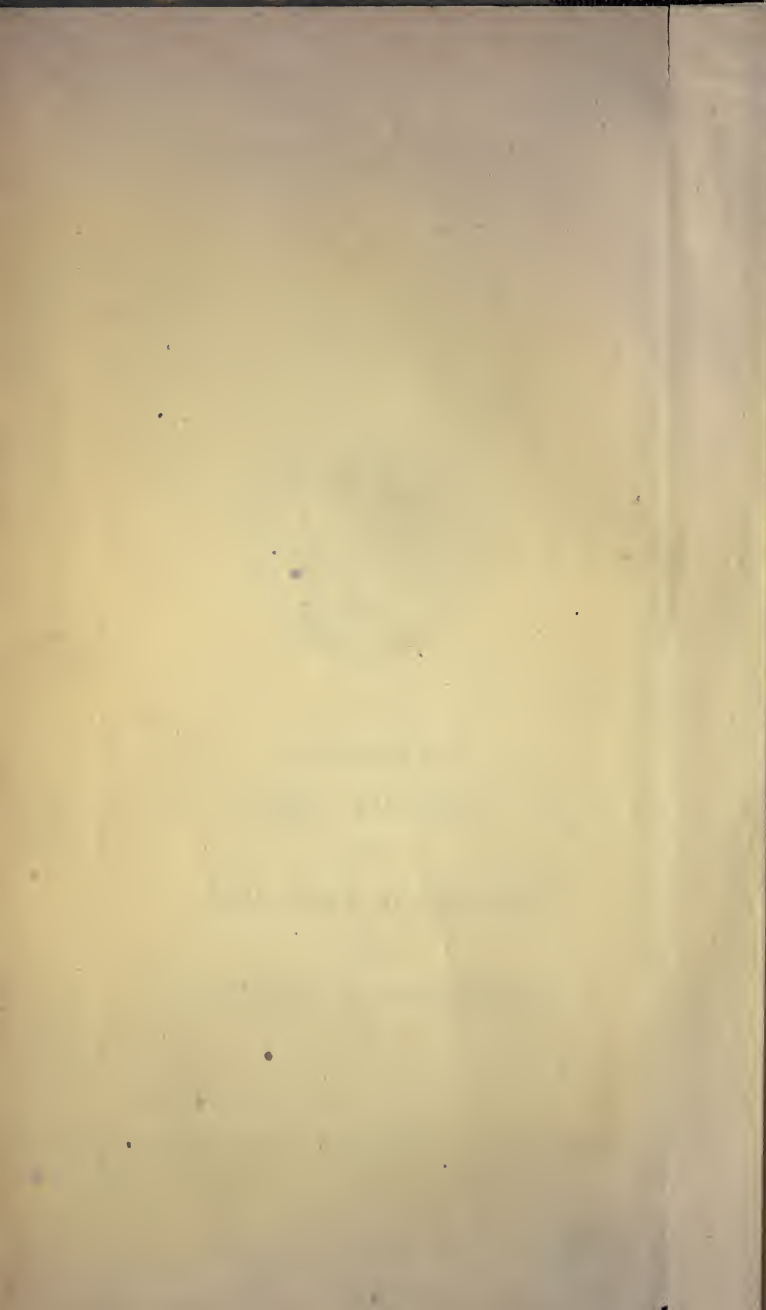
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HEYWOOD'S
DRAMATIC WORKS.



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THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF
THOMAS HEYWOOD NOW
FIRST COLLECTED WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES AND
A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR
IN SIX VOLUMES

Aut prodesse solent aut delectare

VOLUME THE FIFTH



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LONDON

JOHN PEARSON YORK STREET COVENT GARDEN

1874

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A
CHALLENGE
FOR
BEAUTIE.

AS IT HATH BEENE SVN-
dry times Acted,

By the KINGS Majesties Servants :

*At the Blacke-friers, and at the Globe on
the Banke-side.*

Aut prodesse solent, aut Delectare——

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON:

Printed by *R. Raworth*, and are to bee sold by *James Becket*,
at his shop in the Inner Temple Gate, 1636.

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The Prologue.

T*He Roman and Athenian Drammaes farre
Differ from us, And those that frequent are
In Italy and France, even in these dayes,
Compar'd with ours, are rather jiggs than Playes :
Like of the Spanish may be said, and Dutch,
None verſt in language, but confeſſe them ſuch.
They doe not build their projects on that ground,
Nor have their phraſes halfe the weight and ſound
Our laboured Scenes have had ; (and yet our Nation;
Already too much taxt for imitation,
In ſeeking to Ape others) cannot quit
Some of our Poets, who have ſinn'd in it.
For where before great Patriots, Dukes and Kings
Preſented for ſome hie facinorious things,
Were the Stage-Subiect ; now we ſtrive to flie
In their low pitch, who never could ſoare hie :
For now the common argument intreats,
Of puling Lovers, craftie Barwdes or cheates.
Nor blame I their quick fancies, who can fit
Theſe queaſie Times, with Humours flaſh't in wit,
Whoſe Art I both incourage and commend ;
I only wiſh that they would ſometimes bend
To memorize the valours of ſuch men,
Whoſe very names might digniſe the Pen,
And that our (once applauded) Roſcian ſtraine,
In acting ſuch might be reviv'd againe :
Which you to countenance, would the Stage make proud,
And Poets ſtrive to key their ſtrings more loud.*



Dramatis Personæ.

King Sebastian	<i>King of Portugall.</i>
Queene Ifabella	<i>His proud Queene.</i>
L. Bonavida	<i>A noble and honest Spanish Lord.</i>
Centella } Pineda }	<i>Two Spanish Sycophants.</i>
Valladaura	<i>A noble Spanish Sea Captaine.</i>
Mont. Ferrers	<i>A noble English Sea Captaine.</i>
Hellena	<i>Sister to Ferrers, of incomparable Vertue and Beautie.</i>
Aldana	<i>Father to Petrocella.</i>
Petrocella	<i>A faire Spanish Ladie.</i>
Leonora	<i>An ancient Lady, wife to Aldana.</i>
Rofara	<i>Maid to Hellena.</i>
Manhurst	<i>Ferrers his friend.</i>
The Clowne	<i>Servant to the Lord Bonavida.</i>
Three Englishmen.	<i>Sold for Slaves in Spaine.</i>





A Challenge for Beauty.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter the King of Portugall, Ifabella the Queene, the Lord Bonavida, two other Lords, Centella, Pineda, with a great traine of Attendants.

King.



He united blood of *Spaine* and
Portugall,
Now meetes in us ; the Heredi-
tary hopes,
That were but in Conception, now have birth,
And what was but Idea, till this day,
Hath put on effence.

Omnes. Ioy to the Prince and Princeffe.

King. This Hayle from you, wee count a blessing
to us,

And more then common greeting, as from Gentlemen,
Crown'd both in blood, and vertue.

Ifabel. These perhaps,
See with judiciall eyes unto those joyes
You gaine by enjoying us.

King. Wee find them great.

Ifabel. But great ? wee look'd for a superlative,
And if there be a fit, and knowne degree,

A Challenge for Beauty.

Above compare, to have binne mark'd with that :
 Wee would not have a thought conceiv'd of us,
 But should be mix'd with rapture, and what you
 Terme joy, transported into extasie,
 But great ?

Bona. Mee-thinkes addition great enough
 For any mortall Woman.

Cent. To such goodnesse,
 Your highnesse might have lent an attribute
 Of farre more weight, and splendor.

King. Teach us that ?

Ifabel. I shall, who would be weigh'd unto my
 worth,
 And yet in all my poyse not loofe a dram,
 Put you the prowdest Lady in one scale,
 And mee into another.

Bona. You shall mount her——If pride will do't.

Ifabel. This Beauty, Vertue, Birth,
 Shall unto mine owne Center finke my selfe,
 And lift her, unto nought save smoake and Ayre.

Pine. Nay, that upon my knowledge.

King. Faire *Ifabella*,
 Instruct mee modestly in what I erre,
 And if I shall but skant you in the least, }
 Ile make you large amends.

Ifabel. Why even in that,
 In tearming mee but faire, faire *Ifabella* ?
 It is a Milke-maides title, every Swaine
 Bestowes it on his Mistris, nere so meane,
 Your City damfell scornes the word, because
 'Tis common in the Country ; and shall wee
 Bred in the Courts rich glory, intertain't ?
 What's great and faire ? wee would be term'd divine.
 Such as would give us our full character,
 Must search for Epithites, and studie phrase.

Bona. Examine but plaine *Mantuan*, and hee'l tell
 you, what woman is.

Ifabel. Great Prince of *Portugall*,
 Observe in me thine happinesse, thanke not Heaven

So much that thou wert borne, nor borne a Prince,
But that thou enjoy'st us : For that great blessing
Give thy Creation thanks.

Cent. So he well may.

Ifabel. Behold *I* here expose me to all eyes,
To universal censure. Lives a Lady
Greater in Blood ? if any that gaine say
Spaine shall maintaine it by her potency ;
Search *Italy* and all these Climes beyond,
Come by the Alps backe, and view France through-
out,

Produce me the most excellent German Froae,
Examine *England*, which some say breeds beauties
Beyond all these, and Prince, your *Portugall*
To equall this ; this ? doe I boast of those
That are not mine ? say wee ascribe our birth
Onely to Fortune, and to nature forme,
Count both these accidentall, there's a third
Vertue remaines : and even in that wee dare
With any Princeesse of the World contest.
Come, your free censures Lord.

Pineda. Madam I hold you
In least of these not to be parallell'd.

Centella. In my opinion, Madam, you so farre
Exceed all these that yet mine eyes have seene
Nay heard, or read of.

Bonavid. O base flattery !

Cent. That unto those beforetime wondred at,
You in our age appeare a miracle,
And never to be matcht.

Ifabella. We observe in you,
A kind of infort silence mixt with scornes,
Your tongue hath beene so back-ward to pronounce
So definitive a sentence.

Bonavid. Know then Madam,
I must confesse (although a womans sonne)
Yet cannot I dissemble, neither would I,
Should I be rackt and tortured, then with pardon
Vnto the Prince and you, thus much I thinke,

I not deny, but you by birth are royall.
 Beautious, or else I should condemne mine eyes,
 And say they wore false lights; for your knowne
 vertues,

Traytor he were, that should but question them,
 I make this attestation, yet sweet Princesse,
 These praises you conferre upon your selfe
 Though they be just and true from your owne Tongue
 Loose part of their great luster, in these, or mee,
 They would have had more sweetnesse, better fownd,
 But from a *Tuskan* tongue, or *Porteguisse*,
English or *French*, or any Strangers mouth,
 Much more harmonious relish; I have held it
 Still as a *Maxime*, my best Iudging dayes,
 Such doubt their worths, are forc'd themselues to
 prayse.

Isa. Who fitter to speake trueth, then Trueth's own
 Tongue?

Bona. Yet arrogance in Trueth may blemish it.

Isabel. Of Arrogance us?

Bona. Call't if you please, Selfe-love :

Besides, in man or woman, since the first
 Nature hath yeelded none so absolute,
 To whom she made no fellow. First for beautie,
 If *Greece* afforded a fayre *Hellen*, *Troy*
 Her paralleld with a *Polyxena* :
 For *Wifedome*, *Rome* presented a *Cornelia*,
 And *Lidia* a *Sosipatra* : Chastity ?
Lucrece, of whom the *Romanes* so much boast :
 Did not the selfe same Citie breede a *Portia*,
 Who when she heard her husband *Brutus* slaine,
 Kept from all other Engines, swallowed fire,
 And by that meanes to meete with him in death,
 Of such I could produce yet Infinite ;
 And Madam though I must confesse you rare,
 And most compleatly perfect in all these,
 Yet not so choice a piece, but the wide world
 May yeeld you a competitor.

Isabel. As you are, Prince,

And ever hope to have the sweete fruition
Of those pure gifts, that man so much disdaines ;
Grant mee one free demand.

King. Speake, and obtaine.

Ifabel. His banishment from *Spaine* and *Portugall*,
Never hereafter to bee capable
Of Honor, of Renowne, of place, or office,
Till hee can find, produce, and set before vs,
Our match in Face and bosome, birth wee set by,
But be shee woman, and can ballance us,
In both, or either, he redeemes his exile
Without such, to returne, forfeits his head,
Denie this Prince, you banish us your bed.

King. Most unpeer'd Lady, that, not for ten
Worlds,

For if an husband can a vassaile bee,
To such approved vertues ; I am hee :
Lord *Bonavida*, you have from her tongue
An expresse doome, that cannot bee revok't ;
Tis like the *Persian* feale vnalterable :
And come my divine Princeffe ; Hee shall knowe,
In his Iust doome, what zeale to you wee owe.

Exit K. & Isa.

Bona. Is this Trueth's merit ? Can the Court
find place

For none but flatterers, and must I be made
The first example of her Tyrannie ?
Shall I be made a president through *Spaine*,
To deterre men from speaking in the Court
What's Iust and honest ? Nay, wee terme this law,
Or meere oppression. What an Infinite taske
Am I confin'd too ? One as vertuous
No Cloister scarce but could supply me with,
And never travell further ; but the doubt is,
Whether it harbour in so smooth a skinne ;
As faire a face, I might with ease produce,
But Where's the Vertue then ? since few there are
That weare both these ascriptions, Chaste, and fayre ;

A Challenge for Beauty.

In all his twelue great labours, *Hercules*,
Was not thus task'd by *Iuno*.

Enter the Clowne.

Clow. Ill newes flies apace, and hath pluck't mee by the eares already, well, whofoever pronounc'd that sentence; I hope no body heares mee: I would his *Portugall* skinne were tann'd into *Spanish* Leather, and either cut into some slovenly Boote, to be dabled in the durt without a Galoach, or snip'd into a Saint *Martines* Ierkin, that never came within the sent of a perfumers shoppe.

Bona. Had shee propof'd to find her match for pride,
There had binne then no helpe, no hope at all;
For that had bin the harder taske of two.

Clow. In stead of confin'd had his doome beene to have been coffin'd, there had beene some comfort, he might have still kept his Country, but in plaine *Porten-guise* and *Spanish*, both banisht.

Bona. I am sure thou hearest the newes.

Clow. How can I chuse, being in the mouth of every Diego, which I no sooner heard, but I so fought that I might finde you, and so finde you neuer hereafter to lose you, for without you this is no place for mee, and without mee no Country can bee a Country for you. And so a Figge for *Spaine*, and a Prune for *Portugall*.

Bona. I both accept and will reward thy love,
If ere my Fate be to revisite home.
First these, then severall Countries we will trie,
To finde out this choyce peece.

Clow. That's you and I.

Exeunt.

Enter Petrocella, Aldana her father.

Ald. Why how! misfris daughter, have you con-

quered the West *Indies*, that you weare a gold Mine on your backe, this wearing will make your fathers reuenewes shrink.

Petr. Ile be so bold as stretch them on the tenters and they do.

Ald. Y'are a good Iewell the whilst.

Petr. And Iewels must be set in gold father, Ile not lose the least dram of my lustre.

Ald. You will not, and to what end suits all this bravery pray?

Petr. To a good end if my Ayme bee steady. Heare you the Newes at Court.

Ald. Of *Valladauraes* fight at Sea ; is this golden baite for him?

Petr. 'Las poore Sea-calfe : 'tis not his love I angle for, I fish deeper streames and for a richer draught, have you not heard of *Bonavida's* fortunes?

Ald. To parallel the Queene in beauty and vertue? which he can never doe.

Petr. Which he may easily doe, her Prerogative of birth set apart what blemish doe you see in mee that I may not bee the woman?

Ald. Thou foolish girle : then compare a Glow-worme with a Starre, a Starre with the Sunne.

Petr. And the Sunne with a Burning glasse : Come, come, you're dim-sighted Father, could you see with my eyes, and judge with my understanding, your comparison would hold *e contrario* I assure you : thy hasty newes?

Enter servant.

Ser. A Noble Gentleman——

Petr. Would speake with mee ; (*Bonavide* in my Conscience) Is't not so fellow?

Ser. I am not familliar with his name : He is of a noble aspect.

Petr. It can be none but hee, give mee fresh ornaments, see your errour now father, *Cupid* and *Venus*,

A Challenge for Beauty.

rich and new attires: *Bonavide* come? live in my cheeke sweet beauty: Eloquence attend my tongue, and perfection my behaviour: Came hee on horsebacke or Caroch't.

Ser. Neither of either. He is new come from Sea.

Petr. Certainly he having lost his labour in forraine search he meetes his hopes at home, the more my honour still: flye and admit him. Your Counsell father, shall I seeme strange or familiar, wanton or serious, affable or peevish, I am as full of humors as an *April* day of variety, how shall I beare my selfe?

Ald. Ene in the mid'st meane, daughter, or let me see and thou wilt be rul'd by me, beare thy selfe—E'ne how thou wilt, provided it be to thine owne profit, and my further honour: Noble *Bonavide* has *Valladaur* a Daughter? do you know this gallant?

Petr. *Valladoura* I hate, this gentleman acquainted with my beauty, reveal'd it to *Bonavide*: Sir you have bound mee to you, and comes to usher him to my presence.

Ald. Marry and wellcome, my further honour still.

Petr. We stay his comming, pray Sir so returne him.

Vall. Whose comming?

Petr. His, your Masters *Bonavide's*.

Vall. You speake Riddles to me.

Petr. Be your owne *Ædipus* and dissolve them then.

Ald. Come not you *Nuntius* from *Bonavida* Sir?

Vall. I am mine owne *Nuntius* and my Errand's love.

Ald. I heare no hurt, my further honour still.

Vall. Which I am come in person to deliver To this rare beauty.

Ald. Honour upon honour.

Petr. My fortunes flie of to strong a wing, to stoope so low a pitch, is not *Bonavida* come yet?

Ald. As much as ere he will I thinke, *Valladoura's*

a prettie piece of flesh, ceaze him : play not *Efops* cur,
lose not the substance in expectation of the shadow :
'tis a dog trick many Ladies have practis'd : bosome
him, doe.

Petr. What, this meane creature ?

Ald. And he were meaner, so thou getst profit, and
thy father honour by't.

Vall. Are all my hopes repaid with scorne ?

Ald. He begins to recoyle, clap him close to thy
breast, hee's gone else.

Petr. Nay, *Valladaura*.

Vall. Have I laid out more breath
In sacrificing vowes, and fruitlesse Sonnets
Vnto that beautious shrine, than ere man did ?

Petr. Come, be not pafsionate, though I know
both my worth and beauty, and understand what Orbe
they move into : I am not so much infected with that
same Court-sicknesse *Philautia*, or selfe-love, to scorne
the service of any generous Spirit.

Ald. How, neither for thy profit, nor thy fathers
honour ?

Petr. In sober conference then, what bounded
service, have you ever done my beauty, that may chal-
lenge the least interest in my love ?

Vall. As many as man can, I writ my selfe
(And truly) lover ere I could write man,
Pasing my service as a star, where she
The blest *Fdea* of thy glorious feature,
Drawne by the curious working of my thoughts,
Gave me the better, I put out to Sea,
And there——

Petr. What did you ?

Ald. For thy honour now ;
What didst at Sea ?

Vall. As much as any man——

Ald. That did no more than thou didst, thy fur-
ther honor stil.

Vall. Somewhat I did : but what, let these deepe
wounds

Vndrest and unbound up deliver.

Petr. They are tonguetide, and cannot speak for blushing, pretty ornaments for a souldier, how came you by them tro? honestly?

Vall. As noble *Hector* did by his, but by An enemy farre more valiant than his.

Ald. I like that well, thy further honour still.

Vall. At Sea I met with a bold man of war, And somewhat more, an Englishman: Oh had Your eye (but fate denied that blessednesse) Witnest our bearing, and how far the thought Of you and your rare beauty carried me Above my strength.

Petr. I should have said what you are forc't to acknowledge that my beauty had been the better man.

Ald. I am proud of that, my further honour still.

Pe. All this while you are beholding to my beauty, & I nothing in debt to your valour, which for ought I gather, is nothing at all.

Vall. Nothing? to enter, and hold single combat With such a daring opposite, nothing, to take These dangerous wounds, and bring 'em home undrest?

Petr. 'Twas I confesse somewhat to take these wounds, yet in my minde he that gives the cognizance has more reason to boast of it, than hee that weares it: shew mee the man that gave you these wounds, and I'll commend his valour.

Ald. For giving of 'em? Knight there's small honour in taking of 'em though in my judgement, but what was he?

Vall. A man whose noble valour I must speake.

Petr. Good reason, he has paid you soundly for't afore hand.

Vall. In love and honour I shall ever serve him.

Petr. So I thought, for you weare a livery of his cut to the skin and lin'd with Crimson: had you gin't him, I should have tane you for the Master. But pardon me, I soare too high for a serving-man, your

care, I am modest, away, hie to the suburbs, bribe
some honest Barbarurgeon to wash off your dishonor
and heale your infamy.

That done once, learne this tenet of the war,
The honour's more to give than weare a fear.

Each coward may doe that.

Exit.

Vall. 'Tis not my fate, but mine owne imperfection,
That makes the act in it selfe good and laudable,
Ill and distastfull, were my services
Done by some other, they must needs become
And grace the owner, were my words deliv'rd
From any tongue but mine, they could not choose
But win attention : Had my love beene bred
In any breast but mine, it could not thus
Be scorn'd and baffed. I of all the world
Am most infortunate, neither act, word, or love
Can please your audience, or compafsion move. *Exit.*

Actus secundus. Scena prima.

Enter Lo. Bonavide and the Clowne.

Bona. **A**fter our tedious travells wee at length
Are safe arriv'd in England, speake what
use

Haft made of our long Voyage ?

Clow. Such as Travellers use, for by long practise
I am now at length growne perfect, and the truth is I
can lie in any language.

Bona. But in our *quest* of this rare piece of
beauty

And Vertue mixt, to rivall the great Princeffe,
What thinkest thou of our triall made in *Spaine*?

Clow. I thinke of it as I ever did, that's as of a bottle of hay, and the Creature you talke of, a Needle, a very Spanish Needle, which I feare you will never live to hit ful in the eie : *Spayne* ! there are so many Mores int, that I know you would hope of nothing lesse : besides the most beauties of *Spaine* have been oft in *Civill*.

Bona. What then of *Portugall* ?

Clow. Worfe then the tother : the Women there are for the most part like their Orindges, the fayrer the outside the rottenner within, and the founder at the heart, the rougher the skinne ; the Country is too hot, too hot.

Bona. What of the *Ruffian* then ?

Clow. As of a Country too cold, and in cold countries I know we should have but cold comfort, besides the women goe wrapt in so much fur, that of necessity they must have more haire then wit, besides they cannot be wise they have so much adoo to keep themselves warme, and more than that, what might the Prince and Princeffe thinke, if after all our long travells, wee should come home, and present them with a rush ?

Bona. Which only taking her great title of Is worth more than her selfe, of *Italy* Then give me thy true censure.

Clow. The cleane contrary way, oh, my Lord, there are so many *Italian* Locks, that I know it was unpossibile your owne key should open them all. Moreover these that are naturally jealous of their women, it is probable their women naturally give them cause.

Bona. For *France*.

Clow. What the pox should we speake of that, knowing what is bred in the bone, will hardly out of the flesh ?

Bona. The women of high *Germany* ?

Clow. A place that I should highly stand for, if the Princess had impos'd on us a challenge for drinking.

Bona. 'Of the *Low-Countries* then.

Clow. In *Flushing*, there is good riding, but not without danger. For many at a high tide, have beene like to have beene cast away in the road. At *Middleborough*, night or day you could scarce finde the Exchange empty. At *Bristles*, if you remember you were us'd but roughly: At *Sluce* we were both well wash't, *Nimtingham* bid you looke to your *Skonce*: and *Ostend*, beware the Cat. *Don-hague* is full of Witches, and had wee but tucht at *Rot* or *Dam*, ten to one we had never come off sound men. Much adoo wee had to finde *New-Port*: Therefore if ever you come to *Bergen*, see you make it wisely.

Bona. And now, there's hope I shall, this *Albion*. That fitly beares name of his chalky cliffs,
Breeds wondrous choyse of Beauties, wise, and lovely,
Scarce to be match't in all the world besides,
'Mongst which I have took particular view of one,
Whom had the *Trojan* Ravisher beheld,
Troy had still stood, the Queene of Love disgrac't,
And she alone had gain'd the golden prize,
For which the three celestially beauties strove.

Clow. I grant you the face, but if shee should prove rotten at the heart, there's the question.

Bona. I thinke none to be made. First for her birth,
I have inquir'd her noble: For her breeding,
It hath been 'mongst her equals, and so farre
From least taxation, to the sayle of tongues,
It merits imitation; of her chastity
Some proofes I have made, and found it like the
Diamond,

Save by a Diamond never to be wrought.
Could opportunity have mov'd, words tempted,
Perswasions tooke effect, or griefes have o'reled,
Beneath my much importance shee had falne:
But like a promontory rocke shee stands,
At all the curled Oceans wrath unmov'd,

Felling the gusts, and beating every storme,
 Yet on such vertues are her bases fixt,
 Shee is not to be shaken, then in her
 My travells take their period.

Clow. Then I would thee and you were agreed, that
 you might come to a full poynt : and here thee comes,
 now or never make a full conclusion, and write *Finis*.

Enter Leonora and her Daughter.

Leo. Daughter,
 What thinke you of this stranger ?

Helle. As a stranger.

Leo. Of his carriage and complement.

Helle. As things for which he hath travell'd, 'tis
 easie

For him that hath the liberty of many
 Grounds to picke himselfe a choyse Nofegay,
 And hee that hath travell'd so many Countries,
 Out of every one peculiarizing what's best ;
 With what small difficulty may such a one
 Appeare complementall ?

Leo. His proffers to you were large.

Helle. And the performance may perhaps prove
 like

His journey, long.

Leo. What thinke you of his person ?

Helle. That there's many one cannot pray so
 well as

He, that is better benefic't.

Leo. But say hee had power to performe all that
 hee hath promised.

Helle. Onely this, that I have power in my selfe
 to say

More then I have yet either promis'd him, or
 You to utter.

Clow. Did not you heare her talke of utter, for
 shame Sir, either utter your minde now to the full, or
 else utterly give it over.

Bona. Madam, What say you to my suit ?

Helle. I needes must say Sir, it becomes you well,
Graces your presence, and your presence it :
I like both Stoffe and fashion.

Bona. Oh, sweet Lady,
'Tis good to play with such as use to sport,
But with the staid be serious.

Clow. Now whilst they are in talke, will I hold
some discourse or other with the old Gentlewoman :
because shee shall not interrupt them.
May it please your old Ladiship——

Leo. Out of this fellow, I may finde perhaps
That which his Master would have loath reveald,
I'll joyne with him in conference.

Helle. Since you tax me of jest, I charge you Sir
Henceforth to speake all earnest, or stand mute,

Bona. I vow it by my greatest blisse on earth,
My hopes I have in you.

Helle. Ile try your faith,
Have you in all the countries you have travell'd
Never made proove of Lady ?

Bona. Yes, in all,
And in each clime, of many.

Helle. Nay, I thought what I should finde you, trust
a strangers love as gold to court the minde. If then
such numbers,

Why, after all these trialls make you me
The last of all your sales ?

Bona. Last of my hopes,
Or period of my wishes, had you said,
I should have answered then, onely because
Of all you are most perfect.

Helle. Now you flatter.

Leo. A Lord said'st thou ?

Clowne. I, and I assure your Ladiship, ally'de to
the best Grandoes of *Spaine*, nay more then so,——

Bona. As I confesse you perfect, I intreate
Let not my merited prayfes make you proud,
And vie your owne worth ; I shall wonder then :

A Challenge for Beauty.

Know Madam, that I left my Countrey *Spaine*,
 And there my many honours, not of pleasure,
 But by compulsive force, unwillingly,
 My voyage purposely to find out you,
 Which ere I could, I have travell'd Kingdomes
 through,
 Search'd Courts, examin'd Cities, nay even Villages.

Helle. For mee ?

Bona. For you ; for the chiefe Paragon
 Of Beautie match't with Vertue ; therefore you
 For one to rivall the great *Spanish* Princeesse,
 Matchlesse in both, through halfe the world, save
 you,

Indeede I flatter not, you are that Myne,
 (Oh Lady, might I truly say that Mine :)
 No *India* yeelds, save this, but thine ; the sunne
 To out-shine that candle, none but this cleere
 splendor,

Dimmes her imperfect glories ; You by this
 Shall winne your selfe a name through all the world,
 And purchase admiration : mee that fo
 Have pry'd you, and esteem'd you, marking you
 Mongst thousands, for a piece unparralleld :
 Before all things, my Countrey, Honors, Friends,
 That else like a poore exile forfeit all,
 And Lady, you the cause on't : If my Love,
 Grounded upon such strong opinion
 Merit repulse ; if you will loose your selfe,
 And hazard mee, that have my head ingag'd
 To make this good : I onely shall report
 The strangest thing in my long search I finde,
 Beautie with Vertue mixt, prov'd both unkinde.

Helle. Which should I be ?——pray give me leave
 to pause,

And then expect my answere.

Leo. And hath hee chuf'd her out amongst so
 many ?

Clow. Yes, and meanes to make her a great Lady,
 to possesse her of all his fortunes, to put downe all the

prime Ladies of *Spaine* : and for Beautie and Vertue,
to bee preferr'd before the great Princeffe her selfe.

Leo. To this, should shee not willingly assent,
Shee were no more my daughter.

Bona. Now, your answere.

Helle. Should this be true, that you preferre this
face

Before the beauties of so many clymes :
And that your life and meanes soly depend,
There to expose it freely, I should much
Digresse from honor, to neglect such love,
And should I not in unseene Vertue strive
To equall that seene beautie you so prayse,
I should then much wrong that great character
You have bestow'd upon mee.

Leo. Which you shall not ;
Daughter, I say you shall not ; Sir, shee's yours,
Or I disclaime her ever.

Helle. Pray good mother,
A little pardon mee ; how shall I know
What heere you promise, you can there make good.

Clow. If you distrust his word, take mine, which
will passe in *Spaine* for more Myravids, then the best
Squiers in *England* for Farthing-tokens.

Bona. That you may know it is not lust, but love,
And the true speculation I have tane,
In both these adjuncts, that proclaime you rare,
That 'tis to have you denison'd in *Spaine*,
Be inflated in my liberall fortunes there,
To appeare in Court a forraigne miracle,
And not to make you heere my Prostitute ;
I onely begge your promise, that, being granted,
Ile backe into my Countrey, tell the Princeffe,
What heere in *England* I have seene and found,
My peace being made, I will returne thus farre,
To fixe you in that spheare a splendant starre,
And this is all I crave.

Leo. 'Tis just, and honest,
In this can be no fallacie at all.

A Challenge for Beauty.

Helle. As trueth then I accept it, and am yours.

Bona. And Lady, I your creature : For by you
I am new made ; as Mistris of this contract,
Accept this Ring, which never part withall,
But to my selfe in perfon.

Helle. Not in death,
T'shall with me to my grave.

Bona. To prove your constancy,
One Imposition more ; there may be traines
Layd to intrap our love, to injure you,
And forfeit mee, therefore till my returne,
Which shall be with what suddenneffe I can :
Be showne unto no stranger.

Helle. These I vow,
And pray you keepe this token with that care
That I shall your commands, on this perfume,
Of which, through all *Hesperia* you may boast,
Though my face please, yet shall my vertue most.

Bona. Thou hast lost *Ifabella* ; and I gain'd me
An Empire by my travell : I by you
Am new created, being lost and gone,
With this most sweete addition, two in one.

Clow. A good hearing, and I and the old Gentle-
woman are both witnesses to the bargin. *Exeunt.*

Enter Valladaura, solus.

Valla. Approv'd, no act, tho nere so well becom-
ming
Part, so well beautified, phraze aptly languag'd,
To the very Tone and Accent of the Time,
But seemes in me defam'd and rusticall ;
None can indure my sight, all things I doe
Are construed to the worst ; I walke the streetes,
Salute I all I meete, none refaluteth mee,
But looke askue, and point, and laugh at mee,
As who should say ; See *Petrocellaes* Scorne,
And that which wounds me deeper then death can,
The more I strive to make me worth her love,

So much the more unworthy shee reposes mee.

Enter Pineda, and Centella, conferring.

Pine. And faith what think'st of *Bonavidoes* undertaking ?

Cent. As of the man himselfe, more frivolous and idle ;

He parallell the Queenc ? ha, ha, ha.

Valla. They speake of mee, and seale it with a smile :

That I could sinke, and hide me in the Center.

Pine. Bold *Valladaura*, well return'd from Sea : wee heare —

Valla. Of my disgrace, what a swift wing has Rumor ?

Cent. You met a bold and noble opposite.

Valla. Have you heard that too ?

Pine. But beautiful *Petrocella*——

Valla. Shee has told all : I shall be Ballated Sung up and downe by Minstrills ? Gentlemen, Tho my successe fell short of my intent, Let it meete faire construction.

Pine. It deserves no lesse.

Cent. Your noble bearing, has given our moderne gallants

Plaine-song to descant on.

Valla. They scoffe me palpably : but noble friends, Such I have ever reckon'd you, Let's change Discourse a while in private. *Walke and conferre.*

Enter Turkish Captaine, Mont Ferars, Monhurst, Prisoners. With others.

Turk. Of all the Christians this arme ever slay'd, You come the neereft men : What Countrey ?

Fera. England.

Turk. Y'ar Nobly Spirited : Have you got your ransomes ?

A Challenge for Beauty.

Manh. None but our lives.

Fer. Them thus wee tender.

Turk. They are Jewells :

We rather wish to weare, than part withall,
But need commands us to make instant sale ;
To the Male-Market with 'em, each man carries
His price upon his shoulder, goe goe, try the Market,
Our selfe will stay, and answer customers.

Vall. Y'ave given both me and my feares satisfaction,

I shall report you noble, and esteeme my credit
Much richer than I did : As I said, my opposer
Had man enough in him, and indeed more
Then I have knowne in many.

Pyn. The Land breeds few other : what's here, a
Market of Slaves ?

Vall. Manly proportions ? Ha ! *Mont. Ferrers ?*

Fer. Death !

My mortall foe ? how is my poore life hunted ?

Vall. You doe not know me ?

Fer. I must give you the lie, to say I doe.

Vall. 'Tis surely hee, yet if it be, mischance
Has made him much unlike himselfe, when he
And I vy'd valour on the purple deck,
He wore a looke more manly ; Ile try further.
Were you nere Captaine of a Ship at Sea ?

Fer. I had nere been slave unto a Turke, a shore
else.

Vall. Of *England* ? your name *Ferrers* ?

Fer. Rather than deny——

My name and Country, I'll acknowledge any
Thing base or deadly : I confesse you know me.

Vall. You shall know me too, ere we part.

Fer. I shall ?

Vall. Vnto some cost you shall, trust to't. *Exit.*

Fer. If Fate

Has writ my name in her blacke booke : and this
The hind-most minute of my howers, I scorne
To bribe the Beldame to wipe't out againe.

Pin. You know the Gentleman confer'd with you ?

Fer. For a bold Foe, and a proud Spanyard.

Pyn. You may have cause to say so : h'as sent your Ransome.

Fer. My ransome ? Why ? Why should he ransome me ?

Nay rather, why should I aske that ? I saw
Inveterate hate flame in his burning eye,
He frees me from slight bondage of the Turke
To slave me to himselfe, and exercise
New tyranny ; he meets a living grave
That's vassall unto him, was once his slave ;
That fate o'retakes me : I will not accept it.

Man. Your reason ?

Fer. Not that I desire to live
Slave to a Turke, or feare the bloodie usage
Of an ambitious Spanyard : Death is but death
What shape so ere he comes in.

Pin. Why are ye so loath to meete him then ?

Fer. Though you cannot inforce so much, Ile tell
you,

See you this man ? One that with me hath fronted
The wrath, and utmost violence of Fate,
Should mine owne COUNTRYMEN, nay, naturall mother,
Or my kind Sister, whose faire eyes I honour,
Should the best Lord of those have sent my ransome,
Had it come single without his, as this,
I would have spurn'd, and sent it backe.

Cent. You would Sir ?

We shall returne so much.

Pin. And be perswaded

To finde usage answerable to your Contempt. *Exit.*

Man. Why for my sake doe you neglect your freedom ?

Fer. Because for mine, thou hast not lov'd thy life,
But throwne it upon dangers more than common :
Because for me, thou left'st thy native land,
Father and Friends, and to make me a fortune

Vnmade thine owne ; gav'ft both thy felfe and fate
Wholly to me ; thinke me not fo unjuft
To lofe a Iewell made o're to me in truft.
But they returne.

Enter Pineda and Centella.

Pin. Here's both their Ranfomes,
Throwes downe the bags.

Turk. And theres both the flaves,
A better peny-worth of flesh and bloud
Turk never fold.

Fer. Nor Chrifian but a Spanyard
Would ere have bought.

Pin. Oh yes, your English Iewes, they'le buy and
fell their fathers, prostrate their wives, and make
money of their own children, the male stewes can
witneffe that : come on Sir, you must along.

Mon. How, must ?

Ceut. And fhall, prating you English flave ?

Enter Valladaura.

Vall. You know me now ?

Fer. Yes truly, for a Tirant,
And bloody hangman : had I knowne thee halfe fo
well,

When on the Deck I had thee at my mercy,
I would have ground my fword upon thy bones,
And writ my freedome in thy blood.

Vall. I live,
To doe the like by thee——

Fer. And I breathe yet,
To dare thee to thy utmost : and may winne
More honour of thee, by my manly fuffering,
Than thou, by bafe inflicting : My friend and I
Like two chaine-bullets, fide by fide, will fly
Thorow the jawes of death.

Vall. A ftrong refolve,

But I shall quickly weaken, funder them,
Within there—quicke, that Paper will point out
Diet and lodging for him, *speakes to a servant.*

Fer. Sunder them? that word
Falls colder on me than the Rhewme of Death.

Pin. Then you'le not flie like bullets in the
jaws

Of Death and danger?

Fer. Heare me *Valladaura*,
Since thou wilt needs take up the attribute
And name of Tyrant, studie thy trade perfect,
Soile it not in performance, like a true Artist,
Degree thy tortures, like an angry tempest,
Rise calmely first, and keepe thy worst rage last,
Torment us joyntly : funder us at first,
A plague so deadly, that what ever followes
Will seeme but as a Cordiall : wouldst have devis'd
After a thousand tortures, one to mad
My manly patience, or to split my heart,
It had beene done in this one accent, part.

Pin. Divide 'em so.

Mon. *Mezentius* cruelty,
Comes short of yours, he joynd, but you divide
A living man in two.

Vall. Right spanish Pride.

Fer. I us'd not you so though: but noble Sir,
How well thou hast merited living?

Mon. So I'le die,
Thy thought's an Antidote 'gainst tyrranie.

Fer. Borne on that confidence, lose not one teare,
Nor spend a sigh, let guilty cowards feare.

Vall. You'l find a change.

Fer. Your churlish—nor can we looke to finde
Vfage more gentle. Revenge is unconfin'd.

Vall. And so shall mine be: what the art of
man

Knowes of tormentings, mine shall inflict, and can.
This parting of you is the least and first,

Of infinite to come.

Fer. I dare the worst.

Exeunt.

Enter Sebastian, Ifabella, Centella, Pineda, with other attendants and followers.

Sebast. Most divine Lady, in the late exile
Of your depraver *Bonavida*; how
Doe you applaud my justice?

Ifabel. Why, as Iustice.
To have done lesse, should have disgrac'd me more
Then all your worth could merit.

Cen. Who doubts that,
Hee were not worthy to be stil'd a Prince,
Or to partake that goodnesse got in you,
That should have let slip such proud arrogance,
Without severest rigour.

Pin. Troath I wonder
In what remote clyme the poore exile treads,
Or in what place he hopes to find that piece
His impudence durst boast of?

Ifabel. Hee's perhaps
Travell'd to *Arabia Felix*, and from thence
To bring the *Phenix* hither.

Seba. He should then
Have kept his Country, if a *Phenix* live,
You make *Spaine* blest *Arabia*.

Ifabel. I remember,
There liv'd a Spanish Princeesse of our name,
An *Ifabella* too, and not long since;
Who from her Pallace windowes, stedfastly,
Gazing upon the Sunne, her haire tooke fire,
Some Augures held it as a prodigy,
I rather thinke she was *Latona's* brood,
And that *Apollo* courted her bright haire,
Else envying, that her tresses put downe his,
He scorcht them off in envie, nor dare I
From her deriv'd, expose me to his beames,

Least, as he burnes the *Phenix* in her nest
Made of the sweetest aromattick wood ;
Either in love or envie, he agree
To use the like combustion upon me.

Cent. A thing much to bee fear'd.

Pin. Then royall Lady,
Might I advise you, keepe out of the Sunne
And walke still in the shade, by prooffe we see
Such Meteors oft take fire.

Ifabel. Alas poore Lord :
To see what thy bold rashnesse brings thee to
That thou art forc'd to wander through the world,
To finde out a blacke Swan to rivall us ?
Thou seek'st a thing that is not : and thy rashnesse
Hath justly forc'd thine exile.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Fayrest of Creatures,
I bring you newes, Lord *Bonavids* return'd,
And new arriv'd at Court.

Ifabel. Art sure 'tis so ?

Lord. Most certaine Royall Princeesse.

Ifabel. To his death :
If he come empty handed.

Sebast. But if sped,
Then hee redeemes his exile.

Ifabel. Blind, and dull,
Hath plenty bred a surfett in you then ?
Or have you tane possession of that treasure,
You know not how to value to the worth ?
But though you cannot, wee can rate our selfe :
Perhaps, dispayre hath brought him backe to offer
His desperate life ; Which if with submission,
Repentance, and some due acknowledgement,
May in our grace find pardon ; Goe, admit him.

Cent. Now let's prepare our eyes ; For, hee no
question
Hath brought o're some rare creature.

Pine. Take your stands, let's have of her full view.

Enter Lord Bonavida, and the Clowne.

Bona. All the delights of earth, and joyes above,
For ever crowne your Temples.

Sebast. Wellcome *Bonavida* ;
How speed you in your voyage ?

Bona. That successe,
I had in expectation, Royall sir,
I am now possesse of, really.

Clown. Wee have found her.

Ifabel. Hah, whom ?

Bona. The pride of Nature, and of Love ;
Beautie and Vertue in most high contention
Which should exceede each other.

Clow. Why, I can assure you, wee have her to
show,
And such a piece——

Ifabel. Peace you ; What Countrey ?

Bona. *England.*

Ifabel. What place there ?

Bona. Of their chiefe Cities, the Metropolis,
London.

Clow. I, and the fayrest there, one so fayre, that
all *Bartholmew*-fayre could not match her againe.

Ifabel. Wee have no tongue for thee——

Clow. But wee have a Tale for you, if you will
give us the hearing.

Ifabel. What name ?

Bona. *Hellena.*

Ifabel. Of what discent or Parentage ?

Bona. Noble by birth, yet not so hie degreed,
As her great vertues merit : nor her meanes,
To counterpoyse her beauty.

Clow. Yet wee have her, and weight and measure
with her, to put downe all the black-browd wenches
in *Spaine*, for a face, and Phisiognomie.

Ifabel. That prater, Peace there.

Clowne. I hope, when travellers have light vpon a rich Purchase, It is lawfull for them to bragg of their commoditie.

Ifabel. Wee may imagine one most beautifull ;
But how to ranke with vs ?

Bona. With any Lady,
Europe or *Asia* yeelds them, pardon, Lady,
I hope without the least offence to you.

Ifabel. Perhaps shee's fayre, what Instance can you
give,
That shee's of such prov'd vertue.

Bona. Pasing thousands ;
I will insift in one : At my departure,
Onely one Ring I left with her in change,
Which if shee living part with, lend, or give
Till my returne, Ile hold my selfe disgrac'd,
Her ever-more disparidg'd : In exchange,
Shee did bestow on me this Carcanett,
Which I as long shall keepe.

Ifa. Pray let me see't. *

Bona. Madam, I dare expose to you my life,
Then much more this.

Ifabel. 'Tis a most costly Iewell,
Worthy a Princeesse wearing.

Clow. I can assure you Lady, there was a Ring,
and a thing exchange'd vpon the bargaen.

Isabel. But where's this rare one ? come produce
her streight,
To make her the courts wonder.

Bona. Pardon Lady :
Shee's yet in her owne Countrey ; But that Carcanet
Can quickly fetch her over.

Ifabel. Pardon ? villaine,
And base Impostor, liu'd there such a creature,
Would not thy pride have brought her to full view ?
But this Illusion seconding the first,
Doubles thy punishment ; Hence with him to prison,
More worthy of the blocke : Abuse us first,
And then deride us after ; Royall sir,

If suffer me to swallow this disgrace,
You vnderprise me doubly.

Sebast. Thou hast spoke it,
And it shall stand.

Bono. Yet heare mee Royall sir.

Ifabel. Away with him.

Clow. Then heare me Noble Lady.

Ifabel. Shall wee be still tormented ?

Bona. If you denie mee freedome, grant mee that
Which I more prise, my pretious Carcanet,
That which you with no Iustice can detaine.

Ifabel. Into some loathsome dungeon hurry him,
Vnworthy the dayes comfort : beare this sorne ?

Sebast. Yo' have sentenc'd justly.

Isa. Please you sir, a little
To leave mee to my' private solitude :
I shall not be long from you.

Sebast. Take your pleasure ;
For your content is ours.

Exit.

Ifabel. *Centella* and *Pineda*.

Cen. Royall Madam.

Ifabel. I have a project for you, which if you effect,
You shall indeere me ever.

Cen. What's in men,
Shall not in us be skanted.

Ifabel. You have heard
The Countrey, and th' place of her abode ;
Thither Ile furnish you : Spare for no cost,
Our Treasure lies ope to you, get that Ring
By any slight or craft : be it possible
That gold will doo't, corrupt her ; Vse all meanes,
All friends, devices, plotts, and stratagems,
To bring some token of her falseneffe backe :
Further instructions you shall have with you ;
Meane-time prepare for travell.

Pine. And, or die,
Or bring you newes of her in chastitie.

Ifabel. Inough, you are ours : part with this
Carcanet ?

Not for a World : I have project too in that :
Bee rival'd by a petty *English* Dame ?
Knew I the large earth did my equall give,
Rather then brooke her fight, Ide cease to live.

Excut.

Actus tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Valladaura, and Ferrers gallant.

Fer. **S**Ir from a bond-man, you have cast me into a
free mould, almost new made mee, yet what
your purpose is, I cannot gather, I am still yours ; Is't
your intention to pranke mee up, to make me fit for
death, or feede mee till I be in some good plight, the
better to fatt your owne revenge ?

Valla. What I purpose to my selfe, I still keepe in
my selfe,

What you have found hitherto, speake, and when
You find your selfe pinch'd, then freely complaine.

Ferr. The face of your kind visage yet looks
smooth,

I spie in it no wrinkle ; But my friend,
How have you dealt by him ?

Valla. As hee deserues,
No further, pray inquire him.

Fer. If hee perish,

I am swept from off the earth too, with my sifter,
Hee next my heart sits unmoveable : pray what
service

Will you command me now ?

Valla. None: yet some love
I shall intreate, withall, a grace from you,
I have a Mistris, unto whom I purpose
A friendly visitation, to which duty,
I intreate you as a witnesse.

Ferr. I am yours.

Enter Aldana, and Petrocella.

Petr. I heare say *Bonavidaes* return'd.

Alda. And intends to visit thee, for having fail'd
in all his *Forraine* purposes: hee meanes, upon those
thy pillars, as *Hercules* did upon his, to write *Non-*
ultra, think'st thou not so girle? my further honor
still.

Petr. To see what a vertue lives in this *Spanish*
continent, especially amongst yellow-hayr'd wenches;
Fason, when hee went in quest of the *Golden-Fleece*,
found it in *Spaine*, there's a *Morrall* in that, and that
great *Hercules*, so talk'd on amongst the *Greekes*, after
all his travells through *Asia*, *Africke*, and *Europe*,
comming to this Countrey, into the Iland call'd
Calis; hee that, unlesse Poets lie, lay with Fifty
Ladies in one night, and got Nine and forty Boyes,
marry I must tell you, the last was a Girle; was there
so tyred with one woman; that hee gave over all his
travells, retyr'd home to his Countrey, like a man
taken downe, and in memory of his adventure: where
hee reared his pillar, writ that most methodicall Motto
you speake of; No further.

Alda. My daughter is an apt, and wittie lasse:
I know her apprehensive, and well-brayn'd:
My further honour still.

Valla. Noble Madam,
I have brought a stranger, and an English-man,
To give you visitation.

Alda. A worthy stranger, a bold villaine too,
My further honour still.

Valla. To whom, *Petrocella*?

As to a Gentleman to mee Intyr'd,
I begge from you all the best complement,
Due unto my long service.

Petr. Why, what's hee ?

Valla. This man, doe you meane ?

Petro. Yes hee, that fellow there.

Valla. Fellow, to whom ; he hath not his in
Spaine,

Nay, I might have tooke a larger bound,
And not have past my limitt ; fellow, villaine ?

Petr. Yes, or commpanion.

Valla. Paint me out a worthy——

Else hee is such to none : This was the man
I met at sea, and fought with ; our Incounter
Was all in smoake and fire, so hotly fought,
That in that fogge, wee had no further light,
Then what our Lint-staves gave : our Decks flow'd
blood,

Which through the Port-holes run, and dy'de the Sea
Into a deepe vermillion, yet still fought.

Ferr. But never with a braver opposite
Did *English*-man trie with fire.

Petr. Hee speakes well.

Alda. Both to their honors still.

Valla. When Powder, and Bullet,
And men, with all grew skant ; for scarce was any
Left to the present purpose, serviceable,
Both bottomes ready through the violent leakes
To split, and founder ; wee then hal'd, hung flaggs,
And grew to composition.

Ferr. Which I begg'd.

Valla. Sir, it came first from mee ; And this pro-
pos'd,
That both our shippes, goods, lives, and people, might
not
Bee in the Sea ingrav'd, and swallowed up,
Both from mans tongue and thought : that such rich
Prifes
Might be to one Survivor ; the two Captaines

To try it out by Combat.

Alda. Honor still.

Valla. This nobly hee accepted; Faiths new pawn'd,

Hostages given, two worthy seconds chuf'd;

Lots cast, whose Decks should bee th' appointed lists;

To mine it fell: Hee boarded me to fight,

From whom I came apparel'd thus in wounds——

Petr. It seemes then hee's a cutter.

Valla. Whose scarres still marke mee his.

Ferr. Weare I not yours?

Though not so many, yet more deeply carv'd,

With greater danger, and expence of blood,

Then ever drop'd from these.

Valla. Short tale to make;

Vanquish'd I was, Hee victor; and when all,

Lading and lives were his; Nay even mine too

Lay prostrate at his mercy, with a magnificence

Equall to any Prince, hee should at——

Petro. All this wee know, nor doe wee desire to heare over againe, what was before related; but had you spoke more in his prayse, then you have done, which it may be is your purpose; I find nothing, but may well come within the compasse of his merit, and my beliefe.

Valla. Lady, I am glad you are so possest of him; And doe you thinke him such?

Petr. I thinke you would gladly sell whom you have so lately bought, else you would never have spoake him thus: If you have any such purpose; It may be, there be those that, but surrender up your bargin, would be glad to helpe you to your money.

Ferr. I came but with one gyue upon my legge, Fasten'd upon mee in his curtesie, But since I look'd upon your Ladies eyes, Now I am doubly fetter'd.

Vall. 'Tis neglect,

A palpable neglect, she loves me not:

It shall be so, I will be borish, and fullen.

Fer. Sir, you this day have brought me to a fight
That more contents me than the wealth of *Spaine* :
This matchlesse Lady.

Vall. My Mistris, whom if thou wilt court for me,
And winne unto my wishes.

Fer. I Sir, doo't ?

Vall. Yes, by the love thou owest me ; doe you
pawfe ?

If ever I deserv'd the name of friend,
Or hopest hereafter I may merit off thee,
Make it thy sole endeavours.

Fer. Doubly captived :
Honour should still prefeede love : Sir, I will,
Though I to cure another, my selfe kill.

Enter Hellena with her maide.

Helle. How long is't since those Gentlemen of
Spaine arrived here ?

Maid. Three dayes since, Lady,

Hell. Came there no letters along with 'em from
Spaine ? some note there ?

Maid. Not to my hands.

Hell. Has *Bonavida* that name me thinks revives
me, I dare not taxe him of neglect, and yet I am
very pleasant this morning, lets have a song *Rofara* :
I would have the subject love, and yet modest to, and
yet a little wanton, yet chaste and innocent as dreams
of coles, and hearst thou ? where *Bonavida's* name
vouchsafes to grace the ditty, there let musicke speak
in its smoothest phrase, and most courtly singing ; stay,
thou art a jewell to pretious to be wash'd with, thou
wert given to deare purpose : honour'd with this, lye
there.

A Song, during which, she washes.

Maid. The ditties done.

Hell. And I have done : a dryer.

Maid. How am I blest : occasion I thank thee,
Ex. maide with Bason and Ring.

Hell. Thy absence *Bonavida* makes each minute seeme an houre and thy delay, makes infant time look old, and were't not for this pledge of thy affection—
miffes her ring—*Rofara*, Maide.

Enter with the empty bafon.

Maid. Your pleafure madam?

Helle. Reach me my Ring.

Maid. What Ring, Lady?

Helle. Dost aske that question? that of the bafon?

Maid. Trust me madam, I faw none.

Helle. Speak not againe upon thy life, where is the water?

Maid. Throwne out Madam, and with it I feare the Ring, but Ile— *Exit.*

Helle. Find it againe, or lose thy selfe, inconfiderrate girle, how are my hopes betraid through thy rash negligence, was my blood pleafant for this? my thoughts, Ioyfull for this—

Enter Maid.

how now, haft found it?

Maid. Nor ever shall I feare Madam.

Helle. How, never?

Then lose thy selfe, my hopes are lost for ever, Torches and lights there, finde it againe, or never see me more. *Exit.*

Maid. Your will's a law, which I intend not suddenly to infringe; and have I got thee my best happinesse? now to my *Don* of *Spaine*, the next newes you heare of me, is a Ladiship at least; but fie on this idlenesse, I stand on thornes till I be in action.

Exit.

Enter Pineda and Centella.

Cent. You find her pliant?

Pin. As a thing of wax, never was thrifty trader

more willing to put of a fulke commodity, than she was to truck for her maydenhead, I admire her forwardnesse.

Cent. Call off the animall, she takes her entrance just at her qu. step you aside for feare of suspection.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Oh, master Oracle, sweete master Oracle!

Cent. How thrives your project? workes it into fashion?

Maid. Beyond hope or expectation, was there not a *Don* of *Spaine* heere, to speake with me?

Cent. Not I assure you? you have met him then?

Maid. Yes, and so met him, sweet M. Oracle, I am bound to you for ever. *Confer with Centella.*

Enter Pineda.

Pin. This by my direction is the place, the labour in vaine, and here spite of delay, she has prevented my hast, you see I keep my word sweete.

Maid. And that's somewhat strange, in a gallant of your ranck.

Pine. But usuall in a lover, may wee presume upon the trust of this gentleman?

Maid. Why, doe not you know him? Oh strange! why 'tis M. *Oracle* man; trust him? and I had a Maiden-head to spare, I durst trust it naked in bed with him.

Cent. Sir, though both strangers, yet fates past, and fortunes to come, are better knowne to me, than your selves: have you got the Ring?

Maid. Have I? have I not? the handsomest way I had for't.

Pin. Sweet, I am come to make tender of my promise.

Maid. The like purpose bring we Sir.

Pin. You have my heart already.

Maid. For which take mine, and that Ring to

boote : and M. *Pin.* Welcome as health to the house of sickness : and now, where how, what, when ?

Cent. How is't Sir? I see a sudden signe of alteration in you.

Pin. And can you blame me, my blood chills, my nerves faint. I am abus'd, my attendant *Dæmon* prompts me, I am abus'd.

Cert. Where ?

Maid. Or by whom ?

Pin. Here, and by thee, by both a false imposture and a common Strumpet.

Maid. Doe you mistrust my honesty ?

Cent. Or my Art ?

Pin. Both, they are both difsembled, and my noble purpose frustrate, this is not the Ring.

Maid. Not the Ring ?

Pin. And you the woman my fate points at ; how simple innocence may be plaid upon ?

Maid. How, not the Ring ? returne it backe then.

Pen. No, I will keepe it to witnesse and evidence against you, for instantly expect the severest punishment law can inflict upon Impostures of this kinde.

Exit.

Cent. Disparagement to my Art, have you brought a false Ring ?

Maid. The right on my faith, as I hope to be a Lady, the right.

Cent. I am proud of that, this tryall was not amiss though.

Maid. But Oh Master *Oracle*, how you have deceived me ?

Cent. I was deceiv'd my selfe, I see my error now ; onely a mistake in the signe, I sought for *Mercury* in one house, and hee lodg'd in the next, I must change my lodging, the City stones will grow too hot for me, I must go coole my feet in the suburbs. The all and onely mistake was in the signe.

Maid. The Labour in vaine, a fire on the signe and you too; my *Donna* turn'd to this? my preferment to this? a Lady in the Morning, and a beggar before noone? here's quicke work indeed; a cunning man? a cunning Rogue. If ere it be my luck to see thee preach through a pillory, as one of the cast lims of your curfed crew did not long since, the hangman shal have you by the eares for this: but I'le backe and lay my case open to my Lady.

Cent. Your only course, and now aboard for
Spaine,
Her shame's our honour, and her losse our gaine.

Exeunt.

Enter Manhurst, with a false beard in his hand.

Man. The Spanyard's noble, beyond thought or expectation noble, instead of a Dungeon, hee has furnish'd me with meanes, and sent me home with a letter of his purpos'd friendship to my friend. And now, though freed both from *Turk* and *Spanyard*. I live slave to a more cruell nation than both, my owne countrey men, for suretyship and debt, (diseases that many a gallant lies sick to death on) have tane hold on mee, and though I know it improbable, and partly ridiculous, that a false beard, and a fantastickall habit, should mar my creation & make me a new creature, it has past currant with some in this place, and I may the bolder venter on't. First then to my friends Sister, the young Lady *Ferrars*, I thinke her vertuous, but withall know her for a woman, and dare not trust my liberty in so weake a stomacke: in this disguise then, I'le addresse me to her presently.

Exit.

Enter Hellena and Maid.

Helle. Thou tell'st me wonders, cheated of my Ring, by a cunning man, and a crafty Spanyard? the cofenage was premeditate: a Spanyard was he?

Maid. Some *Don* or Nobleman at least, he wore very good clothes.

Helle. So may a cheat, or a pickpurse; the better body, the plainer the habit, painted clothes were devis'd for ruind feeling, and fluttish walls, It's the Apparrell of the mind crownes thee within Noble.

Maid. Then was hee a very beggar to cheat for so poore a trifle as a Ring.

Ellen. 'Twas not so much for the valew of the thing, As to impoverish the oath of the wearer; some crafty finner had a hand in 't: or it might be *Bonavidaes* plott, to try my loyaltie: and yet it relishes too much baseneffe to come from so noble an authour; how ever, shall I see this, turne coward, and like a falling Tower, bury my beauty in my owne Ruins? no, rather like the glorious Sun, defolue, and scatter these clouds of Infamy. It is resolu'd, Ile after em to *Spaine*: Your purpose *Rofara*.

Maid. To give you my best attendance to the last minute, please your Ladyship accept it.

Helle. And freely pardon thee, receive a few directions for our voyage.

Enter Manhurst disguised.

Man. Yes, this disguise will doo't; and for my friend, her noble brothers sake, Ile make the first tender of my service to her; save you Lady.

Helle. You'r welcome sir; would you any thing with us?

Man. Impart a secret to you.

Helle. To a Woman? by no meanes, wee want discretion to keepe our owne.

Man. Strange! Had I a secret concern'd my life, Ide trust it in a Womans bosome to chuse, and thinke I lay'd it up safe too.

Helle. Your reason Sir?

Man. Because no wife-man will ever looke for any matter of Worth in such a weake building.

Helle. A fellow of a bold aspect, and such a one, were I assured of his carriage, as would much availe mee in my voyage; Art willing to serve?

Man. Mine owne turne with all my heart: This fashions to my wishes; what if your Ladiship doe want a servant? I am your man, your first man too, and such a man as know the World.

Helle. And such a man doe I want: You have beene in *Spaine* then? Did't heare no talke of an *English*-man there, One *Ferrers*—

Man. And one *Manhurst* his friend, they are both prifoners, and lie—onely for ransome.

Helle. My brother Prifoner? This news wings mee for my voyage.

Man. Are you for any adventures Lady?

Helle. Thy bad newes enforces mee; Ile make that my colour, at least that Gentleman is my brother; and cost it the last penny of my Dower, I will not see him want; Ile furnish our voyage Instantly.

Man. As generous, as he is valliant, 'twere cowardize in mee to disharten her, wee must be gallant; what habit were I best to travell in, let me see, a *Spannish* flop, good easie weare, but that like Chambermaid, they are loofe, and somewhat too open below.

Maid. Me-thinks your Dutch Cassocke is a comely weare.

Man. It hath bin, but now adayes it growes shorter and shorter, like your Court allowance: their Taylors are good husbands, tho' they make little or no waste at all, and that makes your Gallants stand so much upon Points: your button-hose is a good weare for Courtiers.

Maid. Why for Courtiers?

Man. Cause they are full of large promises outward, but lin'd with narrow and scant-performance within.

Maid. 'Tas beene a good fashion, but 'tis old.

Helle. So is all goodnesse else, wee have nothing new, but oathes and diseases.

Man. No, for my money, give mee your substantiall, *English* hofe, round, and fom-what full afore.

Maid. Now they are mee-thinks a little too great.

Man. The more the discretion of the Landlord that builds them: he makes roome enough for his Tennant to stand upright in, he may walk in and out at ease without stooping: but of all the rest, I am cleane out of love with your *Irish* trowfes; they are for all the world like a Iealous wife, alwayes close at a mans taylor: out of all these will I cut and fashion that shall bee new and Imitable: will you follow?

Helle. Even where fate leades mee, wee are all her slaves

And have no dwellings of our own.

Man. Yes, Graves.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Ferrers and Petrocella.

Petr. I Never heard a fellow since my yeeres,
Taught mee how to distinguish Il from good,
To talke in this strange Key; how English this?
What art thou in thy Countrey?

Ferr. There, a man.

Petr. What heere?

Ferr. No better then you see a slave.

Petr. Whose?

Ferr. His that hath redeem'd mee.

Petr. *Valladauraes?*

Ferr. Yes, I proclaym 't ; I that was once mine
owne,
And now become his creature.

Petro. I perceive,
Your comming is to make mee thinke you noble,
Would you perswade mee deeme your friend a God ?
For only such make men, are you a gentleman ?

Ferr. Not heere, for I am all dejectednesse,
Captive to fortune, and a slaue to want ;
I cannot call these clothes I weare mine owne,
I doe not eat, but at anothers cost,
This ayre I breathe, is borrowed ; nere was man
So poore and abject. I have not so much,
In all this vniverse, as a thing to leave,
Or a Countrey I can freely boast is mine :
In all the world, I had but one true friend,
And hee is ravish'd from mee ;
My essence, and my being, is anothers :
What should I say ? I am not anything,
And I possesse as little.

Petro. Tell me that ?
Come, come, I know you to be no such man,
You are a Souldier, valiant, and renownd,
Your carriage try'd by land, and prov'd at Sea,
Of which, I have heard such full exprefion
No contradiction can perswade you lesse,
And in this faith I am constant.

Fer. A meere worme
Trod on by every Fate.

Petro. Rais'd by your merit
To be a common argument through *Spaine*,
And speech at Princes Tables, for your worth
Your presence when you please to expose't abroad,
Attracts all eyes, and draws them after you
And these that understand you call their friends,
And pointing through the streetes say, this is he,
This is that brave and noble Englishman,

Whom Souldiers strive to make their president,
And other men their wonder.

Fer. This your scorne
Makes me appeare more abiect to my selfe
Then all diseases I have tasted yet
Had power to asperse upon me, and yet Lady
I could say something durst I.

Petro. Speak't at once.

Fer. And yet——

Petro. Nay, but wee'l admit no pawfe.

Fer. I know not how my phrase may relish you,
And loth I were to offend, even in what's past
I must confesse, I was too bold,—Farewell,
I shall no more distaste you.

Petro. Sir, you doe not,
I doe proclaint you doe not, stay, I charge you,
Or as you say, you have beene fortunes scorne,
So ever prove to woman.

Fer. You charge deeply,
And yet now, I bethinke me.

Petr. As you are a Souldier,
And Englishman, have hope to bee redeemed
From this your scorned bondage you sustaine,
Have comfort in your Mother, and faire Sister,
Renowne so blazed in the eares of *Spaine*,
Hope to re-breathe that ayre you tasted first.
So tell me——

Fer. What?

Petr. Your apprehension catch'd
And almost was in sheafe.

Fer. Lady I shall.

Petro. And in a word?

Fer. I will.

Petro. Pronounce it then.

Fer. I love you.

Petro. Ha, ha, ha.

Fer. Still it is my misery
Thus to bee mock'd in all things.

Petro. Pretty faith.

Fer. I look'd thus to be laught at, my estate
And fortunes I confesse, deserves no lesse ;
That made me so unwilling to denounce
Mine owne derisions, but alas I finde
No Nation, sex, complexion, birth, degree,
But jest at want, and mocke at misery.

Petr. Love mee ?

Fer. I doe, I doe, and maugre Fate,
And spight of all finister evill shall.
And now I charge you, by that filiall zeale
You owe your father, by the memory
Of your deare mother, by the joyes you hope
In blessed marriage, by the fortunate issue
Stor'd in your wombe, by these and all things else,
That you can stile with goodnesse : instantly,
Without evasion, trick, or circumstance,
Nay, least premeditation, answer me.
Affect you me, or no ?

Petro. How speake you that ?

Fer. Without demur or pawse.

Petr. Give me but time

To sleepe upon't.

Fer. I pardon you no minute, not so much
As to apparell the least phraze you speake,
Speake in the shortest sentence.

Petr. You have vanquish'd me

At mine owne weapon : noble sir, I love you :
And what my heart durst never tell my tongue
Least it should blab my thoughts, at last I speake
And iterate, I love you.

Fer. Oh, my happinesse !

What wilt thou feele me still ? art thou not weary
Of making me thy May-game to possesse me
Of such a treasures mighty Magozin,
Not suffer me t'injoy't, tane with this hand,
With that to get another,

Petr. You are sad Sir,

Be so no more, if you have beene dejected
It lies in me to mount you to that height,

You could not ayme at greater, I am yours.
 These lips that only witness it in aire
 Now with this truth confirme it.

Kisses him.

Fer. I was borne to't,
 And it shall out at once.

Petr. Sir, you seeme passionate,
 As if my answer pleas'd not.

Fer. Now my death,
 For my owne tongue must kill me, noble Lady.

Enter Valladaura.

You have indeer'd me to you, but my vow
 Was ne'ere to match with any of what state
 Or birth soever, till before the contract,
 Some one thing I impose her.

Petr. Shee to doo't?

Fer. Or if she faile me in my first demand
 I to abjure her ever.

Petr. I am shee.

That beg to be imply'd so, name a danger
 Whose very face would fright all womanhood,
 And manhood put in trance, nay whose aspect
 Would ague such, as should but heare it told :
 But to the sad beholder, proove like those
 That gaz'd upon *Medusaes* snake lockes,
 And turn'd them into Marble : These and more
 Should you but speak't, I'de doe.

Ferrers. And sweare to this?

Petro. I vow it by my honour, my best hopes
 And all that I wish gracious, name it then,
 For I am in a longing in my soule,
 To shew my loves expression.

Fer. You shall then.

Petro. I'le doe't as I am a Virgine.
 Lye it within mortality, I'le doe't.

Fer. You shall?

Petro. I will : that which appears in you
 So terrible to speake, I'le joy to act,

And take pride in performance.

Ferr. Then you shall.

Petro. What? Souldier, What?

Ferr. Love noble *Valladaura*,
And at his sooneft appointment marry him.

Petro. Vnkind man, thou haft kil'd me.

Fer. And my felfe
With the fame ftroke.

Valladau. Oh, Noble Englishman,
Thou now appear'ft a mirrour.

Petro. But in this,
Pray Sir can you be ferious?

Fer. As I would in death
Unto my Confeffor.

Petro. Then I am loft,
Now bafes than this fellow tearm'd himfelfe,
To him that was on earth moft miserable:
I am now become a Vaffaile, Nay, despis'd,
I that but once to day, thought my felfe rivall,
For face and vertue, to the peerelefse Queene,
Both thefe have prostituted to a flave,
To be more flave than hee, but fhall he thus
Behold in me this paffion to ufurpe
Triumph in my difgrace, and boaft abroad
Of this fo poore a conquest?

No *Petrocella* recollect thyfelfe,
Preferve thy honor, though againft thy fpirit,
And where thy heart is ficke, complaine thy heele,
Let not thy feene grieffe please him.

Fer. Home and retire, Why fhould you ftrove thus
To undoe one that's allready conquer'd?

Petro. Poore exile! oh, with what flight attribute
Shall I devife to give thee expreffion?
Thou all that bafenefse thou haft tearm'd thy felfe,
Thou look'ft now I fhould whine and pule and weepe
Hang 'bout thy necke, fubmit, and kneele for grace,
As if thou wert that brave man fo reported?
Know I am no fuch Creature, neither thinke I
There can be ought good in thee, faving this

Which was the last, that thou hast plighted me,
 To one more worthy, one, whose very shadow
 I prize, above thy being, one whose actions
 Were never taxt in any thing save this
 To ransom such a—what thou knowest thy selfe
 Him I'le both love and marry, hence, depart :
 Oh heaven, how far my tongue speaks from my heart !

Fer. I would 'twere but a dream, then there were
 hope

I might be once awake, and so see day,
 But night is lodg'd within me, night perpetuall
 Darker than the *Cimmerian*, all my lights
 Have only beene meere flashes that precede
 Tempestuous crackes of thunder.

Valla. Now 'tis time
 To rowze him from his slumber, worthy friend
 How have you sped this day in my behalfe ?

Fer. As you would wish.

Valla. You neede not speak't againe.
 You averre no more then what my eares have witnest,
 In which you have us'd such fidelity,
 I needs most freely must acquit all debts
 'Twixt you and mee, and there Ingeniously
 Confesse my selfe in reradge.

Ferr. Oh I still,
 And ever-more, must owe you.

Valla. But If you,
 Would add a second to this curtesie,
 I should report you for the constantst friend
 That ever striv'd to exceede in gratitude.

Ferr. Name it I pray you, having one thing done,
 I now am in at all things.

Valla. Vpon your honour.

Ferr. That which you have bought,
 And pay'd for, with your money.

Valla. That no more,
 I charge you by our love.

Ferr. Why, I have done :
 What I shall ever rue, may give it motion,

I being now all for action.

Valla. Onely this,
For some occasions to my selfe best knowne,
And which I now intreate you not inquire,
But profecute, that Priest shall marry us :
For your disguise, and all things fitting too't,
Leave it to my discretion to contrive,
And this is all I injoyne.

Ferr. And this Ile doe.

Valla. And binde mee to you ever.

Ferr. I am in,
Past halfe already, why not up toth' chinne ? *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sebastian, and Isabella, Centella and Pineda,
with other Followers and Attendants.*

Sebast. *Centella* and *Pineda*, Wee haue long
Mournd for your absence : had not our bright Queene
Made us acquainted with th' intent thereof,
Wee had not tooke it of you subject-like,
You so unfriendly, left us without leave,
But you are nobly welcome.

Ifabel. As the men,
Have crown'd us with a wreathe, of rarer worth,
Then can the united birthes of *Spaine* and *Portugall*
Maintaine to us : they make us still supream,
And wee by them find no Competitor,
The token that confirms infallibly,
That beauty stands corrupted.

Cent. Sacred Empreffe,
Behold the Ring : the manner how shee fell,
How easily, and with what facillitie,
Shee yeelded almost at the first demand,
Wee shall relate at full.

Ifabel. Forbear *Centella*, for to vex him more,
It shall be in his hearing ; one of you
Release him from the torment of his Prison,
To indure a greater heere : And mighty Prince,
Give mee but leave, since hee so proudly durst

Deprave our worth to spite, nor all his griefe,
And triumph in his willfull miserie.

Sebast. You speake but what is just and necessary,
In others to deterre the like presumption,
I pray fir reprehend him, you cannot bee too bitter
In his Iust reprehension.

Enter Bonavida and his man, brought in by Pineda.

Cent. See, hee's come.

Ifabel. Wee have sent to proove your Mistris.

Bona. And her constancie
Hath purchas'd my release, Is't not so Madam ?

Ifabel. Wee are put downe ; I fear'd if any clyme
Could yeeld rarietie to equall ours,
It would be found in *England*.

Bona. So I said,
And Royall Mistris, had you seene that face,
And made such prooffe, as I did of her heart,
You would esteeme it no disgrace at all,
To honour her, that's your sole paragon.

Ifa. Impudent slave——
But wee'l containe our spleene ; but 'tis my griefe
To be excel'd in both : to have fail'd in one,
Had bin the lesse vexation.

Bona. Oh my faire *Hellena* !
Thou hast fil'd my soule with rapture, and releast me
From melancholly durance ; Madam, what were they
That made this happy triall and informd you
That truth, to make her this acknowledgement ?

Ifabel. Behold them : these are the witnesses
Of my disgrace through *Spaine*.

Bona. They're noble Lords,
By whose approved censures, you have made,
Her highnesse to confesse mine injuries.
At your returne, in what plight did you leave
Th' unequall'd Lady ?

Cent. Faith, in health of body.

Bona. Be proud my genius on't.

Pin. And lusty wondrous lusty.

Bona. Was she seene ?

Cent. Yes seene, and felt, and heard, and understood,

We found her a Noun Substantive.

Bona. Oh, my blood !

Why flyest thou from my heart ?

Cent. Yet she stood,

And by her selfe too, when she was alone,

But lighting upon company she leak't,

Poore prostitute, she fell.

Bona. Vnriddle me,

And let me know thy meaning.

Cent. Then in plaine——

Your Mistresse is a Whore.

Bona. *Centella* spak't.

Cent. And will mak't good, More *Bonavida*,
mine,

My prostitute, most base and mercenary,

Bowing her lust beneath the price of gold,

For a few Spanish Ryalls.

Bona. Oh, my rage !

Whether wilt thou transport me ? Villaine, Dog,

Falſe and unworthy any noble ſtyle,

Scarce th' attribute of man.

Cent. Oh, Sir, anon

I hope you'l have more patience.

Bona. Patience Devill ?

Let it flie to th' Antipodes, and we

Wrastle in wrath and fury, that base lie

Ile stab with my ſteeletto downe thy throate,

And make thee ſwallow both.

Pin. You are now heated :

A little pawſe will coole you.

Bona. King, 'tis falſe,

Beleeve him not great Princeſſe, 'tis injuſt ;

Vnleſſe an Angell ſhould deſcend and ſpeak't,

And for an inſtance ſtreight produce that Ring,

It wins with me no credence.

Ifabel. Know you that?

Bona. Ha, this — I doe, and therewithall dare
fweare

That there's no faith in woman.

Ifa. Ha, ha, ha :

What thinks the great cenforious carper now ?

Bona. That there's not one (give my alleageance
leave)

I durst suspect even you, since she is false.

Ifabel. Ha ; what of us ?

Bona. That I have callumnis'd,
Your fame and vertue, that I merit death,
That I am now profest Antagonist,
(Saving your majesty) to all your sex,
That I am weary now the ayre I breath,
And should you grant it Madam, would not live,
That I no better than a Traytor am,
And in the highest degree, have injur'd these,
But most, your sacred selfe : if for all these
You doe not mount me on the publicke scaffold,
I will lay violent hands upon my selfe :
I beg my merited doome, my sentence crave,
Which with severest rigour let me have.

Ifa. We limit thee two dayes for thy repentance,
The third's thy death.

Bona. My *Hellena* prove base ?
Mount thoughts towards heaven, you have on earth
no place.

Sebast. He hath but what he merits.

Ifabel. And great prince,
Now boast your selfe 'bove *Brutus*, *Collatine*.
Or those most famous for their constant wives,
And I my selfe unequal'd and unpeer'd
May on the earth a blazing Comet shine,
Seeming 'mongst others terren sole divine.
Our trusty friends and subjects henceforth live
In our highest grace, and trust : how we will right
You that for zeale to us have injur'd beene
In our apparant justice shall bee seene.

Exeunt.

Enter Petrocella, Valladaura.

Vall. You sent for me.

Petro. I did, to tell thee a word of which no care is worthy but thine owne, I love thee.

Vall. Possible, vexation should take new shapes to haunt me, you love me, come, this jeaft might passe upon one of *Cupids* fashions, but I being a sound Sophifter in the art, am too familiar with your fallacies, to credit them or you.

Petro. Let not your comming betray your folly, though it be common with Ladies, twould shew very ill in a Courtier. I confesse I seem'd strange to you, till I was acquainted with your worth.

Val. How grew that acquaintance, 'twas without my knowledg ?

Pet. Not to dissemble, some impulsive *Nuntio's* have wrought very strangely for you : but examine not particulars : suffice, I say I love you, and you dare not take my word, I can put you in no better security.

Vall. I desire none, onely, but silence, you have vouchsafd mee a happinesse, beyond merit or expectation.

Petr. Y'are the more beholding to me, and curtesie that comes from a woman freely, is worth twenty pleasures inforc't, neither would I have you tax my love of immodesty : nor think I purpose to make you pay for the nursery of another mans pleasure, though it be common with some at Court ; I have a kind of thing within me cal'd conscience, only I love you, and out of a compasionate charity purpose to marry you.

Enter Aldana, Pineda, Centella, Ferrers like a Churchman.

Vall. H'as don't to purpose, I know not how to take you Lady.

Petro. Ene as you find me, that's with more faults than vertues : but see, my father and some of my best

friends, to whom I have read the story of my love, come in person to dispatch the Nuptials.

Vall. Then I presume y^re earnest, fir I must call you father.

Ald. And never miscall me, if shee be thy wife as I thinke shee will be.

Vall. With your consent.

Ald. Get hers, it's not a straw matter for mine, and yet to make her no worse than she is, I must needs say shee will doe any thing she list her selfe in spite of my beard, my further Honour still ; but take her to thee, I thought so, as soone as ever I saw thee smacke, I knew 'twould prove a match and now 'tis out, my further honour still.

Petr. Out before 'tis throughly lighted? such matches were nere kindled at *Hymens* altar, have you sufficient certificate of my love now?

Vall. Yes sweet, and now my resolutions wings flie with some Fethers : thou the man must joyne us?

Fer. Yes, and divide my selfe from happinesse, This hand must forth my bosom pluck a blessednesse And place it in anothers,——are you ready?

Vall. To shake thine Honour, which 'gins faint already,
We are, set on, let musicke speake aloud,
At such chaste Vnions *Fove* himselfe is proud.

Musicke sounds, while Ferrers in the habit of a Churchman joynes them, they all exit.

Fer. Awake? or in a dreame? I hope the last,
The god of marriage would not see his shrine
So much abus'd, the hallow'd lights burn out
Themselves in anger, and the Cov'nant Booke
Dropt downe for shame, my hand shooke, and my
tongue
Like a false evidence before a judge
Faltred, and gave it selfe the lie, and yet

My treacherous heart agreed to't, and this habit.
Oh, could I throw my grieſe as eaſily from me,
As I do thee, nere did religious ſhape,
Count'nance or ſhelter ſuch a horrid act.

Enter Valladaura.

Vall. Friend *Ferrers*—

Fer. Ha? that very accent, friend,
Gives my faint feares the lie; and writes my act
Noble and lawfull: had I giv'n him my life
'Twas but his owne.

Vall. Will not this Marble weepe?
Nor ſhed a teare yet? Not? he quite outdares me,
In noble curteſies, all my attempts
Like curſeſ ſhall againſt the winde flie back
In mine owne face and foile it. Noble *Ferrers*
Thy manly undertakings halfe perſwade me
Th'art more than man.

Fer. Mine? 'las, I have done nothing
Worthy your leaſt good thought: if you (or hell)
Can finde a ſervice to injoine your ſlave
More hard (or damnable) that may become
(The Devill to will) a ſervant to effect,
Vrge one more triall.

Vall. And with that Ile claime thee
King of thy ſelfe and thy affectionſ.
And thus it is, for reaſons yet conceal'd
And ſtrangely working in my mutinous thoughts,
I would, and yet tis a requeſt not fitting
Me to enjoyne, nor thee to practiſe.

Fer. Name it.
And if I doe't not—

Vall. I am aſham'd to owne it,
Tis ſo uncomely and beyond the ſtrength
Of man to act: yet in a word, this night
Thou ſhalt (denie't not) under my name and habit,
Sleepe in my marriage ſheets and with my wife.

Fer. Sleepe with your wife? and is that all?

Vall. Yes, all
That I allow, if after I shall prove,
Thou art unchaste, so much as in a kisse,
All thy past worth is blemish'd, never demand
The reason on't, that's buried.

Ferr. I will do't; sleepe with your wife? Ile
do't,
No Eunuke like mee.

Valla. Shee's now gone to her Chamber,
Ladies and all have left her, under this clowd,
Goe throw'd thy selfe.

Ferr. 'Tis done,
How ere I sett, Ile rise bright honors sonne. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Valladaura, Aldana, Pineda, and Centella.

Pine. **W**Hat disturbs *Valladaura*?

Alda. What meanes my sonne?

Valla. To runne, and roare, and bellow.

Cont. You are not mad?

Valla. As the great beast call'd Bull; Oh the
crampe, the crampe!

Alda. Where?

Valla. Here, there, every where, in my Cry, my
Mouth, my tongue, pull, and you love mee, pull.

Pine. Where?

Valla. In the middle there.

Alda. What doe you meane?

Valla. Shew you a true Embleme of my selfe ; I am married.

Alda. True, to my daughter.

Valla. Yes, to a strumpet, to a lascivious strumpet, not possible to draw on my wedding shooes without a horne.

Alda. You are too darke.

Valla. And your daughter too light.

Omnes. Speake your griefes fully.

Valla. As patience, not suffer me this piece
Of frailty, cut out of the heart of beauty,
Where I so lov'd, as it was doubtfull whether
Shee or my life were deerer to mee ; shee
Whom by mee married, is this night
Claspt with a stranger : makes her fathers house
The wedding chamber, and her nuptiall sheetes
Reeke to adulterate pleasure——

Alda. Little to my honor, and this be true ;

Valla. Would, oh my lost life, I could prove it
false,

Fates not so mercifull ; late up at revells ;
I will not say some of her sect of late
Plide me with wine, to give her purpose food,
But healths flew round, and with full wing, and still
I was their aime :

They mist their aime tho' ; and yet but a fayrer
Assoone as opportunity serv'd me :

Vnseene I left 'em, and by a private key,
Went to my Chamber, where I said, Ile dare call her
Neither my wife, nor Bride ; your lustfull daughter.

Alda. Doing no hurt, I hope shee has more care of
him then so.

Valla. Wearied with pleasure, shee lies fast asleepe,
Laid in a strangers armes, sh'as stay'd my speech,
'Tas dim'd mine eyes from sight, and patience,
Restrain'd my head from fury : what hee is,
Or whence, I neither know nor question.

Alda. I commend ye, my daughter a whore, make

my house a stew, and her father a pander ; is this all the honor she doth me ?

Pine. Dishonor'd above sufferance.

Alda. Wine, and a strumpet, were there no hope of generation, but in her onely, this hand should be her hang-man : a whore on her wedding night, There's more modesty contain'd in a Goate, strumpet, whore, I will not call her daughter, Ile loose her, Will you leade the way ?

Valla. Your pardon, I am so mildly temper'd, the expence of one cheape teare, would buy her pardon ; had her fault stroke at my life ; If you intend Revenge do't in my absence.

Alda. Th'art a chicken, leave us, tho' a fathers name, Ile beare a Lyons heart, breake ope the doores, strumpet, why Impudence, breake ope the doore——

Enter Petrocella with a bloody punyard.

Petr. Whom doe you seeke ?

Alda. A strumpet, thee, a—— I can't devise a name bad enough for thee.

Petr. Ile give my selfe one, call me Murther-esse ;

A Name I am proud of.

Valla. Ha ?

Alda. She has fau'd us a labor ; what means this bloody punyard ?

Petr. Reade in my brow, doe you not see his name

Writ in red letters ?

Alda. I see none ; whose ? what name ?

Petr. Base *Valladauraes*——

Alda. Thy Husband ?

Petr. Hee was never mine ; for tho' you joyn'd our hands,

My heart ne're tide a man to 't ; and how ever duty

Lives at command, Love cannot be inforc'd,
And rather then live bound to one I love not,
I have bought my freedom with his life.

Vall. Falfe woman ;

Petr. Alive againe ! blest starre——

Valla. I nere was dead,
But thou hast kill'd a man, whom to haue sau'd,
Had I a thousand lives, Ide loofe them all ;
O valliant *Ferrers*, a more Noble Gentleman
Never drew aire.

Omnes. The *English* man ?

Valla. The wonder,
And abstract of all vertues : did you but know
What bold and noble Passages of honor,
He for my sake, with danger hazzarded,
You would have thought there were more deity,
Then man within him——

Petr. Choaked in my revenge,
This Ioyes mee yet, that tho' I mist thy life,
I reach'd thy friends.

Valla. My friend indeede : and one,
That did'st but know how ardently he lou'd
Thee Tiger, thee, his cruell murderer,
Thou'd'st curse thy hand, and hate thy bloody selfe,
For thy not loving him.

Alda. If hee were so loving to her, and honour-
able to you what businesse had hee in your Chamber ?

Vall. Much, and farre more then ever was in
man,

But pasing many unmatch't curtesies,
In honors duell, when I all hope had lost,
Ever win the——

Petr. That slave woo'd mee for you, so much the
sweeter by that, the thought of my revenge.

Valla. To trie him further, In a church-mans
habit,
Altho' hee lov'd thee dearer then his life,
At my intreat hee married us.

Petr. White-liver'd peasant,
I have given him a due recompence.

Valla. But last,
And it may stand, writ in the Rowle of time,
A daring challenge to all Ages.

Pine. You sent him to bed to your wife.

Petro. Which tho' I hated him, I must acknow-
ledge
Him noble that way.

Valla. Every way ; the World
Has lost a Jewell, not to be regain'd
By losse of twenty Worlds.

Cent. But to what purpose did you send him to your
wives bed ?

Valla. My purpose was, having once past that
triall,
To have made you man and wife.

Alda. How could that bee, when you were mar-
ried before ?

Alda. Shee was never mine, the marriage was not
lawfull,
Done by a Lay-man ; But mans fate, 'tis throwne
Above his reach, our hopes are not our owne.

Petr. Ha, ha, ha.

Valla. Dost laugh at sorrow ?

Petr. Would you have mee turne *Crocodile*, and
weepe, *Ferrers*, Mont *Ferrers*, prithee come helpe me
to laugh a little.

Enter Ferrers.

Valla. *Ferrers* ! my friend alive ?

Petr. By this blood of a Turtle, and that's a chaste
oath, hee never died.

Valla. Hast fail'd thy promise, and abus'd my
trust ?

Petr. Doe but name the word, abuse by love, and
He kill him indeed ; what should hee doe ? He came
to bed, and for his eyes sake, slept with mee, yet ne're

so much as kist mee, but I confesse, I gave him twenty.

Valla. To quittance with him thus, I give him thy hand.

Ferr. I aske no more, I have her heart already.

Petr. Have heart and faith, Noble Mont *Ferrers*.

Alda. My daughter chaste, my house honest, and noble *Ferrers* my Son-in-law ; this happens to my further honor indeede.

Pine. Noble of all sides, and so for joy of your friendly agreement, the Amorous funne is come to give you a hunts-up.

Cent. *Aurora* lookes red at that, but with the new light, new businesse meetes us, *Bonavidaes* Execution.

Pine. Ten a clocke, is the last houre his life has to reckon.

Alda. Please you take part of a short breakfast, wee will accompany you.

Valla. Come *Ferrers*, now all Tryalls are confirm'd

In this Imbrace.

Fer. You have beene ever noble. *Exeunt.*

Enter Manhurst, Hellen, and her Maid page-like.

Helle. This then is *Spaine*, into which continent You promise to conduct mee.

Manh. Yes, it is.

Helle. And what this Cities name ?

Manh. *Civill*, the chiefe of *Spaine* ; where I presume

You never were till now.

Helle. As I remember :

I never was in *Civill*, but being heere,

How shall wee best dispose us ?

Manh. Doubt not mee : Ile fit you with a lodging ;

Heere's a *Spaniard*, Ile fownd him to that purpose.

Enter the Clowne.

Clow. Trust a Woman? trust thy morgage to an Vfurer, thy shoulder to the Mace, or thy bare backe to the Beadle, thou wilt bee whipt on all sides; a Woman?

Helle. This fellow, as I recollect my selfe,
Was servant to the noble *Bonavida*.

Rosa. I know him, 'tis the same.

Clow. Why are they cal'd faire, but that they are like a Faire where every one sets up shop, and any man may buy for his mony? why lovely, but to denote unto us, they lie when they tell a man they love him? why chaste? unlesse from Coast to countrey, and from Constable to Constable: Why Virgin? but that they are meerely gins and snares to intangle poore men in: why, when a man courts them, doe they cry, away, away? but onely to tell a man that there is a way, if he have the wit to finde it. Oh, Women, Women, *famineo generi tribuuntur Propria quæ Maribus.*

Man. This fellow I perceiv's a Satyrift
Against the Feminine Sex Save thee, my fri end.

Clow. From Women and I care not, for there's
against them no standing.

Helle. Is there in them such danger?

Clow. Danger, I find but a little in that face, and tis a face able to out-face the best face in *Spaine*. A face that I have beene face to face with, before now, but 'tis so long since I cannot tell when and we have travell'd so many Countries I cannot gueffe where, Are you a stranger faire Lady?

Helle. Yes, and a traveller.

Clow. I love you the better for that, for indeed I my selfe have seene Countries, and I see no reason, but that if both parties were agreed, we two might lie together by Authority.

Man. Why I have travel'd too——

Clow. Alas, poore fellow, thou lookst not with the face, but if thou canst give mee but the true fashions and descriptions of Countries, or my friend, with mee you can purchase no Credit.

Man. I shall and thus in briefe too.

The Song.

T*He Spanyard loves his antient Slop.*

A Lombard the Venetian :

*And some like breech-lesse women go,
The Russh, Turke, Iew, and Grecian.*

*The thriftie Frenchman weares small waste,
The Dutch his belly boasteth,
The English-man is for them all,
And for each fashion coasteth.*

*The Turke in Linnen wraps his head.
The Persian his in Lawne too,
The Russh with fables furs his Cap
And change will not be drawne to.*

*The Spanyard's constant to his block,
The French inconstant ever,
But of all Felts that may be felt,
Give me your English Beaver.*

*The German loves his Coony-Wooll,
The Irish-man his shag too,
The Welch his Mon-mouth loves to weare,
And of the same will brag too.*

*Some love the rough and some the smoothe,
Some great and others small things,
But O your lickorish English-man,
He loves to deale in all things.*

*The Russh drinks quasse, Dutch Lubecks beere,
And that is strong and mightie,
The Brittain he Metheglen quaffs,
The Irish Aqua-vitæ.*

A Challenge for Beauty.

*The French affects the Orleans grape,
The Spanyard sips his Sherry,
The English none of these can scape,
But hee with all makes merry.*

*The Italian in her high Chopeeene,
Scotch lasse, and lovely Froe too,
The Spanish Donna, French Madam,
He doth not feare to goe to.*

*Nothing so full of hazard, dread,
Nought liues above the Center,
No health, no fashion, wine or wench,
On which he dare not venter.*

Clow. God-a-mercy for this in faith, and were it not that the grieffe, for my Noble Masters death, and that to morrow too——

Helle. Why, hast thou a master to suffer ?

Clow. Yes, and about a face too that would have serv'd the turne, if the heart had been correspondent. If you have a minde to see the pittifull spectacle, I'll helpe you to a place, where you shall have roome to see, leasure to lament, and time to shed teares.

Helle. Strange, most strange, I will inquire this further,
I'th meane time, canst helpe us to a lodging ?

Clow. Yes, especially for such a face. If you desire a strong one, to a prison. If you would lie cheape and save charges, 'tis but speaking treason, and I'll helpe you to be billeted, at the Kings castle.

Enter Bonavida with Officers, and executioner.

Bona. The Queene playes with my death,
And bids me act a bold Tragedians part,
To which, such moving action I will give,
That it shall glaze this Theater round with teares,
And all that shall behold me on this stage,

Pitting my fate : shall taxe her cruelty,
And to the *Spanish* Chronicles let this abide,
That he whose tongue hath justified their sex,
Whose sword hath coapt brave Champions for their
fame

Whose travells have been to maintaine their honours,
And of their vertues to give large approofe ;
That he, whose labour was their praise t'uphold,
Should by a woman fall ; a faire false woman :
And be it not the least staine to that Country,
That she was bred in England.

*Sound, Enter Sebastian, Isabella, Ferrers, Valladaura,
Aldana, Pineda, Petrocella, &c.*

Sebast. The character you have given that noble
stranger,

His valour, faith, and friendship *Valladaura*,
So deeply hath imprest us : that we are pleas'd,
To see him match't into a noble house,
And wee from henceforth shall account him ours.

Isabel. Faire *Petrocella*, we commend your choyce,
For if renowne hath blazond him aright,
Spaine it could scarce have betterd : we have stor'd
Favours for you, and high respect for him,
Which leasure shall make knowne ; but to the Pri-
soner,

That's now our present businesse : Seate you Lords,
Pineda, you next us.

Bona. Queene here's your sport,
And this the marke you aime at : yet in this
Deale gently with me. doe not mock my death,
And Ile expose my life as willingly,
As in my ripest joyes and best of pleasures.
In love which most I wish to have preserv'd,
Nor trouble me with vaine intergatories
To turne my soule (in the high rode to heaven
Into some dangerous by-path) grant but this,
My death I freely pardon.

A Challenge for Beauty.

Ifabel. Those small minutes
You have to spend, are at your owne desires,
No tongue shall interrupt you.

Bonavid. Now you are kinde :
I now with what prepared speed I can
Will come to kisse my Fate. *Prepares for death.*

Enter Manhurst, Hellena, and the Maide.

Man. Come Lady, if we presse not through the
throng
Wee shall not get to th' hearing.

Helle. 'Mongst all these Courtiers, point me out
the man ?

Maid. That Picke-devant that elbowes next the
Queene.

Helle. Enough, no more.

Bona. Now farewell Royall Sovereaigne and great
Queene,

Vnto whose high and sacred Majesty
My forfeit head thus stoopes : and best lov'd Peeres,
I only wish this blood you shall see drawne
Had drop't before the commonemie,
The barbarous Turke : in some just Christian cause
Not in this feminine quarrell. I had then
Dyde a crown'd Martyr : that offendour like
Now bow to th' Axe of Iustice ; fare-well to
Thee, for whose love I undergoe this shame,
May thy repentance for thy guilt begge pardon,
That wee may meete in blest Elizium,
There our soules kisse together : Farewell world,
Growne so corrupt, thou wilt not suffer Vertue
And Beauty rooffe together : may thy charitie
Guide me to yon safe harbour. Thus I fall
Beneath my offences, and take leave of——

Helle. Stay.

Ifabel. Who interrupts our Iustice ?

Helle. As you are Royall,

And worthy of those honors arch your head,
Deferre that bloody businesse now in hand,
To right an injur'd woman.

Manh. What meanes this ?

Sebast. A lovely and sweete prefence.

Ferr. That apparition transports mee into wonder.

Ifabel. A rare aspect ; had shee a suiting vertue,
Pineda, I should halfe suspect my challenge,
And willingly compound.

Pine. Most Divine Princeesse,
Should they meete heere, I should not blame your
feares,

Since th' one appeares to bee incomparable.

Sebast. What seeke you from this throne ?

Helle. That in which Kings
Resemble most the Gods : Iustice.

Ifabel. 'Gainst whom ?

Helle. Against a Fellow ; robber ! a base thiefe.
Harbour'd in this your Court.

Sebast. If such live heere,
As wee are King, wee bannish him our patronage,
And yeeld him up to sentence : first, faire creature,
Give us your name, your birth, and qualitie.

Helle. My Nation forraine : birth, not high de-
gree'd,

Nor every way ignoble : for my qualitie,
Some that presume to know mee, call me Libertine,
Wanton, and wild wench ; nay, a Curtizan :
But were I looser then ere *Lais* was,
It should not barre mee justice.

Sebast. Thou shalt ha'te.

Ferr. That word quak'd all the blood within my
vaines,
And agues all my nerves.

Pine. You keepe your owne yet madam.

Ifabel. And of that,

Pineda, I am prowd, infinite prowde,
I nere was pleas'd with anies sinne till now ;

It makes mee still unpeer'd.

Sebast. Speake, what's your wrong ?

Helle. See you this pantoffle ?

Twas a rich paire, till the base fellowie,
Of one of this your Court divided them ;
For being lodg'd, and nobly entertain'd,
Was not alone content to vitiate
Both fame and body, and to take full fufet
Of that my prostitution, but unworthy
The title of a noble Gentleman,
Hee stole the flipper there, that fellowes this,
Valewed at no lesse then a Thousand Crownes.

Sebast. And cheapely rated too, find out the
man,

And bee hee one Inthron'd in our highest grace,
Hee shall be thine to censure.

Ifab. Take surveigh,

Make strickt inquiry, single men by men :
For mine owne part, so much I grieve thy losse,
And his base theft abhorre, that were't the man
Vpon whose shoulder wee did use to leane,
Severitie should judge him.

Helle. You are all gracious,
And Ile make bold to use the benefit
Of this your Clemency.

Ferr. Oh that some whirle-wind would but snatch
mee up,
And beare me to a desart wilderneffe,
Where never man was knowne, to funder mee
So farre, If not much further, from my shame.

Petr. Pray sir, why should this beautie trouble
you ?
If one of your acquaintance.

Ferr. I hope Lady, you are not Iealous, are
you ?

Helle. Sir looke up : you are no whit like the
man.

Bona. But shee the woman,

For whom the sword thus thirstes : is this a vision ?
Or else some waking dreame.

Helle. And have I found thee villaine ? Think'st
thou Majestie

Can be protection for a common thiefe ?
This is that base felonious impudente,
Shame to his Nation, scandall to his birth,
And a disgrace unto that Royall Court,
In which hee seemes protected.

Pine. Ha, who I ?

Isabel. *Pineda* guilty ; shall wee bolster theft,
And patronage dishonour.

Helle. Justice Queene,
Justice great sir, let not this hie tribunall,
So famous by that Virgin, sent from heaven,
That beares the sword and ballance, now be taxt
Of favour, or connivence.

Sebast. As wee hope,
To be held worthy of the Crowne wee weare,
Thou shalt not find us partiall.

Isabel. Hence from us,
For till thou canst approve thine Innocence,
And cleere this blacke asperision throwne on thee,
Wee heere abandon thee, to the severitie
Of the Lawes rigorous censure.

Pine. You amaze mee,
Nor know I what this meanes.

Helle. I challenge then this man for stealing from
mee
The fellow to this slipper.

Pine. Of which crime,
I heere protest mee cleere : Name the time where.

Helle. That night, when I became thy Paramore,
Brested thee, in these armes received thee
Into my free Imbraces, and imparted
The lavish store of such voluptuous sweetes,
I lent with all profusenessse.

Pine. I doe this !
Madam, by all my favours stor'd in you,

I never look'd upon that face till now ;
Nor doe I know what this Imposture meanes.

Helle. What faith my Page to this ?

Maid. That 'tis most false,

And what my Lady heere protests for true,
That, noble sir, I'me witnesse, as a man
To all his vnjust actions accessary.

Centel. Produce mee as a party? May this
prefence,

And awefull Throne, 'fore which I stand accus'd,
Pronounce mee as a man forsooke and lost,
If in the least of what these two suggest,
I have the smallest knowledge.

Sebast. Both wayes strange.

Pine. Bring me in censure? by that royalty,
Beneath whose grace I breathe, shee is to mee
As forraine as an *Indian* : and her cause
As farre from my acquaintance : by my life,
Which ne're before a more Royall Court,
Could have bin call'd in question : what shee is,
I know not : of what Nation, birth, degree ;
How, or from whence deriv'd, what continent,
Or from what place shee's come ; shee may be

Turke,

But *More* shee cannot bee, shee is so faire,
Shee's strange to me, yet somewhat should I say ;
To brest with her, I might as well have done it
With a Beare, or Lionnesse : Madam with her
I vow I never did.

Helle. Give me thy oath of that.

Pine. I can, and dare.

Cent. And I as willingly,
That I was never second to a man,
In any such false businesse.

Helle. Let them sweare.

Ifabel. They shall.

Pine. Wee will.

Bona. This is a conflict worse,
Then in the sad Duell 'twene death and life,

When neither's certaine, both in difficulty,
As it is now with me I pray ha done
That I were posted to your Country, there
To finish all my Travells.

Helle. Both have sworne :

And Princes, as you hope to crowne your heads
With that perpetuall wreath, which shall last ever,
Cast on a poore dejected innocent Virgine
Your eies, of grace and pittie : what sinne is't ?
Or who can be the patron to such evill ?
That a poore innocent Maid, spotlesse in thought,
And pure in heart, borne without spleene and gall :
That never injur'd creature : never had heart
To thinke of wrong, or ponder injurie ;
That such a one in her white innocence,
Striving to live peculiar in the compasse
Of her owne vertues. Notwithstanding these
Should be fought out by strangers, persecuted
Made infamous, even there where she was made
For imitation, hift at in her Country,
Abandoned of her mother, kindred, friends :
Deprav'd in forren Climes, scorn'd every where,
And even in Princes Courts, reputed vile :
O pittie, pittie this.

Sebast. Thou speak'st Enigma's woman, and hast
 neede

To finde a *Sphinx* to explaine them.

Helle. Then behold,

The strangest calling impos'd on me
That ere was laid on Virgin ; I am shee
For whom this noble Sir hath undertooke,
And wrongly stands convicted, this that body
So stain'd and fullied by these barbarous tongues,
That even in scolding lies justice, for heav'n
Hath forc't them to sweare truth, they never saw
 me,

How am I then polluted gracious Queene ?
How can such finde competitours in vertue,

That will not give it countenance : had those murthered
me,

As they have kild my fame and havock't that,
A pittied and crown'd martyr I had dy'de,
That am in censure now, a condemn'd heretick,
And meere Apostate to all woman-hood ;
And what I ever made my President,
Sincerity and goodnesse : Villeines blush,
And Sir, out gaze their falshood, Queene bee just ;
Least in the Ocean of that prize you steale,
You shipwracke all your glories.

Sebast. 'Tis most strange :

Ifabel. We know you not,
Give us some lively instance, y'are the woman.

Helle. How should I know that Ring to be the
fame

Of which my credulous maide was by these two
Cheated and rob'd, most treacherously betrai'd ;
That Carkanet you weare, peruse it well,
Hath both my name and picture. Markes sufficient
To prove me no imposter. Doth your guilt
Bow you so low already ? let your penitence
There stay you, lest your finnes weight cleave the
earth,

And sinke you downe to hell.

Bona. What prostrates them
Mounts me to expectations : my blest choyse,
Now I have seene thy apparant innocence,
Queene I shall die contented.

Ifabel. Oh, till now,
I never thought to bee vanquish't.

Pin. Pox on that slipper.

Fer. Stand you all mute ? then give me leave to
speake.

Petr. Sir, what doth this concerne you ?

Fer. Woman, peace.

Helle. Oh sir, you are my brother.

Fer. Strumpet hence,

Would I had never knowne thee, thou hast made
mee

A forren scorne, and where I aime at honour
Most infamous and loath'd, this vitiated beauty
Even by her owne confesion late deflowr'd
I beg from this most sacred Majesty,
To see severely chaftis'd : being English
To have that English shame and punishment,
Due to the like offendours.

Sebast. Shee stands cleer'd
By her accusers silence.

Fer. This may be
A meere confederacy, but to my feares
At all no satisfaction, her owne tongue
Hath publish't her a mechall prostitute,
And that is my first truth.

Vall. I pray Sir,
What is this matchlesse beauty unto you
Being already in your selfe ingag'd
To this faire Creature, that this Strangers case
Should any way be yours.

Fer. Spaines admiration,
And wonder of a friend. I dare to you
Be plaine and ferious ; to all others eares I
With my words lock't in silence : Oh, with shame
And infamy I speake it, desiring heaven
'T might be my last of speech, this thing, polluted
This (would I had ought elce to stile her by)
But needes out, out it must, she; is my——my
Sister.

Vall. Flesh and blood ?

Fer. The same, Oh me, the same, my naturall
Sister.

Vall. Father and mother ?

Fer. So.

Vall. You are not honest,
And now no more my friend : I doe begin
To doubt you, nay, most hainously suspect you,
I scarce can thinke you a true morall man,

Much leffe Religious : *Ferrers* before these,
 This Royall bench, either confesse thee mad,
 Desperate, and quite given o're to callumnie
 Or in behalfe of this (I know not who)
 I challenge thee the combat.

Fer. Oh, you are mine
 And I vowed ever yours.

Vall. Come no such thing.
 Either pronounce this Lady innocent,
 Or I denounce thee miscreant.

Man. Though I have stood
 In silence all this while : yet in this cause
 I, I my selfe am taxt : and to approve
 This Ladies Beautie, vertue, chastity
 I'le be this *Spanyard's* second.

Bona. I am wrong'd,
 And thou hast don't, try both, I should be first,
 But be thou what thou canst be, he or thou,
 So freely hath this Lady shew'd her selfe
 Mine, so I now dare terme her, that in spight
 Of spleene or envie's opposition ;
 It is a thing I doe desire to imbrace
 And meet in violent lightnings : and then
 I speake it, she is mine : and this encounter
 Concernes me, onely me ; who intercepts me
 Is guilty of my challenge, his owne death,
 Her injury, and my most just revenge.

Fer. Pray lets talke mildly :
 And first to you, to whom my soule's ingag'd,
 Why should you hazard such a precious life
 For one by her owne language stands condemn'd.

Vall. Because she is thy Sister ; and so well
 I love thy merit that no new impression
 Can sinke in me, that any of thy Line,
 Can ever stand polluted : I have found thee
 In all thy deeds so noble—

Fer. Oh you have moulded her
 In me anew : and friend your confirmation,
 I doe receive her perfect as the woman,

Whose acts are lawes, whose sayings Oracles,
 And she was never truly mine, till now,
 So I receive her from you. But I pray,
 What might you be of whom I have deserv'd
 So ill to make you my Antagonist ?

Vall. Or why to me, to bee so deere a friend
 As to become my second, since your face
 I never saw till now.

Man. Not *Manhurst*?

Ferr. Friend !

Man. Oh fir, you were my ranfome.

Bonavi. I am wrapt :

Spaine shew thy Iustice ; now, where, or from
 whence

Canst thou desire so rare a president :
 Wouldst thou see Beauty ? Looke upon that face :
 Or Vertue ? heere, see thy true Innocence,
 Valour in him, true noblenesse in them all,
 And happy them, that naked of all these,
 Hath sent thee hither forraine presidents,
 For instruction, and example.

Ifabel. Now I yeeld :

And till now never ; hence base sycophants,
 I shall abjure you ever, Flattering glasses,
 That gave mee a false face, but in this Christall,
 I now behold mee truly, you are shee
 By whom Ile henceforth dresse mee, and not weare
 No hurt, of which you are not president ;
 Bee ever mine : next her, you that have travell'd
 To fetch mee o're this Mirrour, which Ile casket,
 As my best jewell : I now find my selfe,
 That to my selfe, was till this day unknown,
 I have transgress'd in that I sought to fleece
 So pure a Diamond.

Sebast. Come, wee'le end all this :

First, Lady wee'le acquit your Iealousie,
 She is his sister : *Ferrers*, wee shall ranke you
 In as high grace, as you are in his love ;
 Nor have you *Manhurst*, least exprest your selfe,

In gratitude to him, friendship to both ;
You *Bonavida* wee restore, you stand
In the eye of our preferment ; you wee admire :
And thus conclude : Two Nations have contended
For brest and face, in you both these are ended.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



The Epilogue.

I*N* battells, some men fall, others againe,
Come off with honor'd scarrs, wounded,
not slaine,
*In ship-wrack's, some sink, and are seene no
more,*
*Others on Masts, and Planks attaine the
shore ;*
*'Tis so 'twixt us and you ; your Smile or
Frowne,*
*Can save, or spill ; to make us swimme, or
drowne.*





Loves Maistresse:

OR,

The Queens Masque.

As it was three times presented before
their two Excellent MAIESTIES,
within the space of eight dayes;
In the prefence of fundry Forraigne
AMBASSADORS.

*Publikely Acted by the QUEENS
Comœdians,
At the Phœnix in Drury-Lane.*

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut delectare.

LONDON:

Printed by *Robert Raworth*, for *John Crouch*;
and are to bee sold by *Iasper Emery*, at
the signe of the *Eagle and Child*,
In *Pauls Church-yard*. 1636.

[In the following reprint the "Second Impression, corrected by the Author, Thomas Heywood. London, Printed by John Raworth, for John Crouch, 1640," has been carefully collated with the first Edition. The differences, however, are few and unimportant.]



TO THE RIGHT

Honorable, EDWARD, Earle of *Dorset*,
L^ord Chamberlaine to the QVEENES Most
Excellent Majestie, Knight of the Noble
order of the *Garter*, and one of His
MAIESTIES most Honorable Privie Coun-
cell, &c.

RIGHT HONOVABLE,



T having pleased Her Most Excel-
lent Majestie to grace this (though
unworthy) Poem so often with
her Royal presence, I was imboldened
the rather (though I dare not commend)
yet to commit it to your Noble Patronage,
neither are Drama's of this nature, so

The Epistle Dedicatory.

despicable, as to be held unworthy the countenance of great men, when there is frequent president, that the like have beene Dedicated too, and entertained by Emperours, and the most Potent Princes of their times. If your Honor shall dayne the acceptance of a playne mans love, and obseruance in this Presentment, as you grace the worke, so you shall much incourage the Author, who humbly takes his leave of your Lordship with that borrowed from the excellent Poet *Nemesianus. Egl. I.*

————— *o Dignus senior quem Carmine Phœbus*
Pan Calamis, Fidibus, Linus, Modulantibus, Orpheus,
Concinerent—————

Thomas Heywood.



To the Reader.

GENEROVS READER,

F*Or this Dramatick Poem, I neede not much Apologie ; It having past so many Tests of Approbation, yet for commendable Customes sake I follow the tradition of all or most Authors, who were never deficient in this kind of complement : The Argument is taken from Apuleius, an excellent Morrall, if truely understood, and may be called a golden Truth, contained in a leaden fable, which though it bee not altogether conspicuous to the vulgar, yet to those of Learning and judgement, no lesse apprehended in the Paraphrase, then approved in the Originall : of which, if the perusers hercof were all Apuleians, and never a Midas amongst them, I should make no question : So much for the Subject it selfe, but for the rare decorements which new apparel'd it, when it came the second time to the Royall viewe, (Her Gracious Majestie then entertaining His*

To the Reader.

Highnesse at Denmarke-house, upon his Birth-day) I cannot pretermit to give a due Charracter to that admirable Artist, Mr. Inego Iones, Master surueyor of the Kings worke, &c. Who to every Act, nay almost to every Sceane, by his excellent Inuentions, gave such an extraordinary Luster; upon every occasion changing the stage, to the admiraiion of all the Spectators; that, as I must Ingeniously confesse, It was above my apprehension to conceive, so to their sacred Majesties, and the rest of the Auditory; It gave so generall a content, that I presume they never parted from any object, presented in that kind, better pleased, or more plenally satisfied; But these I leave to your Iudgements to gesse at; the thing it selfe I propose to your eyes, to censure, which if you Judge as favourably as I expresse it freely, I shall ever remaine as heretofore:

Studious of your best
opinions.

THO. HEYWOOD.



¶ The *Prologue* to this Play, the first time it was Presented on the Stage; *Cupid* descending in a cloude, the Speaker.

IT was a Custome 'mongst the *Romanes*, when State Ladies they inuited, or great men, As if their doores were all too base, and vile To entertaine them; their large Roofes t'untile, And their unbounded welcome more to crowne, In Artificiall Cloudes to let them downe; Their superflitious Love so farre extending, Receiving them as gods from heaven descending.

Although wee cannot meete you with like state, As entering hither at our publike gate, You are as welcome; 'Tis *Love* bids you so: And, as their use was, to their guests to showe Their best, and costliest Jewells (without boast, So *Cupid* will) what hee affecteth most, His sweete and dearest Mistris; or if ought Were more in valuation, or in thought, That you should see: Shee is both fresh, and new, Then bid her but as welcome, as I, you.

Her *Majestie* Inviting the *King* to *Denmarke House*, in the *Strand*, upon His Birth-day, being *November* the 19. This Play (bearing from that time) the Title of the *Queenes Masque*, was againe presented before Him: *Cupid* speaking the Prologue.

WHO so un-read, doth not of *Plato* heare,
His *Annus Magnus*, and his *Vertent* yeare;
In which the Starres, and Planets, Moone, and Sunne,
Tyr'd with continuall labour; having runne

So many Ages long peregrination,
Each returnes fresh and new to it's first station.

This is the yeare fure ; rather this the day,
Able to change *November* into *May* :
This day's in heaven a *Iubylee* of *Ioy*.
Where *Angels* sing in quires, *Vive la Roy*.
This is the Royall Birth-day of a King,
Then men with Angels *To pœan* sing.

I had almost lost my selfe, when my intent
Was to tell why I come, and from whom sent :
From One, to whom I'm but a shadow, Shee
The very foule of *Amabilitie*.
One that without my quiver and my bow,
Commands the hearts and eyes, of high and low,
Whose Name (Inscribed here) did you but behold,
'Twould change the footy Inke, to liquid Gold
Of fulgent beautie ; but so pure a mind,
As if tinctur'd from Heaven, and so devin'd.
I *Love*, from *Love* am sent, but *Shee* the right :
Then grace (Great King) the Triumphs, of *Loves* night.

¶ The *Epilogue*, spoken by *Cupid*, pointing to the
feverall Plannets.

Now Royall Princes, let me turne to you,
Daigne from *Loves* mouth, to take this nights adieu :
Thinke all these Planets that on earth heere move,
(Shadows of those Cœlestiall ones above)
Breath on you their best Influences ; *Vulcan* hee,
Shall henceforth take charge of your Armorie.
Iuno the Marriage queene, shall blesse your bed :
The *Sunne* shall take the bright beames from his head,
To increase your glorious luster : and the *Moone*,
Attend on you to make your Mid-night, noone :
Ceres with plenty shall enrich your store,
And *Mercury* shall flie from shore to shore
Vpon your errands, prove your happy ranger,
Home-bred to espie, and fore-see forraigne danger :
Venus with sweetes, and I, with *Love* will charme you ;

And after all these, *Love* with power shall arme you.
 I have kept you waking long, good night 'tis late,
 Many such Birth-dayes may you celebrate.

¶ The *Prologue* To the King and Queene, at the second time of the Authors Play called Cupids Mistresse or Cupid and *Pfiche*, presented before them, the same Weeke : Spoken by *Cupid*.

YEs ; fure 'twas heere : where some few houres I past,
 The very time that I descended last ;
 Yes heere it was, I know it by a face,
 To which my Mistris *Pfiche* must give place.
 A Presence ; that from *Venus* takes all power,
 And makes each place shee comes in, *Cupids* bower.
 Though in their severall spheares, each Planet ride,
 (With all the gods) to feast mee and my bride,
 With *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*, yet, that waste
 Of godly Fare, could not my pallat taste :
 But I must all Cœlestiall sweets forbear,
 To re-viewe Earthly *Love*, and *Ivno* heere,
 Whom having seene ; Haile to you once againe ;
 Long as the spheares continue, may you Reigne
 In Majestie, In power, in Iffue blest,
 Bee all these with your fortunate yeeres Increast,
 Till *Cupid* (ever young) with *Time* grow old,
 And you, this Iron Age, changing to gold,
 (Re-pur'd by your two vertues) These etheriall,
 May change to brighter Chaires in th' Heavens Imperiall.



Dramatis Personæ.

Apuleius	}	{	<i>The Chorus.</i>
Midas.	}	{	<i>King of Theffaly.</i>
Admetus,	}	{	
Aftioche	}	{	<i>His three Daughters.</i>
Petrea	}	{	
Pfiche	}	{	
Menetius	}	{	<i>Husbands to Petrea and Af-</i>
Zelotes	}	{	<i>tioche.</i>
Venus.	}	{	<i>Rhadamant.</i>
Cupid.	}	{	<i>Charon.</i>
Pan.	}	{	<i>Cerberus.</i>
Apollo.	}	{	<i>Zephirus.</i>
Mercury.	}	{	<i>Boreas.</i>
Vulcan.	}	{	<i>Furies.</i>
Pluto.	}	{	<i>Foure Ciclops.</i>
Proserpine.	}	{	<i>The Clowne.</i>
Minos.	}	{	<i>Amarillis a fhee Swaine.</i>
Eacus.	}	{	<i>Foure Swaines.</i>





Loues Miftris.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Apuleius, with a paire of Asse cares in his hand.



Ow art thou *Apuleius* retransform'd?
Or else how cam'st thou metamorphifd
firft
Into an Afse? Why to fo dull a beaft,
Of flow, and fo obtufe a memory?
I had a braine aym'd at inſcrutable things,
Beyond the Moone; what was ſublunarie,
Me thought was for my ſtudy all too meane;
Therefore, I therefore was I thus tranſhap'd:
That knowing man who keeps not in his bounds,
But pries into Heavens hidden mysteries
Further then leave; his dulneſſe is increaſt,
Ceafeth to be a man, and ſo turnes beaſt:
And thus I fell, yet by the ſelfe ſame power
That calls all humane wiſedome fooliſhneſſe,
Am once more to my priſtine ſhape reſtor'd;
Onely to ſhew how vaine my ambitions were,
This follies creſt I ſtill about mee beare:
I faine would know the way to *Helicon*,
Can none heere tell mee? Will none ſilence breake?
It ſeemes, theſe fit to heare then, not to ſpeake:

Enter Midas.

Heeres one I hope can tell mee : Reverend father,
How lies my journey to the *Muses* hill ?

Mi. Follow thy nose.

Ap. Thou most unreverend groome,
(I hope my Asses shape is quite shooke off)
Why in this churlish manner speak'st thou then ?

Mi. The *Muses* ? hang the *Muses*.

Ap. Can'st thou conduct

My wandring stepps to *Aganippes* spring ?
To the *Muses* Temple I am travelling,
And must to them performe a sacrifice.

Mi. An Asses head of thy owne, thou must performe.

Ap. If men be growne thus savage, oh you powers,
Remetamorphise mee into an asse ;
'Tis lesse inglorious, and lesse grieffe to live
A beast amongst wilde beasts, then to see man
Bruite-like to blemish his creation.

Mi. I tell thee once againe, I know no *Muses*,
No *Muses* hill, no *Aganippes* spring ;
And which is more, I care for no such toys.

Ap. And which is worst, none wise will care for thee ;

Oh grieffe, that silver haire should crowne his head,
By whom the *Muses* are dishonoured :
Say Idoll, what's thy name ?

Mi. What's that to thee ?

Yet was I sometime King of *Phrigia*,
To whom God *Bacchus* was beholding once :
And therefore bad me aske what I would have,
It should bee granted ; Instantly I begg'd
That whatsoere I touch'd might turne to Gold ;
At first it pleas'd mee : When I fate to eate,
I touch'd the Table, and it straight was gold,
The trenchers gold ; I call'd for earthen vessells,
Which by my touch were alcumif'd to gold,

All which I hugg'd ; but when I came to carue,
 Even as the dishes, so the meate was gold ;
 The liquid wine, but touch'd, was straight congeal'd ;
 And had not *Bacchus* freed me from my wish,
 Amid'st my gold I had beene staru'd ere this.

Ap. Dull covetous foole.

Mi. The shame of this made me resigne my state ;
 And where before I was a King of men,
 To flie the harshnes of fooles bitter jeasts,
 I made this wooll crowne, and am King of beasts,
 And my name's *Midas*.

Ap. Then oh King of beasts,
 Be this thy curse ; When thy base life's out-worne,
 No sacred Poet name thee but in scorne :
 But wilt thou sit with silence ?

Mi. Thou prat'st and bablest, what would'st thou
 have mee doe ?

Ap. See'st thou this spheare spangled with all these
 starres,

All these Love-arts ; nor shall they part from hence
 With unfeasted eares : My purpose was
 To expose to them the shapes of all those asses,
 With whom my lost soule wandred in a mist.
 Knowing, of them thou art not counted least ;
 But first Ile shew a story of mine owne,
 Of *Cupid's* love to *Psiche*, sit and see't,
 Ile make thee then ingeniously confesse
 Thy treason 'gainst the *Muses* majestie ;
 Withall, not onely whatsoever's mine,
 But all true Poets raptures are divine.

Mi. Thou hast prevail'd with mee, by *Pan* Ile
 stay ;
 But take heede Poet that your rimes be found,
 Else with thine owne Asses eares thou shalt be crown'd.

Ap. Wee two contend ; Art heere, there Igno-
 rance :

Bee you the Iudges, wee inuite you all
 Vnto this banquet Accademicall.

Exeunt.

Recorders. Enter Admetus, Menetius, Zelotis,
Astioche, Petrea, Pfache.

Ad. You Peeres and Daughters to th' Arcadian
King,
Wee have past the great'st part of our pilgrimage ;
Listen, oh listen, for these founds that guild
The aires light wings, fanning through all our eares
Immortall tunes ; tell us wee are ariv'd
At sacred *Delphos* ; see the burnish'd Spires
Advance themselues to welcome our approach ;
The Temple gates stand ope, and that great Deitie,
Whose tongue speaks nothing lesse then Oracle,
Attended by his *Sibells*, daines to appeare.

Enter Apollo.

Mene. Oh teach our knees with a most reverent
touch
To kisse this hallowed earth.

Zelo. Ladies kneele downe.

Astio. And fir relate to faire *Latonaes* Sonne
Why this religious voyage was attempted.

Ad. Daughters I shall :
Sacred *Apollo*, god of Archerie,
Of Arts, of Phisicke, and of Poetrie ;
Ioves bright hair'd Sonne, whose yellow tresses shine
Like curled flames, hurling a most divine
And dazling splendor on these lesser fires,
Which from thy guilt beames, when thy Carre retires,
Kindle those tapers that lend eyes to night :
Oh thou that art the landlord of all light ;
Bridegroome to morning, dayes eternall King,
To whom Nine *Muses* in a sacred ring,
In dances sphericall, trip hand in hand,
Whilst thy well-stringed Harpe their feet command ;
Great *Delphian* Priest, wee to adore thy name

Have burnt fat thighs of Bulls in hallow'd flame,
 Whose favor wrap'd in cloud's of smoake and fire,
 To thy Starre-spangled pallace durst aspire ;
 Tell us who shall untie the Virgin zone
 Of the white-handed *Pfiche* ; shee alone
 Of three most faire, is most unfortunate,
 All love, but none her love will celebrate
 With nuptiall rights ; what must of her betide
 Dread *Phebus* tell, to whom shall shee be bride.

Apol. Cloath *Pfiche* in a mourning weede,
 Then lead and leave her on a hill,
 Where *Venus* Doves their young ones feede,
 Her husband not of humane race ;
 But one, whose flaming sight doth kill,
 And yet wants eyes ; his serpents face
 If shee behold, shee must see hell ;
 And yet by some notorious deede,
 Obtaine a Patent from that place
 Neuer to die : *Pfiche* farewell,
 Much joy'd, much greev'd ; unclaspe that spell,

Ex. Apollo.

Ad. Much griev'd, and yet, much joy'd, poore girle,
 I feare
 The scale of grieffe will weigh down that of cheere.

Mene. Shee must see hell ; and yet shee neere shall
 die ;

True, for hells torments live eternally.

Asti. But father, no tongue shall her joyes ex-
 presse.

Petre. *Phebus*, thy words leave us all comfortlesse.

Pfi. I must espouse a serpent, that's my hell.

Zelo. But since you never shall behold his face,
 Your torments cannot bee too horrible.

Mene. Is't possible, by deeds impossible
 To attaine the Crowne of immortality :
 It cannot bee ; Thus mocking *Phebus* leaves us,
 Always in cloud's of darkenesse to deceive us.

Ad. Stay thy prophane tongue, lest deserued
 wrath

Strike thee with death from his revengefull spheare :
 Thou must be cloth'd in mourning, so thou art,
 A mourning habite, and a thought-sicke heart ;
 Thou must be left alone on *Venus* hill ;
 The destinies decree, wee must fulfill :
 Thy husband must want fight, and yet have eyes
 That flame, and kill ; oh leave these mysteries
 Vntill the gods reveale them ; come, let's hence :
 Change your *Arcadian* tunes to *Lidian* founds,
 Sad notes are sweetest, where deepe woe confounds.

Exeunt omnes.

Recorders. Enter Venus.

Ven. *Cupid* my sonne, where's hee ? *Within.*

Cup. Anon—forfooth.

Ven. Ile gather rods of rofes, if you mock mee
 With your anon-forfooth. *Within.*

Cup. Anon—forfooth.

Ven. Shall I be still thus vext ? still when my
 blood
 Boyles in the fire of anger, then this ape
 With purpose frets mee.—Boy.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Anon-forfooth.

Ven. Will *Funo* come, or *Ceres* ?

Cup. *Funo* lay lolling in my Vncles lapp.

Ven. Which Vncle ?

Cup. Vncle *Fove*. I laught out-right
 To see how (wanton-like) with both her armes
 Shee clung about his necke ; gave him ten kiffes,
 Toy'd with his locks, look'd babies in his eyes,
 And swore shee would not watch him when hee went
 Amongst his wenches, if hee'd turne away
 His sawcie page, the smooth-fac'd *Ganimed* ;
 The boy by chance upon her fan had spilt
 A cup of Nectar ; oh how *Funo* swore :

I told my Aunt I'de give her a new fan,
To let *Ioves* page be *Cupids* feruing-man.

Ven. What's this to *Venus* message, what said
Iuno?

Cu. I ask'd her when shee'd come, and in good
footh

She answered nothing but anon-forsooth.

Ven. And where was *Ceres*, what did shee replie?

Cu. *Ceres* was binding garlands for god *Pan*,
Of Blew-bottles, and yellow pissabeds
That grew amongst the Wheate, with which she
crown'd

His forked browes, and woed him with his horne
To rouze the skipping Satirs, to goe hunt
A herd of swine that rooted up her corne :
I ask'd her when shee'd come, and in good sooth
Shee sent me packing with anon forsooth.

Ven. I sent for *Pan*, and for *Apollo* too,
What news from them?

Cu. They said they would bee heere immediately.

Enter Pan, and Apollo.

Apo. Why in such haste hath *Venus* sent for us?

Ven. I sent for *Iuno*, and for *Ceres* too,
But they'le not come.

Pan. Well, what's the news with you?

Ven. Have you not heard how *Venus* is con-
temn'd?

Her Temples gaz'd at, but not troad upon,
Her stately hangings, and her pillowes torne ;
Those rosie garlands that her statues crown'd,
Are wither'd, or else trampled on the ground ;
Those troopes that flock'd to *Paphos* to adore mee,
Shun *Paphos* now, aud scornefully abhorre mee.

Pan. That's strange, for all are up to'th eares in
love ;

Boyes without beards get boyes, and girles beare
girles,

Fine little rattle-babies, scarce thus high,
Are now call'd wives; If long this hot world stand,
Wee shall have all the earth turne *Pigmy-land*.

Ven. All honour Love, but none adore Loves
Queene.

Apol. The injury is great; but from whence
springs it?

Ven. From *Pfiche* daughter to the *Arcadian* King;
They call her Queene of Love, will know no other,
And sweare my Sonne shall kneele and call her
mother.

Cup. But Cupid sweares to make the jacks for-
sworne.

Apol. Will *Citharea* swallow this disgrace?

Pan. What shall Pan doe in this?

Ven. Lend me your ayds:

If you meete *Pfiche*, charge young *Mercury*
To send mee to her, or Imprifon her
Till you have sent mee word.

Apol. If this be all, *Venus* shall have her wish.

Pan. Pan by his vpright hornes and beard doth
sweare

To hunt out *Pfiche*; but if I doe this,
What will sweete *Venus* give mee?

Ven. A sweete kisse;

And *Phebus* shall have one, *Cupid* another,
Vpon condition they will right those wrongs
Which *Pfiche* in her great pride throwes on mee:
Draw from thy quiver a dull leaden shaft,
And stricke it through her bosome to the heart;
Make her in Love, but let her proud eyes doate
On some ill-shapen drudge, some ugly foole:
Doe this; Ile weave for thee a Coronet
Of Roses, mixt with *Berenices* haire;
And give thee my best charriot, and my Doves
To hunt with on the earth; or in the ayre;
Wilt thou doe this my boy?

Cup. I will forfooth.

Ven. Nay doe not mock mee, wilt thou?

Cup. Yes indeede,
Indeede I will forfooth.

Ven. Sweete lad adue then :

Apollo, Pan, revenge poore *Venus* wrongs,
Whilst I unyoke my filuer coloured team,
To wanton on the bosome of yon stream. *Exit.*

Apol. Now shee hath call'd me downe unto the
earth,

Ile try what pastimes dwell amongst the swaines. *Exit.*

Pan. And with my Satires I will have some sport
Heere in the *Arcadian* vallyes. *Exit.*

Cup. Shall *Pfiches* beautilous eyes gaze on base
love ?

Noe, let my Mother storme, and chafe and lower,
Shee shall be none but *Cupids* Paramour :

Enter Zephirus.

Ho ! *Zephirus*,—how now thou puffing slave,
Art thou growne proud, thou swell't so ? Gentle
winde,

Clap on thy smootheft feathers, sleekest wings,
And mount thee to the top of yonder rocke,
There shalt thou find anon, a forlorne maide,
Conuey her gently downe unto the vaile
That borders on my bower ; see this perform'd,
And I will cloath thee in a grasse-greene roabe,
Spotted with Dafies, Pincks, and Marigolds ;
Ile play the thiefe in *Flora's* treasure,
To make all eyes in love with *Zephirus* ;
Fly hence, do this, and henceforth be thou King
Of all the Windes, and father of the Spring. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Admetus, Menetius, Zelotis, Astioche, Petrea,
Pfiche.*

Ad. Behold the foote of that unhappy rocke,
Vpon whose frozen top, by *Phebus* doome,
Thou must abide thy most sinister hap.

Astio. Deare sifter *Pfiche*.

Pfi. Peace *Astioche*,

Petrea, Father: you should all have mourn'd
When the mad spirits of the multitude
Kneel'd downe, and call'd mee *Venus*, then have
wept,

When *Cithareas* Altars were left bare,
And I was call'd a goddesse; when these teares,
Whose reeking makes my funerall lights burne
dimme,

Might have quench'd *Venus* wrath; but leave mee
now

To fight with death, or meete worfe misery.

Mene. But lurkes that serpent in this fatall rocke?

Pet. So said *Apollo*.

Zelo. Then *Menetius*,

Wee will conduct faire *Pfiche* to the cave,
And rip the monsters intrailles with our swords.

Pfi. Forbeare all force, I will ascend alone;
Phebus will be displeas'd; Alone said hee,
Distressed *Pfiche* shall climbe up yon hill.

Ad. The way is dangerous, thou wilt loose thy
selfe

Without a guide.

Pfi. Death must my conduct bee,
See where the pale hagge stands; vaine world adieu;
I am his bride, hee waites for none of you.

Shee climbs up the Rocke.

Ad. What paines the poore girle takes, see how
shee strives

Against the swelling bosome of the hill.

Mene. See the kind brambles, as enamor'd of her,
Circle her beautie in their catching armes,
Woeing her to come back; as who should say,
Thou run'st too fast to death, sweete *Pfiche* stay.

Ad. But all in vaine, shee now hath climb'd the
Rock,

And waits her hand, doe you the like to her,
Whose timelesse death prepares my sepulchre.

Petre. Sister with courage meete thy destinie,
To morrow, if thou liu'ft, wee'le visite thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cupid and Zephirus.

Cup. Flie *Zephirus*, on top of yonder mount
My faire Love sits; on thy soft swelling wings
Let *Pfiche* ride——you Voyces that atend mee,
Ex. Zep.

Dance in the aire like wantons, to intice
My love to dwell in *Cupid's* Paradise:
Musicke with ravishing tones inchant her eares;
A banquet there: Shee that doth *Cupid* wed,
Thus shall shee live, and thus be honoured. *Exit.*

*Enter Zephirus and takes Pfiche from the Rocke; and
Exit with her in his armes. A Banquet brought
in. Enter Zephirus with Pfiche, and places her at
the Banquet, and Exit.*

Pfi. Where am I now? For through the cheere-
full aire
Hither I have beene brought, on unseene wings;
What wonderous place is this? No serpent sure
Lurkes in this pleasant bowre: my eare drinks sounds
Of heaven-tun'd Instruments; I see no creature,
And yet me thought soft fingers set me downe,
And I am forc'd by sweete compulsion,

*A Banquet first plaine, and presently set out with all
Delicates.*

To bee the onely guest of this faire board,
Which emptie, is as soone new furnished;
I faine would touch these sweetes, but feare to taste
them.

Eccho. Taste them.

2. Taste them.

3. Taste them.

Pfi. What voice is that? I dare no longer fit.

Eccho. Sit.

2. Sit.

3. Sit.

Pfi. Who mock's mee? Are you devills, or are you gods.

Eccho. Gods.

2. Gods.

3. Gods.

Pfi. The gods will doe no harme.

Eccho. No harme. No harme. No harme.

Pfi. *Pfiche* bee bold, and taste this heavenly foode.

Eccho. Ha ha ha.

2. Ha ha ha.

3. Ha ha ha.

Pfi. These are no *Ecchoes*, for they shift their place,

Nor catch they my last words as *Ecchoes* doe :

For when I would have fed, they mock'd my pride,

They laught aloud at my presumption :

No, these are Fury-Elues, and will torment mee,

Enter Zephirus with Drinke.

If thus I talke to them,——Who fills this wine,

And tempts my eye with it? as who should say,

Drinke *Pfiche*.

Eccho. Drinke *Pfiche*.

2. Drinke *Pfiche*.

3. Drinke *Pfiche*.

Pfi. Ile taste no drop of this enchanted wine :

Faine from this magic circle would I rife,

Yet dare not ; oh let *Pfiche* see your eyes,

Or rid me hence, and set my feares in peace.

Ecch. Peace.

2. Peace.

3. Peace.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. How lovely is my *Pfiche* ; earth's too base
To be posselt of her Celestiall forme :
My Mother hates her ; for the gods I feare
Would banish her from earth, my Love being there ;
And therefore shall shee live in *Cupids* Bower,
For shee deserues to bee Loves Paramoure :
Oh how my faire eyes wound mee ; by this kisse,
And this white hand.

Pfi. Oh mee ! what voice is this
I feele ? besides, soft fingers, and a ring.

Cup. Long white fingers ; soft white hand,
Ring and all at thy command.

Pfi. Is this my husband then ?

Cup. Ho *Zephirus*,
Remove hence these Ambrosian dishes straight.

Zephirus takes off the Banquet.

Pfi. My father much mistooke the Oracle ;
To this sweete voice, could I enjoy the sight,
I should my selfe then stile Queene of delight.

Cup. Pleasure shall bee thy lackie ; wilt thou hunt,
Then in an ayerie charriot drawne by birds,
On the winds downie backe my love shall ride ;
Mild *Zephirus* shall be thy Waggoner ;
Who if the heate offend, his siluer wings
Shall fan coole ayre upon thee, yet my love,
If thou commit't one sinne, thou art not mine.

Pfi. Name it, and Ile avoid it for your sake.

Cu. Thy mourning sisters shortly will returne,
And seeke thee on the rocke from whence thou
cam't,

But shun their sight and speech ; *Pfiche* doe this,
Thou rob'st mee else of love, thy selfe of blisse.

Pfi. Not speake nor see my sisters ; oh what
pleasure

Can *Pfiche* take, lock't in a golden Iayle ?

Cup. Runne not unto thy ruine gentle love ;
Yet if thou needs wilt see and speake with them,

Command thy seruant *Zephirus* to bring them
 From top of yonder rocke into this vaile ;
 But if they make inquiry who I am,
 Fill both their laps with gold, and fend them gon,
 Besides I woe thee by this nuptiall kisse,
 Doe not perswade me to disclose my shape,
 Attempting that, thou loofest this high state ;
 I then must leave thee, thou live defolate.

Pfi. In all these things, I will obey my love.

Cup. Then *Pfiche*, in thine unseene husbands
 hand

Claspe thy white fingers ; Ile now crowne thy bed
 With the sweet spoiles of thy lost Maiden-head.

Exeunt.

Enter Apuleius and Midas.

Mid. Hand off, let goe my sheepe-hooke, Ile not
 stay,

Ile hang my selfe, ere Ile see out thy Play :
 Call you this Poetry ?

Ap. If this displease thee *Midas*, then Ile shew
 thee

Ere I proceede with *Cupid* and his Love,
 What kind of people I commerst withall
 In my transhape.

Mi. That's when thou wert an Affe.

Ap. The very same.

Mi. Yes, that I faine would see.

Ap. Sit then and view thine owne infirmitie.

A Dance. Enter a Proud Affe with eares.

Mi. What fellow's that ?

Ap. A selfe-will'd insolent foole,
 Who spights at those above him, and those beneath
 Despifeth, and his equalls jets upon ;
 Rich in his owne conceit, in judgement poore,
 Still carping, tho' a coxcombe, and may passe,

As these dayes goe, for a proud arrogant Affe.

Dance. Enter a Prodigall Affe.

Mid. I, this I like : What fellowes that ?

Ap. A fellow hee,
Who riots that, which most penuriously
His father hoorded, in drabs, drinke and play ;
Wearing fantastick habitts, and gay clothes,
Till hee hath quite exhausted all his gold,
And for a Prodigall Affe may bee enroul'd.

Dance. Enter a Drunken Affe.

Mi. This gives me good content—What's hee ?

Ap. A pot-companion, brother to the glasse,
That roares in's cupps, indeede a drunken Affe.

Dance. Enter an Vfurur.

Mi. He lookes like a good fellow—Now that gray-beard ?

Ap. One that doth pinch his belly in his life,
And starue his owne guts to make others feede ;
Patcheth his owne clothes to make others proud,
And for a covetous Affe may be alow'd.

Dance. A young Gentle-Woman.

Me. But so did never *Midas*—Now, that Minks.

Ap. Her mothers darling shee, borne to good
meanes ;
In love with all shee fees, yet truely, none ;
Who when great Heires are proffered, trifles them ;
And in the end, when with none else she can,
Shee marries with her fathers seruing-man :
And that is a right shee-Affe.

Dance. An Ignorant Affe.

Mi. What Reverend person's that of all the other ?
I like him best.

Ap. That *Midas*, is thy brother,
 A piece of mooving earth, illiterate, dull ;
 Who having in himfelfe naught commendable,
 Enuies what's good in others ; and yet dare
 In his owne impudence, with Arts compare :
 A blocke, a ftone, yet learning hee'le revile,
 And a dull Ignorant Affe wee will him file.

Mi. But where's your Poet Affe among all thefe ?
Dance and Exit.

Ap. Ther's no fuch creature.

Mi. Then what call'ft thou thofe
 That let not men lie quiet in their graves,
 But hant their ghosts with ballatts and bal'd rimes ?
 Doe they not teach the very feinds in hell
 Speake in blanke verfe ; doe wee not daily fee
 Every dull-witted Affe fpit Poetrie :
 And for thy Scene ; thou bring'ft heere on the ftage
 A young greene-fickneffe baggage to run after
 A little ape-fac'd boy thou tearm'ft a god ;
 Is not this moft abfur'd ?

Ap. Mif-underftanding foole, thus much conceive,
Pfiche is *Anima*, *Pfiche* is the Soule,
 The Soule a Virgin, longs to be a bride,
 The foule's Immortall, whom then can fhee wooe
 But Heaven ? whom wed, but Immortality :
 Oh blame not *Pfiche* then, if mad with rage,
 Shee long for this fo divine marriage.

Mid. But tell mee then, why fhould *Apollo* fay,
 All love her, and yet none will marry her.

Ap. All love faire *Pfiche*, all caft amorous eyes
 On the foules beautie, but who is't will wed her ?
 None with the foule will leade fo ftrict a life
 As heaven enjoynes, with fuch a blessed wife.

Me. Thou promp'ft my understanding pretty well ;
 But why fhould *Venus* being Queene of Love,
 Wifh her fonne *Cupid* to enamour her
 On fome bafe groome mif-fhapen, and deform'd ?

Ap. By *Venus* heere, is meant intemperate luft :
 Luft woes her fonne *Defire*, to inflame the foule

With some base groome, that's to some ugly sinne ;
Desire is good and ill ; the evill sweares
 To obey his mother *Venus*, and vexe *Pfiche* :
 But *Cupid* representing true desire,
 Doates on the Soules sweete beauty, sends his seruant
Zephirus ; In whom, Celestiall pleasur's meant,
 To entice his love, the Soule, to his chaste bed,
 Giving her heaven for her lost maiden-head.

Mi. Onely one riddle more, and I have done ;
 Why did the poore girle *Pfiche* take such paines ?
 What scrambling shift shee made to climbe the moun-
 taine,
 And crawle through brakes and briers to get a hus-
 band.

Ap. This shewes how many strong adversities,
 Crosses, pricks, thornes, and stings of conscience,
 Would throw the ambitious soule affecting heaven,
 Into despaire and fainting diffidence,
 Which *Pfiche* must passe through ; the Soule must flie
 Through thousand letts, to seeke eternitie.

Mi. Thou hast made this somewhat plaine.

Ap. Kind Gentlemen,
 Winke at our strife, you may in pardoning this,
 Count this our talke a meere Parentefis. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Pfiche, Astioche, and Petrea.

Pfi. **W**elcome deare sisters ; with the breath of
 Love,
 Poore *Pfiche* gives kind welcome to you both :
 Oh tell me then by what auspicious guide,

You came conducted to this sacred place ?

Asti. Sister you shall : when many a weary step
Had brought us to the top of yonder rocke,
Mild *Zephirus* embrac'd us in his armes,
And in a cloude of rich and strong perfumes,
Brought's unto the skirts of this greene meade.

Pfi. And happily ariu'd : Nature and Art
Have strove to make this dale their treasure ;
Windes flie on *Pfiches* errands ; shapes unseene
Are my attendants, and to make mee sport,
Will dance like nimble Ecchoes in the ayre,
And mocke mee.

Eccho. Mock me,

2. Mock me.

3. Mock me.

Pfi. Sisters how like you this ?

Eccho. This, ha ha ha.

2. This, ha ha ha.

3. This, ha ha ha.

Petre. They mock us, will they doe no harme to
us ?

Pfi. Oh no.

Eccho. No.

2. No.

3. No.

Pfi. Bablers, be silent.

Eccho. Silent.

2. Silent.

3. Silent.

Pfi. Or Ile punish you ;

And let me heare some musicke—Loud—And still.

Loude Musicke, and still Musicke.

Tell mee, how like you this ?

Asti. It flies the reach of Admiration.

Petre. But let us see the shapes of them that play,
What are they, speake ? or what's your husbands
name ?

Let's know our brother, that wee may relate
To th' King our father your high honour'd state.

Pfi. My husband, sifter, is now rid from home.

Afli. Why, fay he bee ; I hope you know his name ;

Wee'le ranfacke all the Pallace but wee'le find him :
Is your sweete-heart so proud, hee'le not be seene ?

Petr. Where is hee *Pfiche* ?

Pfi. Trust mee, hee's from home.

Afli. Let's see his Picture then ?

Pfi. Lasse I have none.

Petr. Describe his person.

Pfi. I must shift from hence,

My tongue will else breede my confusion.

Afli. Nay sifter, when ?

Petr. When sifter will it bee ?

Pfi. How should I give him shape I never saw ?

Hee's a faire lovely youth, upon each cheeke,
Smiles lie in cheerefull dimples ; on his brow
Sits Love and Majestie in glorious pride ;
His eyes such beauty in their circles hold,
That walking in the night, I have thought them
starres :

Long flaxen curled tresses crowne his head.

Come, come, you shall not be enamoured

On my faire husband, this for all suffice,

Hee's young and rich.

Afli. Oh how my blood doth rise

In enuy of her high felicitie ;

Speake, what's his name ?

Pfi. Home, Home ; more musicke there, I must
to rest :

Recorders. *Enter Zephirus with baggs.*

Ho *Zephirus*,

Come foorth, and bring mee brim-full baggs of gold.:

Hold up your lapps ; tho' them you cannot see

That bring this gold, this larges take from mee ;

Adieu, adieu : my duty to the King,

I needs must stop mine eares when Syrens sing. *Exit.*

Petr. *Astioche.*

Asti. *Petrea*, oh, I am mad to note her pride ;
 Her husband is no serpent as 'twas said,
 And false *Apollo* fung ; hee is some god,
 And this his Temple, for no mortall hand
 Hath laid these Christiall pavements, clothed these
 meades

In never-fading liveries of greene ;
Flora you see cloathes all the ground with flowers,
Flora is *Pfiches* hand-maid ; *Zephirus*
 Is but her foote-boy, lackeys at her becke.

Petr. Yet shee's our sister, and it doth mee good
 To see rich worth in any of our blood.

Asti. 'Thou art a foole *Petrea*, for I hate
 That any's fortune should transcend my state ;
 Shee sends us hence in scorne, but wee'le returne,
 And never cease, till by some treachery,
 Her pride we make a slave to misery. *Exeunt.*

Enter Admetus, Menetius, and Zelotis.

Mene. Patience great sir, you have not lost them
 all,
 Doubtlesse the two last live.

Zelo. Sir though they be your daughters, th'are our
 wives,
 And wee are in no such despaire of them.

Ad. Admit you were one for *Astioche*,
 And that another for *Petrea* wept,
 You two, but for two wives shed husbands teares ;
 For you and them, I sorrow all : your feares
 Divided betwixt you ; on me alone,
 Lies like a mountaine, and thus casteth downe
Admetus wretched body, with his crowne ;
 They followed *Pfiche* and her destiny,
 Hath given them death, us living misery.

Enter Evemore.

Eve. Rife Royall Sir, your Daughters are return'd.

Ad. Oh where, which way ; are my two daughters come ?

Eve. Yes fir, and both their lapps are fill'd with gold.

Enter Astioche and Petrea.

Ad. Welcome to both in one ; oh can you tell
What fate your sifter hath ?

Both. *Pfiche* is well.

Ad. So among mortalls, it is often fed,
Children and friends are well, when they are dead.

Astio. But *Pfiche* lives, and on her breath attends
Delights that farre furmount all earthly joy ;
Musicke, sweete voyces, and Ambrosian fare,
Windes, and the light-wing'd creatures of the ayre ;
Cleere channel'd rivers, springs, and flowrie meades,
Are proud when *Pfiche* wantons on their streames,
When *Pfiche* on their rich Imbroiderie treads,
When *Pfiche* guilds their Christall with her beames ;
Wee have but seene our sifter ; and behold
She sends us with our lapps full brimm'd with gold.

Adm. Oh, you amaze me Daughters.

Pet. Let joy banish amazement from your kingly
thoughts,

Pfiche is wedded to some Deitie,
And prayes withall, our quicke returne againe.

Ad. Wee grant it ; wee with you and these, will
goe
To *Pfiches* bowre ; desire inflames my minde,
To sit on the bright wings of that blest winde.

Astio. Oh but the god that governes *Pfiches*
thoughts ;
For fure hee is Immortall ; charg'd my sifter
To talke with none but us.

Petr. Yet by the magicke of our tongues wee'le
try

If wee can win you so much libertie.

Ad. Goe my *Astioche*, but come againe

To comfort him that must thy want complaine ;
 Goe with my love *Petrea*, but returne
 With winged speede, whil't wee your absence mourne ;
 Goe with my blessing ; blest those sisters bee,
 That live like you in bonds of unitie :
 Give *Pfiche* this ; give her thou this *Petrea*,

Kiffeth them.

Tell her shee is my felse, my foules *Idea*,
 And say, whil't shee is spotlesse, lovely white,
 Shee shall bee my sole comfort, my delight :
 So part with my best wishes.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, with three or foure Swianes.

Clo. And what might you call that yong gentleman, that rules and raignes, reuells and roares in these walkes of *Arcadia*, that makes you borrow sheepes eyes from your flocks, and leaves you no more braines in your heads than in your sheepe-hookes ? What might you call that gallant ?

1. *Swa.* Whom doe you mean, him whom god *Pan* so honours, the Fawnes feare, and the Satires shake to see ?

Clo. *Ille ipse*, the same ; I desire no more than this sheepe-hooke in my hand to encounter with that swash-buckler.

2. *Swa.* It is the god of Love, they call him *Cupid*.

Clo. *Cupid* Coxcombe ; your Satyrs are all fots, your Fawnes foolles, and your Pan a pittifull poore fellow ; had I their hornes (as I know not what I may have in time) I would so gore him ; and what weapons doth hee use ?

3. *Swa.* They say Bow and Arrowes.

Clo. Bow and Bird-boults doth he not ; and how lies hee ? where's his guard ? what's his play ? Can any of you all give me his true title ?

1. *Swa.* Not I, 'tis farre beyond mee.

Clo. Then harken oh you hoydes, and listen oh

you Illiterates, whil't I give you his stile in Folio : Hee is King of cares, cogitations, and cox-combes ; Vice-roy of vowes and vanities ; Prince of passions, prate-apaces, and pickled lovers ; Duke of difasters, dissemblers, and drown'd eyes ; Marqueffe of molancholly, and mad-folkes, grand Signior of griefes, and grones ; Lord of lamentations, Heroe of hie-hoes, Admirall of aymeas, and Mounfieur of mutton-lac'd.

2. *Swaine.* Heere's a stile I shall never bee able to get over.

Clo. And who doe you thinke maintaines this princ Cox in his *Pontificalibus* ?

1. *Swa.* Nay, it exceeds my capacitie.

Clo. A company of pittifull fellowes call'd Poets ; did you never heare of one *Homer*, and of the Tale of *Troy*, and of a ten yeeres siege, and many such trifles.

2. *Swa.* Yes, and many things concerning them.

Clo. But heare mee, oh you misse of misunderstanding ; this *Troy* was a Village of some twenty houfes ; and *Priam*, as silly a fellow as I am, onely loving to play the good fellow, hee had a great many bowfing lads ; whom hee called fonnes.

3. *Swa.* As we have heere in *Arcadia*.

Clo. Iust the same ; by this *Troy* ranne a small Brooke, that one might stride over ; on the other side dwelt *Menelaus* a Farmer, who had a light wench to his Wife call'd *Hellen*, that kept his sheepe, whom *Paris*, one of *Priams* mad lads, seeing and liking, ticeth over the brooke, and lies with her in despight of her husbands teeth ; for which wrong, hee sends for one *Agamemnon* his brother, that was then high Constable of the hundred, and complaynes to him : hee sends to one *Vliffes*, a faire spoken fellow, and Towne-clerke, and to divers others, amongst whom was one stowt fellow call'd *Ajax*, a Butcher, who upon a Holy-day, brings a payre of cudgells, and layes them downe in the mid't, where the Two Hundreds were then met, which *Hector* a Baker, another bold lad of the other

side feeing, steps foorth, and takes them up; these two had a bowte or two for a broken pate; And heere was all the circumstance of the *Trojan* Warres.

1. *Swa.* To see what these Poets can doe.

Clowne. But listen to them, and they will fill your heads with a thousand fooleries; obserue one thing, there's none of you all sooner in love, but hee is troubled with their itch, for hee will bee in his Amorets, and his Canzonets, his Pastoralls, and his Madrigalls, to his Phillis, and his Amorillis.

1. *Swa.* Oh beautious Amorillis.

Clo. And what's Amorillis thinkst thou?

1. *Swa.* A faire and lovely creature.

Clo. Ile shew thee the contrary by her owne name, *Amor* is love, *illis*, is ill, is ill, cannot bee good; *Ergo Amorillis* is starke naught; let one or two examples serue for more, there's one of our fayrest Nimphes called *Sufanna*; what is *Sufanna*, but *Sus* and *anna*, which is in plaine *Arcadia*, *Nan* is a Sow.

2. *Swa.* Well, you have taught us more then ever I understood before, concerning Poetrie.

Clowne. Come to mee but one howre in a morning, and Ile reade deeper Philofophie to you; good-morrow Neighbors; Poets, quoth a; What's *Titule tu patule*, but Titles and Pages; What's *Propria que maribus*, but a proper man loves Mary-bons, or *Feminno generi tribiunter*, but the Feminine Gender is troublefome; what's *Ovid*, but *quasi* avoide; now should I be in love, with whom? with *Doll*, what's that but Dole and lamentation, with *Iugg*, what's shee, but sifter to a black-pot, or what's *Pegg*, good for nothing but to drive into poste: no *Cupid*, I desie thee and all thy genealogie.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. What's hee that so prophanes our deitie?
And scornes that power which all the gods adore;
To whom *Iove* some-times bends, and *Neptune* kneeles,

Mars homageth, and *Phebus* will submit,
Slie *Mercury* obey, and *Vulcan* bow too ;
And all the rurall gods and goddesfes,
Saytirs and Nimphes, allow their foveraigne ;
Hee fhall not fcape unpunifhed.

Clo. If I could but find one of thefe fantafticall
Poets, or light upon that little god their Patron, I
would fo tickle them.

Cup. This hobinall, this rufticke, this bafe clowne ;
I find him of a dull and braine-leffe eye,
Such as I know a golden-headed fhaf
Will never enter ; of a skinne fo thicke,
As pointed filuer hath no power to pierce :
For fuch groffe fooles, I have a bolt in ftore,
Which though it cannot wound, fhall give a blow,
To ftartle all within him. *Shootes.*

Clo. Oh me, hey-hoe.

Cup. Lie there bafe *Midas* bastard, that refufes
All-honour'd love, and rayl'ft againft the *Mufes*.

Exit.

Clo. Oh coward, whatfoere thou art, to come be-
hind a man and ftroke him before, for, I faw no body
—to fhoot, and never give a man warning, oh
coward, I am payd, I am pepper'd ; the cafe is alter'd,
for any one may geffe by the hugeneffe of the blow,
that I am mightily in love ; ay-me, that any wench
were heere, whose name is Ayme ; now could I be in
love with any madge, though fhe were an Howlet, or
with any mayd, though fhe look't like a Malkin ; Oh
Poetry, I find that I am poyfon'd with thee too ; for
me-thinks I could fay my prayers in blanke-verfe, nay
let me fee, I thinke I could rime for a neede ;

Cupid I yeeld, fince fo I know thy will is,
And Ile goe feeke me out fome *Amarillis*. *Exit.*

Enter Pfiche alone.

Efi. There's at this time a combat in my foule,
Whether to trust my well-knowne fifters better,

Or my yet unfeene husband ; I have asked,
Demanded, and enquired of all my traine,
This fairy-traine that hourelly waites on mee,
Yet nonc of them will tell mee what he is ;

Enter Cupid.

Befides, this follitude to be alone,
Begins to grow most tedious, and my feares
Doe every way distract mee.

Cup. Why how now *Pfiche* ?

Pfi. Oh let Mercies eyes
Shine on my fault.

Cup. Are these thy heaven-bound vowes ?
Are all thy protestations guilded ayre ?
Hast thou no more regard to my command,
Or thine owne safety ?

Pfi. Deare love pardon mee.

Cup. Once more I doe ; and still must pardon
thee,

And thou must still offend, still torture mee ;
Yet once againe Ile try thy constancy :
Thy sisters are at hand.

Pfi. But gentle Love,
Shall I not speake to them ?

Cup. Yes, but I woe thee
To fend them quickly hence, or they'le undoe thee ;
They now are at the Rock, bid the coole winde
To please thee, bring them to the place assign'd.

Exit.

Enter Zephirus with the two Sisters.

Pfi. Ho *Zephirus*,
Tell me the cause of your so quicke returne ?

Afli. *Pfiche* wee come with danger of our lives,
To save our sister from ensuing harme.

Pfi. What harme ? What danger ?

Afli. Danger eminent,
Once you refused our counsell, and deni'd

To let us know your husband, or his name.

Pctr. Come let's see him.

Pfi. Oh, what shall I doe?

Pctr. Escape the danger you are fall'n into.

Pfi. You cannot see him.

Asti. Give us then his shape?

Pfi. His shape, why hee's a man whose snowie
head

Bowes on his bosome, through the weight of age.

Asti. That cannot bee; you said hee was a youth
Of comely stature, with long flaxen haire.

Pfi. I am entrap'd.

Asti. Speake, did you ever see your husband?

Pfi. Why doe you aske, pray trouble me no more;
Leave me, and I will fill your lapps with gold.

Asti. Once thy gold tempted us to leave this
place,

And to betray thy life to misery,

It shall not now; did not *Apollo* doome

Thy fatall marriage to some hiddeous beast;

How just is *Phebus* in his auguries;

Last night, when wee went hence laden with gold,

Wee spide a serpent gliding on the meade,

Who at the sight of us, writhing his head

Proudly into the ayre, first hift at heaven,

Because it did not shade him from our eyes.

Pfi. How did that serpent vanish from your sight?

Asti. In at these gates hee rowld, *Pfiche* be wise,
For tho' a while hee dally with thy beauty,
Dulling thy taste with sweetes, thy eyes with shewes,
Thy eares with musicke, and sweete lullabies,
Hee will in time devoure thee.

Pfi. Miserable wretch,

How shall I flie the fate that follows mee?

Whose helpe shall I inuoke?

Pctr. Tell us the trueth,

And wee'le devise some meanes to succour thee.

Pfi. You are my sisters, I confesse to you,
I never saw his face, know not his shape,

Yet have I touch'd his eyes, and felt his hands,
Oft have I kist his cheekes, more oft his lipps ;
Eyes, hands, lipps, cheekes, and face fo charm'd my
touch,

That I have sworne, fave his, there were none fuch ;
Yet your ftrange ftory makes me to fufpect
That hee's fome ferpent, for hee tells me ftill,
To fee his glorious fhape, will ruine mee ;
Befides hee bids mee fhun your company,
Elfe you will breede my forrow ; this is that
Which troubles mee.

Afti. Here then my counfell ; Instantly provide
A keene-edg'd rayfor, and a burning lampe ;
At night, when fleepe fits on his monftrous eyes,
Steale from his fpeckled fide, ftep to your light,
And without feare behold his horrid fhape,
And with the rayfor cut his skalie throate ;
And fo by death gaine life, and hee being dead,
Pfiche fhall to fome King be married.

Petr. How doth our fifter relifh this devife ?

Pfi. I doe embrace your councill, and this night
Ile put the fame in execution ;
Come, you have made mee refolute and bould,
And now receive your lappes ore-fwell'd with gold.

Exit.

Afti. Swell in thy pride, untill thou break'ft thy
heart,

Yet come, wee'le take her larges ere we part. *Exit.*

Enter Midas and Apuleius.

Mi. Poet no more ; I have enough of *Pfiche* :
Her fifters and the ferpent, all of them
Moft villanous lies, Ile proove it ; and unlesse
To please my felfe, and keepe mine eyes from fleepe,
Thou'lt let mee fhew thee fome of our fine fport,
Such as wee ufe heere in *Arcadia*,
I will endure no longer.

Ap. Well, I am pleaf'd.

Mi. Ile shew thee in a dance.

Ap. Art some-times must give way to Ignorance.

A DANCE.

Enter Pan, Clowne, Swaines, and *Countrey-wenches* ;
They Dance, and Exit.

Mi. Was not this sport indeede ?

Ap. My modestie gives thee no reprehension,
For I am well pleased with your Pastorall mirth ;
But as thou had'st a power over mine eyes,
To sit it out with patience ; so lend mee
Thy atentive eares.

Mi. First cleere thy obsurdities,
Nay, grosse ones too ; heere *Pfiche* lyes abominably,
And sayes shee has two husbands, the one young.
The other old : How canst thou answeere this ?

Ap. Though thy vaine doubts be most familiar
To these judicious hearers, well experienc'd,
As well in matters Morrall as Divine ;
To thee Ile make it plaine.

Mi. I prethee doe.

Ap. Did *Pfiche* lie to say shee had two loves ?
How like art thou to *Pfiche*, shee to thee.

Mi. To mee, I scorne her likeneffe.

Ap. In this poynt thou art,
For rather then thy sisters shall grow angry,
To make earths droffie pleasures stay for thee,
Thou wilt exclaime with *Pfiche*, *Cupids* young ;
The joyes of heaven are all too young, too little
To be believ'd or look'd at ; if that faile,
Thou with the soule wil't say, my love is old,
Divine delights are crooked like old age,
Who will not vow, speake, nay sweare any thing,
To have their vaine delights feru'd like a king.

Mi. 'Tis pretty, but your Ecchoes pleas'd me
best ;

Oh if a man had seene them.

Ap. With a mortall eye

None can; in them is hid this mistery;
Cælestiall raptures, that to allure the sight,
Are seene no more then voices being on high,
Subject unto no weake, and fleshly eye.

Mi. But why did *Cupid* hide himselfe from *Pfiche*?

Ap. Oh who dares prie into those misteries,
That heaven would have conceal'd; for this shee's
charg'd

Not to see *Cupids* face, to shun her sisters.

Mi. Those gadding girles, what did'st thou meane
by them?

Ap. The restlesse finnes that travell night and
day,

Enuying her blisse, the sweete soule to betray.

Mi. Well, by this little I conceive the rest,
I care not greatly if I stay it out,
But if not lik't, Ile either sleepe or flowte.

Ap. So will not these I hope, before they view
What horrid dangers *Cupids* bride pursue. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Pfiche in night-attire, with a Lampe and a
Rayfor.*

Pfi. Times eldest daughter Night, mother of
ease,
Thou gentle nurse, that with sweete lulabies,

Care-waking hearts to gentle slumber charm'ft ;
 Thou smooth-cheek't negro night, the black-eyed
 Queene,
 That rid'ft about the world on the soft backs
 Of downy Ravens flecke and fable plumes,
 And from thy Charriot, filent darkneffe flings ;
 In which man, beaft, and bird, ineloped,
 Takes their repofe and reft ; *Pfiche* intreats thee,
 Noe Iarre nor found betray her bold attempt :

Cup. discovered fleeping on a Bed.

Soft filken vaile that curtaines in my doubt,
 Give way to thefe white hands, thefe jealous eyes,
 Sharpe knife prepar'd for a red facrifice ;
 Bright lampe conduct me to my love or hate,
 Make mee this night bleft, or infortunate :
 Wonderous amazement ! what doe I behold ?
 A Bow and quiver, thefe shafts tip'd with gold,
 With filuer this, this fluggifh arrowes head,
 Is like my heavie heart, compof'd of lead ;
 Such weapons *Cithereas* Sonne doth beare,
Pfiche were happy if this *Cupid* were ;
 Malitious fifters, I your enuy fee,
 This is no ferpent, but a Deitie :
 What prety loves, like filken flumbers lie,
 Closing the covers of each Chrifall eye ;
 Hence thou prepared instrument of death,
 Whilft *Pfiche* fucks new life from his sweete breath :
 Churle beauty, beautious nigard, thus Ile chide,
 Why did'ft thou from mine eyes this glory hide ?
 Ah mee, thou envious light, what haft thou done ?

Cup. Immortall powers, oh fuccour *Venus* sonne ;
 What hellifh hagg hath drop't this fcaling oyle
 On Loves Cæleftiall fhape ?

Pfi. 'Twas *Pfiches* hand.

Cup. How durft thou violate my dread com-
 mand ?

Venus my Mother, bid mee make thee doate
 On fome bafe groome ; and I left her and heaven,

And with mine owne darts wounded mine owne
brest ;

For all these favours, wouldst thou murder mee ?

Pfi. Let my weake sex pleade for my great
offence.

Cup. No, for thy sake, this plague pursue thy sex ;
You shall have appetites, and hot desires,
Which though suppli'd, shall nere be satisfied ;
You shall be still rebellious, like the Sea,
And like the windes inconstant ; things forbid
You most shall covet, loath what you should like ;
You shall be wise in wishes, but enjoying,
Shall venture heavens losse for a little toying :
Ho *Zephirus*.

Enter Zephirus.

Pfi. What will my deare love doe ?

Cup. Hence, touch me not, Ile be no more thy
love :

Discharge my seruants from this fairy vaile,
Resigne thy office to the boystrous North,
Bid famine ride upon his frozen wings,
Till they be blasted with his poysonous breath ;
Musicke, be turn'd to horror, smiles to teares,
Pleasures to shreikes, felicitie to feares.

Pfi. Why doe you plague the place for my
offence ?

Cu. Why for thy sisters sake fought'st thou my
hate ?

But I will bee reveng'd on them and thee,
On them, for thy sake, on thy selfe, for mee.

Pfi. For pittie heare poore *Pfiche*.

Cup. Noe, away ?

Pfi. I have no way but yours ; which way you
flie,

Ile hang upon your wings, or fall, and die.

Cup. Soone shalt thou leave thy hold ; run
Zephirus,

A Storme. Enter Boreus.

Fetch *Boreus*—Art thou come my *Aquilon* :
Boreus, I charge thee by *Orithias* love,
 Lay waste and barren this faire flowrie grove,
 And make this Paradise a den of snakes ;
 For I will have it uglier then hell,
 And none but gastly scrietch-owles heere shall dwell ;
 Breath winters stormes upon the blushing cheekes
 Of beautious *Pfiche* ; with thy boysterous breath,
 Rend off her filkes, and cloathe her in torne raggs ;
 Hang on her loath'd locks base deformity,
 And beare her to her father, leave her there,
 Barren of comfort, great with child of feare ;
Pfiche farewell, whil't thou with woes art crown'd
 I must goe gather herbes to cure my wound. *Exit.*

Pfi. With woes indeede ; those wretches live in
 woe,

Whom loue forsakes, and *Pfiche* must doe so.

Exeunt. With a great Storme.

Enter Clowne, Amarillis, and Swaines.

Clo. Doe you heare the news, you animalls ?

1. *Swa.* Is it worth the hearing ?

Clo. A question well ask'd, for it is musicall news,
 and therefore worth your eares : *Apollo* being call'd
 by *Venus* from heaven, hath ever since kept *Admetus*
 his sheepe, with whom *Pan* meeting, they fell in con-
 tention, whether his Pipe or *Apollos* Harpe could
 yeeld the better Musicke, and which withall could
 sing the best ; come then my sweete *Amarillis*, and
 take thy place amongst the rest, for this is the day of
 the tryall, and amongst others, I heard my father
Midas say, that all other businesse set a part, he would
 be at it ; but there is one mischiefe late happened.

2. *Swa.* What's that I prithee ?

Clo. *Pan* hath got a cold, is hoarse, and hath
 lost his voice, and therefore hath chose mee to sing

in his place ; and *Phæbus*, because hee will take no aduantage, hath pick'd out one of his Pages to doe the like for him ; therefore come, make a lane, for by this time they are upon their entrance.

1. *Swaine*. But is it possible that *Pans* Pipe dare contend with *Apolloes* Harpe ?

Clo. Yes that it is possible, blind harper, and that my winde-pipe shall prooue ; make roome, and get you all out of the lifts save I, that am to be one of the combatants.

A Flourish. Enter *Apollo*, *Pan*, *Admetus*, *Petrea*,
Astioche, their two husbands, and *Midas*.

Pan. Who shall be Iudge ?

Apo. *Admetus*.

Ad. Sacred *Apollo*, great *Pan* pardon mee ;
It is a cunning much beyond my skill,
Therefore I humbly crave to be excu'd.

Apol. *Admetus*, for thy hospitallity,
Phæbus will be thy friend, and gives thee leave
In this to use thy pleasure.

Pan. What thinks *Phæbus*
Of *Midas* once of men, now King of beasts.

Apol. No better man, so please him undertake it.

Mid. Yes *Phæbus*, *Midas* will, and though poore
Marfias,

For striving with thee had his skin pull'd off,
Yet have wee Swaines, and some too not farre off,
I could have said, some neere to mee in blood,
Can tickle you for a tone.

Clo. Meaning mee, and I will fet out a throate.

Apol. Is this thy champion ?

Pan. Yes, and who's for thee ?

Apol. One of my minuts, houres, dayes, weekes,
or moneths,

Or yeeres, or seasons, that still waite on us,
And have done ever since the first of time ;
Not one can come amiffe.

Mi. Who shall begin ?

Ad. Most voices.

All. *Apollo, Apollo.*

Clo. No matter tho' his Champion begin, let mee alone to come up with the Catastrophe.

All. Silence, Silence.

SONG.

*Phœbus unto thee wee sing,
Oh thou great Idalian King :
Thou the God of Phisick art,
Of Poetry, and Archery ;
Wee sing unto thee with a heart,
Devoted to thy deity :
All bright glory crowne thy head,
Thou foveraine of all Pietty,
Whose golden beames and rayes are shed
As well upon the poore as rich,
For thou alike regardest each ;
Phœbus unto thee wee sing,
Oh thou great Idalian King.*

Mi. I marry, this was some-what to th' purpose ;
I needs must say 'twas prety, but god *Pan*,
Now let us heare your Champion ?

Pan. Come, stand forth ?

SONG.

Clow. *Thou that art call'd the bright Hiperion,
Wer't thou more strong then Spanish Gerion,
That had three heads upon one man,
Compare not with our great god Pan :*

*They call thee Sonne of bright Latona,
But girt thee in thy torrid zona,
Sweate, baste, and broyle, as best thou can,
Thou art not like our Dripping Pan.*

*What cares hee for the great god Neptune,
With all the broath that hee is kept in ;
Vulcan or Ioue hee scornes to bow to,
To Hermes, or the infernall Pluto.*

*Then thou that art the heavens bright eye,
Or burne, or scorch, or boyle, or fry,
Bee thou a god, or bee thou man,
Thou art not like our Frying Pan.*

*They call thee Phœbus, god of day,
Yeeres moneths, weekes hours, of March and
May ;
Bring up thy army in the van,
Wee'le meete thee with our Pudding Pan.*

*Thy selfe in thy bright Charriot settle,
With Skillet arm'd, Brasse-pot, or Kettle,
With Iugg, Black-pot, with Glasse, or Can,
No talking to our Warming Pan.*

*Thou hast thy beames, thy browes to deck,
Thou hast thy Daphne at thy beck ;
Pan hath his hornes, Sirnjx, and Phillis,
And I Pans Swaine, my Amarillis.*

Ad. You Midas have heard both ; these onely
waite

Your just and upright sentence.

Mi. Is *Phœbus* pleased ?

Ap. Pleased.

Mi. And is *Pan* content.

Pan. Content.

Clow. No y if my father can but censure as well as
I sing, the towne's ours.

Mi. Yes Sonne, I can, and that most learnedly :

*Thy Harpe to Pans Pipe, yeeld god Phœbus,
For 'tis not now as in Diebus
Illis, Pan all the yeere wee follow,
But semel in anno ridet Apollo,*

*Thy quirester cannot come neere
The voice of this our Chanticleere,
Then leave off these thy burning rayes,
And give to Pan the Prick and prayse,
Thy colour change, looke pale and wan,
In honour of the great god Pan.*

All. A sentence, a sentence, a *Pan*, a *Pan*.

Apol. Henceforth be all your rurall musicke such,
Made out of Tinkers, Pans, and Kettle-drummes ;
And never hence-foorth may your fields bee grac'd
With the sweete musick of *Apollo's* lyre :

Midas for thee, may thy eares longer grow,
As shorter still thy judgement, dulnesse, and dotage,
Bee onely govern'd with those reverend haire ;
Let all like thee, that as they grow in time,
Decay in knowledge, have that old mans curse,
To be twice children ; for thy squeaking sonne,
May all thy state thou leav'st him at thy death,
Bee to sing Ballets through *Arcadia*,
And them to the like tunes ; fare-well *Admetus*,
My musicke lives unquestion'd, what's amisse
Is not in us, but in their ignorance ;
Thus undisparadg'd, *Phæbus* leaves the place,
And with them to succession, my disgrace.

Exit.

Ad. *Phæbus* is gone displeas'd.

Pan. Still may he be so.

Mi. *Midas* I'me sure has judg'd with equitie.

A Storme. Enter Psiche and Boreas.

Clo. But see father, see god *Pan*, if in revenge, he
hath not sent a blustering wind to blow us all hence ;
'tis *Boreas*, 'tis *Boreas*.

Pan. Come *Midas*, come Swaines, till this storme
be past,

Let us away to shelter.

Excunt.

Pf. Where art thou *Psiche*, how art thou de-
form'd ?

What ayre affords thee breath? what men be these?
 Where shall I hide me; let no humane eye
 Behold me thus disfigured, and asham'd:
 My Father, Brothers, and my Sisters too,
 That wrought my fall, what shall poore *Pfiche* doe?

Ad. What bare anotomy of grieve is this,
 That glads mine eare with found of *Pfiches* name?

Pfi. 'Tis her owne tongue, the herald of her
 shame;

Father *Admetus*, Sisters, pittie mee.

Ad. Thou art no child of mine.

Asti. Spurne her away,

'Tis some infectious strumpet, and her breath
 Will blast our cheekes; her sight is worfe then death.

Pfi. I did not use you thus, nor spurne you backe,
 When on the nimble wings of *Zephirus*

You were transported into *Cupids* vaile;

Your entertainment then deseru'd more right,

Then like a dogge, thus spurne mee from your sight;
 Sisters.

Petr. Out hagge, wee scorne thy sifter-hood.

Pfi. You scorne mee too; nay then at last I see,
 Pride will not looke on base deformity:

Father *Admetus*, pittie wretched *Pfiche*. *Kneels.*

Ad. Out Impudence; If once againe thy tongue
 Mangle the reputation of my girle,
 Ile have it straight torne out, hence with th' Im-
 postor.

Pfi. Vt'd like a dogge, and by a fathers doome,
 Dragg'd from his presence, how am I transform'd?
 Ile try my brothers next, upon my knees.

Zelo. Depart the place, for mee, I know thee not.

Pfi. Oh mee, how quickly wretches are forgot?

Mi. Wretched, away.

Pfi. Away; all cry away,
 Basenesse and Pride in one place cannot stay.

Astioche, kind sifter, for old loves,
 Resolue my father that I am his child;
 Put him in mind of *Phæbus* oracle,

And leaving mee upon the barren rocke ;
Remember how you came unto my bower,
And how my seruants fill'd your lapps with gold ;
And last, remember how by your aduife,
I made attempt to strike my husband dead,
As hee was sleeping, doe you know me now ?
Thence grew my misery.

Ast. Yes foole, and my great heart
Ioyes in thy fall : and father, now I better
Suruey her, my mind gives mee this is *Pfiche*.

Petr. I am of her thought too, and yet much
wonder,
How such a beauty should be so deform'd.

Ad. None shall perswade me to't : shees none of
mine
That tells mee I have any part in her.

Recorders. Cupid descends.

Cup. *Admetus* stay, chide thy conceit, it offers
wrong
Unto thy daughter *Pfiche*.

Pf. Oh what heavenly tongue
Will once vouchsafe to sound poore *Pfiches* name,
Torne with disgrace, doubly expos'd to shame.

Cup. *Pfiche*, his tongue, whose charge had'st thou
obey'd,
Thy prosperous state had not beene so betray'd ;
Nor had'st thou bin a subiect to that shame
Which now attends thee.

Esi. *Cupid*, my deare lord,
Pardon my guilt, haue pittie on my sorrow ?

Cup. I cannot, no I dare not, heaven, and earth,
The destinies, and all th' Immortall powers,
Have with the yron pen of Fate, writ downe
Thy certaine paine ; did I not give thee charge,
To taste the pleasures of Immortall love,
But not to wade too deepe in misery ?
Could not my heavenly company suffice

To cheere the foule ? but thou with earthly eyes
Must see my face ; and view my reall beauty,
Against my charge, thy love, and humane duty.

Pfi. I doe intreate.

Cup. Arife, kneele not to mee ;
But thanke thy sisters, they apparrell'd thee
In that distractfull shape ; *Pfiche* farewell,
Ile mourne in heaven, to see thy paines in hell.

Cupid ascends.

Ad. Poore miserable child ; in stead of teares,
My heart weepes blood ; I am confounded quite :
I have three daughters, thou of all the rest,
Had'st in my true conceptions greatest share,
For which, I call'd thee *Pfiche*, that's the foule,
For as my foule I lov'd thee ; now I abjure
All interest in thy birth ; hence from my Court ?
My hand shall nere lay blessing on thy head,
Nor my tongue grace thee with a daughters name,
Thou art not mine, but the base birth of shame.

Pfi. Oh whether shall a wretch conuert her eyes,
When her owne father shall her teares despise ?

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Attend *Arcadians*,
The Proclamation of the *Paphian* Queene.

Ad. When *Hermes* speakes, wee are bound to all
attendance.

Mer. Oh yes,
If any can bring *Pfiche* unto *Venus*—

Asti. *Pfiche*, whom you are sent to seeke, stands
there.

Mer. Then heere ends *Mercuries* Commission :
Pfiche, in *Venus* name, I doe arrest thee,
For wrongs to her and *Cupid*.

Pfi. I obey
Your high arrest, and with an humble suite,
Prostrate my selfe to *Cithereas* wrath ;
Where's angry *Venus* ?

Mer. Franticke in this grove,
Mourning *Adonis* death,—and heere shee comes.

Enter Venus.

Ven. Accurfd bow, why did'ft thou not defend
him ?

Hee fhall not die, *Adonis* ftill fhall live ;
Apollo, gentle *Phæbus*, mount thy Charriot,
And in his cold brest breathe Cælestiall fire,
For all earths fimples cannot cure his wound,
Or if hee muft expire, command the *Mufes*
To give my love Immortall memory :
Hafth thou found *Pfiche* ? oh that in this rage,
I could but now forget her.

Mer. See where shee ftands,
With downe-caft eyes, and weake up-heaved hands.

Ven. Iuft of my height, my ftate, and my proportion;
And were her priftine beauty lent her backe,
Might in the rabbles judgement riually mee :
Strumpet, prophaner of our facred rights,
How haft thou wrong'd mee, and abus'd my fonne ?
By ayming at my honour, and his life.

Pfi. Dread *Paphian* Queene, for lovely *Cupids*
fake,
And this rich burthen in my wretched wombe,
Pitty poore *Pfiche*.

Ven. Hafth thou plaid the ftumpet,
And for thy finnes fake muft I pardon thee ?
No, that alone hath made me mercileffe.

Venus beats her.

Pfi. Helpe mee deare Father, fifters, *Mercury*.

Ad. I dare not fpeake for thee.

Afti. Nor I.

Petr. Nor I.

Pfi. Poore *Pfiche*, borne unto aduerfity.

Mer. Bee not fo bitter Madam, for his fake,
By whom you are made a grandam.

Ven. I prove a grandame to a ftumpets brat ?

Goe *Mercury* ; and from some Garner fetch
Five measures of five severall forts of graine ;
Dispatch it *Hermes*.

Mer. What will *Venus* doe ?

Ven. Thou shalt know better when thou back
return'st : *Exit Mercury.*

You are young *Venus*, and the Queene of Loue,
That had th' ambition to be *Cupids* wife,
And marry with a god ; Ho *Boreas*,
Since *Mercury* is slack in his returne,
Winde her inticing locks about thy arme,
And tossing her loose carcasse in the ayre,
Fling it into the bosome of some storme,
And grind her bones to powder in the fall.

Pfi. Pitty me *Venus*, Father pleade for mee.

Enter Mercury with graine.

Ven. 'Tis well done *Hermes*, hast thou brought the
graine ?

Mer. Madam I have.

Ven. Then minion, heere's your taske,
Looke on all these ; see, thus I mingle them.

Pfi. And what must miserable *Pfiche* doe ?

Ven. To severall heapes, with thine owne hands
divide

Each severall feede ere the Sun kisse the West,
Or looke for death ; goe, and when that is done,
Ile ride to *Paphos* and enlarge my sonne,
Whom yet I keepe close Prisoner in my closet. *Exit.*

Ad. *Pfiche* adieu, none can reverse thy doome.

Asti. Not I.

Mene. Nor wee. *Exit. all but Mer. and Pfi.*

Pfi. I wish the earth my tombe.

Mer. Take patience *Pfiche*, and be comforted.

Pfi. Comfort, alas what comfort can shee find,
Whose father and deare friends prove so unkind.

Mer. For *Cupids* sake, who for thy love now
weares

A paire of golden shackles on his heeles :
 This *Mercury* will doe, flie hence to *Paphos*,
 And fetch him from his late imprisonment,
 Then tell him of his mothers tyrannie,
 That done, wee two will teach thee without paine,
 In severall heapes how to divide this graine. *Exeunt.*

Enter Midas and Apuleius.

Mi. And where have I beene think'ft thou *Apuleius* ?

Did'ft thou not misse mee ?

Ap. Yes, I did not sleepe,
 As thou did'ft in thy judgement.

Mi. Then I perceive,
 Thou know'ft how I maintain'd our rurall muficke,
 Preferring it before *Apollos* harpe.

Ap. Yes, and by that inferre, thou art all earthie,
 Nothing Cælestiall in thee.

Mi. All's one for that ; now for your morrall.

Ap. Wilt thou stay it out ?

Mi. No, 'tis too dull,
 Vnlesse thou'lt quicken me with some conceit,
 Thy *Psiches* sadnesse hath made me so heauy,
 That *Morpheus* steales upon mee.

Ap. What wouldst thou see ?

Mi. Thy little *Cupid* I like pretty well,
 And would see some-thing else what hee can doe,
 More then belongs to *Psiche*.

Ap. Well, to keep thee awake,
 Ile shew thee now *Loves Contrarities*.
 Which was more then my promise.

A DANCE.

*Enter a King and a Begger, a Young-man and an
 Old woman, a Leane man, a Fat woman.
 Dance, & Exit.*

Mi. I marry, this was somewhat like indeede ;

Heere's yong and old ; heere's fat and leane ; the beg-
ger and the King ;

Love hath power over all.

But to your morrall now ; why comes your *Pfiche*
With a sharpe Rayfor, and a burning Lampe,
To murder *Cupid* ; then hee wakes and chafes,
And flings houe out at windowes, was't not so ?

Ap. Ile tell thee ; shee charm'd by her sisters
tongues,

Thinks her faire love a serpent, and growne mad,
Would murder *Cupid*, teare even *Ioue* from heaven ;
Yet note the greatnesse of Cælestiall mercy,
One glimpse, one lampe, one sparke, one divine
thought

Pluckes backe her arme, and more inflames her
brest

With amorous raptures ; but becaufe poore foule,
Shee aym'd to search forbidden mysteries,
Her eyes are blasted, *Cupid* loathes her fight,
Hee leaves her ugly, and his blessed bower
Is rent in pieces ; For heaven seemes to fall
When our poore foules turn diabollicall.

Mi. For that 'twixt *Pan* and *Phæbus*, I know
best,

For I was there an umpire ; but resolute mee ;
Why left he *Pfiche* when shee lost his love,
Yet mourn'd when shee was left of all her friends.

Ap. All bid the wretched foule run to despaire,
When leprous sinne deforms her, but even then,
When the gods hate her ? when shee's scorn'd of
men ?

Cupid hangs in the ayre ; his divine eyes
Shed teares for her, comforts her miseries.

Mi. Yet hee forsooke her too.

Ap. Till *Pfiche* bee made faire and angel-
white,

Shee's not to stand in *Cupids* glorious fight :

Mi. Well, I am answer'd.

Ap. And for thy part *Midas*,

Laugh, fleepe, or flowte, nay fnarle, and cavell too ;
Which none of these heere met I hope will doe.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Vulcan.

Vul. **W**ithin there, *Pirackmon*, when you
knave ?
Take in *Adonis* quiver, and his bow,
And hang them up in *Venus* armory,
By *Mars* his gantlet, and *Achilles* sword :
Ha ha ha, I laugh untill my sides be fore
For joy that my Wives dandiprat is dead ;
And now my *Ciclops* lay't on lustily ;
There's halfe a hundred Thunder-boults bespoake,
Which argues that the World is full of sinne ;
Neptune hath broke his Mace, and *Iunos* Coach
Must bee new mended, and the hind-most wheelles
Must have two spoakes set in ; *Phæbus* fore-horse
Must have two new shooes, calk'd, and one remove ;
Pans Sheepe-hooke must be mended shortly too,
Plie it of all hands, wee have much to doe.

1. *Ciclop, from within.*

Ci. Master, heere's one of *Ceres* husband-men
Would have a Plough-share, and a Sith new ground.

Vul. New ground, new halter'd, hee shall stay his
turne ;

Wee shall deceive the gods and goddeffes,
For a plow-jogging hinde.

2. *Ci.* Heere's *Mercury* to have his caduces
mended.

Vul. Hee shall stay.

3. *Ci.* Heere's *Ganimed*,
To have his masters hunting-nagge new shod,
And *Mars* his lackie, with a broken gorget.

4. *Ci.* And heere's a clowne for hob-nailes.

Vul. Heere's the devill and all;

What would they have me doe? I toyle and moyle
Worfe then a mill-horse, scarce have slept a minute
This fortnight, and odd dayes; I have not time
To fit and eate; but I'll give over all,
And liue upon my wife, as others doe;
They say shee hath good takings; ere Ile endure it,
I will doe any thing; when I was made a Smith,
Would I had beene a Beare-ward.

4. *Ci.* What shall wee doe first?

Vul. Why first goe hang your selues:

I keepe a douzen Iourney-men at least,
Besides my *Ciclops* and my Prentifes,
Yet 'twill not fadge; I thinke my little boy
Cupid must blow the bellowes, and my Wife
Venus must leave her trade, and turne shee-smith,
Yet 'twould scarce quit the cost; shee'd spend mee
more

In Nectar, and sweet-balls to scowre her cheekes,
Smudg'd and besmear'd with cole-duft and with
smoake,

Then all her worke would come to;
But soft, what shackled run-away is this?

Enter Cupid in fetters.

Why how now *Cupid*?

Cup. Crawling softly to you,
You are my dad, and I am come to see you.

Vul. How came you out of credit with your
Mother?

Cup. Aske me how I crept into credit rather,
For doe you see fir ; thus the matter stands,
I am indebted, and thus enter'd bands
To be fourth-comming.

Vul. Y'are a young whore-master ; about your
wench,
I have heard all ; but where's your Mother now ?

Cup. Binding up *Mirtles* for *Adonis* tombe,
Whom shee hath now turn'd to a *Hiacinth* ?

Vul. And what's become of *Pfiche*, where is shee ?

Cup. I parted but even now with *Mercury*,
Who told me that my Mother had enjoyn'd her
To part five measures of commixed graine
Into five heapes, which seem'd impossible ;
But hee and I, sent forth the toyling Ants,
Who like so many earnest labourers,
Did it with ease, for they were numberlesse :
Then with his cunning, having pick'd the locke
Of *Venus* Closet doore, hee set mee free,
And I am come deare father, to intreat,
To file off these my boulds.

Vul. *Cupid* I dare not, *Venus* gave me charge,
Not to take off thy shackles.

Cup. Father, sweete Hony fugar-candy dad,
Indeede, indeede you shall.

Vul. This cologing wagge
Will not be answered : come, fet up your legge ;
Venus will sole mee by the eares for this.

Cup. No, no, I warrant you.

Enter Pfiche with a Violl.

Vul. So, now 'tis done, th'art free ;——but who
comes here ?

Shee's angry fure, for see how big shee lookes ;
What a great breadth she beares ; me-thinks a woman
Becomes no ornaments shee weares, so well
As a great-belly ; therefore 'tis much pittie,
They should want things, to make them looke so
prittie.

Pfi. Vnhappy *Pfiche*, *Venus* most obdure,
 And never fatiate with my endlesse cares,
 When by the helpe of silly labouring Ants,
 I had ended the first taske, her cruelty
 Binds mee to worfe difaster.

Cup. Once my Love,
 Had'st thou beene true to *Cupid*, not the least
 Of all these evills had assaulted thee ;
 And till my mothers anger bee appeaf'd,
 I dare doe nothing ; Yet for our first loves fake,
 Make me acquainted with thy second taske,
 And as I may be fure Ile further it.

Pfi. Let my lipps kisse this earth whereon you
 treade,
 In low submission ; for her late injunction,
 Transcends all humane possibilitie :
 This Violl I must fill at that spring-head,
 From whence *Cocitus* flowes, that fearefull streame,
 Which feedes the river *Stix*.

Cup. Be aduif'd by mee,
 Not farre from *Tenerus*, whose barren topp
 Is crown'd with clouds of smoake, there lies a
 meade,
 Ore-growne with Ofiers, Bryars, and Sicamors,
 In this *Ioues* Eagle (on whose duskie wings,
Ganimed flew to heaven) obscures himselfe
 From Iealous *Iunoes* wrath ; enquire him out,
 Tell him thy grieffe, and that thou cam'st from mee,
 From this hard taske hee will deliver thee.

Pfi. Thanks glorious deitie, upon my knees
 Prest downe with this rich burthen of thy love,
 I begg that you will mediate 'twixt my errours,
 And your sterne mothers wrath.

Cup. Well get thee gone,
 'Tis I will front her indignation.

Exit. Pfiche.

Enter Pan, and Venus.

Pan. This way he ran with shackles on his heeles,

And said hee would to *Vulcan* ; oh but see
Where hee stands cogging with him.

Ven. Now you run-away,
You difobedient, thou unhappy wagg,
Where be the golden fetters I left you bound in ?

Cup. True, for my good behaviour, but you see
My bands are cancell'd, and your sonne fet free.

Ven. Ile whip you for't, with nettles steep in
wine.

Cup. So you'l nettle mee, and I must smart for't ;
But when your owne flames burne, and you desire
With him, or him, to glut your appetite,
Then gentle *Cupid*, then, my prittie sonne,
My love, my deare, my darling, and what not,
Till you have had your will.

Ven. With his flattering tongue,
Hee still prevents my anger : but for thee,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape ;
I thought, great foole, you durst not harbor him.

Vul. No more I did, sweete wife.

Cup. Sweete mother Queene,
Busse my blacke dad for all that hee hath done,
Was love to you, and kindnesse to your sonne.

Vul. Speake for me *Pan*, as ere thou hop'ft to
have
Thy broken hook well mended.

Pan. When, canst tell ?
I tell thee, I must first have besides that,
A douzen of Branding-jrons to marke my flocke,
(The time drawes neere, sheepe-shearing is at hand)
Besides, two of my Satirs falling out
About a Lambe, one of them burst his horne,
It must be tip'd too ; thou art well acquainted
With tipping hornes.

Vul. Ha, hornes, with hornes, how's that ?

Pan. Nay, aske your Wife, I cannot speake of
hornes,
But still you take the last word to your selfe,
For *Venus* makes, and *Vulcan* weares,

And *Vulcan* takes, and *Venus* beares.

Vul. *Vulcan* weare hornes ?

Ven. No sweet-heart, you mistake,

Pan is the forked god, with hornes was borne,
And ever since, his tongue runs of the horne.

Pan. Speake shall I have my Sheepe-hooke, and
those Irons ?

Vul. Yes *Pan*, you shall,

But yet those hornes have strucke deepe to my heart.

Pan. Take heede they grow not upward to your
head,

And tipping hornes, your browes weare hornes in-
deede :

Enter Pfsche.

But who comes heere ? *Vulcan* is this your wench ?
Th' hadst best looke to him *Venus*.

Pfs. Like your obedient servant, that layes downe
Her life and labour at her Mistris feete,
So comes poore *Pfsche*, held betweene the armes
Of feare and duty ; feare dishartning mee,
Would pluck me back, but duty being more strong,
Bids me goe foreward, bending my weake knee
Before the Shrine of sacred Maiestie ;
Accept my seruice, who to gaine your grace,
Would yeeld my selfe to ashie death's imbrace.

Ven. Is this that water of th' Infernall lake ?

Pfs. This is that water, whose infectious torrent
Runs from *Cocitus*, into *Flegiton*,
Infernall *Stix*, and the blacke *Acheron*,
Deare Goddesse.

Ven. Art thou not a fawning counterfeit ?
First I imploy'd thee to divide my graine,
A taske impossible for mortall hands,
This second as more hard, and yet 'tis done ;
Thou work'ft by forcery ; but no damn'd spell
Shall keepe mee from my wrath, thy soule from hell.

Vul. *Venus*, sweete mouse, nay prithee doe not
chide,

Forgive, as I forgive thee.

Ven. Polt-foote, peace.

Cup. Sweete Mother, let your ire be mollified,
Since for her fault she hath endur'd this paine,
Bannish all hate, and make her blest againe.

Ven. Againe I charge thee not to speake for her :
Once more Ile try thee further, since thy heart
Is wedded to such hellish forcery ;
Hye to *Proserpina*, the black-brow'd Queene,
Ile send thee on my embassie to hell,
Tell her that sicknesse, with her ashie hand,
Hath swept away the beauty from my cheekes,
And I desire her send me some of hers ;
Fetch me a box of beauty then from hell,
That's thy last labour, urge not a replie,
Doe my command and live, refuse, and die.

Cup. For my sake, my best Mother, pittie her.

Ven. For thee I hate her, and for her hate thee.

Pan. Nay gentle *Venus*, be more mercifull,
For her great-bellies sake.

Ven. For that alone,

Ile hate you all, till shee be fled and gone.

Psi. Then goe I must, and going, nere returne ;
Oh *Cupid*, my inconstancy to thee,
Is cause of this my endlesse misery.

Cup. With-draw thee *Pfiche* till the rest be gone,
Anon Ile speake with thee. *Exit Pfiche.*

Enter Mercury.

Mer. *Venus*, *Vulcan*, *Cupid*, and god *Pan*,
I summon you to appeare at *Ceres* plaine,
To entertaine the faire *Proserpina*,
For whom I now am sent ; I must to hell
About *Ioues* embassie, *Venus* farewell. *Exit.*

Ven. *Hermes* farewell, wee'le meete at *Ceres* plen-
tious Court :
Come *Cupid*, follow mee.

Pan. *Vulcan* cannot goe.

Vul. Yes, but 'tis best to keepe behind a fhrew.

Pan. Then put her in before, on *Venus*, goe.

Ex. all but Cup.

Cup. *Pfiche* approach, but doe not come too neere,
That pride thou hast already bought too deere.

Enter Pfiche.

Pfi. Oh pittie *Pfiche*, shee is sent to hell.

Cup. It is the found of hell wakes pitties eye,
Else I had left thee to more misery ;
My loves not done, though thou art quite undone,
Vnlesse I arme thee 'gainst the darts of death,
Which hell aimes at thee.

Pfi. Let thy faced breath——

Cup. Wound me no more with words, for they but
grieve me ;

Now marke what on thy Iourney must relieve thee :
First, hie thee to the bancks of *Acheron*,
Thou can't not misse the way, 'tis broad and worne
With trampling of Ten thousand passengers,
There shalt thou find hells churlish Ferry-man,
His name is *Charon*, there's to pay his hire,
Take heede thou loose it not, for doing so,
Hee'le beate, and leave thee on the shore of woe ;
Being ferried over, thou shalt spie hell gates,
Thou need'st not knocke, they are open night and
day,

Give *Cerberus* a sop, and passe away.

Pfi. And what's that *Cerberus* ?

Cup. Porter of hell,

Who must at thy returne be brib'd againe ;
My great desire to helpe thee, hinders thee,
I should have told thee when in *Charons* barge,
Thou art waisting ore the dreadfull waves of *Stix*,
An aged man, with a pale countenance,
His name's *Oblivion*, swimming in the flood,
Will heave his wither'd armes, and cry, helpe, helpe,
Save mee from drowning ; stretch not forth thy hand,

For if thou dost, thou nere return'ft to shore,
Thou wil't forget my love, see mee no more.

Pfi. Ile stop mine eares against *Oblivions* cry.

Cup. Being landed, thou shalt see old wrinkled
haggs,
Spinning black threds, whil'ft folly reeles them up ;
Hee will let fall his reele, and pray thee reach it,
But stoope not ; they will likewise beckon thee
To sit downe by them ; but to spinne a thread
Take heede, doing so, from mee thou art banished.

Pfi. Ile shun their baites.

Cup. Being enter'd *Plutoes* Court,
They all will tice thee with a thousand traines,
Shun all, and neither sit nor eate with them,
Onely deliver what thou art enioyn'd,
Receive the boxe of beauty and be gon,
Which still keepe shut, let not thy daring eye
Behold the wealth that in the boxe doth lie.

Pfi. Dread *Cupid*—

Cup. Now fare-well, had'ft thou but obey'd mee,
Thy face had still bin lovely, and mine eye
Doated on thee with heavenly Iealousie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Swaines.

1. *Swa.* And what dost thou thinke of *Cupid*
now ?

Clo. Doe not thinke I am so stupid
But to thinke well of great god *Cupid.*

2. *Swa.* And what of Poets.

Clo. As Poets, as of Potentates, for since I plaid
the last prize against *Phæbus*, in which I may say of
my selfe, *veni, vidi, vici* ; I have beene so troubled
with a Poeticall itch, that I can scratch you out
Rimes, and Ballats, Songs, and Sonnetts, Oades, and
Madrigalls, till they bleede againe.

1. *Swai.* Then thou art reconcil'd to *Homer.*

Clo. *Homer* was Honourable, *Hesiod* Heroicall,
Virgil a Vicegerent, *Naso* Notorious, *Martiall* a Pro-

voft, *Iuwinall* a Ioviall lad, and *Perfus* a Paramount ; what doe I thinke of Poetry ? of which my felfe am a profest member.

2. *Swa.* And may be very well spar'd, and yet the body never the worfe, but thou may'ft fee what becoms of rayling againft *Cupid*, what a fweet Mistris hee hath put upon thee ?

Clo. Who, my *Amarillis*.

1. *Swai.* Yes, the veriest dowdy in all *Arcadia*, even *Mopfa* compar'd with her, shewes like a Madam ; first shee's old——

Clo. It was very well said, to say first, because shee was before us, and for being old, is not age reverend ? and therefore in mine eyes shee's honourable.

1. *Swai.* And wrinkled.

Clo. Is't not the fashion ; doe not our Gentiles weare their haire crisped, the Nimphs their gownes pleated, and the Fawns their stockings, for the more grace, wrinkled ; doth not the earth shew well when 'tis plowed, and the land best when it lies in furrowes.

1. *Swai.* Besides, shee hath a horrible long nose.

Clo. That's to defend her lipps, but thou sinner to fence, and renegade to reason, dost thou blame length in any thing ? dost thou not wish thy life long, and know'ft thou not that Trueth comes out at length ; When all our joyes are gone and past,
Doth not Long-look'd for, come at last ;
If any of our Nimphs be wrong'd, will shee not say,
'tis Long of mee, 'tis Long of thee, or Long of him ;
If they buy any commodity by the yard, doe they not wish it long ; your Advocate wishes to have a law suite hang Long ; And the poore client, bee his cloake never so short, and thread-bare, yet would be glad to weare it longer.

No married man, but doth his wife much wrong,
Tho' hee himselfe be short, to have nothing long.

2. *Swa.* The short and the long ont is, shee's an ugly creature, make of her what thou can'ft.

Clo. Make of her what I can ; oh that all, or any of you could like mee, looke upon her with the eyes

of Poetry, I would then let you know what I have made of her.

1. *Swa.* Prithee let's hear't.

Clow. Then listen hither, oh you Imps of ignorance ;

*Oh tell mee, have you ever seene,
Since you were borne unto this day,
Which is long since, a wit so greene,
And cover'd with a head so gray.*

*To praise her still, my Muses will is,
Although therein I have no cunning,
Yet is the nose of Amarillis
Like to a Cock, long, and still running.*

*Her eyes, though dimme, do seeme cleere,
And they of Rheume can well dispose,
The one doth blinke, the other bleare,
In Pearle-drops striving with her nose.*

*Her breasts are like two beds of blisse,
Or rather like two leane-cowes udders,
Which shewes that shee no Change-ling is,
Because they say, such were her mothers.*

*Those few teeth left her in her head,
Now stand like hedge-stakes in her gums.
Full of white Dandriff is her head,
Shee puts the Cobler downe for thumbs.*

*Her sides be long, her belly lanke,
And of her legges what should I say,
But that shee fees well in the flanke,
And both her feete, themselues display.*

1. *Swai.* All the *Homers* in *Asia* could never have come so neere the businesse.

Clo. From head to foote, for her stature and yeeres, patterne her in all *Arcadia* ; say shee bee a foule beast in your eyes, yet shee is my *Syren* ; and shewing foule to others, and faire to mee, I shall live the hap-

pier, and shee the honefter, but I have a remedy
against all this, in spight of *Cupid*.

2. *Swai*. What's that?

Clo. I heare *Pfiche* his Mistris, is sent to hell for a
boxe of beauty, 'tis but way-laying of her, and taking
it from her,

Then *Amarillis* shall compare
With any other she that dare.

Exeunt.

Enter Midas and Apulejus.

Mi. This last I lik'd, and had it all beene such,
Onely a meere discourse 'twixt fwaines and clownes,
It then had pleas'd mee ; now some quaint device,
Some kick-shaw or other to keepe me waking.

Ap. Then by the leave of these spectators heere,
Ile suite mee to thy low capacitie ;
Of *Vulcans* Cicloppe Ile so much intreate,
That thou shalt see them on their Anuile beate ;
'Tis musicke fitting thee, for who but knowes,
The Vulgar are best pleas'd with noyse and showes ?

A Dance of Vulcan and his Cicloppe.

Mid. Well, this I like :

Now let mee knowe the creame of this conceit ;
Why graine ? why measures ? why the number five ?
Your morrall fir for that.

Ap. The number five, our *Scences* doth include,
Those severall graines, our severall forts of finnes,
Which like those feedes, to count, are infinite ;
And so commixt, that to distinguish them,
It much transcends humane capacitie.

Mid. And then those Ants, what didst thou meane
by them ?

Ap. By those are meant our recollections,
And Laborinths, still busied in the search
Of what hath past, and were it possible,
By drawing them into their former heapes,
To pay to each, indebted Penitence ;
But all in vaine, for this can never bee

Without true Love, guided by *Mercury* :
But for my Sceane, how do'st thou relish that ?

Mid. As ribble, rabble, and I know not what ;
A Violl must be fill'd with stigan dropps,
And that an Eagle must for *Pfiche* fetch ;
And all this, to what purpose ?

Ap. What to thee,
And such like drones, seemes to be most absurd,
Is to the wise, perspicuous and most plaine ?
When *Pfiche* hath transgress'd, and her offence
(Almost past pardon) merrits *Cupids* wrath ;
Then woes like waves, follow each others neck,
Then must shee fetch a glasse of stigan water,
A Violl fill'd with true repentant teares,
And that shee cannot fill, nor fetch from thence,
But by the Eagles helpe, Heauens providence.

Mi. But for her voyage into Hell; canst make mee
Believe, that once there, shee can come from thence ?

Ap. Can'st thou be silent, and but apprehend
Thou now behold'st her sit in *Charons* boate ?
Oblivion reaching up his wretched hands,
To crave her helpe, and then by folly woe'd,
Next by the Idle sisters ; these things past,
Entering Hell gates, whither thy imagination
May bring her ; Howsoever Gentlemen,
I hope that you will better understand ;
Wee'le but affright her with Hells Court, and then,
On your wing'd thoughts bring her to earth agen.

Exeunt.

ACT. V. Scene. I.

Enter Pluto, Proserpine, Minos, Eacus, Rhadamant,
Charon, Cerberus, and Mercury.

Plu. **F**Aire *Mayas* Sonne, declare your embassie ?
Mer. Wheate-crowned *Ceres*, haruest
Soveraigne,

And Mother to the faire *Proserpina*,
 Sends greeting to her Sonne, hells awfull King,
 Letting him know, this day *Latonas* Sonne
 Enters the first house of his Zodiake,
 And with his guilt beames welcomes in the Spring ;
 This day the Virgins of *Sicilia*,
 Old Wives, young Children, Souldiers, Citizens,
 Princes and Prelates, on *Cissephus* bancks,
 Are gathered in well-order'd multitudes,
 Dancing in *Chorrufses*, finging mirth-full layes,
 Such as *Iambe*, *Megamiraes* maid,
 Sung, when she mourn'd her Daughters ravishment :
 This day hath *Ceres* call'd a Seffions,
 Where *Proserpine* must bee ; but ere shee leave
 The black Imperiall Throne of this low world,
Pfiche the Daughter to th'*Arcadian* King,
 Must doe a message to her deitie.

Prof. Wee know th' Intent of that great influence,
 With all the purpose of the *Paphian* Queene,
 Shee meanes prowd *Pfiche* never shall returne,
 And wee will keepe her ; *Charon* fetch her ore.

Cha. Shee's come already.

Mino. Then conduct her in.

Cha. Hell's full enough of shrewes ; if shee be
 faire,

I know shee's curst, pray let her tarry there,
 A curst queanes tongue, the very fiends still feare.

Plu. Fetch her I say, *Venus* shall be reveng'd.

Eac. Goe *Charon*, waite upon him *Cerberus*.

Mino. If shee performe the customes of our Court,
 Being sent on message from supernall powers,
 Wee can then with no justice keepe her heere.

Rha. True *Minos*, 'tis the law of hell and Fate ;
 Yet *Cerberus* and *Charon*, get you gone,
 Tell *Pfiche* that hell's King, and *Proserpine*,
 With *Minos* bench'd, *Eacus* and *Radamant*,
 Vpon their black Tribunalls, sends for her ;
 You *Furies*, with your enuious eyes attend,
 Least *Pfiche* 'gainst our customes shall offend.

Cha. Come *Cerberus*, come hagg, fetch *Pfiche* in.

Cer. Yes, and for all her staynes, and leprosie,
Me-thinks I now could eate her. *Exit.*

Mer. *Pfiche* is well instructed *Rhadamant*,
Her husband *Cupid* gave her certaine rules,
For her uncertaine journey.

Enter Charon, Cerberus, and Pfiche.

All. Heere shee comes.

Cer. My fop, hast thou thy naulum Ferry-man?

Cha. I have.

Plu. *Pfiche* stand foorth, nay poore soule, tremble
not.

Minos. How came this woman over *Acheron*?
Reach'd shee not hand to helpe *Oblivion*?

Cha. No, yet the wretch made many a pittious
cry,

Yet shee look'd on him with a scornfull eye.

Eac. How did shee passe the hagggs, that spunne
the threads

Of Idle-folly, in the path of hell?

Cha. They all desir'd her helpe, but shee deny'd
To set a finger unto follies thred.

Plu. Shee hath done well, why kneel'st thou on
the ground?

Pfi. I kneele to *Proserpine*, for I am sent
By sacred *Venus* for a boxe of beautie.

Prof. Faire *Pfiche*, you shall haue what you desire,
Rise up, sit downe by us, 'tis much unfit,
The Wife of *Cupid* on the ground sit.

Pfi. *Pfiche* is *Cupids* out-cast, and his scorne,
And therefore sits thus low, and thus forlorne.

Plu. Oh thou belov'd of *Love*, be not so fad;
Furnish a Banquet, let our cousen taste
The delicates that grow in these darke groves.

Prof. Art thou not faint? *A Banquet set foorth.*

Pfi. Yes, wonderous faint, and weary,
Faint through the want of foode, weary with toyle
Of my un-number'd steps, faint through the terror

That on each side affrights mee, faint and weary
 With bearing this poore burthen in my wombe ;
Cupid, thy words are true, thou didst fore-tell,
 My pride on earth, should worke my plagues in hell.

Plu. Refresh thy selfe then, taste our delicates.

Pfi. I dare not touch them.

Rha. Thou hast a fop, eate that.

Pfi. It is not mine,

It is your Porters fee.

Cer. Give it mee then.

Pfi. Anon I will, at my returne from hence ;

In the meane time, sacred *Proserpina*,
 By all the teares you grieved mother shed,
 When you were stole from *Pismaes* flowrie banke,
 Let *Pfiche* be dispatched to *Cipria*,
 Least the incensed goddesse doe some wrong
 To her poore seruant, if shee stay too long.

Plu. Will shee not fit ? scornes shee to taste our
 foode ?

Give her some wine.

Cha. Heere girle, drinke to hells King.

Pfi. Give me cold water from the murmuring
 spring ?

Plu. I am foule-vest, that any mortall eye
 Should see our customes, and returne alive,
 To blab them to the wide eare of the world :
 But *Proserpine*, having perform'd all rights,
 Wee must not heere detaine her ; send her hence.

Prof. My envie equalls yours, but all in vaine ;
Pfiche receive this boxe from *Proserpine*,
 Wherein Cælestiall beautie is inclos'd.
 But on thy life, dare not to looke into't,
 As thou respect't thy safetie.

Pfi. I receive it,
 And humbly begging to dread *Plutoes* Queene,
 Intreate to be dismiss'd this fearefull Court,

Plu. *Charon*, conuey her backe.

Cha. My Ferry-money.

Cer. My fopp.

Pf. Both's heere.

Exit. Char. and Cer. with Psiche.

Plu. *Pfiche* is worthy to be *Cupids* Wife,
And *Proserpine*, remember her to *Venus*,
Make intercession, that the Queene of Love
No longer prove th'ungentle step-mother.

Mer. *Pluto*, when *Pfiche* hath perform'd her taske,
My Sister will no doubt be reconcil'd ;
Cupid presented a Petition
To *Ioue*, and all the Senate of the gods,
To take from her, her base deformity,
The gods agreed, and *Venus* too was pleas'd
At her returne from hell it should be done.

Plut. Heere *Hermes*, take my Queene *Proserpina*,
Returne her when the sifter of the Sunne
Hath sixe times compassed her filuer spheare ;
Commend me to my mother, great *Ioves* wife.
My sifter *Pallas*, and to all the gods,
So farewell *Plutoes* joy, all hell shall mourne
With hiddious cries, till my faire love returne.

Exeunt. Hiddeous musicke.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Many a long looke have my watchfull eyes
Sent out to meet with *Pfiche*, heere shee comes,

Enter Psiche.

And in her hand the boxe, *Cupid* stand close,
And over-heare the summe of her discourse.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. This is shee, I know her by her marter'd face ;
Venus did well to send her for beauty, for poore soule,
she hath neede on't, I have dogg'd her, to see if I
could find her at any aduantage, to steale away her
boxe ; I have already got love from *Cupid*, I have got
Poetry from *Apollo*, and if I could now get beauty

from *Pfiche*, *Phaon* the faire Ferry-man, was never so famous in *Sicillia*, as I *Coridon* shall be in *Arcadia*.

Pfi. You trayterous thoughts, no more assault me thus,

My lovely *Cupid* charg'd me not to see
What *Proserpine* sent *Venus* in this boxe,
The like command did hells Queene lay on mee,
Oh heaven, yet I shall die except I doe't.

Cup. I *Pfiche*, what still in your longing vaine ?

Clo. That's it, nay I shall know't, if I see't againe.

Pfi. It's beautie *Pfiche*, and Celæstiall,
And thou art ugly, this will make thee shine,
And change this earthy forme to shape divine ;
Open it boldly, but I shall offend,
Why say I doe, 'tis but the breach of dutie,
And who'le not venture to get heavenly beautie,
Rich beautie, ever fresh, never decaying,
Which lies intomb'd in this heavenly shrine ;
Nor in this bold attempt thinke mee prophane,
Striving thus spotted, to be free from staine.

Shee opens the Boxe, and falls asleepe.

Clo. Nay I thought I should take you napping,
Takes up the Boxe.

And thou shalt goe with mee ; for 'tis my duty,
My Mistris being a blowfe, to find her beautie.

Cupid charmes him asleepe.

Cup. To make thee lovely in thy Mistris eyes,
Make use of that, and boast of thy rich prize.

Cupid layes a counterfeit Boxe by him.

But foolish girle ; alas why blame I thee,
When all thy Sex is guilty of like pride,
And ever was ? but where's this beauty now ?
Turn'd into slumbers, and like watery pearles
Of honey-tasting dew hangs on these lids :
Shee wakes againe ; I have swept off the slumber
That hung so heavy on these spotted covers,
Which once clos'd in, the light of all true lovers.

Pfi. Where am I now ? Dread *Cupid* pardon mee.

Cup. Come rife, and wipe away these fruitlesse
teares :

Take up the boxe, and hie thee to my Mother ?

Psi. Shee'le kill mee for the beautie I have
loft.

Cup. Tush foole, I gather'd it from thy clos'd
eyes,

Where in the shape of slumber it did rest ;
Be comforted, *Cupids* white hand shall cleere
This blacke deformitie, and thou shalt ride
In *Venus* chariot, and be deified :

I thought to chide too bad, but 'twill not bee,
True Love can but a while looke bitterly :
Awake thou too, the treasure there inclos'd,
Rife at will, but see it well dispos'd.

Exit.

Clow. Where am I, nay where is shee ; I no
fooner cast mine eye upon the boxe, to say heere 'tis,
but I was asleepe before a man could say what's this,
what's this said I :

Rejoyce all mortalls that weare smocks,
For I have found rich beauties boxe :

I was before but a man made, but I am now a very
made man ; and when 'tis knowne I am possess'd of
this rich treasure, both Young and Old, Short and
Tall, Tagg and Ragg,

Witch and Hagg, Crone and Beldam,

Who though they come abroade but feldome,
will crawle upon crutches to find out mee ; But come
as many as will, and as fast as can, by their fauours,
my *Amarillis* shall bee first seru'd : and yet not first
neither, am I in possession my selfe, and shall not I be
the white boy of *Arcadia* : *Adonis* is dead, and shall
not I bee *Venus* sweetheart.

Come boxe of beautie, and for white and red,

The Boxe is full of ugly Painting.

Put downe *Ioves* Page, the smooth-fac'd *Ganimed* ;
Dawbe on, dawbe on, as thicke as thou canst
lay on,

Till thou exceede the Ferry-man call'd *Fhaon* ;
Cupid compar'd with mee, shall be a toy

And looke but like the signe of the black-boy ;
 My face shall shine just as my hand disposes,
 In one cheeke Ile plant Lillies, in t'other rofes,
 Till all that this my vifage gaze upon,
 Say there, there goes the faire-fac'd *Coridon*.*

Enter Swaines.

1. *Swai.* Where is *Coridon*, *Hymen* stayes, and
Amarillis attends, the Bride is ready, but no Bride-
 groome to be found ?

Clo. I doe not thinke the Clownes will know me
 when they see mee, *Colin*, *Dickon*, *Hobinall*, and how
 is't, how is't ?

2. *Swai.* Ha ha ha, very scruily me-thinks, is this
Coridon ?

Clo. Nay, if my face in Swaines breede such
 delight,
 What will the Nymphs doe when they come in
 fight.

3. *Sw.* O monstrous *Coridon* ! how can't thou
 thus chang'd ?

Clo. Chang'd, I hope so ; I have not travell'd thus
 farre for nothing ; speake you mortalls,
 Doth not my brow relent ? shines not my nose ?
 Springs not heere a Lillie, there a Rose ?

2. *Swai.* A Rose, a Lillie ? a Blew-bottle, and a
 cancker-flower, what is that upon thy face ?

Clo. Beautie, boyes, beautie.

2. *Swai.* Beautie dost call it, I prethee from
 whence came it ?

Clo. Marry from hell.

2. *Swai.* From hell, I beleeeve it, for it hath made
 thee looke like a devill already.

Clo. Goe sheare your sheepe, make money of your
 wooll,
 Sell all your Lambes, and make your purses full,
 And then, if on the price wee can agree,

* faire-cheek'd *Coridon*. 1636.

Ile fit you all, and make you looke like mee.

2. *Swai.* Like thee, Ide rather see thee hang'd ;
dost thou think wee meane to weare Vizors ?

Clo. This 'tis to be meere mortalls, and have noe
addition of learning or travell ; their dull eyes cannot
judge of Cælestiall beautie : but where's my *Amarillis*,
and the god of marriage *Hymen* ?

1. *Swai.* They both stay for thee in *Venus* Temple ;
but I hope thou wilt not be married to her in this
pickle ?

Clo. Will I not, yes, and dazell all their eyes that
shall looke on mee, especially my *Amarillis*,
And shee must needs have some part of my theft,
All is not gone, somthing for her is left :
Leade on, leade on, this day you shall be my men,
And thus in pompe will we go meet with *Hymen* :
And *Dickon*, if anon thou wilt be sinfull
To drinke with mee, I will give thee thy skin-full :
If any heere, I speake it out of dutie,
Desire Complection from my boxe of beautie,
This night I am busie, let him come to morrow,
They shall have store, if they will buy, or borrow.

Exeunt.

Enter Phœbus, Pan, Vulcan, Venus, Admetus,
Astioche, Petrea, Menetius, and Zelotes.

Ven. By this I know, that Minks is come from
hell,
And heere she harbours ; but *Arcadian* King,
Deliver her, or by our dreadfull frowne,
Ile spoile thy Courts, and cast thy Temples downe ;
Conceale her longer, not the gods intreatees
Shall guard her from the death, my rage intends.

Ad. Dread Queene of *Paphos*, shee remains not
heere,
Nor thinke that I abet her, though my child,
Against your wrath, or power ; Nay, did shee fo-
journe
In any place where I have free command,
Ide cause her to be fetch't thence instantly,

And as your slave and vassaile tender her.

Ven. If she be safe return'd from *Proserpine*,
Shee must be pardon'd, and become divine ;
But to conceale her being, and keepe backe
The present sent,* aymes at her future wrack.

Apol. If ever in faire *Venus* I had power,
Or grac'd her summer pastimes with my beames,
At length with a commiserating eye,
Looke on distressed *Pfiche*.

Vul. Doe good wife,
Use her with all the favour thou can't thinke,
Conive at her, as I at thy faults winke.

Pan. And *Pan* protests by *Cannaes* nut-browne
haire,
The fairest Nimph, since *Sirnix*, I ere saw,
Be friends with her, my *Saityrs* all shall play,
And I with them make this a holy-day.

Enter Mercury and Proserpine.

Mer. To all these gods, to *Venus*, and this
traine,
Health from the Sonne of *Saturne*, and Queene
Ceres.

Ven. Welcome, what would the messenger of *Iove*
To us, or these ?

Mer. *Pan*, *Vulcan*, and your selfe,
With *Phœbus*, and the great *Arcadian* King,
Must bee this day at *Ceres* sowing-feast,
Vnto which Annuall meeting, see faire *Proserpine*
Is come from *Plutoes* Court.

Ven. Welcome faire Queene.

Apol. Welcome faire sister, from the vaults below,
Wee two are Twins, of faire *Latona* borne,
And were together nurs't in *Delos* Ile ;
You guide the night, as I direct the day,
Darkeness and light betwixt us wee divide,
Nor square, but in our mutuall Orbes agree,

* Her present fight. 1636.

Vnlesse you move just 'twixt the earth and mee,
For then you eclipse my lusture.

Vul. Cousen Queene,
I am even moone-sicke, and halfe merry mad,
For joy of thy arrival.

Pan. By our Crests
Wee should bee cousens, for wee both are horn'd,
And *Vulcan* of our kin too ; but sweete goddesse,
Now I bethinke me of th' *Arcadian* Nymphes,
I am bound to thee for many a pretty fight,
And much good sport I have had by thy moone-light.

Prof. To give you meeting, I am come from hell.

Ven. Saw you not *Pfiche* there ?

Prof. Loves Queene I did,
Hither shee comes with *Cupid*, hand in hand,
Her leprosie, through labour, is made cleere,
And beautious in your eye, shee'le now appeare.

Enter Cupid and Pfiche.

Cup. Celæstiaall Sea-borne Queene, I heere present
you

My *Pfiche*, who hath satisfi'd your will :
Deliver her, faire Love, from *Proserpine*,
The boxe of beautie, endlesse, and divine.

Pf. Guided by *Love*, Lord of my life and hope,
I come undaunted to your gracious sight,
Hoping my sufferance hath out-worne his wrath ?

Ven. Shee hath scap'd hell, and now the taske is
done,

And I still crost by a disobedient Sonne ;
But tell mee how this Leoper came thus faire ?

Cup. At my entreate it was,
'Mongst all the gods I claym'd her for my Wife,
Who taking a joynt pittie of her wrongs
Gave their consent, and then Great *Love* himselve
Call'd for a cup of Immortallitie,
Dranke part to her, and *Pfiche* quaff't the rest,
At which, deformitie forfooke her quite,

And shee made faire, and then proclaym'd my bride,
Iove vowing, shee should now be deifi'd.

Ven. I see I cannot conquer *Destinie*,
 By Fate shee first was thine, I give her thee.

Mer. Now *Pfiche*, you must see your sisters
 judg'd,

Vnstaide *Petrea*, and unkind *Astioche*,
Admetus, you must be their sentencer.

Asti. Husband, your knees.

Petr. My deare Lord pleade for us.

Asti. Will neither; yet Father.

Ad. Wretches peace,

Pfiche by you was torne from her delight,
 And rudely rent from *Cupids* Paradise;
 'Twas you that robb'd her of a Fathers love;
 By your alurements she was sent to hell,
 And had not divine ayde secur'd her thence,
 Poore soule for ever sh' had bin there detain'd,
 For which, to endlesse durance I adjudge you;
 For merits siluer gates are alwayes barr'd
 To hearts impenitent, and willfull hard.

Pfi. Have pitty on them Father, gentle husband,
 Remember not their frawd in tempting mee:
 You gods, and goddeses, with *Pfiche* joyne
 To begg their pardons, all you Arcadians kneele;
 For had they not my happinesse enuy'd,
 My Love and Patienee had not so bin try'd.

All. Wee all will mediate for them.

Ad. Then Daughters, give your sifter *Pfiche* thanks,
 And to her vertues be a seruant still,
 As having made atonement for your ill.

Both. Wee'le hence-forth be her hand-maids.

Ven. They shall attend her unto *Plenties* bower,
 Where *Ceres*, Queene of all Fertility,
 Inuites us with the other gods to feast.

Mer. There *Iove* and *Phæbus* shall leade *Cupids*
 Queene,
 To the bright Pallace of Eternitie;
Bacchus shall give us Wine, and *Ganimed*

Shall crowne our full cupps with the grapes pure
blood ;

Ceres shall yeeld us all earth's delicates,
The *Graces* shall bring Balme, the *Muses* sing
In *Cupids* honour, Loves Immortall King.

Vul. Vulcan will dance, and sing, and skip, and
quaffe,

And with his smoakie jeasts make *Cupid* laugh.

Cup. Such as love mee, make mee their president,
See, thus I take faire *Pfiche* by the hand,

Mercury doe you the like to *Proserpine*,
My Mother *Venus* cannot want a mate ;

In honour of our marriage, match your selves,

And with a measure grace our nuptialls,

But such as doe not love to bee in motion,

View as spectators, how our joy appeares,

Dancing to the sweete musicke of the spheares.

A Dance of Cupid, Pfiche, the gods and goddeffes.

Apol. Now circle *Pfiche* in a fayrie ring,

Whil't I and *Venus* grace her with this Crowne ;

This done, to feast with *Ceres*, and the gods,

And next unto the Pallace of the Sunne,

To end those sacred rites wee have begun.

Enter Midas and Apulejus.

Mi. Is this your morrall ? This your Poetry ?

What hast thou done, what spoke, what repre-
sented,

Which I with all these cannot justly taxe ?

Ap. Yes, all like thee th' obtuse and stupid
mindes,

But there's an understanding that hath depth

Beyond thy shallow non-sence ; there's a wit,

A braine which thou want'st, I to that submit.

Mi. And even in that thou fool'st thy selfe.

Cup. Nay then,

I by the favour of these Gentlemen,

Will arbitrate this strife ; one seekes to aduance

His Art, the other stands for ignorance ;
Both hope, and both shall have their merrits full,
Heere's meede for either, both the apt, and dull,
Plear'd or displeas'd, this censure I allow ;
Keepe thou the Asses eares, the Lawrell thou :
If you, judicious, this my doome commend,
Pfiche by you shall doubly Crown'd ascend ;
And then this Legacie I leave behind,
Where ere you love, prove of one faith, one mind.
The Spring comes on, and *Cupid* doth divine,
Each shall enjoy his best lou'd Valentine,
Which when you have, may you like us agree,
And at your best retirements thinke on mee.

FINIS.

THE
R A P E
OF
L V C R E C E.

A true Roman Tragedy.

With the severall Songs in their apt places, by
Valerius the merry Lord among the Roman
Peeres.

The Copy revised, and fundry Songs before omit-
ted, now inferted in their right places.

Acted by Her Majesties Servants at the
Red-Bull.

The fifth Impression.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON,
Printed by *John Raworth*, for *Nathaniel Butter*.

1 6 3 8.

[This play was originally published in 1609. The present reprint is of the latest edition published in the author's lifetime, as revised and augmented by him. The text has been carefully collated with that of the first edition.]



To the Reader,



IT hath been no custome in me of all other men (courteous Readers) to commit my Playes to the Presse: the reason though some may attribute to my owne insufficiency, I had rather subscribe, in that, to their seveare censure, then by seeking to avoyd the imputation of weakenesse, to incurre greater suspition of honesty: for though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the Stage, and after to the Presse: For my owne part, I here proclaime my selfe euer faithfull in the first, and never guilty of the last: yet since some of my Playes have (unknowne to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printers hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled, copied onely by the eare) that I have beene as unable to know them, as ashamed to challenge them. This therefore I was the willinger to furnish out in his native habit: first being by consent, next because the rest have been so wronged, in being publisht in such savage and ragged ornaments: Accept it courteous Gentlemen, and proove as favourable Readers as we have found you gracious Auditors.

Yours, T. H.

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Servius</i>	King of <i>Rome.</i>
<i>Tarquin</i>	The proud.
<i>Tullia</i>	Wife of <i>Tarquin Superbus.</i>
<i>Aruns</i>	} the two Sonnes of <i>Tarquin.</i>
<i>Sextus</i>	
<i>Brutus Iunior</i>	
<i>Colatinus</i>	
<i>Horatius Cocles</i>	
<i>Mutius Scevola</i>	
<i>Lucretius</i>	
<i>Porfenna</i>	King of the <i>Tuscans.</i>
<i>Porfenna's</i>	Secretary.
<i>Pub. Valerius</i>	
	The Priest of <i>Apollo.</i>
2. <i>Centinels</i>	
<i>Lucretia</i>	ravisht by <i>Sextus</i>
<i>Myrabile</i>	<i>Lucretias</i> Maid.
	The Clowne.



The Rape of *Lucrece*.

SENATE.

Enter Tarquin Superbus, Sextus Tarquinius, Tullia, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius, Poplicola, and Senators before them.

Tul. **W**ithdraw ! we must have private conference

Tar. With our deere husband
What would'st thou wife ?

Tul. Be what I am not, make thee greater farre
Then thou canst aime to be.

Tar. Why I am *Tarquin*.

Tul. And I am *Tullia*, what of that ?
What Diapasons, more in *Tarquins* name
Then in a Subjects ? or what's *Tullia*
More in the found then to become the name
Of a poore maid or waiting Gentlewoman ?
I am a Princeesse both by birth and thoughts,
Yet all's but *Tullia*, ther's no resonance
In a bare stile : my title beares no breadth ;
Nor hath it any state : oh me, im'e sicke !

Tar. Sicke Lady ?

Tul. Sicke at heart.

Tar. Why my sweet *Tullia*?

Tul. To be a queen I long, long, and am sicke.
With ardency my hot appetite's a fire,
Till my swolne fervor be delivered
Of that great title Queene, my heart's all Royall,
Not to be circumscribed in fervile bounds,
While there's a King that rules the Peeres of *Rome*,
Tarquin makes legs, and *Tullia* curtsies low,
Bowes at each nod, and must not neere the state
Without obeyfance, oh! I hate this awe,
My proud heart cannot brook it.

Tar. Heare me wife.

Tul. I am no wife of *Tarquins* if not King:
Oh had *Iove* made me man, I would have mounted
Above the base tribunals of the earth,
Vp to the Clouds, for pompous soveraignty.
Thou art a man, oh beare my royall minde,
Mount heaven, and see if *Tullia* lag behinde,
There is no earth in me, I am all fire,
Were *Tarquin* so, then should we both aspire.

Tar. Oh *Tullia*, though my body taste of dulnesse,
My soule is wing'd, to soare as high as thine,
But noate what flags our wings, fourty five yeeres
The King thy father hath protected *Rome*.

Tul. That makes for us: the people covet change,
Even the best things in time grow tedious.

Tar. T'would seeme unnaturall, in thee, my
Tullia,
The reverend King, thy father to depose:

Tul. A kingdoms quest, makes sonnes and fathers
foes.

Tar. And but by *Servius* fall we cannot climbe,
The balme that must anoint us is his blood.

Tul. Lets lave our brows then in that crimson
flood,

We must be bold and dreadlesse: who aspires,
Mounts by the lives of Fathers, Sons, and Sires.

Tar. And so must I, since for a kingdomes love,
Thou canst despise a Father for a Crowne:

Tarquin shall mount, *Servius* be tumbled downe,
For he usurps my state, and first depofd
My father in my fwathed infancy,
For which he shall be countant : to this end
I have founded all the Peeres and Senators,
And though unknowne to thee my *Tullia*,
They all imbrace my faction ; and fo they
Love change of state, a new King to obey.

Tul. Now is my *Tarquin* worthy *Tullias* grace.
Since in my armes, I thus a King embrace.

Tar. The King should meet this day in Parlia-
ment.

With all the Senate and Estates of *Rome*,
His place will I assume, and there proclaime,
All our decrees in Royall *Tarquins* name. *Florish.*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius, Collatine
and Senators.*

Luc. May it please thee noble *Tarquin* to attend
The King this day in the high Capitoll ?

Tul. Attend ?

Tar. We intend this day to see the Capitoll.
You knew our Father good *Lucretius* :

Luc. I did my Lord.

Tar. Was not I his Son ?

The Queen my mother was of royall thoughts
And heart pure, as unblemisht Innocence.

Luc. What asks my Lord ?

Tar. Sonnes should succeed their fathers, but
anon
You shall heare more, high time that we were gone.

Florish.

Exeunt : Manet Collatine and Valerius.

Col. Ther's morall sure in this, *Valerius*.
Heeres modell, yea, and matter too to breed
Strange meditations in the provident braines
Of our grave Fathers : some strange project lives
This day in Cradle that's but newly borne.

Val. No doubt *Couatine* no doubt, heres a giddy and drunken world, it Reeles, it hath got the staggers, the commonwealth is ficke of an Ague, of which nothing can cure her but some violent and sudder affrightment.

Col. The wife of *Tarquin* would be a Queen, nay on my life she is with childe till she be so.

Val. And longs to be brought to bed of a Kingdome, I divine we shall see scuffling to day in the Capitoll.

Col. If there be any difference among the Princes and Senate, whose faction will *Valerius* follow?

Val. Oh *Collatine*, I am a true Citizen, and in this I will best shew my selfe to be one, to take part with the strongest. If *Servius* orecome, I am Liegeman to *Servius*, and if *Tarquin* subdue, I am for *vive Tarquinius*.

Col. *Valerius*, no more, this talke does but keep us from the sight of this solemnity: by this the Princes are entring the Capitoll: come, we must attend.

Exeunt.

SENATE.

*Tarquin, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius one way:
Brutus meeting them the other way very humorously.*

Tar. This place is not for fooles, this parliament Affembles not the straines of Ideotifme, Onely the grave and wisest of the Land: Important are th'affaires we have in hand. Hence with that Mome.

Luc. *Brutus* forbear the prefence.

Brut. Forbear the prefence, why pra'y

Sext. None are admitted to this grave concourse
But wise men: nay good *Brutus*.

Brut. You'le have an empty Parliament then.

Aru. Here is no roome for fooles.

Bru. Then what mak'st thou here, or he, or he? oh *Iupiter*! if this command be kept strictly, we shall have empty Benches: get you home you that are here, for here will be nothing to do this day: a generall course of wise men, t'was never seene since the first Chaos. *Tarquin*, if the generall rule have no exceptions, thou wilt have an empty Consistory.

Tul. *Brutus* you trouble us.

Bru. How powerfull am I you Roman deities, that am able to trouble her that troubles a whole Empire? fooles exempted, and women admitted! laugh *Democritus*, but have you nothing to say to Mad-men?

Tar. Mad-men have here no place.

Bru. Then out of doores with *Tarquin*, what's he that may sit in a calme valley, and will chuse to repose in a tempestuous mountaine, but a mad-man? that may live in tranquillous pleasures, and will seek out a kingdomes cares, but a mad-man? who would seek innovation in a Common-wealth in publike, or be overrul'd by a curst wife in private, but a foole or a mad-man? give me thy hand *Tarquin*, shall we two be dismissed together from the Capitoll?

Tar. Restraine his follie.

Tul. Drive the frantique hence.

Bru. Nay *Brutus*.

Sext. Good *Brutus*.

Bru. Nay, soft, soft good blood of the *Tarquins*, lets have a few cold words first, and I am gone in an instant, I claime the priviledge of the Nobility of *Rome*, and by that priviledge my seat in the Capitol. I am a Lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitol as *Horatius*, thine, or thine *Lucretius*, thine *Sextus*, *Aruns* thine, or any here: I am a Lord and you banish all the Lord fooles from the presence, youle have few to wait vpon the King, but Gentlemen: nay, I am easily perswaded then, hands off, since you will not have my company, you shall have my roome.

My roome indeed, for what I feeme to be,
Brutus is not, but borne great *Rome* to free.
 The state is full of dropſie, and ſwollen big
 With windie vapors, which my ſword muſt pierce,
 To purge th'infectèd blood, bred by the pride
 Of theſe infectèd bloods: nay now I goe,
 Behold I vaniſh ſince tis *Tarquins* minde,
 One ſmall foole goes, but great fooles leaves behinde.

Exit.

Lucre. Tis pittie one ſo generouſly deriv'd,
 Should be depriv'd his beſt induements thus,
 And want the true directions of the ſoule.

Tar. To leave theſe delatorie trifles, Lords
 Now to the publique buſineſſe of the Land.
 Lords take your ſeverall places.

Luc. Not great *Tarquin*,
 Before the King aſſume his regall throne.
 Whoſe comming we attend.

Tulli. Hee's come already.

Luc. The King?

Tar. The King.

Col. *Servius*?

Tar. *Tarquinius*.

Lucre. *Servius* is King.

Tar. He was by power divine,
 The Throne that long ſince he uſurpt is mine.
 Heere we enthrone our ſelves, Cathedrall ſtate
 Long ſince detain'd us, juſtly we reſume,
 Then let our friends and ſuch as love us crie,
 Live *Tarquin* and enjoy this Soveraigntie.

Omnes. Live *Tarquin* and injoy this Soveraignty.

*Floriſh.**Enter Valerius.*

Vale. The King himſelfe with ſuch confederate
 Peeres,
 As ſtoutly embrace his faction, being inform'd

Of *Tarquins* vsurpation, armed comes,
Neere to the entrance of the Capitoll.

Tarq. No man give place, he that dares to arise
And doe him reverence, we his love despise.

Enter Servius, Horatius, Scevola, Souldiers.

Ser. Traytor.

Tar. Vsurper.

Ser. Descend.

Tullia. Sit still.

Ser. In *Servius* name, *Romes* great imperiall
Monarch,
I charge thee *Tarquin* disinthrone thy selfe,
And throw thee at our feet, prostrate for mercy.

Hor. Spoke like a King.

Tar. In *Tarquins* name, now *Romes* imperiall
Monarch,
We charge thee *Servius* make free resignation,
Of that archt-wreath thou hast usurpt so long.

Tul. Words worth an Empire.

Hor. Shall this be brookt my Sovereigne :
Dismount the Traytor.

Sex. Touch him he that dares.

Hor. Dares !

Tul. Dares.

Ser. Strumpet, no childe of mine,

Tul. Dotard, and not my father.

Ser. Kneele to thy King ?

Tul. Submit thou to thy Queene.

Ser. Insufferable treason ! with bright steele,
Lop downe these interponents that withstand
The passage to our throne.

Hor. That *Codes* dares.

Sex. We with our steele guard *Tarquin* and his
chaire.

Sce. A *Servius*.

Servius is slaine.

Aru. A *Tarquin*.

Tar. Now are we King indeede, our awe is
 builded
 Vpon this Royall base, the slaughtered body
 Of a dead King : we by his ruine rise
 To a Monarchall Throne.

Tul. We have our longing.
 My fathers death gives me a second life
 Much better then the first, my birth was fervile,
 But this new breath of raigne is large and free,
 Welcome my second life of Soveraignty.

Luc. I have a Daughter, but I hope of mettle,
 Subject to better temperature, should my *Lucrece*
 Be of this pride, these hands should sacrifice
 Her blood vnto the Gods that dwell below,
 The abortiue brat should not out-live my spleene,
 But *Lucrece* is my Daughter, this my Queene.

Tul. Teare off the Crowne, that yet empales the
 temples
 Of our ufurping Father : quickly Lords,
 And in the face of his yet bleeding wounds,
 Let us receive our honours.

Tar. The same breath
 Gives our state life, that was the Vfurpers death.

Tul. Here then by heavens hand wee invest our
 selves :
 Musique, whose loftiest tones grace Princes crown'd,
 Vnto our novel Coronation found. *Florish.*

Enter Valerius with Horatius and Scevola.

Tarq. Whom doth *Valerius* to our state present ?

Val. Two valiant Romans, this *Horatius Cocles*,
 This Gentleman calld *Mutius Scevola*.
 Who whilst King *Servius* wore the Diadem,
 Vpheld his sway and Princedome by their loves,
 But he being false, since all the Peeres of *Rome*
 Applaud King *Tarquin* in his Soveraignty,
 They with like suffrage greet your Coronation.

Hor. This hand alide vnto the Roman Crowne,
Whom never feare dejected, or cast low,
Laies his victorious sword at *Tarquins* feet,
And prostrates with that sword allegiance.
King *Servius* life we lov'd, but he expir'd,
Great *Tarquins* life is in our hearts desir'd.

Sec. Who whilst he rules with justice and integrity
Shall with our dreadles hands our hearts command,
Even with the best imploiments of our lives,
Since Fortune lifts thee, we submit to Fate,
Our selves are vassals to the Roman state.

Tarq. Your roomes were emptie in our traine of
friends,
Which we rejoyce to see so well supplide :
Receive our grace, live in our clement favours,
In whose submission our young glory growes
To his ripe height : fall in our friendly traine
And strengthen with your loves our infant Raigne.

Hor. We live for *Tarquin*.

Sec. And to thee alone,
Whilst justice keeps thy sword and thou thy Throne.

Tar. Then are you ours, and now conduct us
straight
In triumph through the populous streets of *Rome*.
To the Kings Palace our Majesticke feat.
Your hearts though freely proffred, we intreat.

Sennat. *As they march, Tullia treads on her
Father & slaies.*

Tullia. What blocke is that we tread on ?

Luc. Tis the bodie
Of your deceased Father Madam, Queene
Your shoe is crimfond with his vitall blood.

Tul. No matter, let his mangled body lie,
And with his base confederates strew the streets,
That in digrace of his usurped pride,
We ore his truncke may in our Chariot ride :
For mounted like a Queene, t'would doe me good

To wash my Coach-naves in my fathers blood.

Luc. Heres a good Childe.

Tar. Remove it wee command,
And beare his carcasse to the funerall pile,
Where after this dejection, let it have
His solemne and due obsequies : faire *Tullia*,
Thy hate to him growes from thy love to us,
Thou shewest thy selfe in this unnaturall strife
An unkind Daughter, but a loving wife.
But on unto our Palace, this blest day,
A Kings encrease growes by a Kings decay.

Brutus alone.

Brut. Murder the King! a high and capitoll
treason,
Those Giants that wag'd warre against the Gods,
For which the ore-whelmed Mountaines hurld by
Love

To scatter them, and give them timeles graves
Was not more cruell then this butcherle,
This slaughter made by *Tarquin* ; but the Queene,
A woman, fie fie : did not this shee-paracide
Adde to her fathers wounds ? and when his body
Lay all besmeard and staynd in the blood royall,
Did not this Monster, this infernall hag,
Make her unwilling Chariotter drive on,
And with his shod wheelles crush her Fathers bones ?
Break his craz'd scull, and dash his sparckled braines
Vpon the pavements, whilst she held the raines !
The affrighted Sun at this abhorred object,
Put on a maske of blood, and yet she blusht not.
Love art thou just ; hast thou reward for pietie ?
And for offence no vengeance ? or canst punish
Fellons, and pardon Traitors ? chastise Murderers,
And winke at Paracides ? if thou be worthy,
As well we know thou art, to fill the Throne
Of all eternitie, then with that hand
That flings the trifurke thunde. let the pride
Of these our irreligious Monarkifers

Be crown'd in blood: this makes poore *Brutus* mad,
To see sin frolique, and the vertuous sad.

Enter Sextus and Aruns.

Aru. Soft, heeres *Brutus*, let us acquaint him with
the newes.

Sex. Content: now Coufen *Brutus*.

Aru. Who, I your kinsman? though I be of
the blood of the *Tarquins* yet no coufen gentle
Prince.

Aru. And why so *Brutus*, scorne you our aliance?

Bru. No, I was coufen to the *Tarquins*, when they
were subjects, but dare claime no kindred as they are
soveraignes: *Brutus* is not so mad though he be
merry, but he hath wit enough to keepe his head on
his shoulders.

Aru. Why doe you my Lord thus loose your houres,
and neither professe warre nor domestick profit? the
first might beget you love, the other riches.

Bru. Because I would live, have I not answered
you, because I would live? fooles and mad-men are
no rubs in the way of *Vsurpers*, the firmament can
brooke but one Sunne, and for my part I must not
shine: I had rather live an obscure blacke, then
appeare a faire white to be shot at, the end of all is,
I would live: had *Servius* beene a shrub, the wind
had not shooke him, or a mad-man, hee had not perisht:
I covet no more wit nor employment then as much
as will keepe life and soule together, I would but
live.

Aru. You are fatyricall coufen *Brutus*, but to the
purpose: the king dreamp't a strange and ominous
dream last night, and to be resolv'd of the event, my
brother *Sextus* and I must to the Oracle.

Sex. And because we would be well accompanied,
wee have got leave of the king that you *Brutus* shall
associate us, for our purpose is to make a merry
journey on't.

Bru. So youle carry me along with you to be your foole and make you merrie.

Sex. Not our foole, but——

Bru. To make you merry : I shall, nay, I would make you merrie, or tickle you till you laugh : the Oracle ! ile go to be resolv'd of some doubts private to my selfe : nay Princes, I am so much indeer'd both to your loves and companies, that you shall not have the power to be rid of me, what limits have we for our journey ?

Sext. Five dayes, no more.

Brut. I shall fit me to your preparations, but one thing more, goes *Collatine* along ?

Sext. *Collatine* is troubled with the common disease of all new married men, he's sicke of the wife, his excuse is forfooth that *Lucrece* will not let him goe, but you having neither wife nor wit to hold you, I hope will not disappoint us.

Bru. Had I both, yet should you prevaile with me above either.

Aru. We shall expect you.

Bru. *Horatius Cocles*, and *Mutius Scevola* are not engag'd in this expedition ?

Aru. No, they attend the King farewell.

Bru. *Lucretius* staves at home too, and *Valerius* ?

Sext. The Palace cannot spare them.

Bru. None but we three ?

Sex. We three.

Bru. We three, well five dayes hence.

Sex. You have the time, farewell.

Exeunt, Sextus and Aruns.

Bru. The time I hope cannot be circumscribde Within so short a limit, *Rome* and I Are not so happy ; what's the reason then, Heaven spares his rod so long ? *Mercurie* tell me ! I hav't, the fruit of pride is yet but greene, Not mellow, though it growes apace, it comes not To his full height : *Love* oft delays his vengeance,

That when it haps 't may prove more terrible.
Dispaire not *Brutus* then, but let thy countrey
And thee take this last comfort after all,
Pride when thy fruit is ripe t' must rot, and fall.
But to the Oracle.

Enter Horatius Coclus, Mutius Scevola.

Hor. I would I were no Roman.

Sce. *Coclus* why ?

Hor. I am discontented and dare not speake my
thoughts.

Sce. What, shall I speake them for you ?

Hor. *Mutius* doe.

Scevo. *Tarquin* is proud.

Hor. Thou hast them.

Scevo. Tyrannous.

Hor. True.

Sce. Insufferably loftie.

Hor. Thou hast hit me.

Scevo. And shall I tell thee what I prophesie
Of his succeeding rule ?

Ho. No, I'le doo't for thee,

Tarquins abilitie will in the weale,

Beget a weake unable impotence :

His strength, make *Rome* and our dominions weak

His soaring high make us to flag our wings,

And flie close by the earth : his golden feathers

Are of such vastnes, that they spread like sayles,

And so becalme us that wee haue not aire

Able to raise our plumes, to taste the pleasures

Of our own Elements.

Scevo. Wee are one heart,

Our thoughts and our desires are futable.

Hor. Since he was King he beares him like a
God,

His wife like *Pallas*, or the wife of *Iove*.

Will not be spoke to without sacrifice,

And homage sole due to the Deities.

Enter Lucretius.

Scevo. What hast with good *Lucretius* ?

Lucre. Hast but small speed,
I had an earnest suit vnto the King,
About some businesse that concernes the weale
Of *Rome* and us, twill not be listned too,
He has tooke upon him such ambitious state,
That he abandons conference with his Peeres,
Or if he chance to endure our tongues so much,
As but to heare their sonance, he despises
The intent of all our speeches, our advices,
And counsell: thinking his owne judgement only
To be approved in matters militarie,
And in affaires domesticke, we are but mutes,
And fellowes of no parts, viores unstrung,
Our notes too harsh to strike in Princes eares.
Great *Ioue* amend it.

Hor. Whither will you my Lord ?

Luc. No matter where

If from the court, Ile home to *Collatine*
And to my daughter *Lucrece*: home breeds safety,
Dangers begot in Court, a life retir'd
Must please me now perforce: then noble *Scevola*,
And you my deere *Horatius*, farewell both,
Where industrie is scornd lets welcome sloth.

Enter Collatine.

Hora. Nay good *Lucretius* doe not leave us thus,
See heere comes *Collatine*, but wheres *Valerius* ?
How does he taste these times ?

Col. Not giddily like *Brutus*, passionately
Like old *Lucretius* with his teare fwolne eies,
Not laughingly like *Mutius Scevola*,
Nor bluntly like *Horatius Cocles* here.
He has usurpt a stranger garbe of humour,
Distinct from these in nature every way.

Luc. How is he relisht, can his eyes forbear

In this strange state to shed a passionate teare ?

Sec. Can he forbear to laugh with *Secvola*,
At that which passionate weeping cannot mend ?

Hora. Nay can his thought shape ought but melancholly

To see these dangerous passages of state,
How is he tempered noble *Collatine* ?

Colla. Strangely, he is all long, hee's ditty all,
Note that : *Valerius* hath given up the Court
And weand himfelfe from the Kings consistory
In which his sweet harmonious tongue grew harsh,
Whether it be that he is discontent,
Yet would not so appeare before the King,
Or whether in applause of these new Edicts,
Which so distaste the people, or what cause
I know not, but now hee's all musically.
Vnto the Counsell chamber he goes singing,
And whil't the King his willfull Edicts makes,
In which nones tongue is powerfull save the Kings,
Hee's in a corner, relishing strange aires.
Conclusively hee's from a toward hopefull Gentleman,
Tranfeshapt to a meere Ballater, none knowing
Whence should proceed this transmutation.

Enter Valerius.

Hor. See where he comes. Morrow *Valerius*.

Lucre. Morrow my Lord.

Song.

Val. *When Tarquin first in Court began,
And was approved King:
Some men for sudder joy geve weep,
But I for sorrow sing.*

Sec. Ha, ha, how long has my *Valerius*
Put on this straine of mirth, or what's the cause ?

Song.

Val. *Let humor change and spare not,
 Since Tarquin's proud, I care not,
 His faire words fo bewitch my delight,
 That I doted on his sight.
 Now he is chang'd, cruell thoughts embracing,
 And my deserts disgracing.*

Hor. Vpon my life he's either mad or love-ficke,
 Oh can *Valerius*, but so late a Statef-man,
 Of whom the publike weale deserv'd so well,
 Tune out his age in Songs and Canfonets.
 Whose voice should thunder counsell in the eares
 Of *Tarquin* and proud *Tullia*? think *Valerius*
 What that proud woman *Tullia* is, twill put thee
 Quite out of Tune.

Song.

Val. *Now what is love I will thee tell,
 It is the fountain and the well,
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell,
 It is perhaps the sansing bell,
 That rings all in to heaven or hell.
 And this is love, and this is love, as I heere
 tell.*

*Now what is love I will you show,
 A thing that creeps and cannot goe :
 A prize that passeth to and fro,
 A thing for me, a thing for moe,
 And he that proves shall finde it so,
 And this is love, and this is love, sweet friend
 I tro.*

Lucre. *Valerius* I shall quickly change thy cheere,
 And make thy passionate eyes lament with mine,
 Thinke how that worthy Prince our kinsman King
 Was butchered in the Marble Capitoll.

Shall *Servius Tullius* unregarded die
Alone of thee, whome all the Romane Ladies,
Even yet with teare-swollen eyes, and forrowfull
foules,
Compassionate, as well he merited ;
To these lamenting dames what canst thou sing ?
Whose grieffe through all the Romane Temples ring.

Song.

Va. *Lament Ladies lament,
Lament the Roman land,
The King is fra thee hent.
Was doughtie on his hand,
Weele gang into the Kirk,
His dead corps weele embrace,
And when we se him dead,
We ay will cry alas. Fa la.*

Hora. This musicke mads me, I all mirth despise.

Luc. To heare him sing drawes rivers from mine
eyes.

Sceuo. It pleafeth me for since the court is harsh,
And lookes a skance on souldiers, lets be merry,
Court Ladies, sing, drinke, dance, and every man
Get him a mistris, coach it in the Countrey,
And tast the sweetes of it, what thinks *Valerius*
Of *Scevolaes* last counsell ?

Song.

Va. *Why since we souldiers cannot prove,
And grieffe it is to us therefore,
Let every man get him a love,
To trim her well, and fight no more.
That we may taste of lovers blisse,
Be merry and blith, imbrace and kisse,
That Ladies may say, some more of this,
That Ladies may say, some more of this.*

The Rape of Lucrece.

Since Court and Citie both grow proud,
 And safety you delight to heare,
 Wee in the Country will us shroud,
 Where lives to please both eye and eare :
 The Nightingale sings Iug, Iug, Iug
 The little Lambe leaps after his dug,
 And the pretty milke-maids they looke so smug,
 And the pretty milke-maids, &c.

Come *Scevola* shall we goe and be idle ?

Luc. Ile in to weepe.

Hora. But I my gall to grate.

Scevo. Ile laugh at time, till it will change our
 Fate. *Exeunt they.*

Manet Collatine.

Colla. Thou art not what thou seem'ft, Lord
Scevola,
 Thy heart mournes in thee, though thy visage smile,
 And so doe's thy foule weepe, *Valerius,*
 Although thy habit sing, for these new humours
 Are but put on for safety, and to arme them
 Against the pride of *Tarquin*, from whose danger,
 None great in love, in counsell, or opinion,
 Can be kept safe : this makes me lose my houres
 At home with *Lucrece*; and abandon court.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Fortune I embrace thee, that thou hast
 assisted me in finding my master, the Gods of good
 Rome keepe my Lord and master out of all bad com-
 pany.

Colla. Sirra the newes with you.

Clow. Would you ha Court newes, Campe newes,
 City newes or Country newes, or would you know
 whats the newes at home ?

Col. Let me know all the newes.

Clow. The newes at Court is ; that a smale leg and a silk stocking is in the fashion for your Lord : And the water that God *Mercury* makes is in request with your Ladie. The heavines of the kings wine makes' many a light head, and the emptines of his dishes many full bellies, eating and drinking was never more in use : you shall finde the baddest legs in boots, and the worst faces in masks. They keepe their old stomackes still, the kings good Cooke hath the most wrong : for that which was wont to be private only to him, is now usurpt among all the other officers : for now every man in his place, to the prejudice of the master Cooke, makes bold to licke his owne fingers.

Col. The newes in the campe.

Clow. The greatest newes in the campe is, that there is no newes at all, for being no campe at all, how can there be any tidings from it ?

Col. Then for the city.

Col. The Senators are rich, their wives faire, credit grows cheap, and traffick dear, for you have many that are broke, the poorest man that is, may take vp what he will, so he will be but bound (to a post till he pay the debt). There was one courtier lay with twelve mens wives in the suburbs, and pressing farther to make one more cuckold within the walles, and being taken with the manner, had nothing to say for himselfe, but this, he that made twelve made thirteene.

Col. Now sir for the countrey.

Clow. There is no newes there but at the Ale-house, ther's the most receipt, and is it not strange my Lord, that so many men love ale that know not what ale is.

Col. Why, what is ale ?

Clow. Why, ale is a kind of juice made of the precious grain called Malt, and what is malt ? Malt's M, A, L, T, and what is M, A, L, T ? M much, A ale, L little, T thrift, that is, much ale, little thrift.

Cola. Only the newes at home, and I have done.

Clow. My Lady must needes speake with you about earnest businesse, that concernes her neerely, and I was sent in all haste to entreat your Lordship to come away.

Col. And couldest thou not have told me? *Lucrece* stay,
And I stand trifling here? follow, away.

Clow. I marry sir, the way into her were a way worth following, and that's the reason that so many Serving-men that are familiar with their Mistrisses, have lost the name of Servitors, and are now call'd their masters followers. Rest you merry.

Sound Musicke.

Apollo's Priests, with Tapers, after them, Aruns, Sextus, and Brutus, with their oblations, all kneeling before the Oracle.

Priest. O thou Delphian god inspire
Thy Priests, and with celestially fire
Shot from thy beames crowne our desire,
That we may follow,
In these thy true and hallowed measures,
The utmost of thy heavenly treasures,
According to the thoughts and pleasures
Of great *Apollo*.
Our hearts with inflammations burne,
Great *Tarquin* and his people mourne,
Till from thy Temple we returne.
With some glad tyding.
Then tell us, Shall great *Rome* be blest,
And royall *Tarquin* live in rest,
That gives his high enobled brest
To thy safe guiding?

Oracle. Then *Rome* her ancient honours wins,
When she is purg'd from *Tullia's* sins.

Brut. Gramercies *Phæbus* for these spels,
Phæbus alone, alone excells.

Sext. *Tullia* perhaps finn'd in our grandfires
death,

And hath not yet by reconcilment made
Attone with *Phæbus*, at whose shrine we kneele :
Yet gentle Priest let us thus farre prevaile,
To know if *Tarquins* seed shall governe *Rome*,
And by succeffion claime the royall wreath ?
Behold me younger of the *Tarquins* race :
This elder *Aruns*, both the sonnes of *Tullia*,
This *Iunius Brutus*, though a mad-man, yet
Of the high blood of the *Tarquins*.

Priest. *Sextus* peace :

Tell us, O thou that shin'st so bright,
From whom the world receives his light,
Whose absence is perpetuall night,

Whose praises ring :

Is it with heavens applause decreed,
When *Tarquins* soule from earth is freed,
That noble *Sextus* shall succeed

In *Rome* as King ?

Brut. I Oracle, hast thou lost thy tongue ?

Aru. Tempt him againe faire Priest.

Sext. If not as King, let Delphian *Phæbus* yet
Thus much resolve us, Who shall governe *Rome*,
Or of us three beare greatest preheminance ?

Priest. *Sextus* I will,

Yet sacred *Phæbus* we entreat,
Which of these three shall be great
With largest power and state replete

By the heavens doome ?

Phæbus thy thoughts no longer smother.

Oracle. He that first shall kisse his mother.

Shall be powerfull, and no other

Of you three in *Rome*.

Sext. Shall kisse his mother ! *Brutus* falls.

Brut. Mother Earth, to thee an humble kisse I
tender.

Aru. What means *Brutus* ?

Brut. The blood of the slaughter'd sacrifice made

this floore as slippery as the place where *Tarquin* treads, tis glassie and as smoothe as ice : I was proud to heare the Oracle so gracious to the blood of the *Tarquins* and so I fell.

Sext. Nothing but so, then to the Oracle. I charge thee *Aruns*, *Iunius Brutus* thee, To keep the sacred doome of the Oracle From all our traine, lest when the younger lad Our brother now at home, sits dandled Vpon faire *Tullias* lap, this understanding May kisse our beauteous mother, and succeed.

Bru. Let the charge goe round, It shall goe hard but Ile prevent you *Sextus*.

Sex. I feare not the madman *Brutus*, and for *Aruns* let me alone to buckle with him, I'll be the first at my mothers lips for a kingdome.

Bru. If the madman have not bin before you *Sextus*, if Oracles be Oracles, their phrascs are mysticall, they speak still in clouds : had he meant a naturall mother he would not ha spoke it by circumstance.

Sex. *Tullia*, if ever thy lips were pleasing to me, let it be at my returne from the Oracle.

Aru. If a kisse will make me a King, *Tullia* I will spring to thee, though through the blood of *Sextus*.

Brut. Earth I acknowledge no mother but thee, accept me as thy Son, and I shall shine as bright in *Rome* as *Apollo* himselfe in his temple at *Delphos*.

Sext. Our Superstitions ended, sacred Priest, Since wee have had free answeere from the Gods, To whose faire altars we have done due right, And hallowed them with presents acceptable, Lets now returne, treading these holy measures, With which we entred great *Apollo's* Temple. Now *Phæbus* let thy sweet tun'd organes sound, Whose sphere like musicke must direct our feet Vpon the marble pavement : after this Weele gaine a kingdome by a mothers kisse. *Exeunt.*

SENATE.

A table and chaires prepared, Tarquin, Tullia, and Collatine, Scevola, Horatius, Lucretius, Valerius, Lords.

Tarquin. Attend us with your persons, but your eares

Be deafe unto our counfells. *The Lords fall off on*

Tul. Farther yet. *either side and attend.*

Tar. Now *Tullia* what must be concluded next ?

Tullia. The kingdome you have got by pollicy
You must maintaine by pride.

Tarquin. Good.

Tullia. Those that were late of the Kings faction
Cut off for feare they prove rebellious.

Tarq. Better.

Tullia. Since you gaine nothing by the popular
love,
Maintaine by feare your Princedome.

Tar. Excellent, thou art our Oracle and fave from
thee

We will admit no counsell, we obtaind
Our state by cunning, it must be kept by strength.
And such as cannot love, wee teach to feare,
To encourage which upon our better judgment,
And to strike greater terrour to the world,
I have forbid thy fathers funerall.

Tul. No matter.

Var. All capitall causes are by us discusst,
Traverst, and executed without counsell,
We challenge too by our prerogative,
The goods of such as strive against our state,
The freest Citizens without attaint,
Arraigne, or judgement, we to exile doome,
The poorer are our drudges, rich our prey,
And such as dare not strive our rule obey.

Tul. Kings are as Gods, and divine Scepters beare,
The Gods command for mortall tribute, feare.
But Royall Lord, we that despise their love,
Must seeke some meanes how to maintaine this awe.

Tar. By forraigne leagues, and by our strength
abroad.

Shall we that are degreed above our people,
Whom heaven hath made our vassals, raigne with
them ?

No, Kings above the rest tribunald hie,
Should with no meaner then with Kings allie :
For this we to *Mamilius Tusculan*
The Latin King ha given in marriage
Our Royall daughter : Now his people's ours,
The neighbour Princes are subdude by armes :
And whom we could not conquer by constraint,
Them we have fought to win by curtesie,
Kings that are proud, yet would secure their owne,
By love abroad, shall purchase feare at home.

Tul. We are secure, and yet our greatest strength
Is in our children, how dare treason looke
Vs in the face, having issue ? barren Princes
Breed danger in their singularitie,
Having none to succeed, their claime dies in them.
But when in topping on three *Tarquins* more
Like Hidraes heads grow to revenge his death ;
It terrifies blacke treason.

Tar. *Tullia's* wife,
And apprehensive, were our Princely sons
Sextus and *Aruns* backe returned safe,
With an applausive answere of the Gods
From th' *Oracle*, our state were able then
Being Gods our selves, to scorne the hate of men.

Enter Sextus, Aruns, and Brutus.

Sex. Where's *Tullia* ?

Aru. Where's our Mother ?

Hor. Yonder Princes, at Councel with the King.

Tul. Our sonnes return'd.

Sex. Royall Mother.

Aru. Renowned Queen.

Sex. I love her best,

Therefore will *Sextus* do his duty first.

Aru. Being eldest in my birth, ile not be youngest
In zeale to *Tullia*.

Brut. Too't Lads.

Aruns. Mother a kisse.

Sex. Though last in birth let me be first in love.

A kisse faire mother.

Aru. Shall I loofe my right ?

Sext. *Aruns* shall downe, were *Aruns* twice my
Brother,

If he presume fore me to kisse my mother.

Aru. I *Sextus*, think this kisse to be a Crowne,
thus would we tug for't.

Sex. *Aruns* thou must downe.

Tarq. Restraine them Lords.

Bru. Nay too't boyes, O tis brave,

They tug for shadowes, I the substance have.

Aru. Through armed gates, and thousand fwords
ile breake

To shew my duty, let my valour speake.

Breakes from the Lords and kiffes her.

Sex. Oh heavens ! you have disolv'd me.

Aru. Here I stand,

What I ha done to answer with this hand.

Sex. Oh all ye Delphian Gods looke downe and
see

How for these wrongs I will revenged be.

Tar. Curbe in the proud boyes fury, let us know
From whence this discord riseth.

Tullia. From our love,

How happy are we in our issue now

When as our sons, even with their blouds contend

To exceed in dutie, we accept your zeale.

This your superlative degree of kindnesse

So much prevales with us, that to the King

We engage our owne deere love twixt his incenfement
 And your prefumption, you are pardoned both.
 And *Sextus* though you faild in your firft proffer,
 We do not yet esteeme you leaft in love,
 Ascend and touch our lips.

Sext. Thanke you, no.

Tullia. Then to thy knee we will defcend thus
 low.

Sex. Nay now it fhall not need: how great's my
 heart!

Aru. In *Tarquins* Crowne thou now haft loft thy
 part.

Sex. No kissing now, *Tarquin*, great Queene
 adiew.

Aruns, on earth we ha no foe but you.

Tarq. What meanes this their unnaturall enmitie?

Tullia. Hate, borne from love.

Tar. Resolves us then, how did the Gods accept

Our facrifice, how are they pleas'd with us?

How long will they applaud our foveraignty?

Bru. Shall I tell the King?

Tar. Do Coufen, with the proceffe of your journey.

Bru. I will. We went from hither, when we went
 from hence, arrived thither when we landed there,
 made an end of our prayers when we had done our
 Orifones, when thus quoth *Phæbus*, *Tarquin* fhall be
 happy whilft he is bleft, governe while he raignes,
 wake when he fleepes not, sleepe when he wakes not,
 quaffe when he drinkes, feede when he eates, gape when
 his mouth opens, live till he die, and die when he
 can live no longer. So *Phæbus* commends him to
 you.

Tar. Mad *Brutus* ftill, Son *Aruns*, What fay
 you?

Aru. That the great Gods to whom the potent
 King

Of this large Empire facrific'd by us,

Applaud your raigne, commend your foveraignty :
And by a generall Synode grant to *Tarquin*,
Long days, faire hopes, Majestique government.

Bru. Adding withall, that to depose the late King
which in others, had been arch-treason, in *Tarquin*
was honor : what in *Brutus* had been usurpation, in
Tarquin was lawfull succession : and for *Tullia*, though
it be parricide for a childe to kill her father, in *Tullia*
it was charity by death, to rid him of all his calamities.
Phæbus himselfe said she was a good childe, and shall
not I say as he sayes, to tread upon her fathers skull,
sparkle his braines upon her Chariot wheele,
And weare the sacred tincture of his blood
Vpon her servile shoe ? but more then this,
After his death deny him the due claime
Of all mortality, a funerall,
An earthen sepulchre, this, this, quoth the Oracle,
Save *Tullia* none would do.

Tul. *Brutus* no more,
Least with the eyes of wrath and fury incenst
We looke into thy humour : were not madnes
And folly to thy words a priviledge,
Even in thy last reproofe of our proceedings
Thou hadst pronounc't thy death.

Bru. If *Tullia* will fend *Brutus* abroad for newes,
and after at his returne not endure the telling of it :
let *Tullia* either get clofer eares, or get for *Brutus* a
stricter tongue.

Tullia. How fir ?

Bru. God bo'ye.

Tar. Alas tis madnes (pardon him) not spleene,
Nor is it hate, but frenzie, we are pleas'd
To heare the Gods propitious to our prayers.
But whither's *Sextus* gone ? resolve us *Cocles*,
We saw thee in his parting follow him.

Hora. I heard him say, he would straight take his
horse

And to the warlike Gabines enemies
To *Rome*, and you.

Tar. Save them we have no opposites.
 Dares the proud boy confederate with our foes?
 Attend us Lords, we must new battle wage,
 And with bright armes confront the proud boyes rage.
Exeunt.

*Manet Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius,
 Scevola.*

Hor. Had I as many foules as drops of blood
 In these brancht vaines, as many lives as starres
 Stuck in yond' azure Rose, and were to die
 More deaths then I have wasted weary minutes,
 To grow to this, ide hazard all and more,
 To purchase freedome to this bondag'd *Rome*.
 I'me vext to see this virgin conquereffe
 Weare shackles in my fight.

Luc. Oh would my teares
 Would rid great *Rome* of these prodigious feares.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, weeping ripe *Lucretius*? possible?
 now Lords, Lads, friends, fellows, yong madcaps, gal-
 lants, and old courtly ruffians, all subjects under one
 tyranny, and therefore should be partners of one and
 the same unanimity. Shall we goe single our selves
 by two and two, and go talk treason? then tis but
 his yea, and my nay, if we be cald to question: Or
 shals goe use some violent bustling to breake through
 this thorny fervitude, or shal we every man go fit like,
 O man in desperation, and with *Lucretius* weepe at
Romes misery: now am I for all things any thing or
 nothing, I can laugh with *Scevola*, weepe with this
 good old man, sing *oh hone hone* with *Valerius*, fret
 with *Horatius Cocles*, be mad like my selfe, or neu-
 trize with *Collatine*. Say what shal's doe.

Hora. Fret.

Val. Sing.

Luc. Weepe.

Scevo. Laugh.

Bru. Rather let's all be mad

That *Tarquin* he still raigneth, *Romes* still sad.

Col. * You are madmen all that yeild so much to
passion.

You lay your selves too open to your enemies,

That would be glad to prie into your deedes,

And catch advantage to ensnare our lives.

The kings feare, like a shadow, dogs you still,

Nor can you walke without it : I commend

Valerius most, and noble *Scevola*,

That what they cannot mend, seeme not to mind,

By my consent lets all weare out our houres

In harmeles sports : hauke, hunt, game, sing, drinke,
dance,

So shall we seeme offencelesse and live safe.

In dangers bloody jawes where being humerous,

Cloudy and curiously inquisitive

Into the Kings proceedings, there arm'd feare

May search into us, call our deeds to question,

And so prevent all future expectation :

Of wisht amendment let us stay the time,

Till heaven have made them ripe for just revenge,

When opportunitie is offered us,

And then strike home, till then doe what you please :

No discontented thought my mind shall feaze.

Bru. I am of *Collatines* mind now. *Valerius* sing
us a bawdy song, and make's merry : nay it shall be so.

Valer. *Brutus* shall pardon me.

Scev. The time that should have beene seriously
spent in the State-house, I ha learnt securely to spend
in a wenching house, and now I professe my selfe any
thing but a Statesman.

Hor. The more thy vanity.

Luc. The lesse thy honour.

Valer. The more his safety, and the lesse his feare.

The first new Song.

*She that denies me, I would have,
Who craves me, I despise.
Venus hath power to rule mine heart,
But not to please mine eyes.
Temptations offered, I still scorne.
Deny'd ; I cling them still.
Ile neither glut mine appetite,
Nor seeke to starve my will.*

*Diana, double cloath'd offends ;
So Venus, naked quite.
The last begets a surfet, and
The other no delight.
That crafty Girle shall please me best
That No, for Yea, can say,
And every wanton willing kisse
Can season with a Nay.*

Brut. We ha beene mad Lords long, now let us be merry Lords, *Horatius* maugre thy melancholly, and *Lucretius* in spight of thy sorrow, Ile have a song a subjeçt for the ditty.

Hor. Great *Tarquins* pride, and *Tullia's* cruelty.

Bru. Dangerous, no.

Luc. The tyrannies of the Court, and vassalage of the City.

See. Neither, shall I give the subjeçt ?

Bru. Doe, and let it be of all the pretty wenches in *Rome*.

Seev. It shall, shall it, shall it *Valerius* ?

Val. Any thing according to my poore acquaintance and little converfance.

Bru. Nay you shall stay *Horatius*, *Lucretius* so shall you, he removes himselfe from the love of *Brutus*, that shrinkes from my side till we have had a song of all the pretty suburbiens : fit round, when *Valerius* ?

Song.

*Val. Shall I woe the lovely Molly,
She's so faire, so fat, so jolly,
But she has a tricke of folly,
Therefore Ile ha none of Molly.
No, no, no, no, no, no.
Ile haue none of Molly, no no no.*

*Oh the cherry lips of Nelly,
They are red and soft as jelly,
But too well she loves her belly,
Therefore ile have none of Nelly.
No, no, no, &c.*

*What say you to bonny Betty,
Ha you seene a lassie so pretty?
But her body is so sweatty,
Therefore ile ha none of Betty,
No, no, no, no, no.*

*When I dally with my Dolly,
She is full of melancholly,
Oh that wench is pestilent holly,
Therefore ile have none of Dolly,
No, no, no, &c.*

*I could fancy lovely Nanny,
But she has the loves of many,
Yet her selfe she loves not any.
Therefore ile have none of Nanny,
no, no, &c.*

*In a flax shop I spide Ratchell,
Where she her flax and tow did hatchell,
But her cheekes hang like a fatchell,
Therefore ile have none of Ratchell,
No, no, &c.*

*In a corner I met Biddy,
Her heeles were light, her head was giddy,*

*She fell downe, and somewhat did I,
Therefore ile have none of Biddy,
No, no, &c.*

Brut. The rest weel here within, what offence is there in this *Lucretius*? what hurt's in this *Horatius*? is it not better to sing with our heads on, then to bleed with our heads off? I nere took *Collatine* for a Politician till now, come *Valerius*, weel run over all the wenches of *Rome*, from the community of lascivious *Flora* to the chastity of divine *Lucrece*, come good *Horatius*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucrece, Maide and Clowne.

Luc. A Chaire.

Clo. A chaire for my Lady, Mistris *Mirable* do you not here my Lady call.

Luc. Come neere fir, be lesse officious
In duty, and use more attention,
Nay Gentlewoman we exempt not you
From our discourse, you must afford an eare
As well as he, to what we ha to say.

Maid. I still remaine your hand-maide.

Luc. Sirrah I ha feene you oft familiar
With this my maide and waiting Gentlewoman,
As casting amorous glances, wanton lookes,
And privy becks favouring incontinence,
I let you know you are not for my service
Vnlesse you grow more civill.

Clow. Indeed Madam for my owne part I wish
Mistris *Mirable* well, as one fellow servant ought to
wish to another, but to say that ever I flung any
sheeps eyes in her face how say you mistris *Mirable*
did I ever offer it?

Luc. Nay Mistris, I ha feene you answere him,
With gracious lookes, and some uncivill smiles,
Retorting eyes, and giving his demeanure
Such welcome as becomes not modesty.

Know hence-forth there shall no lascivious phrafe,
Suspitious looke, or shadow of incontinence,
Be entertain'd by any that attend,
On Roman *Lucrece*.

Maide. Madam, I !

Luc. Excuse it not, for my premeditate thought
Speakes nothing out of rashnesse, nor vaine heare fay,
But what my owne experience testifies
Against you both, let then this milde reproofe,
Forewarne you of the like : my reputation
Which is held precious in the eies of *Rome*,
Shall be no shelter to the least intent
Of loosenesse, leave all familiaritie,
And quite renounce acquaintance, or I here,
Discharge you both my service.

Clow. For my owne part Madam, as I am a true
Roman by nature, though no Roman by my nose, I
never spent the least lip labour on mistress *Mirable*,
never so much as glanc'd, never us'd any wincking or
pinking, never nodded at her, no not so much as when
I was asleepe, never askt her the question so much as
whats her name: if you can bring any man, woman, or
childe, that can say so much behinde my backe, as for
he did but kisse her, for I did but kisse her and so let
her go : let my Lord *Collatine* instead of plucking my
coate, plucke my skin over my eares and turne me
away naked, that wheresoever I shall come I may be
held a raw Servingman hereafter.

Luc. Sirrah, you know our mind.

Clo. If ever I knew what belongs to these cases,
or yet know what they meane, if ever I us'd any
plaine dealing, or were ever worth such a jewell, would
I might die like a begger : if ever I were so far read
in my Grammer, as to know what an Interjection is,
or a conjunction Copulative, would I might never
have good of my *qui quæ quod* : why, do you thinke
Madam I have no more care of my selfe being but a
stripling, then to goe to it at these yeares ? flesh and
blood cannot endure it, I shall euen spoile one of the
best faces in *Rome* with crying at your unkindnesse.

Luc. I ha done, see if you can spie your Lord returning from the Court, and give me notice what frangers he brings home with him.

Enter Collatine, Valerius, Horatius, Scevola.

Clow. Yes ile go, but see kind man he faves me a labour.

Hor. Come *Valerius* let's heare in our way to the house of *Collatine*, that you went late hammering of concerning the Taverns in *Rome*.

Val. Only this *Horatius*.

Song.

*The Gentry to the Kings head,
 The Nobles to the Crowne,
 The Knights unto the goulden Fleece,
 And to the plough the Clowne.
 The Church-man to the Miter.
 The Shep-heard to the Starre.
 The Gardiner, hies him to Rose,
 To the Drum the man of warre ;
 To the Feathers Ladies you ; the Globe
 The Sea-man doth not scorne
 The Vfurder to the Devill, and
 The Townesman to the Horne.
 The Huntsman to the white Hart,
 To the Ship the Marchant goes,
 But you that doe the Muses love
 The Swanne, calde River Poe.
 The Banquerout to the worlds end,
 The Foole to the Fortune hie.
 Vnto the Mouth, the Oyster wife,
 The Fidler to the Pie,
 The Punck unto the Cockecatrice.
 The Drunkard to the Vine,
 The Beggar to the Bush, then meete
 And with Duke Humphrey Dine.*

Col. Faire *Lucrece*, I ha brought these Lords from
Court

To feast with thee, firrah prepare us dinner.

Luc. My Lord is welcome, so are all his friends,
The newes at Court Lords.

Hor. Madam strange newes :

Prince *Sextus* by the enemies of *Rome*,
Was nobly us'de, and made their Generall,
Twice hath he met his father in the field,
And foild him by the Warlike *Gabines* aid :
But how hath he rewarded that brave Nation,
That in his great disgrace supported him ?
Ile tell you Madam, he since the last battell
Sent to his Father a close messenger
To be receiv'd to grace, withall demanding
What he should doe with those his enemies ?
Great *Tarquin* from his Sonne receives this newes,
Being walking in his Garden : when the messenger
Importunde him for answere, the proud King
Lops with his wand the heads of poppies off,
And sayes no more ; with this uncertaine answer
The messenger to *Sextus* backe returnes,
Who questions of his Fathers words, lookes, gesture ?
He tels him that the haughtie speechles King
Straight apprehends, cuts off the great mens heads,
And having left the *Gabines* without governe,
Flies to his father, and this day is welcom'd
For this his traiterous service by the King,
With all due solemne honours to the Court.

Scevo. Curtesie strangely requited, this none but
the son of *Tarquin* would have enterprisde.

Val. I like it, I applaud it, this will come to some-
what in the end, when heaven has cast up his account,
some of them will be calde to a hard reckoning. For
my part, I dreamt last night I went a fishing. •

The second new Song.

*Though the weather jangles
With our hookes, and our angles,*

The Rape of Lucrece.

*Our nets be shaken, and no fish taken :
 Though fresh Cod and Whiting,
 Are not this day biting,
 Gurnet, nor Conger, to satisfie hunger,
 Yet looke to our draught.*

*Hale the maine bowling,
 The seas have left their rowling,
 The waves their huffing, the winds their puffing,
 Vp to the Top-mast Boy,
 And bring us news of joy,
 Heres no demurring, no fish is stirring.
 Yet some thing we have caught.*

Col. Leave all to heaven.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. My Lords, the best plumporedge in all Rome cooles for your honours, dinner is piping hot upon the table : and if you make not the more haste, you are like to have but cold cheare : the Cooke hath done his part, and there's not a dish on the dresser but he has made it smoke for you, if you have good stomackes, and come not in while the meat is hot, you'l'e make hunger and cold meete together.

Col. My man's a Rhetorician I can tell you, And his conceit is fluent : Enter Lords, You must be *Lucrece* guests, and she is scant In nothing, for such Princes must not want. *Exeunt.*

Manet Valerius and Clowne.

Clow. My Lord *Valerius*, I have even a fuit to your honor, I ha not the power to part from you, without a rellish, a note, a tone, we must get an Aire betwixt us.

Val. Thy meaning.

Clo. Nothing but this,

Iohn for the King has beene in many ballads,

*Iohn for the King downe dino,
Iohn for the King, has eaten many jallads,
Iohn for the King sings hey ho.*

Val. Thou wouldst have a song, wouldst thou not?

Clow. And be everlastingly bound to your honour, I am now forsaking the world and the Devill, and somewhat leaning towards the flesh, if you could but teach me how to choose a wench fit for my stature and complexion, I should rest yours in all good offices.

Val. Ile doe that for thee, what's thy name?

Clow. My name sir is *Pompie*.

Val. Well then attend.

He sings.

Song.

*Pompie I will shew thee, the way to know
A daintie dapper wench.
First see her all bare, let her skin be rare
And be toucht with no part of the French:
Let her eye be cleare, and her browes seuere,
Her eye-browes thin and fine:
But if she be a punck, and love to be drunke,
Then keepe her still from the wine.
Let her stature be meane, and her body cleane,
Thou canst not choose but like her:
But see she ha good clothes, with a faire Roman
nose,
For that's the signe of a striker.
Let her legs be small, but not usd to sprall,
Her tongue not too lowd nor cocket.
Let her arms be strong, and her fingers long,
But not us'd to dive in pocket.
Let her body be long, and her backe be strong,
With a soft lip that entangles,
With an ivory brest, and her haire well drest,
Without gold lace or spangles.
Let her foote be small, cleane leg'd withall,
Her apparell not too gaudy:*

*And one that hath not bin, in any house of sinne,
Nor place that hath been bawdy.*

Clo. But Gods me, am I trifling here with you,
and dinner cooles a' the table, and I am call'd to my
attendance, oh my sweet Lord *Valerius*! *Exeunt.*

SEN N A T E.

Enter Tarquin, Porfenna, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns.

Tarq. Next King *Porfenna*, whom we tender
deerly,

Welcome young *Sextus*, thou hast to our yoake,
Supprest the necke of a proud nation
The warlike *Gabins*, enemies to *Rome*.

Sex. It was my duty Royall Emperour,
The duty of a Subject and a Sonne.
We at our mothers intercession likewise,
Are now aton'd with *Aruns* whom we here
Receive into our bosome.

Tul. This is done
Like a kinde brother and a naturall sonne.

Aru. We enterchange a royall heart with *Sextus*,
And graft us in your love.

Tarq. Now King *Porfenna*, welcome once more,
to *Tarquin* and to *Rome*.

Por. We are proud of your alliance, *Rome* is ours,
And we are *Romes*, this our religious league
Shall be carv'd firme in Characters of brasse,
And live for ever to succeeding times.

Tar. It shall *Porfenna*, now this league's establisht
We will proceed in our determin'd wars,
To bring the neighbour Nations under us,
Our purpose is to make young *Sextus* Generall
Of all our army, who hath prov'd his fortunes
And found them full of favour: wee begin
With strong *Ardea*, ha you given in charge
To affemble all our Captaines, and take muster
Of our strong army?

Aru. That businesse is dispatch't.

Sex. We ha likewise sent for all our best commanders to take charge according to their merit:

Lord *Valerius*,

Lord *Brutus*, *Cocles*, *Mutius Scevola*,

And *Collatine* to make due preparation for such a gallant siege.

Tarq. This day you shall fet forward, *Sextus* goe,
And lets us see your army march along.

Before this King and us, that we may view

The puissance of our host prepar'd already,

To lay high-reard *Ardea* waste and lowe.

Sex. I shall my Liege.

Tul. *Aruns* affociate him.

Aru. A rivall with my brother in his honours.

Exeunt Aruns and Sextus.

Tar. *Porfenna* shall behold the strength of *Rome*,

And body of the Campe, under the charge

Of two brave Princes, to lay hostile siege

Against the strongest Citie that withstands

The all-commanding *Tarquin*.

Porf. 'Tis an object

To please *Porfennaes* eye.

Soft March.

Luc. The host is now

Upon their March. You from this place may see

The pride of all the Roman Chivalry.

Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Collatine, Valerius, Scevola,

*Cocles, with souldiers, drum and colours, march
over the siege, and congee to the King and Queene.*

Porf. This fight's more pleasing to *Porfennaes* eye,

Then all our rich *Attalia* pompous feasts,

Or sumptuous revels : we are borne a Souldier,

And in our nonage suckt the milke of warre.

Should any strange fate lowre upon this army

Or that the mercileffe gulfe of confusion

Should swallow them, we at our proper charge,

And from our native confines vow supply

Of men and armes to make these numbers full.

Tarq. You are our Royall brother, and in you,
Tarquin is powerfull and maintaines his awe.

Tullia. The like *Porfenna* may command of
Rome.

Por. But we have (in your fresh varieties)
Feasted too much, and kept our selfe too long
From our owne seate. our prosperous returne
Hath bin expected by our Lords and Peeres.

Tarq. The businesse of our warres thus forwarded.
We ha best leasure for your entertainment,
Which now shall want no due solemnitie.

Por. It hath beene beyond both expectation
And merit, but in sight of heaven I sweare,
If ever royall *Tarquin* shall demand
Vse of our love, 'tis ready stor'd for you
Even in our Kingly breast.

Tar. The like we vow
To King *Porfenna*, we will yet a little
Enlarge your royall welcome with Rarieties,
Such as Rome yeilds : that done, before we part,
Of two remote Dominions make one heart.
Set forward then, our sonnes wage warre abroad,
To make us peace at home : we are of our selfe
Without supportance, we all fate defie,
Aidleffe, and of our selfe we stand thus hie. *Exeunt.*

Two souldiers meet as in the watch.

1. Stand, who goes there ?

2. A friend.

1. Stirre not, for if thou dost ile broach thee
straight

Upon this pike. The word ?

2. *Sol.* *Porfenna.*

1. Passe, stay, who walkes the round to night,
The generall, or any of his Captaines ?

2. *Sol.* *Horatius* hath the charge, the other Chief-
taines,

Rest in the Generalls tent, there's no commander
Of any note, but revell with the Prince :
And I amongst the rest am charg'd to attend
Vpon their Rouse.

1. *Sol.* Passe freely, I this night must stand,
Twixt them and danger, the time of night ?

2. *Sol.* The clocke last told eleven.

1. *Sol.* The powers celestiall
That have tooke *Rome* in charge, protect it still.
Againe good night, thus must poore Souldiers do,
Whil'st their commanders are with dainties fed,
And sleepe on Downe, the earth must be our bed.

Exit.

A banquet prepared.

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Valerius, Horatius,
Sceuola, Collatine.*

Sex. Sit round, the enemie is pounded fast
In their owne folds, the walles made to oppugne,
Hostile incurfions become a prison,
To keepe them fast for execution ;
There's no eruption to be feared.

Bru. What shall's doe ? Come a health to the gene-
ralls health ; and *Valerius* that fits the most civilly
shall begin it, I cannot talke till my blood be mingled
with this blood of grapes : Fill for *Valerius*, thou
shouldst drinke wel, for thou hast beene in the Ger-
man warres, if thou lov'st me drinke *upse freeze*.

Sex. Nay since *Brutus* has spoke the word, the
first health shall be impos'd on you *Valerius*, and if
ever you have beene Germaniz'd, let it be after the
Dutch fashion.

Vale. The generall may command.

Bru. He may, why else is he call'd the comman-
der ?

Sex. We will intreate *Valerius*.

Vale. Since you will needs inforce a high German
health, looke well to your heads, for I come upon you

with this Dutch Taffaker: if you were of a more noble science then you are, it will goe neere to breake your heads round.

A Dutch Song.

*O Mork giff men ein man,
Skerry merry vip,
O morke giff men ein man
Skerry merry vap.
O morke giff men ein man,
that tik die ten long o drievan can,
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merrv vap
and skerry merry runke ede bunk,
Ede hoore was a hai dedle downe
Dedle drunke a:
Skerry merry runk ede bunk, ede hoor was drunk a.*

*O daughter yeis ein alto kleene,
Skerry merry vip,
O daughter yeis ein alto kleene,
Skerry merry vap.
O daughter yeis ein alto kleene,
Ye molten flop, ein yert aleene
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap
And skerry merry runk ede bunk,
Ede hoore was a hey dedle downe
Dedle drunke a:
Skerry merry, runk ede bunk ede hoor was drunk a.*

Sex. Grammercies *Valerius*, came this hie-German health as double as his double ruffe, i'de pledge it.

Brut. Where it in Lubecks or double double beere, their owne naturall liquor i'de pledge it were it as deep as his ruffe: let the health goe round about the board, as his band goes round about his necke. I am no more afraid of this dutch fauchion, then I should be of the heathenish invention.

Col. I must intreat you spare me, for my braine

brookes not the fumes of wine, their vaporous strength
offends me much.

Hor. I would have none spare me, for Ile spare
none, *Collatine* will pledge no health vnlesse it be to
his *Lucrece*.

Sex. What's *Lucrece* but a woman, and what are
women

But tortures and disturbance vnto men ?
If they be foule th'are odious, and if faire,
Th'are like rich vessels full of poisonous drugs,
Or like black serpents arm'd with golden scales :
For my own part they shall not trouble me.

Brutus. *Sextus* sit fast for I proclaime my selfe a
womans champion, and shall unhorse thee else.

Vale. For my owne part I'me a married man,
and Ile speake to my wife to thanke thee *Brutus*.

Aru. I have a wife too, and I thinke the most ver-
tuous Lady in the world.

See. I cannot say but that I have a good wife
too, and I love her : but if she were in heaven, be-
shrew me if I would wish her so much hurt as to de-
fire her companie upon earth againe, yet upon my
honour, though she be not very faire, she is exceeding
honest.

Bru. Nay the lesse beauty, the lesse temptation to
despoile her honesty.

See. I should be angry with him that should make
question of her honour.

Brut. And I angry with thee if thou shouldst not
maintaine her honour.

Aru. If you compare the vertues of your wives,
let me step in for mine.

Colla. I should wrong my *Lucrece* not to stand for
her.

Sex. Ha, ha, all captaines, and stand upon the
honesty of your wives ; ist possible thinke you
That women of young spirit and full age,
Of fluent wit, that can both sing and dance,

Reade, write, such as feede well and taste choice
cates,

That fraight dissolve to puritie of blood,
That keepe the veines full, and enflame the appetite,
Making the spirit able, strong, and prone,
Can such as these their husbands being away
Emploid in forreign sieges or else where,
Deny such as importune them at home ?
Tell me that flaxe will not be toucht with fire,
Nor they be won to what they most desire ?

Bru. Shall I end this controversie in a word ?

Sex. Doe good *Brutus*.

Bru. I hold some holy, but some apt to sinne,
Some tractable, but some that none can winne,
Such as are vertuous, Gold nor wealth can move,
Some vicious of themselves are prone to love.
Some grapes are sweet and in the Garden grow.
Others unprun'd turne wilde neglected so.
The purest oare containes both Gold and drosse,
The one all gaine, the other nought but losse.
The one disgrace, reproch, and scandall taints,
The other angels and sweet featur'd Saints.

Col. Such is my vertuous *Lucrece*.

Aru. Yet she for vertue not comparable to the
wife of *Aruns*.

Sec. And why may not mine be rankt with the
most vertuous ?

Hor. I would put in for a lot, but a thousand to
one I shall draw but a blanke.

Vale. I should not shew I lov'd my wife, not to
take her part in her absence : I hold her inferiour to
none.

Aru. Save mine.

Vale. No not to her.

Bru. Oh this were a brave controversie for a jury
of women to arbitrate.

Col. Ile hazard all my fortunes on the vertues
Of divine *Lucrece*, shall we try them thus ?

It is now dead of night, lets mount our steeds,
Within this two houres we may reach to *Rome*,
And to our houfes all come unprepar'd,
And unexpected by our hie praisd wives,
She of them all that we find best imploid,
Devoted, and most hufwife exercisd,
Let her be held most vertuous, and her husband
Winne by the wager a rich horfe and armour.

Aru. A hand on that.

Vale. Heares a helping hand to that bargaine.

Hor. But shall we to horfe without circumstance ?

Sce. *Scevola* will be mounted with the first.

Sex. Then mount, Chevall *Brutus* this night take
you the charge of the army, Ile see the tryall of this
wager, 'twould do me good to see some of them finde
their wives in the armes of their lovers, they are so
confident in their vertues : *Brutus* weele enterchange,
good night, be thou but as provident ore the Army as
we (if our horfes fail not) expeditious in our journey :
to horfe, to horfe.

All. Farewell good *Brutus*.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucrece and her two maids.

Luc. But one houre more and you shall all to
rest :

Now that your Lord is absent from this house,
And that the masters eye is from his charge,
We must be carefull, and with providence
Guide his domestick businesse, we ha now
Given ore all feasting and left revelling,
Which ill becomes the house whose Lord is absent.
We banish all excesse till his return,
In fear of whom my soul doth daily mourn.

1 Madam, so please you to repose your self
Within your Chamber, leave us to our tasks,
We will not loiter, though you take your rest.

Luc. Not so, you shall not overwatch your selves

Longer then I wake with you, for it fits
 Good hufwives, when their husbands are from home,
 To eye their fervants labours, and in care,
 And the true manage of his houfhold ftate,
 Earlieft to rife, and to be up moft late.
 Since all his bufineffe he commits to me,
 Ile be his faithfull fteward till the Camp
 Diffolve, and he return, thus wives fhould do,
 In abfence of their Lords be husbands too.

2. Madam, the Lord *Turnus* his man was thrice for
 you here, to have intreated you home to fupper, he
 faves his Lord takes it unkindly he could not have
 your company.

Luc. To pleafe a loving husband, Ile offend
 The love and patience of my deareft friend,
 Methinks his purpofe was unreafonable
 To draw me in my husbands abfence forth,
 To feaft and banquet, 'twould have ill becomde me,
 To have left the charge of fuch a fpacious houfe
 Without both Lord and Miftrefse ;
 I am opinion'd thus : Wives fhould not ftay
 Out of their doors their husbands being away :
 Lord *Turnus* fhall excufe me.

1. Pray Madam, fet me right into my work.

Luc. Being abroad, I may forget the charge
 Impofd me by my Lord, or be compeld
 To ftay out late, which were my husband here,
 Might be, without diftaste, but he from hence,
 With late abroad, there can no excufe difpence.
 Here, take your work again, a while proceed,
 And then to bed, for whilft you fow Ile reade.

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Valerius, Collatine,
 Horatius, Scevola.*

Arun. I would have hazarded all my hopes, my
 wife had not been fo late a revelling.

Vale. Nor mine at this time of night a gamboling.

Hor. They weare so much Corke under their heeles, they cannot choose but love to caper.

See. Nothing does me good, but that if my wife were watching, all theirs were wantoning, and if I ha lost, none can brag of their winnings.

Sex. Now *Collatine* to yours, either *Lucrece* must be better imployd then the rest, or you content to have her vertues rankt with the rest.

Col. I am pleas'd.

Hor. Soft, soft, let's steale upon her as upon the rest, least having some watch-word at our arrivall, we may give her notice to be better prepar'd: nay by your leave *Collatine*, weele limit you no advantage.

Col. See Lords, thus *Lucrece* revels with her maids,

In stead of ryot, quaffing, and the practice
Of high lavoltoes to the ravishing found
Of chambring musique, she like a good huswife
Is teaching of her servants fundrie chares,
Lucrece?

Luc. My Lord and husband welcome, ten times welcome.

Is it to see your *Lucrece* you thus late
Ha with your persons hazard left the Camp,
And trusted to the danger of a night
So dark, and full of horreur.

Aru. Lords all's lost.

Hor. By *Iove* ile buy my wife a wheele, and make her spin for this tricke.

See. If I make not mine learne to live by the pricke of her needle for this I'm no Roman.

Col. Sweete wife salute these Lords, thy continence Hath won thy husband a Barbarian horse And a rich coat of armes.

Luc. Oh pardon me, the joy to see my Lord, Tooke from me all respect of their degrees, The richest entertainment lives with us, According to the houre and the provision

Of a poore wife in the absence of her husband,
 We prostrate to you, howsoever meane,
 We thus excuse't, Lord *Collatine* away,
 We neither feast, dance, quaffe, riot, nor play,

Sex. If one woman among so many bad, may be
 found good, if a white wench may prove a black swan,
 it is *Lucrece*, her beautie hath relation to her vertue,
 and her vertue correspondent to her beauty, and in
 both she is matchlesse.

Coll. Lords will you yeild the wager ?

Aru. Stay, the wager was as well which of our
 Wives was fairest too, it stretcht as well to their
 beautie as to their continence, who shall judge that ?

Hor. That can none of us, because we are all
 parties, let Prince *Sextus* determine it who hath bin
 with us, and bin an eye witnesse of their beauties.

Vale. Agreed.

See. I am pleas'd with the censure of Prince
Sextus.

Aru. So are we all.

Col. I commit my *Lucrece* wholly to the dispose of
*Sextus.**

Sex. And *Sextus* commits him wholly to the dispose
 of *Lucrece.*

I love the Lady and her grace desire,
 Nor can my love wrong what my thoughts admire.

Aruns, no question but your wife is chaste,
 And thrifty, but this Lady knowes no waste.

Valerius, yours is modest, something faire,
 Her grace and beautie are without compare,
 Thine *Mutius* well dispos'd, and of good feature,
 But the world yeilds not so divine a creature.

Horatius, thine a smug lasse and grac't well,
 But amongst all, faire *Lucrece* doth excell.

Then our impartiall heart and judging eyes,
 This verdict gives, faire *Lucrece* wins the prize.

Col. Then Lords you are indebted to me a horse
 and armour.

* Censure of Sextus. 1609.

Omnes. We yeild it.

Luc. Will you taste such welcome Lords, as a poore unprovided house can yeild ?

Sex. Gramercie *Lucrece*, no, we must this night sleepe by *Ardea* walles.

Lu. But my Lords, I hope my *Collatine* wil not fo leave his *Lucrece*.

Sex. He must, we have but idled from the Camp, to try a merry wager about their wives, & this the hazard of the kings displeasure, should any man be missing from his charge: the powers that governe *Rome* make divine *Lucrece* for ever happy, good night.

Sec. But *Valerius*, what thinkest thou of the country girles from whence we came, compar'd with our city wives whom we this night have try'd.

Val. *Scevola* thou shalt heare.

The third new Song.

*O yes, roome for the Cryer,
Who never yet was found a lyer.*

*O ye fine smug country Lasses,
That would for Brookes change christall Glassees,
And be transhap'd from foot to crowne,
And Straw-beds change for beds of Downe ;
Your Partlets turne into Rebatoes,
And stead of Carrets eate Potatoes ;
Your Fronlets lay by, and your Rayles,
And fringe with gold your daggled Tailles :
Now your Hawke-noses shall have Hoods
And Billements with golden Studs ;
Strawe-hats shall be no more Bongraces
From the bright Sunne to hide your faces,
For hempen smockes to helpe the Itch,
Have linnen, sewed with silver stich ;
And wheresoever they chance to stride,*

One bare before to be their guide.

O yes, roome for the Cryer,

Who never yet was found a lyer.

Luc. Wil not my husband repose this night with me ?

Hor. *Lucrece* shall pardon him, we ha tooke our leaves of our wives, nor shall *Collatine* be before us though our Ladies in other things come behind you.

Col. I must be fwaid : the joys and the delights Of many thousand nights meete all in one To make my *Lucrece* happy.

Luc. I am bound to your strict will, to each good night.

Sex. To horse, to horse, *Lucrece*, we cannot rest, Till our hot lust imbosome in thy brest.

Exeunt, manet Lu.

Luc. With no unkindnesse we should our Lords upbraid,

Husbands and Kings must alwayes be obaid.

Nothing save the high busines of the state,

And the charge given him at *Ardeas* siege,

Could ha made *Collatine* so much digresse,

From the affection that he beares his wife.

But subjects must excuse when Kings claime power.

But leaving this before the charme of sleepe,

Cease with his downy wings upon my eyes,

I must goe take account among my servants

Of their dayes taske, we must not cherish sloth,

No covetous thought makes me thus provident,

But to shun idlenesse, which wise men say,

Begets ranke lust, and vertue beates away.

Exit.

Enter Sextus, Aruns, Horatius, Brutus, Scevola, Valerius.

Hor. Returne to *Rome* now we are in the midway to the Camp ?

Sex. My Lords, 'tis businesse that concernes my
life,
To morrow if we live weele visite thee.

Val. Will *Sextus* enjoyne me to accompany
him ?

Sec. Or me ?

Sex. Nor you, nor any, 'tis important businesse
And serious occurrences that call me,
Perhaps Lords Ile commend you to your wives.

Collatine shall I doe you any service to your *Lucrece* ?

Col. Onle commend me.

Sex. What, no private token to purchase our kind
welcom ?

Col. Would Royall *Sextus* would but honour me
To beare her a slight token.

Sex. What ?

Col. This Ring.

Sex. As I am Royall I will see't delivered.
This Ring to *Lucrece* shall my love convey,
And in this gift thou dost thy bed betray.
To morrow we shall meete, this night sweete fate,
May I prove welcome though a guest ingrate. *Exit.*

Aru. Hee's for the Citie, we for the Camp, the
night makes the way teadious and melancholy, prethee
a merry song to beguile it.

Song.

He sings.

Val. *There was a young man and a maid fell in love,*
Terry dery ding, terry tery ding, tery tery dino.

To get her good will he often did,

Terry dery ding, terry dery ding, langtido dille.

Theres many will fay, and most will allow, tery
dery, &c.

Theres nothing so good as a terry dery dery, &c.

I would wish all maids before they be sick, terry
dery, &c

To inquire for a young man that has a good terry
dery, &c.

See. Nay, my Lord, I heard them all have a conceite of an Englishman, a strange people, in the westernne Ilands, one that for his variety in habit, humour and gesture, put downe all other nations whatsoever, a little of that if you love me.

Valle. Well *Scevola*, you shall.

Song.

*The Spaniard loves his ancient flop,
The Lumbard his Venetian,
And some, like breech-lesse women goe:
The Ruffe, Turke, Iew, and Grecian,
The threyssly Frenchman wears small waste,
The Dutch his belly boasteth:
The Englishman is for them all;
And for each fashion coasteth.*

*The Turke in Linnen wraps his head,
The Persian his in Lawne too.
The Ruffe with fables fures his Cap,
And change, will not be drawne too:
The Spaniards constant to his blocke;
The French, inconstant ever,
But of all Fealts that can be felt,
Give me your English Beaver.*

*The German loves his Conny-wooll:
The Irishman his Shagge-too.
The Welsh his Munmouth loves to weare
And of the same will bragg too.
Some love the rough, and some th' smooth,
Some great, and others small things,
But Oh your lecherous Englishman:
He loves to deale in all things.*

*The Ruffe drinkes quaffes, Dutch, lubecks Beere.
And that is strong and mighty.
The Brittain, he Metheglen quaffes,
The Irish, Aquavita,*

*The French affects the Orleance Grape.
The Spaniard tastes his Sherry,
The English none of these can scape :
But hee with all makes merry.*

*The Italian in her high Chapeene,
Scotch Lasse, and lovely Froa-too.
The Spanish Donna, French Madam :
He will not feare to goe too ;
Nothing so full of Hazard dread.
Nought lives above the Center,
No Fashion, Health, no Wine, nor Wench,
On which hee dare not venter.*

Hor. Good *Valerius*, this has brought us even to
the skirts of the campe, enter Lords. *Exit.*

Enter Sextus and Lucrece.

Luc. This Ring my Lord hath opt the gates to
you,

For though I know you for a Royall Prince
My soveraignes Sonne, and friend to *Collatine*
Without that key you had not entred heere.
More lights and see a banquet straight provided,
My love to my deere husband shall appeare
In the kind welcome that I give his friend.

Sex. Not love-sicke, but love-lunaticke, love-mad :
I am all fire, impatience, and my blood
Boyles in my heart, with loofe and sensuall thoughts.

Luc. A chaire for the Prince, may't please your
highnes fit ?

Sex. Madam, with you.

Luc. It will become the wife of *Collatine*
To wait upon your trencher.

Sex. You shall fit :
Behind us at the camp we left our state,
We are but your guest, indeede you shall not waite :
Her modestie hath such strong power ore me,
And such a reverence hath fate given her brow,

That it appeares a kinde of blasphemy,
 To have any wanton word harsh in her eares.
 I cannot woo, and yet I love bove measure,
 Tis force, not suite, must purchase this rich treasure.

Luc. Your highnesse cannot taste such homely
 cates.

Sex. Indeed I cannot feede (but on thy face,
 Thou art the banquet that my thoughts imbrace).

Luc. Knew you my Lord, what free and zealous
 welcome

We tender you, your highnesse would presume
 Vpon your entertainment: oft, and many times
 I have heard my husband speake of *Sextus* valour,
 Extoll your worth, prayse your perfection,
 I, dote upon your valor, and your friendship
 Prife next his *Lucrece*.

Sex. Oh impious lust,
 In all things base, respectles and unjust!
 Thy vertue, grace, and fame, I must enjoy,
 Though in the purchase I all *Rome* destroy.
 Madam, if I be welcome as your vertue
 Bids me presume I am, Carouse to me
 A health unto your husband.

Luc. A womans draught my Lord, to *Collatine*.

Sext. Nay you must drinke off all.

Luc. Your grace must pardon
 The tender weaknesse of a womans braine.

Sex. It is to *Collatine*.

Luc. Methinks 'twould ill became the modestie
 Of any Roman Lady to carouse,
 And drowne her vertues in the juice of grapes.
 How can I shew my love unto my husband
 To do his wife such wrong? by too much wine
 I might neglect the charge of this great house
 Left soly to my keepe, else my example
 Might in my seruants breed encouragement
 So to offend, both which were pardonlesse,
 Else to your Grace I might neglect my dutie,
 And slack obeyfance to so great a guest:

All which being accidentall unto wine,
Oh let me not so wrong my *Collatine*.

Sex. We excuse you, her perfections like a torrent
With violence breaks upon me, and at once
Inverts and swallows all that's good in me.
Preposterous Fates, what mischiefs you involve
Vpon a Caitiffe Prince, left to the fury
Of all grand mischiefe? hath the grandame world
Yet smothered such a strange abortiue wonder,
That from her vertues should arise my sinne?
I am worst then what's most ill, depriv'd all reason,
My heart all fierie lust, my foule all treason.

Luc. My Lord, I feare your health, your changing
brow
Hath shewne so much disturbance, noble *Sextus*,
Hath not your ventrous travell from the Campe,
Nor the moyst rawnes of this humorous night
Impaird your health?

Sex. Divinest *Lucrece* no. I cannot eate.

Luc. To rest then,
A rank of torches there, attend the Prince.

Sex. Madam I doubt I am a guest this night
Too troublesome, and I offend your rest.

Lu. This Ring speaks for me, that next *Collatine*
You are to me most welcome, yet my Lord
Thus much perfume, without this from his hand,
Sextus this night could not have entred here;
No, not the king himselfe:
My dores the daytime to my friends are free,
But in the night the obdure gates are lesse kinde,
Without this ring they can no entrance finde.
Lights for the Prince.

Sex. A kisse and so goodnight, nay for your rings
fake deny not that.

Lu. *Iove* give your highnes soft and sweete repose.

Sex. And thee the like with soft and sweete content,*
My vowes are fixt, my thoughts on mischiefe bent.

Exit with torches.

* And thee the like repose with soft content. 1609.

Luc. Tis late, fo many starres shine in this
 roome,
 By reason of this great and Princely guest,
 The world might call our modestie in question,
 To revell thus, our husband at the Campe,
 Hast and to rest; save in the Princes chamber,
 Let not a light appeare, my hearts all sadnesse,
Love unto thy protection I commit
 My chastitie and honour to thy keepe,
 My waking foule I give whilst my thoughts sleepe.

Exit.

Enter Clowne and a Servingman.

Clow. Soft, soft not too loud, imagine we were now
 going on the ropes with egges at our heeles, he that
 hath but a creaking shooe I would he had a creeke
 in is neck, tread not too hard for disturbing Prince
Sextus.

Ser. I wonder the Prince would ha none of us stay
 in his Chamber and helpe him to bed.

Clow. What an affe art thou to wonder, there may
 be many causes: thou knowst the Prince is a Souldier,
 and Souldiers many times want shift: who can say
 whether he have a cleane shirt on or no: for any
 thing that we know he hath us'd staves aker a late, or
 hath tane a medecine to kill the itch, what's that to
 us, we did our duty to proffer our service.

Ser. And what should we enter farther into his
 thoughts? come shalls to bed? I am as drowfie as a
 dormouse, and my head is as heavy as though I had a
 night-cap of lead on.

Clow. And my eyes begin to glew themselves to-
 gether, I was till supper was done all together for your
 repast, and now after supper I am onely for your
 repose: I thinke for the two vertues of eating and
 sleeping, there's never a Roman spirit under the Cope
 of heaven can put me downe.

Enter Mirable.

Mir. For shame what a conjuring, and catter-walling keepe you here, that my Lady cannot sleepe : you shall have her call by and by, and send you all to bed with a witnesse.

Clo. Sweete Mistris *Mirable* we are going.

Mir. You are too loud, come, every man dispose him to his rest, and ile to mine.

Ser. Out with your Torches.

Clow. Come then, and every man sneake into his kennell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sextus with his Sword drawne and a Taper light.

Sex. Night be as secret as thou art clofe, as clofe
As thou art blacke and darke, thou ominous Queene
Of *Tenebrouse* silence, make this fatall houre
As true to Rape, as thou hast made it kind
To murder, and harsh mischief: *Cinthia* maske thy
cheeke,

And all you sparkling elementall fires
Choake up your beauties in prodigious fogs,
Or be extinct in some thicke vaporious clouds,
Least you behold my practise : I am bound
Vpon a blacke adventure, on a deede
That must wound vertue, and make beautie bleed,
Pause *Sextus*, and before thou runst thy selfe
Into this violent danger, weigh thy sinne,
Thou art yet free, belov'd, grac'd in the Campe,
Of great opinion and undoubted hope,
Romes darling in the uniuersall grace,
Both of the field, and senate : were these fortunes
To make thee great in both, backe yet, thy fame
Is free from hazard, and thy stile from shame,
Oh fate ! thou hast usurpt such power o're man,
That where thou pleadst thy will no mortall can.
On then, blacke mischief hurry me the way,

My selfe I must destroy, her life betray,
 The state of King and Subject, the displeasure
 Of Prince and people, the revenge of noble,
 And the contempt of base the incurd vengeance
 Of my wrongd kinsman *Collatine*, the Treason
 Against divin'ft *Lucrece*: all these totall curses
 Foreseene not feard upon one *Sextus* meete,
 To make my dayes harsh: so this night be sweete,
 No iarre of Clocke, no ominous hatefull howle
 Of any starting Hound, no horfe-coughe breath'd from
 the entrals

Of any drowfie Groome, wakes this charm'd silence
 And starts this generall slumber, forward still,
 To make thy lust live, all thy vertues kill.

Lu. discovered in her bed.

Heere, heere, behold! beneath these curtains lies
 That bright enchantresse that hath daz'd my eyes.
 Oh who but *Sextus* could commit such waste?
 On one so faire, so kinde, so truly chaste?
 Or like a ravisher thus rudely stand,
 To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?
 Or at such fatall houres these revels keepe,
 With thought once to defile thy innocent sleepe,
 Save in this brest, such thoughts could finde no place,
 Or pay with treason her kinde hospitall grace;
 But I am lust-burnt all, bent on what's bad,
 That which should calme good thought, makes *Tarquin*
 mad.

Madam *Lucrece*?

Luc. Whose that? oh me! beshrew you.

Sex. Sweet, tis I.

Luc. What I?

Sex. Make roome.

Luc. My husband *Collatine*?

Sex. Thy husband's at the Campe.

Luc. Heere is no place for any man save him.

Sex. Grant me that grace.

Luc. What are you?

Sex. *Tarquin* and thy friend, and must enjoy thee.

Luc. Heaven such finnes defend.

Sex. Why doe you tremble Lady? cease this feare,
I am alone, there's no suspicious eare
That can betray this deed: nay start not sweete.

Luc. Dreame I, or am I full awake? oh no!
I know I dreame to see Prince *Sextus* so.
Sweete Lord awake me, rid me from this terror,
I know you for a Prince, a Gentleman,
Royall and honest, one that loves my Lord,
And would not wracke a womans chastitie
For *Romes* imperiall Diadem, oh then
Pardon this dream, for being awake I know
Prince *Sextus*, *Romes* great hope, would not for
shame
Havocke his owne worth, or dispoile my fame.

Sex. I'me bent on both my thoughts are all on
fire,
Chooſe thee, thou muſt imbrace death, or deſire.
Yet doe I love thee, wilt thou accept it?

Luc. No.

Sex. If not thy love, thou muſt enjoy thy foe.
Where faire meanes cannot, force ſhall make my
way:

By *Iove* I muſt enjoy thee.

Luc. Sweet Lord ſtay.

Sex. I'me all impatience, violence and rage.
And ſave thy bed nought can this fire aſſwage:
Wilt love me?

Luc. No, I cannot.

Sex. Tell me why?

Luc. Hate me and in that hate let me die.

Sex. By *Iove* ile force thee.

Luc. By a God you ſweare,
To do a devils deed, ſweet Lord forbear
By the ſame *Iove* I ſweare that made this ſoule,
Never to yeild unto an act ſo fowle. Helpe, helpe.

Sex. Theſe pillowes firſt ſhall ſtop thy breath,
If thou but ſhriekeſt, harke how ile frame thy death.

Luc. For death I care not, so I keepe unstaind
The uncraz'd honour I have yet maintaind.

Sex. Thou canst keepe neither, for if thou but
squeakest
Or letst the least harsh noise jarre in my eare,
Ile broach thee on my steele, that done, straight
murder

One of thy basest Groomes, and lay you both
Grafpt arme in arme, on thy adulterate bed,
Then call in witnesse of that mechall sinne,
So shalt thou die, thy death be scandalous,
Thy name be odious, thy suspected body
Denide all funerall rites, and loving *Collatine*
Shall hate thee even in death : then save all this,
And to thy fortunes adde another friend,
Give thy feares comfort, and these torments end.

Luc. Ile die first, and yet heare me, as y'are
noble,
If all your goodnesse and best generous thoughts
Be not exilde your heart, pittie, oh pity
The vertues of a woman : marre not that
Cannot be made againe : this once defilde,
Not all the Ocean waves can purifie
Or wash my staine away : you seeke to foyle,
That which the radiant splendor of the Sunne
Cannot make bright againe : behold my teares,
Oh thinke them pearled drops, distilled from the
heart
Of foule-chast *Lucrece* : thinke them Orators,
To pleade the cause of absent *Collatine*,
Your friend and kinsman.

Sex. Tush, I am obdure.

Luc. Then make my name foule, keep my body
pure,
Oh Prince of Princes, do but weigh your sinne,
Thinke how much I shall loose, how small you winne.
I loose the honour of my name and blood,
Losse, *Romes* imperiall Crowne cannot make good.

You winne the worlds shame and all good mens hate,
Oh who would pleasure, buy at such deere rate,
Nor can you terme it pleasure, for what is sweet,
Where force and hate, jarre and contention meet?
Weigh but for what tis that you urge me still,
To gaine a womans love against her will?
Youle but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,
And thinke that labour's not worth all your strife.
Curse your hot lust, and say you have wrong'd your
friends,

But all the world cannot make me amends,
I tooke you for a friend, wrong not my trust,
But let these chaste tearmes quench your fierie lust.

Sex. No, those moist teares contending with my
fire,

Quench not my heat, but make it clime much higher :
Ile drag thee hence.

Luc. Oh !

Sex. If thou raise these cries,
Lodg'd in thy slaughtered armes some base Groome
dyes.

And Rome that hath admired thy name so long
Shall blot thy death with scandall from my tongue.

Luc. *Iove* guard my innocence.

Sex. *Lucrece* th'art mine :
In spight of *Iove* and all the powers divine.

He beares her out.

Enter a Serving man.

Ser. What's a Clocke tro? my Lord bad me be
early readie with my Gelding, for he would ride be-
times in the morning : now had I rather be up an
houre before my time then a minute after, for my
Lord will be so infinitely angry if I but over-sleepe my
selfe a moment, that I had better be out of my life
then in his displeasure : but soft, some of my Lord
Collatines men lie in the next chamber, I care not if
I call them up, for it growes towards day : what *Pom-
pey, Pompey?*

Clo. Who is that calls ?

Ser. Tis I.

Clo. Whose that, my Lord *Sextus* his man, what a pox make you up before day ?

Ser. I would have the key of the Gate to come at my Lords Horfe in the stable.

Clo. I would my Lord *Sextus* and you were both in the hay-loft for *Pompey* can take none of his naturall rest among you ; heres eene Ostler rise and give my horfe another pecke of hay.

Ser. Nay good *Pompey* helpe me to the key of the Stable.

Clo. Well, *Pompey* was borne to do *Rome* good in being so kinde to the young Princes Gelding, but if for my kindnesse in giving him Pease and Oates he should kicke me, I should scarfe say God a mercy horfe : but come, Ile goe with thee to the stable. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sextus and Lucrece unready.

Sex. Nay, weepe not sweete, what's done is past recall,

Call not thy name in question, by this sorrow
Which is yet without blemish, what hath past
Is hid from the worlds eye, and onely private
Twixt us, faire *Lucrece* : pull not on my head,
The wrath of *Rome* ; if I have done thee wrong,
Love was the cause, thy fame is without blot.
And thou in *Sextus* hast a true friend got.
Nay sweet looke up, thou onely hast my heart,
I must be gone, *Lucrece* a kisse and part.

Lu. Oh ! *she flings from him and Exit.*

Sex. No? peevish dame farewell, then be the
bruter

Of thy owne shame, which *Tarquin* would conceale,
I am arm'd 'gainst all can come, let mischiefe frowne,
With all his terror arm'd with ominous fate,
To all their spleenes a welcome ile afford,

With this bold heart, strong hand and my good sword.

Exit.

*Enter Brutus, Valerius, Horatius, Aruns,
Scevola, Collatine.*

Bru. What so early *Valerius* and your voyce not
up yet? thou wast wont to be my Larke, and raise me
with thy early notes.

Val. I was never so hard set yet my Lord, but I
had ever a fit of mirth for my friend.

Bru. Prethee lets heare it then while we may, for
I divine thy musique and my madnesse are both short
liv'd, we shall have somewhat else to doe ere long we
we hope *Valerius*.

Hor. *Love* fend it.

*Packe cloudes away, and welcome day
With night we banish sorrow,
Sweete Ayre blow soft, mount Lark aloft,
To give my love good morrow.
Winges from the winde, to please her minde,
Notes from the Larke ile borrow ;
Bird prune thy wing, Nightingale sing :
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all ile borrow.*

*Wake from thy nest, Robin red-brest,
Sing Birds in every Furrow,
And from each bill, let Musicke shrill,
Give my faire love good morrow :
Blacke-bird and Thrush, in euery Bush,
Stare, Linnet, and Cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my faire love good morrow.
To giue my love good morrow,
Sing Birds in every Furrow.*

Bru. Me thinks our warres go not well forwards,
Horatius we have greater enemies to bustle with then
 the *Ardeans*, if we durst but front them.

Hor. Would it were come to fronting.

Bru. Then we married men should have the advantage of the batchelers *Horatius*, especially such as have revelling wives, those that can caper in the Citie, while their husbands are in the Camp, *Collatine* why are you so sad? the thought of this should not trouble you, having a *Lucrece* to your bedfellow.

Col. My Lord I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry.

See. Come, come, make him merry, lets have a song in praise of his *Lucrece*.

Val. Content.

The fourth new Song : In the praise of *Lucrece*.

*On two white Collomns archt she stands,
 Some snow would thinke them sure ;
 Some Christall, other Lillies stript,
 But none of those so pure.*

*This beauty when I contemplate
 What riches I behold,
 'Tis rooft within with vertuous thoughts,
 Without, 'tis thatcht with gold.*

*Two doores there are to enter at,
 The one I le not enquire,
 Because conceal'd, the other seene,
 Whose sight inflames desire.*

*Whether the porch be Corral cleere,
 Or with rich Crimson lin'd,
 Or Rose-leaves, lasting all the yeare
 It is not yet divin'd.*

*Her eyes not made of purest glasse,
 Or Christall, but transpareth ;*

The life of Diamonds they surpasse,
Their very sight insnareth.

That which without we rough-cast call,
To stand 'gainst winde and weather,
For its rare beauty equalls all
That I have nam'd together.

For were it not by modest Art
Kept from the sight of skies,
It would strike dim the Sunne it selfe,
And daze the gazers eyes.

The Case so rich, how may we praise
The jewell lodg'd within,
To draw their praise I were unwise,
To wrong them it were sinne.

Aru. I should be frolicke if my brother were but
return'd to the Camp.

Hor. And in good time behold Prince *Sextus*.

Omnes. Health to our Generall.

Sex. Thank you.

Bru. Will you suruey your forces, and give order
for a present assault, your souldiers long to be tugging
with the *Ardeans*.

Sex. No.

Col. Have you seene *Lucretia* my Lord, how fares
she?

Sex. Well, Ile to my Tent.

Aru. Why how now, whats the matter brother?

Exeunt the brothers.

Bru. Thank you, No, well, Ile to my Tent: Get
thee to thy Tent and a coward goe with thee, if thou
hast noe more spirit to a speedie encounter.

Vale. Shall I goe after him and know the cause of
his discontent?

Sec. Or I my Lord?

Bru. Neither, to pursue a foole in his humour? is
the next way to make him more humorous, Ile not be

guiltie of his folly, thank you, no, before I wish him health agen when he is sicke of the fullens, may I die, not like a Roman, but like a runagate.

See. Perhaps hee's not well.

Bru. Well : then let him be ill.

Vale. Nay if he be dying I could wish he were, Ile ring out his funerall peale, and this it is.

*Come list and harke
The Bell doth towle,
For some but new
Departing foule.
And was not that
Some ominous fowle,
The Bats the Night-
Crow or Skreech-Owle.
To these I heare
The wild-Woolfe Howle
In this black night
That seemes to Skowle.
All these my black-
Booke shall in-rowle.
For Harke, still still
The Bell doth towle
For some but now
Departing foule.*

See. Excellent *Valerius*, but is not that *Collatines* man ?

Enter Clowne.

Vale. The newes with this hasty post ?

Clo. Did nobody see my Lord *Collatine* ? oh ! my Ladie commends her to you, here's a letter.

Col. Give it me.

Clo. Fie upon't, never was poore *Pompey* so over-labour'd as I have beene, I thinke I have spurd my horse such a question, that he is scarce able to wig or

wag his taylor for an answer, but my Lady bad me spare for no horse flesh, and I thinke I have made him runne his race.

Bru. Cofen *Collatine* the newes at *Rome* ?

Col. Nothing but what you all may well pertake,
Reade here my Lord, *Brutus* reades the letter.
Deere Lord, if ever thou will see thy *Lucrece*.

Choose of the friends which thou affectest best,
And all important businesse set apart,
Repaire to *Rome*: commend me to Lord *Brutus*,
Valerius, *Mutius*, & *Horatius*,

Say I intreat their presence, where my Father
Lucretius shall attend them, farewell sweet,
Th' affaires are great, then doe not faile to meete.

Bru. Ile thither as I live. *Exit.*

Col. I though I die. *Exit.*

Sc. To *Rome* with expeditious wings weele flie.
Exit.

Hor. The newes, the newes, if it have any shape
Of sadnesse, if some prodegie have chanst,
That may beget revenge, Ile cease to chafe,
Vex, martyr, grieve, torture, torment my selfe,
And tune my humor to strange straines of mirth,
My soule divines some happinesse, speake, speake:
I know thou hast some newes that will create me
Merrie and muscally for I would laugh,
Be new transhapt, I preethee sing *Valerius*
That I may ayre with thee.

The last new Song.

I'de thinke my selfe as proud in Shackles,
As doth the ship in all her Tackles.
The wise-man boasts no more his Braines,
Then I'de insult in Gyves and Chaines:
As Creditors would use their Debtors,
So could I tosse and shake my Fetters,
But not confesse, my thoughts should be

*In durance fast as those kept me.
And could when spight their hurts Invirons.
Then dance to th' musick of my Irons.*

Vale. Now tell us what's the project of thy message?

Clo. My Lords; the Princely *Sextus* has beene at home, but what he hath done there I may partly mistrust, but cannot altogether resolve you: besides, my Lady swore me, that whatsoever I suspected I should say nothing.

Val. If thou wilt not say thy minde I prethee sing thy minde, and then thou maist save thine oath.

Clo. Indeed I was not sworne to that, I may either laugh out my newes or sing em, and so I may save mine oath to my Lady.

Hor. How's all at *Rome*, that with such sad presage
Disturbed *Collatine* and noble *Brutus*
Are hurried from the Camp with *Scevola*?
And we with expedition amongst the rest,
Are charged to *Rome*? speake what did *Sextus* there
with thy faire Mistresse?

Val. Second me my Lord, and weele urge him to disclose it.

Valerius, Horatius, and the Clowne
their Catch.

Val. *Did he take faire Lucrece by the toe man?*

Hor. *Toe man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha ha man.*

Hora. *And further did he strive to go man?*

Clow. *Goe man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, fa derry derry downe
ha fa derry dino.*

Val. *Did he take faire Lucrece by the heele man?*

Clow. *Heele man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*

Hor. *And did he further strive to feele man?*

Clow. *Feele man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, ha fa derry, &c.*

Val. *Did he take the Lady by the shin man?*

Clow. *Shin man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*

Hor. *Further too would he have been man?*

Clow. *Been man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, Ha fa dery, &c.*

Val. *Did he take the Lady by the knee man?*

Clow. *Knee man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*

Hor. *Farther then that would he be man?*

Clow. *Be man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c.*

Val. *Did he take the Lady by the thigh man?*

Clow. *Thigh man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*

Hor. *And now he came it somewhat nie man.*

Clow. *Nie man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, Hey fa dery, &c.*

Val. *But did he do the tother thing man?*

Clow. *Thing man?*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*

Hor. *And at the same had he a fling man.*

Clo. *Fling man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clo. *Hay ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c. Excunt.*

*A Table and a Chaire covered with blacke.
Lucrece and her Maid.*

Luc. Mirable.

Maid. Madam.

Luc. Is not my father old *Lucretius* come yet?

Maid. Not yet.

Luc. Nor any from the Campe?

Maid. Neither Madam.

Luc. Go, begon,

And leave me to the truest grief of heart,

That ever entred any Matrons brest:

Oh!

Maid. Why weepe you Lady? alas why do you
staine

Your modest cheekes with these offensive teares?

Luc. Nothing, nay, nothing; oh you powerfull Gods,
That should have Angels guardents on your throne.

To protect innocence and chastitie! oh why

Suffer you such inhumane massacre

On harmlesse vertue? wherefore take you charge,

On finlesse foules to see them wounded thus

With Rape or violence? or give white innocence,

Armor of prooffe gainst sinne: or by oppression

Kill vertue quite, and guerdon base transgression?

Is it my fate above all other women?

Or is my sinne more hainous then the rest,

That amongst Thousands, millions, infinites,

I, onely I, should to this shame be borne,

To be a staine to women, natures scorne?

Oh!

Maid. What ailes you Madam, truth you make me
weep

To see you shed salt teares; what hath opprest you?

Why is your chamber hung with mourning blacke?

Your habit sable, and your eyes thus swolne

With ominous teares, alas what troubles you?

Luc. I am not sad, thou didst deceive thy selfe,

I did not weepe, ther's nothing troubles me,

But wherefore dost thou blush?

Maid. Madam not I.

Luc. Indeed thou didst, and in that blush my guilt
thou didst betray.

How cam'st thou by the notice of my sinne ?

Maid. What sinne ?

Luc. My blot, my scandall, and my shame :
Oh *Tarquin*, thou my honour didst betray,
Disgrace no time, no age can wipe away,
Oh !

Maid. Sweet Lady cheare your selfe, Ile fetch my
Violl,
And see if I can sing you fast asleepe,
A little rest would weare away this passion.

Luc. Do what thou wilt, I can command no
more,
Being no more a woman, I am now
Devote to death and an inhabitant
Of th'other world : these eyes must ever weepe
Till fate hath clofd them with eternall sleepe.

*Enter Brutus, Collatine, Horatius, Scevola, Valerius
one way, Lucretius another way.*

Luc. Brutus !

Bru. Lucretius !

Luc. Father !

Col. Lucrece !

Luc. Collatine !

Bru. How cheare you Madam ? how ist with you
cousen ?

Why is your eye deject and drown'd in sorrow ?
Why is this funerall blacke, and ornaments
Of widdow-hood ? resolve me cousen *Lucrece*.

Hor. How fare you Lady ?

Old Luc. What's the matter girle ?

Col. Why how is't with you *Lucrece*, tell me
sweete ?

Why do'st thou hide thy face ? and with thy hand
Darken those eyes that were my Sunnes of joy,
To make my pleasures flourish in the Spring ?

Luc. Oh me !

Val. Whence are these fighes and teares ?

See. How growes this passion ?

Bru. Speake Lady, you are hem'd in with your friends.

Girt in a pale of safety, and environ'd
And circled in a fortresse of your kindred.
Let not those drops fall fruitles to the ground,
Nor let your fighes adde to the fencelesse wind.
Speake, who hath wrong'd you ?

Luc. Ere I speake my woe,
Swear youle revenge poore *Lucrece* on her foe.

Bru. Be his head archt with gold.

Hor. Be his hand arm'd with an imperiall
Scepter.

Old Luc. Be he great as *Tarquin*, thron'd in an
imperiall feat.

Bru. Be he no more than mortall, he shall feele
The vengefull edge of this victorious steele.

Luc. Then feat you Lords, whilst I expresse my
wrong.

Father, dear husband, and my kinsman, Lords,
Heare me, I am dishonour'd and disgrac'd,
My reputation mangled, my renowne
Disparaged, but my body, oh my body.

Col. What *Lucrece*.

Luc. Stain'd, polluted, and defil'd.
Strange steps are found in my adulterate bed,
And though my thoughts be white as innocence,
Yet is my body foild with lust-burn'd sinne,
And by a stranger I am strumpeted,
Ravisht, inforc'd, and am no more to rank
Among the Roman Matrons.

Br. Yet cheere you Lady, and restraine these
teares,

If you were forc'd the sinne concernes not you,
A woman's borne but with a womans strength :
Who was the Ravisher ?

Hor. I, name him Lady, our love to you shall only

thus appeare, in the revenge that we will take on him.

Luc. I hope fo Lords, 'twas *Sextus* the Kings Sonne.

Omnes. How? *Sextus Tarquin!*

Luc. That unprincely Prince,
Who gueft-wife entred with my husbands Ring,
This Ring, oh *Collatine!* this Ring you sent
Is cause of all my woe, your discontent.
I feasted him, then lodg'd him, and bestowde
My choifest welcome, but in dead of night
My traiterous gueft came arm'd unto my bed,
Frighted my filent sleepe, threatned, and praid
For entertainment: I despised both.
Which hearing, his sharp pointed Semiter
The Tyrant bent against my naked brest,
Alas, I beg'd my death, but note his tyranny
He brought with him a torment worfe then death,
For having murdred me, he swore to kill
One of my basest Groomes, and lodge him dead
In my dead armes: then call in testimonie
Of my adulterie, to make me hated
Even in my death, of husband, father, friends,
Of *Rome* and all the world: this, this, oh princes,
Ravisht and kild me at once.

Col. Yet comfort Lady,
I quit thy guilt, for what could *Lucrece* doe
More then a woman? hadst thou dide polluted
By this base scandall, thou hadst wrong'd thy fame:
And hindred us of a most just reuenge.

All. What shall we do Lords?

Bru. Lay your resolute hands upon the sword of
Brutus,
Vow and swear, as you hope meed for merit from the
Gods,
Or feare reward for sinne, from devils below:
As you are Romans, and esteeme your fame
More then your lives, all humorous toys set off,

Of madding, finging, finiling, and what else,
 Receive your native valours, be your felves,
 And joyne with *Brutus* in the iust revenge
 Of this chaste ravisht Lady, sweare.

All. We do.

Luc. Then with your humours heere my grief ends
 too,

My staine I thus wipe off, call in my fighes,
 And in the hope of this revenge, forbear
 Even to my death to fall one passionate teare,
 Yet Lords, that you may crowne my innocence
 With your best thoughts, that you may henceforth
 know

We are the fame in heart we feeme in show.
 And though I quit my soule of all such sin,

The Lords whisper.

Ile not debare my body punishment :
 Let all the world, learne of a Roman dame,
 To prife her life lesse then her honor'd fame.

Kils her selfe.

Lucr. *Lucrece.*

Col. Wife.

Bru. Lady.

Scev. She hath slaine her selfe.

Val. Oh see yet Lords if there be hope of life.

Bru. She's dead, then turne your funerall teares to
 fire

And indignation, let us now redeeme
 Our mis-spent time, and over take our sloath
 With hostile expedition, this great Lords,
 This bloody knife, on which her chaste blood flowed,
 Shall not from *Brutus* till some strange revenge
 Fall on the heads of *Tarquins*.

Hor. Now's the time

To call their pride to compt, *Brutus* lead on,
 Wee follow thee to their confusion.

Vale. By *Iove* we will, the sprightfull youth of
Rome

Trickt up in plumed harnesse shall attend

The march of *Brutus*, whom we here create our
Generall
Against the *Tarquins*.

See. Be it so.

Bru. We embrace it: now to stir the wrath of
Rome,
You, *Collatine* and good *Lucretius*,
With eyes yet drown'd in teares, beare that chaste
body
Into the market place: that horrid object,
Shall kindle them with a most just revenge.

Hor. To see the father and the husband mourne
Ore this chaste Dame, that have so well deserv'd
Of Rome and them, then to infer the pride,
The wrongs and the perpetuall tyranny
Of all the *Tarquins*, *Servius Tullius* death,
And his unnaturall usage by that Monster
Tullia the Queene. All these shall well concurre
In a combind revenge.

Bru. *Lucrece*, thy death weele mourne in glittering
armes
And plumed caskes: some beare that reverend loade,
Vnto the *Forum* where our force shall meete
To fet upon the pallas, and expell
This viperous brood from Rome: I know the people
Will gladly imbrace our fortunes: *Scevola*,
Go you and muster powers in *Brutus* name.
Valerius, you assist him instantly,
And to the mazed people freely speake
The cause of this concourse.

Val. We go.

Exeunt Vale. & Sceva.

Bru. And you dear Lord, whose speechlesse grief
is boundlesse.

Turne all your teares with ours, to wrath and rage,
The hearts of all the *Tarquins* shall weepe blood
Vpon the funerall Hearse, with whose chaste body,
Honour your armes, and to th' assembled people,
Disclose her innocent woundes: Gramercies Lords

A great shout and a flourish with drums and Trumpets.

That univerfal shout tells me their words
 Are gracious with the people, and their troopes
 Are ready imbatteld, and expect but us
 To lead them on, *Love* give our fortunes speed.
 Weele murder, murder, and base rape shall bleed.

Alarum, Enter in the fight Tarquin and Tullia flying, pursued by Brutus, and the Romans march with Drum and Colors, Porfenna, Aruns, Sextus, Tarquin, and Tullia meets and joynes with them: To them Brutus and the Romans with Drum and souldiers: they make a stand.

Bru. Even thus farre Tyrant have we dog'd thy
 steps,
 Fighting thy Queene and thee with horrid steele.

Tar. Lodg'd in the safetie of *Porfennaes* armes,
 Now Traytor *Brutus* we dare front thy pride.

Hor. *Porfenna* th'art unworthy of a scepter,
 To shelter pride, lust, rape, and tyrannie,
 In that proud Prince and his confederate Peeres.

Sex. Traytors to heaven: to *Tarquin*, Rome and
 us,
 Treason to Kings doth stretch even to the Gods,
 And those high Gods that take great Rome in charge,
 Shall punish your rebellion.

Col. Oh Devill *Sextus*, speake not thou of Gods,
 Nor cast those false and fained eyes to heaven,
 Whose rape the furies must torment in Hell,
 Of *Lucrece*, *Lucrece*.

See. Her chaste blood still cries
 For vengeance to the etherial deities.

Luc. Oh 'twas a foule deed *Sextus*.

Val. And thy shame
 Shall be eternall and outlive her fame.

Aru. Say *Sextus* lov'd her, was she not a woman,
 I, and perhaps was willing to be forc'd,

Must you being privat subjects dare to ring
Warres loud alarum gainst your potent King?

Por. *Brutus* therein thou dost forget thy selfe,
And wrong'st the glory of thine Ancestors,
Stayning thy blood with Treason.

Bru. *Tuscan* know
The Confull *Brutus* is their powerfull foe.

All Tarquin. Confull.

Hor. I confull and the powerfull hand of Rome
Graspes his imperiall sword: the name of King
The Tyrant *Tarquins* have made odious
Vnto this nation, and the generall knee
Of this our warlike people, now low bends
To royall *Brutus* where the Kings name ends.

Bru. Now *Sextus* wher's the Oracle, when I kist
My Mother earth it plainly did foretell,
My Noble vertues did thy sinne exceed,
Brutus should sway, and lust-burnt *Tarquin* bleed.

Val. Now shall the blood of *Servius*, fall as
heavie
As a huge mountaine on your Tyrant heads,
Ore whelming all your glorie.

Hor. *Tullia's* guilt,
Shall be by us reveng'd, that in her pride
In blood paternall, her rough coach wheelles di'd.

Luc. Your Tyrannies :

Ser. Pride.

Col. And my *Lucrece* fate,
Shall all be swallowed in this hostile hate.

Sex. Oh *Romulus*, thou that first reard yon walles
In fight of which we stand, in thy soft bosome
Is hang'd, the nest in which the *Tarquins* build ;
Within the branches of thy lofty spires
Tarquin shall perch, or where he once hath stood,
His high built airy shall be drown'd in blood ;
Alarum then, *Brutus* by heaven I vow,
My sword shall prove thou nere wast mad till now.

Bru. *Sextus*, my madnesse with your lives expires,
Thy sensuall eyes are fixt upon that wall,

Thou nere shalt enter, Rome confines you all.

Por. A charge then.

Tar. *Iove* and *Tarquin*.

Hor. But we crie a *Brutus*.

Bru. *Lucrece*, fame and victory.

Alarum, the Romans are beaten off.

Alarum, Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Scevola, Lucretius and Collatine.

Bru. Thou *Ioviall* hand hold up thy Scepter high,
And let not Iustice be opprest with Pride,
Oh you *Penates* leave not Rome and us,
Graspt in the purple hands of death and ruine,
The *Tarquins* have the best.

Hor. Yet stand, my foote is fixt upon this bridge;
Tiber, thy arched streames shall be chang'd crimson,
With Roman blood before I budge from hence.

See. *Brutus* retire, for if thou enter *Rome*
We are all lost, stand not on valour now,
But save thy people, let's survive this day,
To trie the fortunes of another field.

Val. Breake downe the Bridge, least the pursuing
enemy
Enter with us and take the spoile of *Rome*.

Hor. Then breake behinde me, for by heaven il'e
grow
And roote my foote as deepe as to the center,
Before I leave this passage.

Luc. Come your mad.

Col. The foe comes on, and we in trifling heere,
Hazard our selfe and people.

Hor. Save them all,
To make *Rome* stand, *Horatius* here will fall.

Bru. We would not loose thee, do not brest thy
selfe
'Gainst thousands, if thou front'st, them thou art
ring'd

With million fwords and darts, and we behind
Must breake the Bridge of *Tyber* to save *Rome*.
Before thee infinite gaze on thy face.
And menace death, the raging streames of *Tyber*
Are at thy backe to swallow thee.

Hor. Retire,
To make *Rome* live, tis death that I desire.

Bru. Then farewell dead *Horatius*, thinke in us
The univerfall arme of potent *Rome*,
Takés his last leave of thee in this embrace.

All embrace him.

Hor. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

Bru. These arches all must downe
To interdict their passage through the towne.

Exeunt.

*Alarum, Enter Tarquin, Porfenna, and Aruns with
their pikes and Targeters.*

All. Enter, enter, enter.

A noise of knocking downe the bridge, within.

Hor. Soft *Tarquin*, see a bullwarke to the bridge,
You first must passe, the man that enters here
Must make his passage though *Horatius* brest,
See with this Target do I buckler *Rome*,
And with this sword defie the puissant army
Of two great Kings.

Por. One man to face an host!
Charge souldiers, of full forty thousand Romans
Theres but one daring hand against your host,
To keep you from the sacke or spoile of *Rome*,
Charge, charge.

Aruns. - Vpon them Souldiers. *Alarum, Alarum.*

*Enter in severall places, Sextus and
Valerius above.*

Sex. Oh cowards, slaves, and vassals, what not
enter?

Was it for this you plac'd my regiment
 Vpon a hill, to be the sad spectator
 Of such a generall cowardise? *Tarquin, Aruns,*
Porfenna, fouldiers, passe *Horatius* quickly,
 For they behind him will devolue the bridge,
 And raging *Tyber* that's impassible,
 Your host must swim before you conquer *Rome*.

Val. Yet stand *Horatius*, beare but one brunt
 more,
 The arched bridge shall sinke upon his piles,
 And in his fall lift thy renown to heaven.

Sex. Yet enter.

Val. Dear *Horatius*, yet stand
 And save a million one powerfull hand.

Alarum, and the falling of the Bridge.

Aruns and all. Charge, charge, charge.

Sex. Degenerate slaves, the bridge is false, Rome's
 lost.

Vale. *Horatius*, thou art stronger then their
 hoste,
 Thy strength is valour, theirs are idle braves,
 Now save thy self, and leap into the waves.

Hor. *Porfenna, Tarquin*, now wade past your
 depths
 And enter Rome, I feel my body sinke
 Beneath my ponderous weight, *Rome* is preserv'd,
 And now farewell; for he that follows me
 Must search the bottome of this raging stream,
Fame with thy golden wings renowne my Crest,
 And *Tyber* take me on thy silver brest. *Exit.*

Por. Hee's leapt off from the bridge and drown'd
 himself.

Sex. You are deceiv'd, his spirit soares too
 high
 To be choakt in with the base element
 Of water, lo he swims arm'd as he was,
 Whilst all the army have discharg'd their arrows,

Of which the shield upon his back sticks full.

Shout and flourish.

And hark, the shout of all the multitude
Now welcomes him a land : *Horatius* fame
Hath chekt our armies with a generall shame.
But come, to morrows fortune must restore
This scandall, which I of the Gods implore.

Por. Then we must find another time faire
Prince

To scourge these people, and revenge your wrongs.
For this night ile betake me to my tent.

A Table and Lights in the tent.

Tar. And we to ours, to morrow wee'll renowne
Our army with the spoile of this rich Towne.

Exit Tarquin cum suis.

Enter Secretary.

Por. Our Secretary.

Secret. My Lord.

Por. Command lights and torches in our tents

'Enter souldiers with Torches.

And let a guard ingirt our safety round,
Whilst we debate of military businesse :
Come, sit and let's consult.

Enter Scevola disguised.

Sce. *Horatius*, famous for defending *Rome*,
But we ha done nought worthy *Scevola*,
Nor of a Roman : I in this disguise
Have past the army and the puissant guard
Of King *Porfenna* : this should be his tent ;
And in good time, now fate direct my strength
Against a King, to free great *Rome* at length.

Secret. Oh I am slain, treason, treason.

Porfen. Villaine what hast thou done ?

Scevo. Why slain the King ?

Porfen. What King ?

Scevo. *Porfenna.*

Porfen. *Porfenna* lives to see thee tortured,
With plagues more divellish then the pains of
Hell.

Sce. Oh too rash *Mutius*, hast thou mist thy
aime ?

And thou base hand that didst direct my poniard
Against a peasants brest, behold thy error
Thus I will punish : I will give thee freely
Vnto the fire, nor will I wear a limbe,
That with such rashnesse shall offend his Lord.

Por. What will the madman do ?

Sce. *Porfenna* so,

Punish my hand thus, for not killing thee.
Three hundred noble lads beside my self
Have vow'd to all the gods that patron *Rome*,
Thy ruine for supporting tyranny :
And though I fail, expect yet every houre,
When some strange fate thy fortunes will devoure.

Por. Stay Roman we admire thy constancy,
And scorne of fortune, go, return to *Rome*,
We give thee life, and say, the king *Porfenna*,
Whose life thou seek'st is in this honorable,
Passe freely, guard him to the walls of *Rome*,
And were we not so much ingagde to *Tarquin*,
We would not lift a hand against that nation
That breeds such noble spirits.

Exit.

Scevo. Well I go,

And for revenge take life even of my foe.

Porf. Conduct him safely : what 300 Gallants
Sworne to our death, and all resolv'd like him !
Weele prove for *Tarquin*, if they faile our hopes,
Peace shall be made with *Rome*, but first our
secretary

Shall have his rights of funerall, then our shield

We must addresse next for to morrowes field. *Exit.*

*Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Collatine,
Lucretius Marching.*

Bru. By thee we are Confull, and still govern
Rome,
Which but for thee, had bin dispoild and tane,
Made a confused heape of men and stones,
Swimming in bloud and slaughter, deare *Horatius*,
Thy noble picture shall be carv'd in brasse,
And fixt for thy perpetuall memory
In our high Capitoll.

Hor. Great Confull thanks,
But leaving this, lets march out of the Citie.
And once more bid them battell on the plaines.

Val. This day my soule divines we shall live
free
From all the furious *Tarquins* : but wheres *Scevola* ?
We see not him to day.

Enter Scevola.

Here Lords, behold me handleffe as you see.
The cause I mist *Porfenna* in his tent,
And in his stead kild but his secretary.
The moved King when he beheld me punish
My rash mistake, with losse of my right hand,
Vnbeg'd, and almost scornd, he gave me life.
Which I had then refus'd, but in desire
To venge faire *Lucrece* Rape. *Soft alarum.*

Hor. Deare *Scevola*
Thou hast exceeded us in our resolve,
But will the *Tarquins* give us present battell ?

Sce. That may ye heare, the skirmish is begun
Already twixt the horse.

Luc. Then noble Confull
Lead our maine Battell on.

Bru. Oh *Iove* this day
Ballance our cause, and let the innocent bloud
Of Rape staine *Lucrece*, crowne with death and horror

The heads of all the *Turquins*, see this day
 In her cause do we consecrate our lives.
 And in defence of Iustice now march on :
 I heare their martiall musique, be our flock
 As terrible as are the meeting clouds
 That breake in thunder, yet our hopes are faire,
 And this rough charge shall all our hopes repaire.

Exeunt, Alarum, battell within.

Enter Porfenna and Aruns.

Porfen. Yet grow our lofty plumes unflag'd with
 bloud,
 And yet sweet pleasure wantons in the aire :
 How goes the battell *Aruns* ?

Aru. Tis even balanst,
 I enterchang'd with *Brutus* hand to hand
 A dangerous encounter, both are wounded,
 And had not the rude prease divided us,
 One had dropt downe to earth.

Por. Twas bravely fought.
 I saw the King your father free his person
 From thousand Romans that begirt his state,
 Where flying arrowes thicke as attomes sung
 About his eares.

Aru. I hope a glorious day,
 Come *Tuscan King* let's on them.

Alarum.

Enter Horatius and Valerius.

Hor. *Aruns* stay,
 That sword that late did drinke the Consuls bloud,
 Must with his keene phang tire upon my flesh,
 Or this on thine.

Aruns. It sparde the Consuls life
 To end thy dayes in a more glorious strife.

Val. I stand against thee *Tuscan*.

Por. I for thee.

Hor. Where ere I finde a *Tarquin*, he's for me.

Alarum, fight, Aruns slaine, Porfenna Expulst.

*Alarum, Enter Tarquin with an arrow in his brest,
Tullia with him, pursude by Collatine, Lucretius,
Scevola.*

Tar. Faire *Tullia* leave me, save thy selfe by
flight,

Since mine is desperate, behold I am wounded
Even to the death : there staves within my tent
A winged Iennet, mount his back and fly,
Live to revenge my death since I must die.

Tul. Had I the heart to tread upon the bulke
Of my dead father, and to see him slaughtered,
Only for love of *Tarquin* and a Crown,
And shall I fear death more then losse of both ?
No, this is *Tullia's* fame, rather then fly
From *Tarquin*, 'mongst a thousand swords sheel dy.

All. Hew them to pieces both.

Tar. My *Tullia* save,
And ore my caitiffe head those Meteors wave.

Coll. Let *Tullia* yield then.

Tul. Yeild me, cuckold no ;
Mercy I scorne, let me the danger know.

Sc. Vpon them then.

Val. Let's bring them to their fate,
And let them perish in the peoples hate.

Tul. Fear not, Ile back thee husband.

Tar. But for thee,
Sweet were the hand that this charg'd soul could
free,

Life I despise, let noble *Sextus* stand
To avenge our death, even till these vitals end,
Scorning my own, thy life will I defend.

Tul. And Ile sweet *Tarquin* to my power guard
thine,
Come on ye slaves and make this earth divine.

Alarum, Tarquin and Tullia flaine

Alarum, Brutus all bloody.

Bru. *Aruns*, this crimson favour for thy sake

Ile weare upon my forehead maskt with blood,
 Till all the moyfture in the *Tarquins* veines
 Be fpilt upon the earth, and leave thy body
 As dry as the parcht Summer, burnt and fcorcht
 With the Canicular ftars.

Hor. *Aruns* lies dead,

By this bright fword that towr'd about his head.

Col. And fee great Confull, where the pride of
Rome lies funke and fallen.

Val. Befides him lies the Queen mangled and
 hewn amongft the Roman Souldiers.

Hor. Lift up their fllaughter'd bodies, help to rear
 them

Againft this hill in view of all the Camp.

This fight will be a terrour to the foe,

And make them yield or fly.

Bru. But wher's the Rauifher, injurious *Sextus*,
 that we fee not him? *Short Alarum.*

Enter Sextus.

Sex. Through broken fpears, crackt fwords, un-
 boweld fteeds,

Flaude armors, mangled limbs, and batter'd casks,
 Knee deep in blood, I ha pierft the Roman hoft
 To be my Fathers refcue.

Hor. 'Tis too late,

His mounting pride's funk in the peoples hate.

Sex. My father, mother, brother! fortune, now

I do defie thee, I expose my felf

To horrid danger, fafety I defpife:

I dare the worft of perill, I am bound,

On till this pile of flefh be all one wound.

Val. Begirt him Lords, this is the Ravifher,
 Ther's no revenge for *Lucrece* till he fall.

Luc. Ceafe *Sextus* then:

Sex. *Sextus* defies you all;

Yet will you give me language ere I die.

Bru. Say on.

Sex. 'Tis not for mercy, for I fcorne that life

That's given by any, and the more to adde
 To your immense unmeasurable hate,
 I was the spur unto my fathers pride,
 'Twas I that aw'd the Princes of the land ;
 That made thee *Brutus* mad, these discontent :
 I ravisht the chaste *Lucrece* ; *Sextus* I,
 Thy daughter, and thy wife, *Brutus* thy cousin.
 Allide indeed to all ; 'twas for my Rape,
 Her constant hand ript up her innocent brest,
 'Twas *Sextus* did all this.

Col. Which ile revenge.

Hor. Leave that to me.

Luc. Old as I am Ile doo't.

Sec. I have one hand left yet, of strength enough
 To kill a Ravisher.

Sex. Come all at once, I all ;
 Yet heare me *Brutus*, thou art honourable,
 And my words tend to thee : My father dide
 By many hands, What's he mongst you can chal-
 lenge

The least, I smallest honour in his death ?
 If I be kill'd amongst this hostile throng,
 The poorest snakie fouldier well may claime
 As much renowne in royall *Sextus* death,
 As *Brutus*, thou, or thou *Horatius* :
 I am to die, and more then die I cannot.
 Rob not your selves of honour in my death.
 When the two mightiest spirits of *Greece* and *Troy*,
 Tug'd for the mastery, *Hector* and *Achilles*,
 Had puissant *Hector* by *Achilles* hand,
 Dide in a single monomachie, *Achilles*
 Had bin the worthy : but being slain by odds,
 The poorest *Mirmidon* had as much honour
 As faint *Achilles* in the *Trojans* death.

Bru. Hadst thou not done a deed so execrable
 That gods and men abhorre, ide love thee *Sextus*,
 And hug thee for this challenge breath'd so freely :
 Behold, I stand for *Rome* as Generall,
 Thou of the *Tarquins* doest alone survive,

The head of all these garboyles, the chief actor
Of that black sin, which we chastise by armes.
Brave Romans, with your bright swords be our
lifts,

And ring us in, none dare to offend the Prince
By the least touch, lest he incurre our wrath :
This honour do your Confull, that his hand
May punish this arch-mischiefe, that the times
Succeeding may of *Brutus* thus much tell,
By him pride, lust, and all the *Tarquins* fell.

Sex. To ravish *Lucrece*, cuckold *Collatine*,
And spill the chastest blood that ever ran
In any Matrons vaines, repents me not
So much as to ha wrong'd a gentleman
So noble as the Confull in this strife.

Brutus be bold, thou fightst with one scornes life.

Bru. And thou with one, that lesse then his re-
nown,
Priseth his blood, or *Romes* imperiall Crowne.

*Alarum, a fierce fight with sword and target,
then after pause and breathe.*

Bru. *Sextus* stand faire : much honour shall I
win
To revenge *Lucrece*, and chastise thy sin.

Sext. I repent nothing, may I live or die,
Though my blood fall, my spirit shall mount on hie.

*Alarum, fight with single swords, and being deadly
wounded and painting for brcth, making a stroak
at each together with their gantlets they fall.*

Hor. Both flaine ! Oh noble *Brutus*, this thy
fame
To after ages shall survive ; thy body
Shall have a faire and gorgious Sepulchre :
For whom the Matrons shall in funerall black

Mourne twelue fad Moones, thou that first govern'd
Rome,

And fwaide the people by a Consuls name.
These bodies of the *Tarquins* weele commit
Vnto the funerall pile: you *Collatine*
Shall succeed *Brutus*, in the Consuls place,
Whom with this Lawrell wreath we here create.

Crowne him with Lawrell.

Such is the peoples voyce, accept it then.

Col. We do, and may our powre so just appeare,
Rome may have peace, both with our love and feare.
But soft, what march is this ?

*Florish. Porfenna, Drum, Collatine, and
Souldiers.*

Por. The *Tuscan* King, seeing the *Tarquins* slain,
Thus arm'd and battell'd offers peace to *Rome* :
To confirme which, wele give you present hostage ;
If you deny, wele stand upon our guard,
And by the force of armes, maintain our own.

Val. After so much effusion and large waste
Of Roman blood, the name of peace is welcome :
Since of the *Tarquins* none remaine in *Rome*,
And *Lucrece* Rape is now reveng'd at full,
'Twere good to entertain *Porfenna's* League.

Col. *Porfenna* we imbrace, whose Royall pre-
fence
Shall grace the Confull to the funerall pile.
March on to *Rome*, *Iove* be our guard and guide,
That hath in us veng'd Rape, and punish't pride.

Exeunt.

To the Reader.

BEcaufe we would not that any mans expectation should be deceived in the ample Printing of this Book: Lo, (Gentle Reader) we have inferted these few Songs, which were added by the stranger that lately acted *Valerius* his part, in forme following.

The Cries of ROME.

THus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.
Round and found all of a collour,
Buy a very fine marking stone, marking stone,
Round and found all of a collour,
Buy a very fine marking stone a very very fine.
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Bread and—meat—bread—and meat
For the—ten—der—mercy of God to the
poore pris—ners of Newgate, foure-
score and ten—poore—prisoners.
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Salt—falt—white Wor—stershire falt,
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Buy a very fine Moufe-trap, or a tormentor
for your Fleaes.
Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Kitchin-stuffe maids,

*Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

Hã you any Wood to cleave?

*Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

*I ha white Radish, white
hard Lettice, white young Onions.*

*Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

I ha Rock-Sampier, Rock-Sampier.

*Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

*Buy a Mat, a Mil-mat,
Mat, or a Hasock for your pew,
A stopple for your clofe stoole,
Or a Pesock to thrust your feet in.*

*Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

Whiting maids Whiting.

*Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

Hot fine Oat-cakes, hot.

*Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

Small-Coales here.

*Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

Will you buy any Milke to day.

*Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

Lanthorne and Candle light here

Maid, a light here.

*Thus go the cries in Romes faire towne,
First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

Here lies a company of very poore

Women, in the dark dungeon,

Hungry cold and comfortlesse night and day,

Pity the poore women in the dark dungeon.

*Thus go the cries where they do house them,
First they come to the grate, and then they go lowse
them.*

The second Song.

*Arise, arise, my Iuggie my Puggie,
arise get up my dear.*

*The weather is cold, it blowes, it snowes,
oh let me be lodged here.*

*My Iuggie my Puggie, my hony my cony,
my love, my dove, my deare,*

*Oh oh, the weather is cold, it blowes, it snowes,
oh oh, let me be lodged here.*

*Begon, begon, my Willie, my Billie,
begon, begon my deare,*

*The weather is warme, 'twill do thee no harme,
thou canst not be lodged here.*

*My Willy, my Billy, my hony my cony,
my love, my dove, my deare,*

*Oh oh, the weather is warme, 'twill do thee no harm
oh oh, thou canst not be lodged here.*

*Farewell, farewell, my Iuggie, my Puggie,
farewell, farewell my deare,*

*Then will I begon from whence that I came,
if I cannot be lodged here.*

*My Iuggie my Puggie, my hony, my cony,
my love, my dove, my deare,*

*Oh, oh, then will I be gone, from whence that I came,
oh oh, if I cannot be lodged here.*

*Returne, returne my Willy, my Billy,
returne my dove and my deare,*

*The weather doth change, then seeme not strange,
Thou shalt be lodged here.*

*My Willie, my Billie, my hony, my cony,
my love, my dove, my deare,*

*Oh oh, the weather doth change then seem not strange,
oh oh, and thou shalt be lodged here.*

FINIS.



Porta pietatis,

OR,

The Port or Harbour of Piety.

Expressed in sundry Triumphes, Pageants, and Showes, at the
Initiation of the Right Honourable Sir MAVRICE ABBOT,
Knight, into the Majoralty of the famous and
farre renowned City *London*.

All the charge and expence of the laborious Projects,
both by water and Land, being the sole undertaking
of the Right Worshipfull Company of
the Drapers.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

—*Redeunt Spectacula*—



Printed at *London* by *I. Okes*. 1638.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR MAURICE ABBOTT,
KNIGHT, THE LORD MAIOR OF THIS
RENOWNED METROPOLIS, LONDON.

RIGHT HONOURABLE :

*A*ntiquity informes us, in the most flourishing state of Rome, of an Order of the Candidati, so called because habited in white vesture betokening Innocence, and those of the noblest Citizens, who in that garbe walked the streets with humble lookes, and submisse gesture, thereby to insinuate themselves into the grace of the people, being ambitious after honour and Office. Great Lord, it fareth not so with You, who though for inward Candor and sincerity, You may compare with the best of them, yet have beene so far from affecting such popularity, that though You in Your great Modesty would willingly have evaded it ; yet some places by importunity, and this Your present Prætorship hath by a generall suffrage, and the unanimous harmony of a free Eleçtion, beene conferrd upon you.

Neither can I omit the happinesse of Your deceased Father, remarkable in three most fortunate

Sonnes ; the one, for many yeares together, Arch-Bishop of Canterbury, and Metropolitane of all England ; another, a reverend Father in God, Bishop of Salisbury, as memorable for his learned Workes and Writings, as the other for his Episcopall government in the Church, and Counsell in state. And now lately Your Honour'd selfe the Lord Maior of this Metropolis, the famous City London ; In which, and of which, as you are now Maximus, so it is expected you shall prove Optimus. Grave Sir, it is a knowne Maxime, that the honour which is acquired by Vertue, hath a perpetuall assurance ; nor blame my boldnesse, if I presume to prompt Your memory in what You have long studied. The life of a Magistrate is the rule and square whereby inferior persons frame their Carriage and deportment, who sooner assimilate themselves to their Lives than their Lawes, which Lawes if not executed are of no estimation. But I cease further to trouble Your Lordship, leaving you to Your Honourable charge, with that of the Poet.

Qui sua metitur, pondera ferre potest.

Your Lordships in all observance,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.



LONDINI PORTA PIETATIS:

LONDON'S GATE TO PIETY.

LONDON and *Westminster* are two twin-sister cities, as joynd by one street, so watered by one streame; the first a breeder of grave magistrates, the second, the buriall-place of great monarchs; both famous for their two cathedrals; the one dedicated to the honour of Saint *Paul*, the other of Saint *Peter*. These I rather concatenate, because as in the one, the right honourable the lord maior receiveth his honour, so in the other he takes his oath; yet *London* may be presumed to be the elder, and more excellent in birth, meanes, and issue; in the first for her antiquity, in the second for her ability, in the third, for her numerous progeny; she and her suburbs being decored with two severall burfes or exchanges, and beautified with two eminent gardens of exercise, knowne by the names of artillery and military. I shall not need to insist much either upon her extension, or dimension, nor to compare her with other eminent cities that were, or are; it having beene an argument treated of by authentick authors, and the laborious project of many learned pennes, and frequently celebrated upon the like dayes of solemnity.

And although by the space of tenne yeares last

past, there hath not beene any lord major free of that company, yet was there within twelve years before that sixe lord majors of the same. And it shall not bee amisse to give you a briefe nomination of some honourable prætors, and those of prime remarke in that company; Sir *Henry Fitz-Alwin*, draper, was the first lord major of this citie, which place hee helde for foure and twenty yeeres together, and upward; and in the first yeere of his majoralty, anno 1210. *London-bridge*, which was before made of timber, was begun to be built of stone. Sir *William Powltney* was foure times lord major; 1337 he built a chappell in *Pauls*, where hee lyeth buried, and erected a colledge neere unto the church of *St. Laurence Powltney, London*: he moreover built the church of little *Alhallows*, in *Thames Street*, with other pious and devout acts. *John Hind*, draper, lord major 1405, built the church of *St. Swithen*, by *London-stone*, &c. Sir *John Norman* was the first that rowed in his barge to *Westminster*, when he went to take his oath. Sir *Richard Hardell* sate in the judicatory seate sixe yeeres together. *Simon Eyre*, lord major, built *Leaden Hall* at his owne proper costs and charges. Sir *Richard Pipe*, *George Monox*, lord major 1515, and Sir *John Milborne*, were great erectors of almes-houses, hospitalls, &c., and left liberally to the poore. Sir *Richard Campion* perfected divers charitable workes, left unfinish't by Sir *John Milborne*, before named. Sir *Thomas Hayes*, 1615, Sir *John Iolls*, 1616, Sir *Edward Barkham*, Sir *Martin Lumley*, Sir *Allan Cotten*, Sir *Cuthbert Hacket*, &c. To speake of them all, I should but spend paper in a meere capitulation of their names, and neglect the project now in agitation.

THE FIRST SHOW BY WATER.

The first show by water is presented by *Proteus* in a beautiful sea-chariot, for the better ornament, decored

with divers marine nymphs, and sea-goddesfes, &c. He fitteth or rideth upon a moving tortois, which is reckoned amongft the *Amphibia*, *quòd in ambobus elementis degant*: that is, one of thofe creatures that live in two elements, the water and the land; alluding to the trading of the right honourable the prefent lord major, who is a merchant, free of the Turkey, Italian, French, Spanifh, Mufcovy, and was late governour of the Eaft Indy-Company. This *Proteus*, or Πρωτος, that is *Primus*, is held to be the firft, or moft ancient of the fea-gods, the fonne of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*, who could tranfhape himfelfe into any figure whatfoever, and was skilfull in prediction. He was called *Vertumnus à vertendo*, becaufe he indented, or turned the courfe of the river *Tyber*, which floweth up to *Rome*, as the *Thames* to *London*. He was a king, and reigned in the *Carpathian Island*, which, becaufe it was full of boggs and marifh places (as lying neere unto the maine ocean), he had that title conferr'd on him to be a marine god: when the *Scithians* thought to invade him, and by reafon of the former impediments could no way damage his countrey, it therefore increafed their fuperftitious opinion to have him deified. He was called alfo *paftor populi*, that is, a fhepherd of the people; and is faid alfo to feede *Neptunes* fifhes, call'd *Phocæ*.

It was a cuftome amongft the *Ægyptian* kings to have their fcepters infulpt with fundry hieroglyphicks or figures, as a lyon, a dragon, a tree, a flame of fire, &c., as their fancies lead them; for which that proverb was conferr'd on him, *Proteo mutabilior*, that is, more changeable than *Proteus*. This *Proteus*, or *Vertumnus*, or *Vefores*, reigned in *Ægypt* fome foure yeeres before the *Trojan* warre, that is *anno mundi* 2752.

PROTEUS HIS SPEECH.

*Proteus, of all the marine gods the prime,
And held the nobleft both for birth and time;*

*From him who with his trident swayes the main,
 And ploughs the waves in curles, or makes them plaine:
 Neptune, both lord of ebbe and inundation,
 I come to greete your great inauguration.
 They call me versi-pellis, and 'tis true,
 No figure, forme, no shape to me is new;
 For I appeare what creature I desire,
 Sometimes a bull, a serpent, sometimes fire.
 The first denotes my strength; strong must he be,
 And powerfull, who aspire to your degree.
 You must be wise as serpents, to decide
 Such doubts as errour, or misprision hide.
 And next, like fire (of th' elements most pure),
 Whose nature can no sordid stufse endure,
 As in calcining metals we behold,
 It funders and divides the droffe from gold.
 And such are the decorements that still waite
 Upon so grave, so great a magistrate.*

*This tortois, double-natured, doth imply
 (By the two elements of moist and dry),
 So much as gives the world to understand,
 Your noble trading both by sea and land.
 Of porpoces the vast heards Proteus keeps,
 And I am styl'd the prophet of the deepes,
 Sent to predict good omen. May that flete
 Which makes th' East Indies with our England meete,
 Prosper to all your hearts desires; their sayles
 Be to and fro swell'd with auspicious gales;
 May you (who of this city now take charge),
 With all the scarlet senate in your barge,
 The fame thereof so heighten, future story
 Above all other states may crowne her glory.*

*To hinder what's more weighty, I am loath,
 Passe therefore freely on, to take your oath.*

This show is after brought off from the water, to attend upon the rest by land, of which the first is,

THE FIRST SHOW BY LAND.

A shepheard, with his skrip and bottle, and his dog by him, a sheep-hooke in his hand ; round about him are his flocke, some feeding, others resting in severall postures, the plat-forme adorn'd with flowers, plants, and trees, bearing sundry fruits. And because this worshipfull society tradeth in cloth, it is pertinent, that I should speake something of the sheepe, who is of all other foure-footed beasts the most harmlesse and gentle. Those that write of them report that in *Arabia* they have tayles three cubits in length ; in *Chios* they are the smallest, but their milke and cheefe the sweetest, and best. The lambe from her yeaning knoweth and acknowledgeth her damme : those are held to be most profitable for store, whose bodies are biggest, the fleece softest and thickest, and their legs shortest. Their age is reckoned at tenne yeeres, they breed at two, and cease at nine ; the ewes goe with their young an hundred and fifty dayes. Pliny saith the best wooll Apulia and Italy yeelds, and next them, Milesium, Tarentum, Canusium, and Laodicea in Asia ; their generall time of sheering is in July. The poet Laberius called the rammes of the flocke *reciproci-cornes*, and *lanicutes*, alluding to the writhing of their hornes, and their skinnes bearing wooll : the bell-weather, or captaine of the flocke, is called *vervex sectarius*, &c.

THE SHEPHEARD'S SPEECH.

*By what rare frame, or in what curious verse,
Can the rich profits of your trades commerce
Be to the full exprest? which to explaine,
Lyes not in poet's pen, or artist's braine.
What beast, or bird, for hyde, or feather rare,
For man's use made, can with the sheepe compare?
The horse of strength or swiftnesse may be proud,
But yet his flesh is not for food allow'd.*

*The heards yeeld milke, and meate (commodious both),
Yet none of all their skins make wooll for cloth.
The sheepe doth all; the parrot and the jay,
The peacock, estridge, all in colours gay,
Delight the eye; some with their notes, the eare;
But what are these unto the cloth we weare?*

*Search forrests, defarts, for beasts wilde or tame,
The mountaines or the vales, search the vast frame
Of the wide universe, the earth, and skie,
Nor beast, nor bird, can with the sheepe comply.
No creature under heaven, be't small or great,
But some way usefull; one affords us meate,
Another ornament; shee more than this,—
Of patience, and of profit th' embleme is.
In former ages by the heroes fought;
After, from Greece into Hesperia brought;
She's cloath'd in plenteous riches, and being shorne,
Her fleece an order, and by emperours worne.
All these are knowne, yet further understand,
In twelve divide the profits of this land,
As hydes, tinne, lead; or what else you can name,
Tenne of those twelve the fleece may justly claime;
Then how can that amongst the rest be mist,
By which all states, all common weales subsist?
Great honour then belongs unto this trade,
And you, great Lord, for whom this triumph's made.*

THE SECOND SHOW BY LAND.

The second show by land is an Indian beast called a Rhinoceros, which being presented to the life, is for the rareness thereof, more fit to beautifie a triumph; his head, necke, backe, buttockes, sides, and thighes, armed by nature with impenetrable skales; his hide or skinne of the colour of the boxe-tree; in greatnesse equall with the elephant, but his legges are somewhat shorter; an enemy to all beasts of rapine and prey, as the lyon, leopard, beare, wolfe, tiger, and the like; but to others, as the horse, asse, oxe, sheep, &c., which feede not

upon the life and blood of the weaker, but of the grasse and hearbage of the field, harmlesse and gentle, ready to succour them, when they be any way distressed. Hee hath a short horne growing from his nose, and being in continuall enmity with the elephant, before hee encounter him, he sharpeneth it against a stone, and in the fight aimeth to wound him in the belly, being the softest place about him, and the soonest pierc'd. He is back'd by an Indian, the speaker.

THE INDIANS SPEECH.

*The dignity of Merchants who can tell ?
Or how much they all Traders ante-cell ?
When others here at home securely sleepe,
He plowes the bosome of each unknowne deepe,
And in them sees heavens wonders ; for he can
Take a full view of the Leviathan,
Whose strength all marine monsters doth surpasse,
His ribs as iron, his fins and skales as brasse.*

*His ship like to the feather'd fowle he wings,
And from all coasts hee rich materialls brings,
For ornament or profit ; those by which
Inferiour arts subsist, and become rich ;
By land he makes discovery of all nations,
Their manners, and their countries' scituations,
And with those savage natures so complies,
That there's no rarity from thence can rise
But he makes frequent with us, and yet these
Not without dangers, both on shores and seas ;
The land he pierceth, and the ocean skowers,
To make them all by free transportage ours.*

*You (honour'd Sir) amongst the chiefe are nam'd,
By whose commerce our nation hath beene fam'd.
The Romans in their triumphes had before,
Their chariots borne or lead (to grace the more
The sumptuous show), the prime and choifest things,
Which they had taken from the captive kings ;
What curious statue, what strange bird or beast*

*That clime did yeeld (if rare above the rest),
 Was there expos'd ; entring your civill state,
 Whom better may we strive to imitate ?
 This huge Rinoceros (not 'mongst us seene,
 Yet frequent where some factors oft have beene)
 Is embleme of the pratorship you beare,
 Who to all beastes of prey, who rend and teare
 The innocent heards and flocks, is foe profest,
 But in all just defences armes his crest.
 You of this wildernesse are Lord ; so fway,
 The weake may be upheld, the proud obey.*

THE THIRD SHOW BY LAND.

The third show by land, is a ship fully accommodated with all her masts, sayles, cordage, tacklings, cables, anchors, ordnance, &c., in that small modell, figuring the greatest vessell ; but concerning ships and navigation, with the honour and benefits thence accruing, I have lately delivered my selfe so amply in a booke published the last summer, of his majesties great shippe called the *Souveraigne of the Seas*, that to any who desire to be better certified concerning such things, I referre them to that tractate, from whence they may receive full and plenteous satisfaction : I come now to a yong failor the speaker.

THE SPEECH FROM THE SHIPPE.

*Shipping to our first fathers was not knowne,
 (Though now amongst all nations common growne)
 Nor trade by sea ; we read the first choise peece
 Was th' Argo, built to fetch the golden fleece ;
 In which brave voyage sixty princes, all
 Heroes, such as we Semones call :
 In that new vessell to attaine the shore,
 Where such a prize was, each tugg'd at the oare.
 On one bench Hercules and Hilar fate,
 Beauty and strength ; and siding just with that,*

Daunaus and Lynceus of so quicke a sight,
 No interpofer, or large distance might
 Dull his cleare opticks; those that had the charge
 And the chiefe flearadge of that princely barge,
 Zethes and Calais, whose judgements meet,
 Being said t'have feathers on their heads and feete:
 We spare the rest. Grave sir, the merchant's trade
 Is that for which all shipping first was made;
 And through an Hellespont who would but pull,
 Steere, and hoise saile, to bring home golden wooll?
 For wee by that are cloath'd. In the first place
 Sate strength and beauty; oh what a sweete grace
 Have those united; both now yours, great lord,
 Your beauty is your robe, your strength the sword.

You must have Lynceus eyes, and further see
 Than either you before have done, or he
 Could ever; having now a true inspection
 Into each strife, each cause without affection
 To this or to that party; some are sed
 To have had feathers on their feet and head,
 (As those whom I late nam'd); you must have more,
 And in your place be feather'd now all o'er;
 You must have feathers in your thoughts, your eyes,
 Your hands, your feete; for he that's truely wise
 Must still be of a winged apprehension,
 As well for execution, as prevention.
 You know (right honour'd sir) delayes and pauses,
 In judicature, dull, if not damp, good causes.
 That we presume t'advise, we pardon crave,
 It being confest, all these, and more you have.

THE FOURTH SHOW BY LAND.

The fourth show by land bears the title *Porta Pietatis, The Gate of Piety*: which is the doore by which all zealous and devout men enter into the fruition of their long hoped for happinesse. It is a delicate and artificiall composed structure, built temple-fashion, as most genuine and proper to the persons

therein presented. The speaker is *Piety* her selfe, her habit best suiting with her condition; upon her head are certaine beames or raies of gold, intimating a glory belonging to sanctity; in one hand an angelicall staffe, with a banner; on the other arme a crosse *gules* in a field *argent*; upon one hand sits a beautifull childe, representing *Religion*, upon whose shield are figured *Time*, with his daughter *Truth*; her motto *Vincit veritas*. In another copartment sitteth one representing the blessed *Virgin*, patronesse of this right worshipfull society, crowned: in one hand a Fanne of starres, in the other a shield, in which are inscribed three crownes (*gradatim*), ascending, being the armes or escutchion of the company, and her motto that which belongeth unto it; *Deo soli honor et gloria*; that is, unto God onely be honour and glory. Next her sit the three theologicall graces, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*, with three escutchions; *Faith's* motto, *fidei ala, cæli scala*; the wings of *Faith* are the ladder by which we scale heaven. *Hopes*, *Solum spernit qui cælum sperat*; hee hates the earth, that hopes for heaven. *Loves* motto, *Ubi charitas, non est caritas*; who giveth willingly, shall never want wretchedly. A sixth personateth *Zeale*, in whose escutchion is a burning hart: her word; *in tepida frigida, flagrans*; neither lukewarme, nor key-cold, but ever burning. A seventh figureth *Humility*: her's: *In terra corpus, in cælo cor*; the body on earth, the heart in heaven. And last *Constancies*, *Metam tangenti corona*; a crowne belongeth to him who persevereth to the end. I come to the speech.

PIETY THE SPEAKER.

*This structure is a citadell, or tower,
Where piety, plac't in her heavenly bower,
Poynts out the way to blisse, guirt with a ring
Of all those graces that may glory bring.
Here sits Religion firme (though elsewhere torne*

By schismaticks, and made the atheist's scorn).
Shining in her pure truth, nor need she quake,
Affrighted with the faggot and the stake ;
She's to you deare, you unto her are tender,
Under the scepter of the Faith's defender.

How am I extasi'de when I behold
You build new temples, and repaire the old !
There's not a stone that's laid in such foundation,
But is a step degreeing to salvation ;
And not a scaffold rear'd to that intent,
But mounts a soule above the firmament.
Of merchants, we know magistrates are made,
And they (of those), most happy that so trade.

Your Virgin-saint sits next Religion, crown'd,
With her owne hand-maids (see), inviron'd round,
And these are they the learned schoole-men call
The three Prime Vertues theologicall,
Faith, Hope, and Love ; Zeal all inflam'd with fire
Of devout acts, doth a sixth place aspire.
The seventh Humility, and we commend
The eighth to Constancy, which crownes the end.

A triple crown's th' emblazon of your crest,
But to gaine one, is to be ever blest.
Proceede in that faire course you have begun,
So when your annual glasse of state is run,
(Nay, that of life), ours, but the gate to blisse,
Shall let you in to yon Metropolis.

There now remaineth onely the last speech at night,
 spoken by Proteus, which concludes the tryumph.

THE SPEECH AT NIGHT.

Now bright Hiperion hath unloos'd his teame,
And washt his coach-sleeds in cold Ister's streame ;
Day doth to night giue place. yet e're you sleepe,
Remember what the prophet of the deepe,
Proteus, foretolde. All such as state aspire,
Must be as bulls, as serpents, and like fire.

*The shepheard grazing of his flocks, displayes
 The use and profit from the fleece we raise.
 That Indian Beast (hae he a tongue to speake),
 Woule say, suppress the proud, support the weake.
 That ship the merchant's honour loudly tells,
 And how all other traees it antecells ;
 But Piety doth point you to that starre,
 By which good merchants steere. Too bold we are
 To keepe you from your rest ; tomorrow's funne
 Will raise you to new cares, not yet begun.*

I will not speake much concerning the two brothers, Mr. John and Mathias Christmas, the modellers and composers of those severall peeces this day presented to a mighty confluence, (being the two succeeding fonnes of that most ingenious artist, Mr. Gerard Christmas), to whom, and to whose workmanship I will onely conferre that character, which being long since, (upon the like occasion), conferr'd upon the father, I cannot but now meritedly bestow upon the fonnes ; men, as they are excellent in their art, so they are faithfull in their performance.

FINIS.

The VVife-woman
Of HOGSDON.
A COMEDIE.

*As it hath been sundry times Acted
with great Applause.*

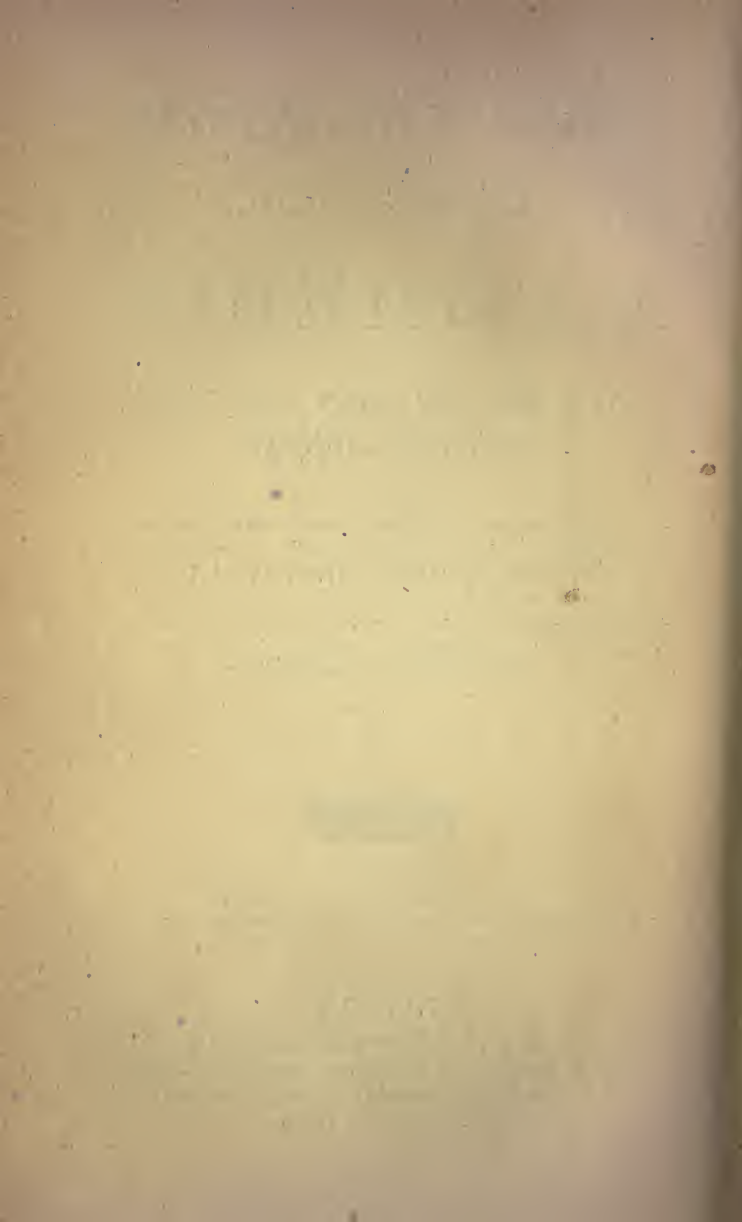
Written by THO: HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent, aut Delectare—



LONDON,

Printed by *M. P.* for *Henry Shephard*, and are to be
sold at his Shop in *Chancerie-Lane*, at the Signe
of the *Bible*, between *Serjeants-Inne* and
Fleet-street. 1638.





Drammatis Personæ.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Young Chartley, <i>A wild-headed Gentleman.</i> | Sir Harry, <i>A Knight, who is no piece of a Scholler.</i> |
| Boyster, <i>a blunt fellow.</i> | Gratiana, <i>Sir Harryes Daughter.</i> |
| Sencer, <i>a conceited Gentleman.</i> | Taber, <i>Sir Harryes man.</i> |
| Haringfield, <i>a Civill Gentleman.</i> | Sir Boniface, <i>an ignorant Pedant, or Schoolmaster.</i> |
| Luce, <i>a Gold - Smithes Daughter.</i> | <i>The Wisewoman of Hogsdon, who beares the name of the <u>Dramma</u>.</i> |
| Luce's Father, <i>a Gold-Smith.</i> | <i>A Countryman, Clyent to the Wisewoman.</i> |
| Joseph, <i>the Gold-Smiths Apprentice.</i> | <i>A Kitchin-mayd, and two Citizens Wives, that come to the Wisewoman for counsell.</i> |
| <i>Old Master Chartley.</i> | |
| <i>Young Chartleyes man.</i> | |
| <i>Old Chartleyes man.</i> | |

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
NATHANIEL BENTLEY
VOLUME I
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ALLEN, 1856.



THE WISE-VVOMAN OF HOGSDON.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

*Enter, as newly come from play, foure young Gentlemen,
Master Chartley, Master Sencer, M. Boyster, and
Master Haringfield.*

Chartley.

DRice of my life: now if the Devill have bones, these Dyce are made of his. Was ever such a cast seene in this Age? Could any Gull in Europe (saving my selfe) fling such a cast?

Boyster. Eye.

Chart. No.

Boyster. Yes.

Chart. But I say no: I have lost an hundred pound,

And I will have my faying.

Boyst. I have lost an other hundred, Ile have mine.

Ey, yes, I flung a worfe : a worfe by oddes.

Chart. I cry you mercy fir, loofers may speake, Ile not except 'gainst you : but let me see Which of these two that pocket up our Cash Dares contradict me ?

Sencer. Sir, not I : I say you have had bad casting.

Haring. So say I.

Chart. I say this Hatt's not made of wooll. Which of you all dares say the contrary ?

Sencer. It may bee 'tis a Beaver.

Haring. Very likely so : 'tis not Wooll, but a plaine Beaver.

Chart. 'Tis Wooll, but which of you dares say so ? I would faine picke a quarrell with them, to get some of my money againe ; but the slaves now they have got it, are too wise to part with it. I say it is not blacke.

Haring. So say wee too.

Boyst. 'Tis false : his Cap's of Woole, 'tis blacke, and Wooll, and Wooll and blacke.

Chart. I have nought to say to losers. Have I nothing left to set at a Cast ? Ey finger, Must you be set in gold, and not a jot of silver in my purse ?

A Bale of fresh Dice. Hoe, come at this Ring.

Sencer. Fie M. *Chartley*, 'tis time to give over.

Chart. That's the Winners phrase : Hold me play, Or hee that hath uncrown'd me, Ile take a speedie order with him.

Boyst. Fresh dice : this Iewell I will venture more,

Take this and all. Ile play in spite of lucke.

Haring. Since you will needs ; trip for the Dice. I see it is hard to goe a winner from this company.

Chart. The Dice are mine :
This Diamond I valew at twentie markes :
Ile venture it at a throw.

Haring. 'Tis fet you.

Chart. Then at all. All's mine. Nay M. *Boys-
ter,*

I barre you : let us worke upon the winners.
Gramercy Sinks : Nay, though I owe you no quarrell,
yet you must give mee leave to draw.

Haring. I had rather you should draw your
sword,

Then draw my money thus.

Chart. Againe sweet Dice : nay I barre swearing,
Gentlemen, let's play patiently. Well, this
At the Candlestick, so—— *Chartley throwes out.*

Boys. Now Dice at all. To tho, quoth the
Spaniard.

Senc. Here's precious lucke.

Boys. Why *Via.* I thinke tis Quick-silver ;
It goes and comes so fast : there's life in this.

Haring. Hee passes all with Trayses.

Chart. With Trayses, how say by that ?
Oh hee's old dogge at Bowles and Trayses.

Senc. Lend me some money : be my halfe one
Cast.

Ile once out-brave this Gamester with a throw.
So now the Dice are mine, wilt be my halfe ?

Haring. I will.

Senc. Then once Ile play the Franck Gamester,
Let mee but see how much you both can make,
And Ile cast at all, all, every Crosse.

Chart. Now bleffe us all, what will you every
Crosse ?

Senc. I will not leave my selfe one Crosse to bleffe
me.

Boys. I fet.

Chart. And foe doe I.

Senc. Why then at all. How ! *He flings out.*

Chart. Nay, sweare not, lets play patiently.

Senc. Damn'd Dice: did ever Gamester see the like?

Boyst. Never, never.

Senc. Was ever knowne such Casting?

Chart. Drunke nor sober, I ne're saw a man cast worfe.

Senc. Ile prove this Hat of mine an Helmet. Which of you here dares say the contrary?

Chart. As faire an Helmet as any man in *Europe* Needs to weare.

Senc. *Chartley*, thy Hat is blacke.

Chart. Vpon better recollection, 'tis so indeed.

Senc. I say 'tis made of Wooll.

Chart. True, my losing had tooke away my Senses,

Both of Seeing and Feeling: but better lucke Hath brought them to their right temper.

But come, a pox of Dice; 'tis time to give over.

Senc. All times are times for winners to give over,

But not for them that lose. Ile play till midnight, But I will change my lucke.

Haring. Come, come, you shall not.

Give over: tush give over; doe I pray, And chuse the Fortune of some other hower: Let's not like debosht fellowes, play our Clothes, Belts, Rapiers, nor our needfull ornaments:

'Tis childish, not becomming Gentlemen.

Play was at first ordain'd to passe the time;

And sir, you but abuse the use of Play, To employ it otherwise.

Sencer. You may perfwade me——

For once Ile leave a loofer.

Chart. Then come put on your Helmet; let's leave this abominable Game, and find out some better Exercife. I cannot indure this chafing when men loose.

Senc. And there's not a more testie waspish Companion then thy selfe when thou art a loofer, and yet

thou must bee vexing others with, Play patiently Gentlemen, and lets have no swearing.

Chart. A signe that I can give good counsell better than take it: but say, Where be the prettiest wenches, my hearts?

Senc. Well remembred, this puts mee in mind of an appointment I had with a Gentlewoman of some respect.

Chart. I have you sir, I have you; but I think you will never have her: 'tis *Gratiana* the Knights daughter in Gracious Street. Have I toucht you?

Senc. You have come somewhat neere me, but toucht me not. Master *Haringfield*, will you beare me company thither? Have you seene the Gentlewoman, M. *Chartley*?

Chart. Never sir.

Sencer. How have you heard of her?

Chart. That shee hath, as other women have, That she goes for a Mayd, as others doe, &c.

Senc. I can assure you, shee is a proper Gentlewoman.

Chart. Then if she have you, she is like to have a proper Gentleman.

Senc. You should tell them so that know it not.
Adiew Gentlemen. *Ex. Sencer and Haring.*

Boyster. I am glad yet they goe so lightly away.

Chart. What will you doe M. *Boyster*?

Boyst. Somewhat.

Chart. You will not acquaint me with your businesse.

Boyst. No: I am in love, my head is full of Proclamations. There is a thing call'd a Virgin. Nature hath shewed her Art in making her. Court her I cannot, but Ile doe as I may.

Chart. Doe you goe, or stay sir?

Boyst. Goe. *Exit Boyst.*

Chart. You before, Ile follow. He thinkes with his blunt humour, to enter as farre as I with my sharpe: No, my true Trojan, no: There is a faire

sweet modest rogue, her name is *Luce*: with this Dandiprat, this pretty little Apes face, is yon blunt fellow in love; and no marvell, for shee hath a Browe bewitching, Eyes ravishing, and a Tongue enchanting: And indeed shee hath no fault in the world but one, and that is, shee is honest: and were it not for that, shee were the onely sweet Rogue in Christendome. As I live, I love her extreemely, and to enjoy her would give any thing: But the foole stands in her owne light, and will doe nothing without Marriage: but what should I doe marrying? I can better indure Gives, than Bands of Matrimonie. But in this Meditation, I am glad I have wonne my Money againe. Nay, and shee may be glad of it too: for the Girle is but poore, and in my pockett I have layd up a Stocke for her, 'tis put to use alreadie. And if I meete not with a Dyce-houfe, or an Ordinary by the way, no question but I may increase it to a summe. Well, Ile unto the Exchange to buy her some prettie Noveltie: That done, Ile visite my little Rascall, and sollicite instantly.

Exeunt.

Actus primus, Scena secunda.

Enter Luce in a Sempsters shop, at worke upon a lac'd Handkercher, and Ioseph a Prentice.

Luce. Where is my Father? *Ioseph.*

Ioseph. Mistresse, above,
And prayes you to attend below a little.

Luce. I doe not love to fit thus publikely :
And yet upon the traffique of our Wares,
Our provident Eyes and presence must still wayte.
Doe you attend the shop, Ile ply my worke.
I see my father is not jelous of me,
That trusts mee to the open view of all.
The reason is, hee knowes my thoughts are chaff,
And my care such, as that it needes the awe
Of no strict Overseer.

Enter M. Boyster.

Boyst. Yonders *Luce.* Save thee.

Luce. And you too, fir, y'are welcom ; want you
ought,

I pray, in which our Trade may furnish you ?

Boyst. Yes.

Luce. *Ioseph,* shew the Gentleman.

Boyst. 'Tis heere that I would buy.

Luce. What doe you meane fir, speake, what ist you
lack ?

I pray you wherefore doe you fixe your eyes
So firmly in my face ? what would you have ?

Boyst. Thee.

Luce. Mee ?

Boyst. Yes, thee.

Luce. Your pleasure is to jest, and so I take it.

Pray give me leave fir, to intend my worke.

Boyst. You are fayre.

Luce. You flout mee.

Boyst. You are, goe too, you are,

Ide vexes him that should say the contrary.

Luce. Well, you may say your pleasure.

Boyst. I love thee.

Luce. Oh Sir !

Boyst. As I live, I doe.

Luce. Now as I am a true Maid,
The most religious oath that I dare sweare,

I hold my selfe indebted to your love :
 And I am sorry there remains in mee,
 No power how to requite it.

Boyst. Love mee, prethee now, doe if thou canst.

Luce. I cannot.

Boyst. Prethee, if thou canst.

Luce. Indeed I cannot.

Boyst. Yet aske thine heart, and see what may be done.

Luce. In troth I am sorry you should spend a sigh

For my sake unrequited, or a teare ;
 Ey, or a word.

Boyst. 'Tis no matter for my words, they are not many,

And those not very wise one's neither.

Luce. Yet I beseech you spend no more in vaine.
 I scorne you not ; Difsaine's as farre from mee,
 As are the two Poles distant : therefore Sir,
 Because I would not hold you in suspence,
 But tell you what at first to trust unto,
 Thus in a word, I must not fancie you.

Boyst. Must not ?

Boyst. I cannot, nor I may not.

Boyst. I am gone :

Thou hast given me, *Luce*, a Bone to gnaw upon.

Exit.

Luce. Alas, that Beauty should be fought of more
 Then can enjoy it : might I have my wish,
 I would seeme faire but onely in his eye,
 That should possesse mee in a Nuptiall tye.

*Enter yong Master Chartley, with Gloves, Ring,
 Purse, &c.*

Chartl. Morrow *Luce* ; In exchange of this kisse,
 see what I have brought thee from the Exchange.

Luce. What meane you Sir, by this ?

Chart. Gueffe that by the circumstance, here's a Ring, weare't for my sake; twenty Angels, pocket them you foole; come, come, I know thou art a Maid, say nay, and take them.

Luce. Sweet Master *Chartley*, doe not fasten on me,

More then with ease I can shake off: your Gift I reverence, yet refuse; and I pray tell mee, Why doe you make so many Errands hither? Send me so many Letters? fasten on me So many favours? what's your meaning in't?

Char. Harke in thine eare, Ile tell thee; nay heare me out, is't possible so soft a body should have so hard a soule? Nay now I know my penance, you will be angry, and schoole me for tempting your modesty: a figge for this modesty, it hinders many a good man from many a good turne, & that's all the good it doth. If thou but knewst, *Luce*, how I love thee, thou wouldst be farre more tractable. Nay, I barre chiding when you speake, Ile stop thy lips if thou dost but offer an angry word, by this hand Ile do't, and with this hand too. Go to now, what say you?

Suce. Sir, if you love me, as you say you doe,
Shew me the fruits thereof.

Chart. The stocke I can, thou maist see the fruits hereafter.

Luce. Can I beleeve you love mee, when you seeke
The shipwrack of mine Honour?

Char. Honour! there's another word to flap in a mans mouth: Honour! what shouldst thou and I stand upon our Honour, that were neither of us yet, Right Worshipfull?

Luce. I am sorry Sir, I have lent so large an eare
To such a bad discourse; and I protest
After this houre, never to doe the like.

I muſt confeſſe, of all the Gentlemen
That ever courted mee, you have poſſeſt
The beſt part in my thoughts : but this courſe lan-
guage

Exiles you quite from thence. Sir, had you come,
Inſtead of changing this mine honeſt name
Into a Strumpets, to have honoured me
With the chaſte Title of a Modest Wife ;
I had reſerv'd an eare for all your ſuits :
But ſince I ſee your rudeneſſe finds no limit,
I leave you to your luſt.

Chart. You ſhall not, *Luce.*

Luce. Then keepe your tongue within more moderate bounds.

Chart. I will, as I am vertuous, I will : I told you, the ſecond word would be Marriage. It makes a man forfeit his Freedome, and makes him walke ever after with a Chaine at his heeles, or a Iack-an-Apes hanging at his elbow : Marriage is like *Dædalus* his labyrinth, and being once in, there's no finding the way out. Well, I love this little property moſt intolerably, and I muſt ſet her on the Laſt, though it coſt me all the ſhooes in my ſhop. Well *Luce*, thou ſeeſt my ſtomacke is come downe ; thou haſt my heart already, there's my hand.

Luce. But in what way ?

Chart. Nay, I know not the way yet, but I hope to find it hereafter, by your good direction.

Luce. I meane, in what manner ? in what way ?

Chart. In the way of marriage, in the way of honeſty, in the way that was never gone yet : I hope thou art a Maid, *Luce.*

Luce. Yes Sir, and I accept it : in exchange Of this your hand, you ſhall receive my heart.

Chartley. A bargaine, and there's earneſt on thy lips.

Luce. Ile call my Father, Sir, to witneſſe it : See, here hee comes.

Enter her Father, a plaine Citizen.

Chart. Father, fave you, you have happened of an untoward Son-in-Law ; here I am, how doe you like mee ?

Father. Sir, I was nearer then you were aware, And over-heard both summe and circumstance.

Chart. Then I perceive you are an old Evef-dropper :

But what doe you thinke of it, Father ?

Father. I entertaine the motion with all love, And I rejoyce my Daughter is preferr'd, And rais'd to such a match ; I heard the contract, And will confirme it gladly : but pray Sir, When shall the merry day be ?

Chart. Marry, even to morrow by that we can see ; nay, wee'l lose no more time, Ile take order for that.

Luce. Stay but a moneth.

Chart. A moneth ! thou canst not hire me too't. Why *Luce*, if thou beest hungry, canst thou stay a moneth from meat ? Nay, if I see my diet before me, I love to fall too when I have a stomacke. Here, buy thee a new Smocke ; let's have a new Bed too, and looke it be strong : there's a box of Rings and Jewels, lay them up. Ha firra, me thinkes the very name of Wedlock hath brought me to a Night-cap already, and I am growne civill on the sudden. There's more money for Dishes, Platters, Ladles, Candlesticks, &c. as I shall find them set downe in the Inventorie.

Father. But whom shall wee invite unto the Wedding ?

Enter 2d. Luce, a yong Countrey Gentlewoman, in the habit of a Page, and overheares their discourse.

Chart. Ey, thereby hangs a Tale, we will have no more at our marriage, but my selfe, to say, I take thee

Luce; thou to say, I *Luce* take thee *Robin*: the Vicar to put us together, and you Father, to play the Clerke, and cry *Amen*.

Father. Your reason for that.

Chartl. I would not for a world it should bee knowne to my Friendes, or come to my Fathers eare. It may bee tenne thousand pounds out of my way for the present: therefore this is my conceite, Let us bee marryed privately, and *Luce* shall live like a Mayde still, and beare the Name. 'Tis nothing *Luce*: it is a common thing in this age to goe for a Mayde, and bee none. Ile frequent the house secretly: feare not Girle, though I revell abroad a dayes, Ile bee with thee to bring a nights, my little Whiting Mopp.

Luce. But so I may incurre a publike scandall, By your so oft frequenting to my Chamber.

Chart. Scandall? what scandall? Why to stopp the mouth of all scandall, after some few dayes doe I appeare in my likeneffe, married man and honest houf-keeper, and then what becomes of your scandall? Come, fend for Mr. *Vicar*, and what we doe, lets doe suddenly.

2. *Luce*. Cold comfort for me.

Luce. If your purpose to be so privately married, I know one excellent at such an exploit: are you not acquainted with the *Wise-woman* of Hogsdon?

Chartley. O the Witch, the Beldame, the Hagge of Hogsdon.

Luce. The same, but I hold her to bee of no such condition. I will anone make a steppe thither, and punctually acquaint her with all our proceedings: shee is never without a Sir *John* at her elbow, ready for such a stratagem.

Chart. Well, bee't so then. *Exeunt.*

2. *Luce*. Heigh hoe: have I disguis'd my selfe, and stolne out of the Countrey thus farre, and can light of no better newes to entertaine mee? Oh this wild-

headed wicked *Chartley*, whome nothing will tame. To this Gallant was I poore Gentle-woman betroathed, and the Marriage day appoynted : But hee out of a fantastick and giddy humour, before the time prefixed, posts up to London. After him come I thus habited, and you see my welcome, to bee an eare-witnesse of his second Contracting. Modestie would not suffer mee to discover my selfe, otherwise, I should have gone neere to have marred the match. I heard them talke of *Hogsdon*, and a *Wife-woman*, where these Aymes shall bee brought to Action. Ile see if I can insinuate my selfe into her service : that's my next project : and now good luck of my side.

Exit.

Explicit Actus primus.

Actus secundus, Scena prima.

Enter the Wife-woman and her Clyents, a Country-man with an Vrinall, foure Women like Citizens wives, Taber a Serving-man, and a Chamber-mayd.

Wifewoman. Fie, fie, what a toyle, and a moyle it is,
For a woman to bee wiser then all her neighbours ?
I pray good people, presse not too fast upon me ;

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Though I have two eares, I can heare but one at
once.

You with the Vrine.

Enter 2. Luce, and stands aside.

Countryman. Here forsooth Mistresse.

Wifew. And who disill'd this water ?

Countr. My wives Limbeck, if it please you.

Wifew. And where doth the paine hold her
most ?

Conntr. Marry at her heart forsooth.

Wifew. Ey, at her heart, shee hath a griping at
her heart.

Countr. You have hit it right.

Wifewo. Nay, I can see so much in the Vrine.

2. Luce. Iust so much as is told her.

Wifewo. Shee hath no paine in her head, hath shee ?

Countrym. No indeed, I never heard her com-
plaine of her head,

Wifewo. I told you so, her paine lyes all at her
heart ;

Alas good heart ! but how feeles shee her sto-
macke ?

Countrym. O queasie, and ficke at stomacke.

Wifewo. Ey, I warrant you, I thinke I can see as
farre into a Mill-stone as another : you have heard of
Mother *Nottingham*, who for her time, was prettily well
skill'd in casting of Waters : and after her, Mother
Bombye ; and then there is one *Hatfield* in Pepper-
Alley, hee doth prettie well for a thing that's lost.
There's another in *Coleharbour*, that's skill'd in the
Planets. Mother *Sturton* in *Goulden-lane*, is for Fore-
speaking : Mother *Phillips* of the *Banke-side*, for the
weaknesse of the backe : and then there's a very reve-
rent Matron on *Clarkenwell-Green*, good at many
things : Mistris *Mary* on the *Banke-side*, is for recting
a Figure : and one (what doe you call her) in *West-
minster*, that practiseth the Booke and the Key, and the

Sive and the Sheares : and all doe well, according to their talent. For my selfe, let the world speake : harke you my friend, you shall take—

(Shee whispers)

2. *Luce.* 'Tis strange the Ignorant should be thus fool'd.

What can this Witch, this Wizard, or old Trot,
Doe by Inchantment, or by Magicke spell ?
Such as professe that Art should be deepe Schollers.
What reading can this simple Woman have ?
'Tis palpable grosse foolery.

Wifewo. Now friend, your bufinesse ?

Taber. I have stolne out of my Masters house, forfooth, with the Kitchin-Mayd, and I am come to know of you, whether it be my fortune to have her, or no.

Wifewo. And what's your suit, Lady ?

Kitchin. Forfooth, I come to know whether I be a Maid or no.

Wifewo. Why, art thou in doubt of that ?

Kitchin. It may bee I have more reason then all the world knowes.

Taber. Nay, if thou com'st to know whether thou beest a Maid or no, I had best aske to know whether I be with child or no.

Wifewo. Withdraw into the Parlour there, Ile but talke with this other Gentlewoman, and Ile resolve you presently.

Taber. Come *Sisly*, if shee cannot resolve thee, I can, and in the Case of a Mayden-head doe more then shee, I warrant thee. *Exeunt.*

The Wom. Forfooth I am bold, as they say.

Wifewo. You are welcome Gentlewoman.—

Wom. I would not have it knowne to my Neighbours, that I come to a Wife-woman for any thing, by my truly.

Wifewom. For should your Husband come and find you here.

Wom. My Husband woman, I am a Widdow.

Wifewom. Where are my braines ? 'tis true, you are a Widdow ; and you dwell, let me see, I can never remember that place.

Wom. In *Kentstreet*.

Wifewom. *Kentstreet, Kentstreet!* and I can tell you wherfore you come.

Wom. Why, and say true ?

Wifewom. You are a Wagge, you are a Wagge : why, what doe you thinke now I would say ?

Wom. Perhaps, to know how many Husbands I should have.

Wifewom. And if I should say so, should I say amisse ?

Wom. I thinke you are a Witch.

Wifewom. In, in, Ile but reade a little of *Ptolomie*' and *Erra Pater* : and when I have cast a Figure, Ile come to you presently. *Exit Wom.*

Now Wagge, what wouldst thou have ?

2. *Luce.* If this were a Wifewoman, shee could tell that without asking. Now me thinkes I should come to know whether I were a Boy or a Girle ; forsooth I lacke a service.

Wifewo. By my Fidelitie, and I want a good trusty Lad.

2. *Luce.* Now could I sigh, and say, Alas, this is some Bawd trade-falne, and out of her wicked experience, is come to bee reputed wife. Ile serve her, bee't but to pry into the mysterie of her Science.

Wifewo. A proper stripling, and a wise, I warrant him ; here's a penie for thee, Ile hire thee for a yeare by the Statute of *Winchester* : prove true and honest, and thou shalt want nothing that a good Boy—

2. *Luce.* Here Wise-woman you are out againe, I shall want what a good Boy should have, whilst I live : well, here I shall live both unknowne, and my Sex unsuspected. But whom have wee here ?

*Enter Master Haringfield, and Chartley
halfe drunke.*

Chart. Come *Haringfield*, now wee have beene drinking of Mother Red-caps Ale, let us now goe make some sport with the Wife-woman.

Haring. Wee shall be thought very wise men, of all such as shall see us goe in to the Wife-womans.

Chartley. See, heere shee is ; how now Witch ? How now Hagge ? How now Beldame ? You are the Wife-woman, are you ? and have wit to keepe your selfe warme enough, I warrant you.

Wifewo. Out thou knave.

2. *Luce.* And will these wild oates never be fowne ?

Chart. You Inchantresse, Sorceresse, Shee-devill ; you Madam *Hecate*, Lady *Proserpine*, you are too old, you Hagge, now, for conjuring up Spirits your selfe ; but you keepe prettie yong Witches under your roofe, that can doe that.

Wifewo. I, or my Family conjure up any Spirits ! I defie thee, thou yong Hare-brain'd —

Haring. Forbeare him till he have his Senses about him, and I shall then hold thee for a Wife-woman indeed : otherwise, I shall doubt thou hast thy name for nothing. Come friend, away, if thou lovest me.

Chart. Away you old Dromedary, Ile come one of these nights, and make a racket amongst your Shee-Catterwaulers.

Haring. I prethee let's be civill.

Chart. Out of my sight, thou Shee-mastiffe.

Exeunt.

2. *Luce.* Patience, sweet Mistris.

Wifewo. Now blesse mee, hee hath put mee into such a feare, as makes all my bones to dance, and rattle in my skin : Ile be reveng'd on that swaggering companion.

2. *Luce.* Mistris, I wish you would, hee's a meere

Mad-cap, and all his delight is in mis-using such reverent Matrons as your selfe.

Wifewo. Well, what's thy name, Boy?

2. *Luce.* I am even little better than a Turnbroach, for my name is *Iacke*.

Wifewomo. Honest *Iacke*, if thou couldst but devise how I might cry quittance with this cutting *Dicke*, I will goe neare to adopt thee my Sonne and heire.

2. *Luce.* Mistris, there is a way, and this it is ;
To morrow morning doth this Gentleman
Intend to marry with one Mistris *Luce*,

A Gold-smiths Daughter ; doe you know the Maid ?

Wifewo. My Daughter, and a prettie smug face't
Girle.

I had a note but late from her, and shee meanes
To be with me in th' evening : for I have bespoken
Sir *Boniface* to marry her in the morning.

2. *Luce.* Doe not prevent this Gallant of his
Wife,

And then your wrongs shall be reveng'd at full.

Wifewo. He doe't, as I am Matron ; Ey, and shew
him a new tricke for his learning.

Enter Master Boyster.

Boyst. Morrow.

Wifewo. Y'are welcome Sir.

Boyst. Art wife ?

2. *Luce.* Hee should be wife, because hee speakes
few words.

Wifewo. I am as I am, and there's an end.

Boyst. Canst conjure ?

Wifewo. Oh that's a foule word ! but I can tell
you your Fortune, as they say ; I have some little
skill in Palmistry, but never had to doe with the
devill.

Boyst. And had the devill never any thing to doe

with thee? thou look'st somewhat like his damme.
Looke on mee, canst tell what I ayle?

Wifewo. Can you tell your selfe? I should guesse,
you be mad, or not well in your wits.

Boysl. Th'art wife, I am so: men being in love,
are mad,
And I being in love, am so.

Wifewo. Nay, if I see your complexion once, I
thinke I can guesse as neare as another.

Boysl. One Mistris *Luce* I love, knowst thou her,
Grannam?

Wifewo. As well as the Beggar knowes his Dish.
Why shee is one of my Daughters.

Boysl. Make her my wife, Ile give thee forty
pieces.

2. *Luce.* Take them Mistris, to be reveng'd on
Chartley.

Wifewo. A bargain, strike me luck, cease all your
sorrow,
Faire *Luce* shall be your Bride betimes to morrow.

Boysl. Th'art a good Grannam; and, but that thy
teeth stand like hedge-flakes in thy head, I'de kisse thee.

Exit.

Wifewo. Pray will you in; come hither *Iacke*, I
have

A new tricke come into my head, wilt thou
Assist mee in't?

2. *Luce.* If it concerne the crossing of the marriage
with Mistris *Luce*, Ile do't what e're it be.

Wifewo. Thou shalt be tyred like a woman;
can you make a curtesie, take small strides, simper, and
seeme modest? me thinkes thou hast a womans voyce al-
ready.

2. *Luce.* Doubt not of me, Ile act them natu-
rally.

Wifewo. I have conceited, to have *Luce* married
to this blunt Gentleman; shee mistaking him for *Chart-
ley*, and *Chartley* shall marry thee, being a Boy, and
take thee for *Luce*. Wilt not be excellent?

2. *Luce.* Oh fuper, fuper-excellent !

Wifewo. Play but thy part, as Ile aēt mine, Ile fit him with a Wife, I warrant him.

2. *Luce.* And a Wife Ile warrant him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Old Sir Harry, and his man Taber.

Sir Har. Ha, then thou faweft them whifpering with my Daughter.

Tab. I faw them, if it fhall please you, not whifper, but—

Sir Har. How then, thou knave ?

Taber. Marry Sir Knight, I faw them in fad talke ; but to fay they were directly whifpering, I am not able.

Sir Har. Why *Taber*, that fad talke was whifpering.

Tabe. Nay, they did not greatly whifper, for I heard what was faid, and what was faid, I have the wit to keepe to my felfe.

Sir Har. What faid the unthrift, *Taber*, tell me knave ?

Tell me, good knave, what did the unthrift fay ?

Taber. I am loath to be call'd in question about men and womens matters, but as foone as ever he faw your Daughter, I heard what was fpoke.

Sir Harry. Here firra, take thy Quarters wages afore-hand, and tell me all their words, and what their greeting was at their firft encounter ; hold thine hand.

Taber. Thankes, Noble Sir, and now Ile tell you. Your daughter being walking to take the aire of the fields, and I before her ; whom fhould wee meet juft in the nicke ?

Sir Har. Iuft in the nicke, man ?

Taber. In the high-way I meant, Sir.

Sir Har. Ha, and what conference paft betwixt them, *Taber* ?

Taber. As well as my Pipe can utter, you fhall

know Sir. This Gentleman meeting with my yong Mistris full butt; imagine you were she, and I yong Master *Sencer*; now there you come, and here I meet you, he comes in this manner, and put off his hat in this fashion.

Sir Har. I, but what said hee?

Taber. Be with you, faire Gentlewoman; and so goes quite away, and scarce so much as once look't backe: and if this were language to offer to a yong Ladie, judge you.

Sir Har. But spake hee nothing else?

Taber. Nothing as I am true.

Sir Har. Why man, all this was nothing.

Taber. Yes Sir, it was as much as my Quarters wages afore-hand.

Enter Master Sencer, Master Haringfield, and Gratiana.

Grat. Here are two Gentlemen with great desire, Crave conference with my Father: here he is, Now Gallants, you may freely speake your minds.

Senc. Save you Sir, my name is *Sencer*; I am a *Northampton-shire* Gentleman, borne to a thousand pound Land by the yeare: I love your Daughter, and I am come to crave your good-will.

Sir Har. Have you my Daughters, that you covet mine?

Senc. No Sir, but I hope in time I shall have.

Sir Har. So hope not I. Sir, Sir, my Daughters yong, and you a Gentleman unknowne, *Sencer*? ha, *Sencer*? O Sir, your name I now remember well, 'tis rank't 'mongst unthrifts, dicers, swaggerers, and drunkards: were not you brought before me, some moneth since, for beating of the Watch, by the same token, I sent you to the *Counter*?

Senc. I confesse my selfe to have beene in that action, but note the cause, Sir: you could not have

pleasur'd mee so much, in giving mee a piece of gold, as at the same time to helpe me to that *Counter*.

Sir Har. Why Sir, what cause had you to beat the Watch, and raise a midnight tumult in the streets?

Senc. Nay, but heare mee, sweet Sir *Harry*: Being fomewhat late at Supper at the *Miter*, the doores were shut at my Lodging, I knock't at three or foure places more, all were a-bed, and fast: Innes, Tavernes, none would give me entertainment. Now, would you have had me dispair'd, and layne in the streets? No, I bethought me of a tricke worth two of that, and presently devis'd, having at that time a charge of money about me, to be lodg'd, and safely too.

Sir Har. As how, I pray you?

Senc. Marry thus: I had knockt my heeles against the ground a good while, knew not where to have a Bed for love nor money. Now what did I? but spying the Watch, went and hit the Constable a good fowse on the Eare, who provided me of a lodging presently; and the next day, being brought before your Worshipp, I was then sent thither backe againe, where I lay three or foure dayes without controule.

Sir Har. O, y'are a Gallant! is that Gentleman A Suitor too?

Haring. I am a Suitor in my friends behalfe, No otherwise: I can assure you, Sir, He is a Gentleman discended well, Deriv'd from a good house, well quallify'd, And well possesse; but that which most should move you,
Hee loves your Daughter.

Grat. But were I to chuse, Which of these two should please my fancie best, I sooner should affect this Gentleman, For his mild carriage, and his faire discourse, Then my hot Suitor; Ruffians I detest:

A smooth and square behaviour likes mee best.

Senc. What say you to me, Lady.

Gratian. You had best aske my Father what I should say.

Senc. Are you angry, sweet Lady, that I ask't your Fathers consent?

Grat. No, if you can get his consent to marry him, shall it displease mee?

Haring. Indeed you therein much forget your selfe,

To sound her Father e're you tasted her.

You should have first sought meanes for her good-will,

And after compast his.

Sir Har. He can prevaile with neither: Gentlemen,

If you will come to revell, you are welcome;

If to my Table, welcome; if to use mee

In any gratefull Office, welcome too:

But if you come as Suitors, there's the doore.

Senc. The doore!

Sir Har. I say the doore.

Senc. Why Sir? tell not me of your doore, nor going out of it, your companie is faire and good, and so is your Daughters; Ile stay here this twelve-moneth, e're Ile offer to trouble your doore.

Sir Har. Sir, but you shall not. *Taber!* where's that knave?

Senc. Why Sir, I hope you doe not meane to make us dance, that you call for a Taber.

Haring. Nay Master *Sencer*, doe not urge the Knight,

Hee is incenst now, chuse a fitter houre,

And tempt his love in that: old men are testie,

Their rage, if stood against, growes violent;

But suffred and forborne, confounds it selfe.

Sir Har. Where's *Taber*?

Taber. At hand, noble Master.

Sir Har. Shew them the doora.

Taber. That I will, and take money too, if it please them.

Senc. Is thy name *Taber* ?

Taber. I am so eclips't Sir.

Senc. And *Taber*, are you appointed to give us *Iacke Drum's* entertainment ?

Taber. Why fir, you doe not play upon me.

Sencer. Though I cannot, yet I have knowne an Hare that could. But Knight, thou doest not forbid us thine Houfe.

Sir Har. Yes, and forewarne it too.

Sencer. But by thy favour, wee may chuse whether we will take any warning or no. Well, farewell olde Knight, though thou forbidst mee thine house, Ile honour thee, and extoll thee ; and though thou keepst mee from thy Daughter, thou shalt not hinder mee to love her, and admire her : and by thy favour, sometimes to see her : A Catt may looke at a King, and so may I at her. Give me thine hand, Knight, the next time I come into thy company, thou shalt not onely bid me welcome, but hire mee to stay with thee, and thy daughter.

Sir Har. When I doe that, enjoy my full consent, To marry *Graciana*.

Sencer. Tis a match, strike mee lucke :
Wife that may bee, farewell : Father in law that
Must bee, adiew. *Taber*, play before, my friend
And I will daunce after. *Exeunt.*

Sir Har. When I receive thee gladly to mine
house,
And wage thy stay, thou shalt have *Graciana*,
Doubt not, thou shalt. Here's a strange Humourist,
To come a wooing. *Taber*, are they gone ?

Tab. I have plaid them away, if it please your
Worship ; and yonder at the doore attends a School-
master, you sent for him, if you remember, to teach my
little yong Master and Mistris.

Sir Har. A proper Scholler, pray him to come
neare.

Enter a pedanticall Schoolmaster, Sir Boniface.

Sir Bonif. *Equus Honoratus: Ave salutatus: non video quid est in Tergo, sed salve bona virgo.*

Sir Har. Sir, you may call me nick-names: if you love me, speake in your Mother-tongue; or at the least, if Learning be so much ally'd unto you, that Latine unawares flowes from your lips: to make your mind familiar with my knowledge, pray utter it in English: what's your name?

Sir Bonif. *Sit faustum tibi omen.*
He tell you my *Nomen*.

Sir Har. Will you tell it to no men.
He entertaine none e're I know their names:
Nay, if you be so dainty of your name,
You are not for my service.

Sir Bonif. *Intende vir nobilis.*

Sir Har. Not for twenty Nobles:
Trust me, I will not buy your name so deare.

Sir Bon. *O Ignorantia!* what it is to deale with
stupidity?

Sir Henry, Sir Henry, heare me one word,
I see, *Preceptor legit, vos vero negligitis.*

Tab. I think he saith we are a companie of fooles,
and Nigits, but I hope you shall not find us such,
Master Schoolmaster.

Sir Har. Friend, friend, to cut off all vaine circumstance,
Tell me your name, and answer me directly,
Plainly, and to my understanding too,
Or I shall leave you: here's a deale of gibberish.

Sir Bonif. *Vir bone.*

Sir Har. Nay, nay, make me no bones, but
do't.

Sir Bonif. Then in plaine vulgar English I am
call'd,

Sir Boniface Absee.

Sir Har. Why this is somewhat like, Sir Boni-
face,

Give me thine hand, thou art a proper man,
And in my judgement, a great Scholler too :
What shall I give thee by the yeare ?

Sir Bonif. Ile trust, Sir, to your generofity ;
I will not bargaine, but account my felfe
Mille & mille modis, bound to you.

Sir Har. I cannot leave my Mils, they'r farm'd
already,

The stipend that I give, shall be in money.

Taber. Sure Sir, this is fome Miller that comes to
undermine you, in the shape of a Schoolmafter.

Grat. You both mistake the Scholler.

Sir Har. I understand my English, that I know ;
What's more then Moderne, doth surpasse my reach.

Sir Boniface, come to me two dayes hence,
You shall receive an answer ; I have now,
Matters of fome import that trouble me,
Thou shouldst be else dispatch't.

Taber. *Sir Boniface*, if you come to live in our
house, and be a Familist amongst us, I shall desire
you better acquaintance, your Name and my Phif-
nomy should have some confanguinitie, good *Sir*
Boniface.

Sir Bonif. *Quomodo vales, quomodo vales.*

Taber. Goe with you to the Ale-house ? I like
the motion well ; Ile make an excuse out of doores
and follow you. I am glad yet, we shall have a Good-
fellow come into the house amongst us.

Sir Bonif. *Vale vir magne.*

Sir Har. You shall not have me at Saint *Magnes*,
my house is here in *Gracious-street*.

Sir Bonif. I know it, sweet Knight, I know it.
Then *virgo formosa*, & *Domine gratiose valete*.

Sir Har- Ey, in *Gracious-street* you shall heare
of me,

Sir Bonif. He shall instruct my children ; and to
thee,

Faire *Gratiana*, reade the Latine tongue.

Taber. Who, shall Sir Bawdy-face ?

Sir Har. *Sir Boniface*, you foole.

Taber. His name is so hard to hit on.

Sir Har. Come Daughter, if things fall out as
I intend,
My thoughts shall [peace have, and these troubles
end. *Exeunt.*

Explicit Actus secundus.

Actus tertius, Scena prima.

*Eenter the second Luce, which was Iack in womans
apparell, and the Wife-woman.*

Wifewo. *Iack*, thou art my Boy.

2. *Luce.* Mistris !

Wifewo. Ile be a Mother to thee, no Mistris :
come Lad, I must have thee sworne to the orders of
my house, and the secrets thereof.

2. *Luce.* As I am an honest Lad, I am yours
to command. But Mistris, what meane all these
womens pictures, hang'd here in your withdrawing
room ?

Wifewo. Ile tell thee, Boy ; marry thou must be
secret. When any Citizens, or yong Gentlemen come
hither, under a colour to know their Fortunes, they
looke upon these pictures, and which of them they best
like, she is ready with a wet finger : here they have
all the furniture belonging to a privat-chamber, bedde,

bed-fellow and all ; but mum, thou knowest my meaning, *Iacke*.

2. *Luce*. But I see comming and going, Maids, or such as goe for Maids, some of them, as if they were ready to lie downe, sometimes two or three delivered in one night ; then suddenly leave their Brats behind them, and conveigh themselves into the Citie againe : what becomes of their Children ?

Wifewo. Those be Kitchin-maids, and Chamber-maids, and sometimes good mens Daughters ; who having catcht a clap, and growing neare their time, get leave to see their friends in the Countrey, for a weeke or so : then hither they come, and for a matter of money, here they are delivered. I have a Midwife or two belonging to the house, and one *Sir Boniface* a Deacon, that makes a shift to christen the Infants : we have poore, honest, and secret Neighbours, that stand for common Gossips. But dost not thou know this ?

2. *Luce*. Yes, now I doe : but what after becomes of the poore Infants ?

Wifewo. Why, in the night we send them abroad, and lay one at this mans doore, and another at that, such as are able to keepe them ; and what after becomes of them, we inquire not. And this is another string to my Bowe.

2. *Luce*. Most strange, that womans brain should apprehend

Such lawlesse, indirect, and horrid meanes
For covetous gaine ! How many unknowne Trades
Women and men are free of, which they never
Had Charter for ? but Mistris, are you so
Cunning as you make your selfe ; you can
Neither write nor reade, what doe you with those
Bookes you so often turne over ?

Wifewo. Why tell the leaves ; for to be ignorant, and seeme ignorant, what greater folly ?

2. *Luce*. Beleevе me, this is a cunning Woman ; neither hath shee her name for nothing, who out of

her ignorance, can foole so many that thinke themselves wise. But wherefore have you built this little Closet close to the doore, where sitting, you may heare every word spoken, by all such as aske for you.

Wifewo. True, and therefore I built it: if any knock, you must to the doore and question them, to find what they come about, if to this purpose, or to that. Now they ignorantly telling thee their errand, which I sitting in my Closet, overheare, presently come forth, and tell them the cause of their comming, with every word that hath past betwixt you in private: which they admiring, and thinking it to be miraculous, by their report I become thus famous.

2. *Luce.* This is no Trade, but a Mysterie; and were I a Wife-woman, as indeed I am but a foolish Boy, I need not live by your service. But Mistris, we lose our selves in this discourse, is not this the morning in which I should be married?

Wifewo. Now, how had I forgot my selfe? Mistris *Luce* promist to be with mee halfe an houre agoe, but mask't and disguis'd, and so shalt thou be too: here's a blacke Vaile to hide thy face against the rest come.

Enter Sir Boniface.

Sir Bonif. *Sit tibi bona dies: salus & quies.*

Wifewo. Into the withdrawing roome, *Sir Boniface.*

Sir Bonif. Without any compunction, I will make the Conjunction. *Exit.*

Wifewo. Now keepe thy countenance, Boy.

2. *Luce.* Feare not mee, I have as good a face in a Maske, as any Lady in the Land could wish to have: but to my heart, hee comes, or he comes not; now am I in a pittifull perplexity, untill I see the event of all.

Wifewo. No more *Iacke* now, but Mistris *Luce.*

2. *Luce.* I warrant you Mistris: that it happens so

luckily, that my name should be *Luce* too, to make the marriage more firme !

Enter Chartley disguis'd, and in a Visard.

Chart. My honey sweet Hagge, where's *Luce* ?

Wifewo. Here sweet heart, but disguis'd and vail'd, as you are visarded.

Chart. But what's the reason we are thus Hood-winkt ?

Wifew. No discovery of your selves for a million, there's *Sir Boniface* within, shall hee blab who you are ? Besides, there's a yong Heire that hath stolne a Lords Daughter from the Court, and would not have their faces seene for a World : cannot you be content to fare well, and keepe your owne counsell, and see, yonder they come.

Enter at severall places, Boyster visarded, and Luce mask't.

Chart. Gramarcie my Sugar-candie sweet Trot.

Wifewo. Mum, no more words.

Chart. If the great Heire and the yong Lady be so dainty of their Complexions, they shall see (my sweet *Luce*) we can visard it with the best of them.

Luce. That Gentleman, by the Wisewomans description, should be Master *Chartley*.

(*Meaning Boyster.*)

Boyst. That gallant Wench, if my Grannam fable not,

Should be *Luce* : but what be those other ?

Wifewo. You wrong mee, but to aske, who but a yong Heire, and a Lady of the Court : that's *Luce*, take her, and keepe your promise.

Boyst. *Pocas palabras.*

Wifewo. That's *Chartley*, take him *Luce*.

Luce. But who be they ?

Wifwo. A Lord and Lady shall *Sir Boniface* stay,

Rather then so, strive who should leade the way.

Exeunt Chartley with Iack, Boyster with Luce.

Wifwo. Now *Iack* my Boy, keepe thine owne counsell and countenance, and I shall cry quittance with my yong Gallant. Well, by this time *Sir Boniface* is at his Booke. But because there is a mistake, knowne onely to my Boy and my selfe; the Marriage shall be no sooner ended, but Ile disturbe them by some sudden out-cry, and that too, before they have leasure to unmaske, and make knowne themselves one to another; for if the deceite were knowne, I should fall into the danger of that yong mad Rascall. And now this double apprehension of the Lord and the Lady shall fetch mee off from all; I know it is *Sir Boniface* his custome, to make short worke, and hath dispatch by this: And now Wife-woman, try if thou canst besir thy selfe like to a Mad-woman—shift for your selves, Warrants and Pursevants! Away, Warrants and Pursevants! shift for your selves.

Enter, as affrighted and amazed, Chartley, Boyster, Boniface, and others.

Chart. Ile take this way.

Boysl. I this.

Exeunt.

Bonif. *Curro Curris Cucurri*: My cheeks are all Murry,

And I am gone in an hurry.

Exit.

Luce. O Heaven! what shall become of me?

2. Luce. I know what shall become of me already.

Wifwo. O sweet Daughter, shift cloathes with this Lady! Nay, as thou lov'st thy credit and mine, change Habits—So, if thou bee'st taken in her Garments, finding the mistake will let thee passe; and should they meet her in thine, not knowing her, would no way question her: and this prove to both your securities and my safety.

Luce. As fast as I can, good Mother : So Madam farewell.

2. *Luce.* All happy joyes betide you. *Exit.*

Wifew. Ha, ha, let me hold my fides, and laugh : Here were even a Plot to make a play on, but that *Chartley* is so fool'd by my Boy *Jacke* : Well, heele make a notable Wagge, Ile warrant him. All the Iest will bee, if *Boyster* should meete with him in *Luce's* habitt, which hee hath now on, hee would thinke himfelse meerely gull'd and cheated ; and should *Chartley* meet with *Luce* as shee is now Roab'd, hee would bee confident hee had marryed her. Let mee see how many Trades have I to live by : First, I am a Wife-woman, and a Fortune-teller, and under that I deale in Phyficke and Fore-speaking, in Palmistry, and recovering of things lost. Next, I undertake to cure Madd folkes. Then I keepe Gentlewomen Lodgers, to furnish such Chambers as I let out by the night : Then I am provided for bringing young Wenches to bed ; and for a need, you see I can play the Match-maker. Shee that is but one, and professeth so many, may well bee tearmed a Wife-woman, if there bee any. *Exit.*

Enter Boyster.

Boyst. Why, runne away, and leave my Wench behind ? Ile backe : what have Warrants and Pursevants to doe with mee ? with mee ? why should I budge ? why should I weare Maske or Visard ? If Lords or Ladies offend, let Lords and Ladies answer ; let mee better bethinke mee. Why should I play at Hob-man blinde ? Hum ; why marry in *Tenebris*, ha ! is there no tricke in it ? If my Grannam should make mee a yonger Brother now, and instead of *Luce*, pop mee off with some broken commoditie, I were finely serv'd : most sure I am, to be in for better and worfe, but with whom, Heaven and my Grannam knowes.

Enter halfe ready and maskt, 2. Luce.

2. *Luce.* I am stolne out of doores, to see if I can meet my Husband; with whom I purpose to make some sport, ere I suddenly disclose my selfe: what's hee?

Boyst. Heyday, what have wee here, an Hoberde-hoy? come hither you.

2. *Luce.* 'Tis Mistris *Luces* Husband, Ile not leave him thus.

Boyst. What art thou?

2. *Luce.* Doe you not know mee?

Boyst. That Maske and Robe I know.

2. *Luce.* I hope so, or else I were in a woe case.

Boyst. That Maske, that Gowne I married.

2. *Luce.* Then you have no reason, but to injoy both them and me too, and so you are like; I should be loath to divorce Man and Wife.

Boyst. I am fool'd, but what crackt ware are you, forfooth?

2. *Luce.* I belong to the old Gentlewoman of the house.

Boyst. Ile set her house on fire: I am finely bobb'd.

2. *Luce.* But I hope you will not bobb me.

Boyst. No I'fe warrant thee: what art thou? Girle or Boy?

2. *Luce.* Both, and neither; I was a Ladd last night, but in the morning I was conjured into a Lasse: And being a Girle now, I shall be translated to a Boy anon. Here's all I can at this time say for my selfe: Farewell.

Boyst. Yes, and be hang'd withall. O for some Gunpowder to blow up this Witch, this Shee-catt, this damn'd Sorceresse! O I could teare her to fitters with my teeth! Yet I must be patient, and put up all, lest I bee made a jeere to such as know mee; fool'd by a Boy! Goe too, of all the rest, the Girle *Luce* must not know it.

Exit.

Enter Chartley and his uan, meeting Luce.

Chart. So, now am I the same man I was yesterday; who can say I was disguis'd? or who can distinguish my condition now? or reade in my face, whether I be a married man, or a Batchelor?

Luce. Who's that?

Chart. *Luce.*

Luce. Sweet Husband, is it you?

Chart. The newes?

Luce. Never so frighted in my dayes.

Chart. What's become of the Lord and the Lady?

Luce. The Lord fled after you, the Lady staid; who maskt, and halfe unready, ran fast after her poore affrighted Husband: now all's quiet.

Chart. This storme is then well past, and now conveigh your selfe home as privately as you can: and see you make this knowne to none but your Father.

Luce. I am your Wife and Servant. *Exit.*

Chart. The name of *Luce* hath beene ominous to mee; one *Luce* I should have married in the Countrey, and just the night before, a toy tooke me in the head, and mounting my Horse, I left Capons, Ducks, Geese, Poultry, Wildfowle, Father, and Bride and all, and posted up to London, where I have ever since continued Batchelor, till now. And now——

Enter Gratiana in haste, a Serving-man before her, and Taber after her.

Grat. Nay on, I prethee fellow on, my Father will wonder where I have beene visiting. Now, what had I forgot? *Taber,* there's money, goe to the Goldsmiths, bid him send mee my Fanne; and make a quicke returne: on, fellow on. *Exit.*

Taber. Her Fanne at the Goldsmiths! now had I

forgot to aske her his name, or his signe : but I will after to know.

Chart. Sirrah, goe call mee backe that Servingman,

And aske him what's the Gentlewomans name.

Servingman. I shall ; ho, you : Friend, you.

Taber. Who's that calls ?

Servingman. 'Twas I.

Taber. Your businesse ? you should be one, though not of my cognifance, yet of my condition : a Serving-creature, as I take it : pray what's your will with mee ?

Servingman. Pray Sir, what might I call that Gentlewoman, on whom you were attendant ?

Taber. You may call her what you please, but if you call her otherwise then in the way of honestie, you may perchance heare on't.

Servingman. Nay, be not offended : I say, what doe you call her ?

Taber. Why Sir, I call her as it shall best please mee, sometimes yong Lady, sometimes yong Mistris ; and what hath any man to doe with that ?

Chart. Are you so captious, sirrah, what's her name ?

Speake, and be briefe.

Taber. Ey marry Sir, you speake to purpose, and I can resolve you : her name is *Gratiana*. But all this while I have forgot my Mistris Fanne. *Exit.*

Chart. *Gratiana* ! oft have I heard of her, but saw her not till now : 'tis a prettie wench, a very prettie wench, nay, a very, very, very prettie wench. But what a Rogue am I, of a married man ? nay, that have not beene married this six houres, and to have my shittle-wits runne a Wooll-gathering already ? What would [poore *Luce* say if shee should heare of this ? I may very well call her poore *Luce*, for I cannot presume of five pounds to her portion : what a Coxcombe was I, being a Gentleman, and well deriv'd, to match into so beggarly a kindred ? What

needed I to have grafted in the stocke of such a Choake Peare, and such a goodly Popering as this to escape mee? Escape mee (said I?) if shee doe, shee shall doe it narrowly: but I am married already, and therefore it is not possible, unlesse I should make away my wife, to compasse her. Married! why who knowes it? Ile out-face the Priest, and then there is none but shee and her Father, and their evidence is not good in Law: and if they put mee in suite, the best is, they are poore, and cannot follow it. I marry Sir, a man may have some credit by such a Wife as this. I could like this marriage well, if a man might change away his Wife, still as hee is a weary of her, and cope her away like a bad commoditie: if every new Moone a man might have a new Wife, that's every yeare a dozen. But this, *Till Death us do part*, is tedious: I will goe a wooing to her, I will; but how shall I doe for jewels and tokens? *Luce* hath mine in her custodie, money and all; tush, Ile juggle them from her well enough: see, here shee comes.

Enter Luce, and her Father.

Luce. Here is my Husband, I pray move him in it.

Father. It toucheth both our reputations nearly; For by his oft repaire, now whilst the Marriage Is kept from publike knowledge, your good name May be by Neighbours hardly censur'd of.

Chart. Th'art sad, th'art sad *Luce*: what, melancholly already, ere thou hast had good cause to be merry, and knewst what sport was.

Luce. I have great reason, when my name is tofs'd

In every Gossips mouth, and made a by-word Vnto such people as it least concernes.

Nay, in my hearing, as they passe along,
Some have not spar'd to brand my modestie,
Saying, There fits shee whom yong *Chartley* keeps:

There hath hee entred late, betimes gone forth.
Where I with pride was wont to sit before,
I'm now with shame sent blushing from the doore.

Chart. Alas poore foole, I am sorry for thee, but yet cannot helpe thee, as I am a Gentleman. Why say *Luce*, thou lofest now forty shillings worth of Credit, stay but a time, and it shall bring thee in a thousand pounds worth of commoditie.

Father. Son, Son, had I esteem'd my profit more
Then I have done my credit, I had now
Beene many thousands richer : but you see,
Truth and good dealing beare an humble faile ;
That little I injoy, it is with quiet,
Got with good conscience, kept with good report :
And that I still shall labour to preserve.

Chart. But doe you heare mee ?

Father. Nothing Ile heare, that tends unto the
ruine

Of mine, or of my Daughters honestie.
Shall I be held a Broker to lewd Lust,
Now in my waine of yeares ?

Chart. Will you but heare mee ?

Father. Not in this case. I that have liv'd thus
long,

Reported well, esteem'd a welcome Guest
At every burthen'd Table, there respected ;
Now to be held a Pander to my Daughter ?
That I should live to this !

Chart. But harke you Father ?

Father. A Bawd to mine owne child !

Chart. Father ?

Father. To my sweet *Luce* !

Chart. Father ?

Father. Deale with me like a Son, then call me
Father ;

I that have had the tongues of every man
Ready to crowne my Reputation :
The hands of all my Neighbours to subscribe
To my good like ; and such as could not write,

Ready with Palfie and unlettered fingers,
To set their scribbling markes.

Chart. Why Father in Law ?

Father. Thou hadst a Mother *Luce* ; 'tis woe with me

To say thou hadst, but hast not ; a kind Wife,
And a good Nurse she was : she, had she liv'd
To heare my name thus canvast, and thus tofs'd,
Seven yeares before she dy'd, I had beene a Widower
Seven yeares before I was' : Heaven rest her foule,
Shee is in Heaven I hope. (*Hee wipes his eyes.*)

Chart. Why so now, these be good words, I knew
these stormes would have a showre, and then they
would cease. Now if your anger be over, heare
me.

Father. Well, say on Son.

Chart. Stay but a Moneth, 'tis but foure Weekes ;
nay, 'tis *February*, the shortest Moneth of the yeare,
and in that time I shall be at full age ; and the Land
being intail'd, my Father can dis-inherit mee of no-
thing. Is your spleene downe now ? Have I satisfied
you ? Well, I see you chollericke hasty men, are the
kindest when all is done. Here's such wetting of
Hand-kerchers, hee weepes to thinke of his Wife, shee
weepes to see her Father cry ! Peace foole, wee shall
else have thee claime kindred of the Woman kill'd
with kindnesse.

Father. Well Son, my anger's past ; yet I must tell
you,

It grieves mee that you should thus flight it off,
Concerning us, no such a deere degree.

In private be it spoke, my Daughter tels me,
Shee's both a Wife and Maid.

Chart. That may be help't.

Now *Luce*, your Fathers pacifi'd, will you be pleas'd ?
I would indure a Quarters punishment for thee, and
wilt not thou suffer a poore Moneths penance for
mee ? 'Tis but eight and twenty dayes, Wench ; thou
shalt fare well all the time, drinke well, eate well, lie

well: come, one word of comfort at the later end of the day.

Luce. Yours is my fame, mine honour, and my heart

Link't to your pleasure, and shall never part.

Chart. Gramercie Wench, thou shalt weare this chaine no longer for that word, Ile multiply the linkes in such order, that it shall have light to shine about thy necke, oftener then it doth: this jewell, a plaine *Bristowe* stone, a counterfeit. How base was I, that comming to thee in the way of Marriage, courted thee with counterfeit stones? Thou shalt weare right, or none: thou hast no money about thee, *Luce*?

Luce. Yes Sir, I have the hundred pounds that you gave me to lay up last.

Chart. Fetch it; let mee see, how much branch'd Sattin goes to a Petticoat? and how much wrought Velvet to a Gowne? then for a Bever for the Citie, and a Black-bagge for the Country: Ile promise her nothing, but if any such trifles bee brought home, let her not thanke mee for them.

Enter Luce with the Bagge.

Gramercie *Luce.* Nay, goe in, Gravitie and Modestie, ten to one but you shall heare of mee, e're you see mee againe.

Father. I know you kinde, impute my hastie Language unto my rage, not mee.

Chart. Why, doe not I know you, and doe not I know her? I doubt you'l wish shortly, that I had never knowne either of you: now, what sayst thou, my sweet *Luce*?

Luce. My words are yours, so is my life: I am now part of your selfe, so made by Nuptiall vows.

Chart. What a Pagan am I, to practise such villany against this honest Christian! If *Gratiana* did come into my thoughts, I should fall into a vaine to pittie her: but now that I talk of her, I have a tongue

to wooe her, Tokens to win her; and that done, if I doe not find a tricke, both to weare her, and wearie her, it may prove a piece of a Wonder. Thou seest, *Luce*, I have some store of Crownes about me, there are brave things to be bought in the Citie; Cheapside, and the Exchange, afford varietie and raritie. This is all I will say now, but thou mayst heare more of mee hereafter. *Exit.*

Luce. Heaven speed you where you goe Sir; shall we in?

Though not from scandall, wee live free from Sin.

Father. Ile in before. *Exit.*

Enter Master Boyster.

Boyst. I am still in love with *Luce*, and I would know

An answer more directly: fie, fie, this Love Hangs on me like an Ague, makes me turne foole, Coxcombe and Ass: why should I love her, why? A Rattle-Baby, Puppit, a slight toy, And now I could goe to buffets with my selfe, And cuffe this Love away: but see, that's *Luce*.

Luce. I cannot shun him, but Ile shake him off.

Boyst. Morrow.

Luce. As much to you.

Boyst. I'll use few words, Canst love me?

Luce. Deed Sir no.

Boyst. Why then farewell, the way I came, Ile goe. *Exit.*

Luce. This is no tedious Courtship, hee's soone answer'd,

So should all Sutors else bee, were they wise;
For being repulst, they doe but waste their dayes
In thanklesse suites, and superficiall praise.

Enter Boyster againe.

Boyst. Swear that thou wilt not love me.

Luce. Not Sir, for any hate I ever bare you,
Or any foolish pride, or vaine conceite :
Or that your feature doth not please mine eye,
Or that you are not a brave Gentleman :
But for concealed reasons I am forc'd
To give you this cold answer ; and to sweare
I must not, then with patience pray forbear.

Boyst. Even farewell then. *Exit.*

Luce. The like to you, and save your hopes in
me.

Heaven grant you your best wishes ; all this strife
Will end it selfe, when I am knowne a Wife.

Exeunt.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus 4. Scena prima.

*Enter Sir Harry, M. Harringsfield
Gratiana with others.*

Sir Harry. I am satisfied good M. *Harringsfield*
touching your friend, and since I see you haue left his
dangerous company, I limit you to bee a welcome
guest vnto my Table.

Harring. You haue bin alwayes noble.

Enter Taber.

Sir Harry. *Taber* : the newes with thee.

Taber. May it please the right worshipfull to vnderstand that there are some at the Gate who dance a turne or two without, and desire to bee admitted to speake with you within.

Sir Harry. The Scholler is it not.

Taber. Nay sir, there are two Schollers, and they are spowting Latin one against the other ; And in my simple Iudgement the stranger is the better Scholler, and is somewhat too hard for sir *Boniface* : For he speakes lowder, and that you know is ever the signe of the most learning, and hee also hath a great desire to serue your Worship.

Sir Harry. Two schollers ; My house hath not place for two, thus it shall bee. *Taber* admit them both, wee though vnlearned will heare them two dispute, and hee that of the two seemes the best read, shall bee receiued, the other quite casheired.

Harring. In that you shoue but Iustice, in all persons merit should bee regarded.

*Enter Taber ushering sir Boniface and
Sencer, disguised like a pedant.*

Sir Boniface. Venerabilis magistrī : Absint vobis capistrī.

Sencer. Et tu domini calve, iterum atque, iterum salve, *Amo amas amavi*, sweet Lady Heauen faue yee.

Sir Harry. This approues him to be excellent, but I thank my breeding I vnderstand not a word, you tong-men you whose wealth lyes in your braines ; Not in your budgets heere mee : Be it knowne, my house affords roome for one Schoole-master but not for more. And I am thus resolved, take you that side gentle sir *Sir Boniface*, and sir possesse you that.

Hee of you two in arguing prooues the best. To him will I subscribe are you agreed.

Sir Boniface. Nec animo, nec corde, nec vtroque.

Senc. No more of that nec corde, noble Knight, he wishes you nec corde, thinke of that.

Sir Harry. A Corde about my necke, fir *Boniface*.

Speake doe you use mee well.

Sir Boniface. *Domine cur rogas.*

Senc. Is this to bee indured, to call a Knight. Cur, Rogue and Affe.

Sir Harry. I find my selfe abus'd.

Harring. Yet patience good fyr *Harry*, and heare more pray fir *Boniface*: of what Vniversitie were you of?

Sir Boniface. I was student in Brazen nose.

Harring. A man might guesse so much by your pimples, and of what place were you:

Senc. *Petrus dormit securus*; I was Sir of Peeter house.

Sir Boniface. *Natus eram*, in Woxford, and I proceeded in Oxford.

Senc. *Est mihi bene nostrum*, thou wouldest say, in *Gotam*; For my part fir *Harry*, I can reade Seruice and Marry, *Que genus et flexum*, though I goe in genes Fustion, *scalpellum et charta* I was not brought vp at Plowe & cart, I can teach *Qui mihi*, and neyther laugh nor tee-hee, fed *as in presente*, if your worship at this present, *Iste, Ista Istud*, will doe mee any good, to giue mee *legem pone* in Gold or in monie. *Piper atque papauer*, Ile deserue it with my labour.

Harring. But when goe you to dispute.

Sir Boniface. Nominativo hic prediculus, his words are most ridiculous: But *tu* thou; *qui* the which, *deridest* those that bee rich, *consterue hanc sententiam*, construe mee this sentence. *Est modus in rebus sunt certi denique fines*:

Sencer. *Est modus in rebus*: There is mud in the rivers.

Sunt certi denique fines, and certaine little Fishes.

Sir Harry. I warrant you he hath his answer ready.

Sir Boniface. Dij boni boni.

Harring. Heele giue you more bones then those to know on *Sir Boniface.*

Senc. Kartere Moofotropos Poluphiltate phile poetatis Tes Logikes retoon, onch elashifte sophoon.

That is as much as to say, in our *materna lingua* I will make you *sir Boniface*, confesse your selfe an Assfe in English, speake open and broad words, for want of Latin, and *Denique* instruct mee to resolute such questions as I shall aske you in our moderne tongue.

Sir Harry. Confesse him an Assfe, speake obscene words after intreate thee to resolute thy questions.

Doe that, possesse the place.

Sencer. Di do and dum : No more words but mum :

Sir Boniface. Noble *sir Harry* ; Numquam sic possit ?

Sir Harry. *Sir Boniface* is sicke already and calls for a possit, no marvell, being so threatned.

Sencer. You *Boniface*, decline mee I am a no after the first coniugation, amo amavi, vocito vocitavi. Titubo titubavi ?

Sir Boniface. I am not the preceptor to a pupill.

But can decline it, marke *sir Timothy* :

I am a no.

Sencer. Bene bene.

Sir Boniface. I am an as ?

Senc. Most treue most treue, *vos estis, ut egosum testis*, that what he confest is as true as the pestis.

Sir Harry. This Scholler workes by magick hee hath made him confesse himselfe an Assfe.

Sir Boniface. Per has meas manus vir, tu es insanus.

Sencer. Ile make him fret worse yet ; Sir *Boniface* :
quid est grammatica.

Sir Boniface. Grammatica est ars.

Sir Harry. Fye, fye, no more of these words good
fir *Boniface*.

Sencer. Attend againe, proceed mee with this
verse of reverent *Cato* : Si deus est animus.

Sir Boniface. Nobis ut carmina dicunt.

Taber. Di quoth ha, out on him for a beastly
man.

Sir Harry. I would not haue him teach my chil-
dren so for more then I am worth.

Sir Bonif. O ! but reverend fyr *Harry* you must
subaudi.

Sir Harry. Ile never bee so baudy whilest I liue,
nor any of mine I hope.

Sir Boniface. O ! Propria quæ maribus :

Sir Harry. Ey *Boniface*, it is those maribones,
That makes you talke so broadly ?

Sir Boniface. Venerabilis vir homo ille est ebrius.

Sir Harry. What doth hee meane by that.

Sencer. Hee saith, I can speake Hebrew.

Sir Harry. I Beleeu't :
But if fyr *Boniface* still con these lessons,
He'l speake the French tongue perfit.

Sencer. Now to the last, ile taske fyr *Boniface*,
But with an easie question. Tell mee fyr :
Whats Latin for this Earth ?

Sir Boniface. Facile and easy more fit for the
pupill then the preceptor : whats Latin for this Earth ?
Tellus.

Sencer. Tell you ; no fyr, it belongs to you to tell
mee.

Sir Boniface. I say *Tellus* is Latin for the Earth.

Sencer. And I say, I will not tell you what is Latin
for the Earth ; vnlesse you yeild mee victor.

Sir Harry. You haue no reason : good fyr

Timothy,

The place is yours.

Harring. Hee hath deserv'd it well.

Senfer. But ile deserue it better, why this fellow
Is Franticke, you shall heere mee make him
speake

Idely and without fence. Ile make him say,
His Nose was Husband to a Queene,

He whispers sir Harry.

Sir Harry. Sir *Timothy* not possible.

Taber. Hee will not speake it for shame.

Sencer. That you shall heere; *Magister Boniface.*

Sir Boniface. *Quid ais domine Timothy.*

Sencer. Who was *Pasiphias* husband Queene of
Creete.

Sir Boniface. Who knowes not that, why *Minos* was
her Husband.

Sencer. That his nose was; did I not tell you so.

Sir Boniface. I say that *Minos* was:

Sencer. That his Nose was ha ha.

Sir Harry. Ile not beleeeue it.

Sir Boniface, there are a brace of Angels.

You are not for my turne, sir *Timothy*

You are the man shall reade vnto my daughter

The Latin tongue, in which I am ignorant:

Confesse your selfe an Affe; speake bawdy words;

And after to talke idely. Hence away:

You shall haue my good word, but not my pay?

Sir Boniface. *Opus est vsus;* sir *Timothy* you abuse
us.

I sweare by a nowne, had I thy hose downe,

Qui que quod, I would so smoake thee with the
rod:

Ille Illa, Illud, vntill I fetch blood.

But *Nobiles valete,* remaine in quiete.

Exit.

Sir Harry. Sir *Timothy,* there is some Gold in
earnest,

I like you well take into your tuition,

My daughter *Gratiana;* the newes *Taber.*

Enter *Taber*.

Taber. Of another gallant noble fir that pretends to haue businesse, both with you and my mistresse.

Sir Harry. Admit him.

*Enter Chartly very gallant, in his hand
a Lady.*

Taber. *Lusty Iuventus* ; will it please you to draw neere.

Chart. Noble Knight, whil'ft you peruse that sweete Lady, tell mee how you like this : *(kisseth her.*

Gratia. You presse so suddainly vpon mee fyr
I know not what to answer.

Sencer. Mad *Chartly* ; what makes desperation heere.

Chart. To the word wooer let mee add the name speeder my father hath written to your father, and the cause of his writing at this present, is to let you vnderstand, that hee feares you have liu'd a maide too long : and therefore to prevent all diseases incident to the same ; as the greene sicknesse and others. Hee sent mee like a skilful Physitian, to take order with you against all such maladies. If you will not credit mee, list but how fervently my father writes in my behalfe.

Sir Harry. Hee is my onely sonne, and shee *littles*
I take as your onely daughter, what should hinder then, to make a match betweene them, (well tis well tis good I like it) I will make her Ioynter three hundred pounds a yeare.

Chart. How say you by that sweete Lady three hundred pounds a yeare and a proper man to boote.

Sir Harry. All's good, I like it, welcome M.
Chartly.

Thou *Gratiana* art no child of mine

Vnlesse thou bidst him welcome. This I presume
To bee your fathers hand.

Chart. But Ile bee sworne he never writ it.

Sir Harry. And this his seale at Armes.

Chart. Or else I vnderstand it very poorely, but
Lady

In earnest of further acquaintance, receiue this
Chayne,

These Jewels, hand and heart.

Sir Harry. Refuse no Chaine nor Jewels, heart nor
hand,

But in exchange of these bestowe thy selfe
Thine owne deere selfe vpon him.

Gratia. My selfe vpon him, whom I tell now neere
saw ?

Well since I must, your will's to mee a law.

Scnc. Nay then tis time to speake, shall I stand
heere wayting like a Coxcombe, and see her giuen
away before my face ? stay your hand fyr *Harry* ; and
let me claime my promise.

Sir Harry. My promise Ile performe fyr *Timothy*,
You shall haue all your wages duly paid.

Scnc. I claime faire *Gratiana* by your promise.
No more fyr *Timothy*, but *Scncer* now,
You promis'd mee when you receiued my service,
And with your liberall hand did wage my stay :
To endowe mee freely with your daughters Love,
That promise now I claime.

Sir Harry. Meere cosnidge, knavery,
I tide my selfe to no conditions.
In which such guile is practised, come sonne

Chartly.

To cut of all difasters incident
To these proceedings wee will sollemnise
These Nuptiall rites with all speede possible.

Chart. Farewell good fyr *Timothy*, farewell
learn'd fyr *Timothy*. *Exeunt.*

Scncer. Why : and farewell learned fyr *Timothy*.
For now fyr *Timothy* and I am two :

Boast on, bragge on, exalt exalt thy selfe,
Swim in a Sea of pleasure and content
Whilst my Barke suffers wrack ile bee revenged,
Chartly; ile cry *vindicta* for this scorne,
Next time thou gorest, it must be with thy horne.

Exit.

Enter M. Boyster.

Boyster. I am mad, and know not at what.
I could swagger but know not with whom,
I am at oddes with my selfe; and know not why:
I shall bee pacified, and cannot tell when,
I would faine haue a wife but cannot tell where,
I would fasten on *Luce* but cannot tell how.
How; where; when; why; whom; what.
Feeding sure makes me leane, and fasting fat.

Enter Luce and Ioseph.

Luce. Not all this while once see mee.

Ioseph. His occasions,
Perhaps inforce his absence.

Luce. His occasions:
Vnlesse hee find occasion of new Love
What could inforce such absence from his spouse:
Am I growne fowle and blacke, since my espousals.
It should not seeme so; For the shop is daily
Custom'd with store of Chap-men, such as come
To cheapen Love. O no, I am my selfe?
But *Chartly* hee is changed.

Ioseph. You know that Gentleman.

Luce. Escape him if thou canst.

Boyster. Hee cannot, I arrest you;

Luce. At whose suite.

Boyster. Not at mine owne, thats dasht, I loue
thee not.

Thou art a *Spaniard*, *Gipsee*, a meere *Blackamore*:
Again, I say I loue thee not.

Luce. A *Blackemore*, a *Gipsy*?

Sure I am chang'd indeed, and thats the cause
My Husband left mee so, this Gentleman
Once teardm mee beautifull, how looke I *Ioseph*.

Ioseph. As well as ere you did, fat, fresh, and
fayre.

Boyster. You lye boy, pocket that, and now be
gon.

Ioseph. And what shall then become of my Mis-
tresse.

Boyster. Ile waite vpon your Mistresse.

Luce. I know you will not waite on such a *Gipsie*.

Boyster. Yes *Luce* on such a *Gipsie*: *Boy, abi
abi*.

Ioseph. Abide sir, you neede not feare that I haue
no purpose to leaue her.

Boyster. Now you are going to the wedding-
house.

You are bid to be a Bride maid, are you not.

Luce. What wedding sir, or whose ?

Boyster. Why *Chartleyes*; *Luce* hath hee bin thy
friend so long, and would not bid thee to waite on his
Bride.

Why lookst thou red and pale, and both, and
neither.

Luce. To Mr. *Chartleyes* Bridals, why, to whom,
Should hee be married.

Boyster. To grace of *Gratious* streete.

Luce. To *Gratiana*?

Beshrowe you sir you doe not use mee well,
To buze into mine eares these strange vntruths :
I tell you sir, 'tis as impossible
That they two should match: as Earth and Heauen
to meet.

Boyster. You'l not beleue it, pray then harke
within

The Nuptiall musicke echoing to their ioyes.

But you giue credit to no certaintyes :

I told you but a tale, a lye, a fable ?

A monstrous, a notorious idle untruth,

That you were blacke, and that I lou'd you not.
And you could credit that.

*Enter sir Harry and Haringsfield, Chartly leading
Gratiana by the Arme, Taber and attendants.*

Who's tell-troth now.

Know you that man, or know you that fine Virgin :
Whom by the arme hee leades.

Luce. I'le not indure't : Heauen giue you joy fir :

Chart. I thanke you. *Luce* ? *she faints.*

Sir Harry. Looke to the Maid shee faints.

Boysl. held her vp.

Chartly. *Grace* come not neere her *Grace.*

Father keepe off, on Gentlemen apace.

Shees troubled with the falling sicknesse, for
Oft hath shee fallen before mee.

Sir Harry. Nay if it bee no otherwise, on gentle-
men.

Let those with her striue to recouer her.

Keepe off, the disease is infectious :

Chartly. If it were in a man, it were nothing, but
the falling sicknesse in a woman is dangerous.

Enter Luces Father.

My tother father in Lawe, now shall I bee vtterly
sham'd,

If hee assure to know mee, I'le out face him.

Father. Sonne your well met.

Chartly. How fellow.

Father. I cry you mercy fir.

Chart. No harme done friend, no harme done.

Exeunt.

Father. If hee ? hee could not but haue known
mee there,

Yet he was wondrous like him.

Boysl. How cheare you *Luce*, whence grew this
passion.

Luce. Pardon mee fir, I doe not know my selfe :
I am apt to swoound, and now the fit is past mee.

I thanke you for your helpe : is maſter *Chartly*
Vanifht ſo ſoone :

Boyſter. Yes : and to ſupply his place, ſee where
thy father comes.

Father. Hee hath not ſuch a ſuit, beſides this
gallant

Led by the arme a Bride, a luſty Bride ?
How much might I haue wrong'd the Gentleman
By craving his acquaintance, this it is,
To haue dimme Eyes. Why lookes my daughter ſad.
I cry you mercy. Sir I ſaw not you.

Boyſt. I would I had not ſeene you at this time
neither, farewell. *Exit.*

Luce. If hee be gone ? then call mee vent my
griefe,
Father I am vndone.

Father. Forbid it Heauen.

Luce. Diſgrac't, deſpiſ'd, diſcarded, and caſt off.

Father. How, mine owne child.

Luce. My Husband, O my husband ?

Father. What of him.

Luce. Shall I the ſhower of all my griefe at once
Power out before you : *Chartly*, once my husband
Hath left mee to my ſhame. Him and his Bride,
I met within few minutes.

Father. Sure t'was they.

I met them two, t'was hee ; baſe villaine Iewe.
I'le to the Wedding board, and tell him ſo :
Ile doo't as I am a man.

Luce. Bee not ſo raſh.

Father. Ile liue and dye vpon him ;
Hee's a baſe fellow, ſo I'le prooue him too.

Ioſeph my Sword.

Luce. This raſhneſſe will vndoe us.

Father. Ile haue my Sword.

It hath bin twice in *France*, and once in *Spaine*,
With *John a Gaunt*, when I was young like him
I had my wards, and foynes, and quarter-blowes :
And knew the way into *St. Georges fields*.

Twice in a morning, *Tuttle, Finsbury* ?

I knew them all, ile too him, wher's my sword.

Luce. Or leaue this spleene, or you will ouerthrow
Our fortunes quite, let us confult together,
What wee were best to doe.

Father. I'le make him play at Leap-frog, well I
heare thee.

Luce. I cannot prooue our marriage, it was secret,
And hee may find some cavell in the Law.

Father. I'le too him with no Law, but *Staffood*
Lawe.

I'le ferret the false boy, nay on good *Luce.*

Luce. Part of your spleene, if you would change
to counfel,

Wee might revenge us better.

Father. Well I heare thee.

Luce. To claime a publicke marriage at his
hands :

Wee want sufficient prooffe, and then the world
Will but deride our folly, and so adde
Dubble disgrace vnto my former wrong.

To Law with him hee hath a greater purse,
And nobler friends, how then to make it knowne ?

Father. Is this his damask'd kirtle frendge with
Gold.

His blacke bagge, and his Beauer, tis well yet.
I haue a Sword.

Luce. And I haue a project in my Braine begot,
To make his owne mouth witnes to the World
My innocence, and his incontinence ?

Leaue it to mee, ile cleare my selfe from blame,
Though I the wrong, yet hee shall reape the shame.

Excunt.

Enter Sencer like a Seruing-man.

Scnc. Now or never, looke about thee *Sencer*, to
morrow is the Marriage day which to preuent, lyes not
within the compasse of my apprehension, therefore I

haue thus disguised my selfe, to goe to the looming womans, the fortune tellers, the any thing, the nothing, this over against mother Red-caps is her house, ile knocke.

Enter 2. Luce in her boyes shape.

2. *Luce.* Whose there? What would you haue?

Sencer. I would speake with the wise gentlewoman of the house.

2. *Luce.* O be like you haue lost somewhat.

Sencer. You are in the wrong sweete youth.

2. *Luce.* I am somewhat thicke of hearing, pray speak out.

Sencer. I say I haue not lost any thing, but wit and time,

And neither of those shew can helpe mee too.

2. *Luce.* Then you belike are crost in Loue, and come to know what successe you shall haue.

Sencer. Thou hast hit it sweete ladde; thou hast hit it.

2. *Luce.* What is it, you say sir.

Sencer. Thou hast hit it?

2. *Luce.* I pray come in ile bring you to my Mistresse. *Exit.*

Enter Luce and Ioseph.

Luce. This is the house, knock *Ioseph*, my businesse craues dispatch.

Ioseph. Now am I as angry, as thou art timerous, and now to vent the next thing I meete, O tis the doore. *(knocks.*

Enter 2. Luce.

2. *Luce.* Who's there, what are you.

Luce. A maid and a wife.

2. *Luce.* And that would grieue any wench to bee so,
I know that by my selfe, not *Luce.*

Luce. Boy, where's your Mistresse.

2. *Luce.* In some private talke with a Gentleman?
Ile fetch her to you presently. *Exit.*

Luce. If shee and you see mee not, I am but dead,
I shall be made a by-word to the World:
The scorne of women; and my Fathers shame.

Enter Wife-woman and Sencer.

Wifewoman. You tell mee your name is *Sencer*, I knew it before, and that *Chartly* is to bee married, I could haue told it you.

2. *Luce.* Married to morrow, O mee.

Sencer. Ey but you tell mee, that *Chartly* before to morrow shall bee disappointed of his, make that good, thou shalt haue twenty Angels.

Wifewoman. Ile doo't, stand aside, ile haue but a word or two with this Gentlewoman; and I am for you presently.

Luce. O! Mother, mother. *(They whisper.)*

2. *Luce.* My husband marry another wife tomorrow?

O changeable destinie, no sooner married to him, but instantly to loose him. Nor death it grieues mee so much that I am a wife, but that I am a maid too, to carry one of them well is as much as any is bound to doe, but to be tid'e to both, is more then flesh and blood can indure.

Wifewoman. Well trust to mee, and I will fett all things streight.

Enter Boyster.

Boyster. Where's this Witch, this hagge, this bel-

dan, this wifard, and haue I found thee, thus then will I teare, mumble and maule thee.

Wifewoman. Helpe, helpe, and if you be a gentleman.

Sencer. Forbeare this rudeneffe, hee that touches her,

Drawes against mee.

Boyster. Against you fir, apply thou, that shall be tride.

All. Helpe, helpe, part them helpe.

Sencer. With patience heare her speake.

Boyster. Now Trot, now Granam, what canst thou say for thy selfe : what *Luce* heare be patient and put vp then, shee must not see the end.

Sencer. Than truce of all sides, if wee come for counsell,

Let us with patience heare it.

Luce. Then first to mee.

Wifew. You would preuent young *Chartlyes* marriage, you shall : harke in your eare.

Luce. It pleafeth mee.

Wifew. You forestall *Gratianes* wedding, 'tis but thus.

Sencer. Ile doo't.

Wifew. You would inioy *Luce* as your wife, and lye with her to morrow night. Harke in your eare.

Boyster. Fiat.

Wifewoman. Away, you shall inioy him, you are married, *Luce* away, you shall see *Chartly* discarded from *Gratiana*, *Sencer* bee gon, and if I fayle in any of these or the rest, I lay my selfe open to all your displeasures.

Boyster. Farewell till soone :

Wifewoman. You know your meeting place.

All. Wee doe ?

Wifewoman. You shall report mee wise and cunning too.

Exit.

2. *Luce.* Ile adde one night more to the time, I haue said.

I haue not many I hope to liue a maid. *Exit.*

Enter Taber and fir Boniface with a Trencher, with broken meate and a Napkin.

Taber. Fye, fye, what a time of trouble is this to morrow to morrow is my mistresse to be married, and wee feruingmen are so pulled.

Sir Boniface. The dinner's halfe done, and before I fay

Grace, and bid the old Knight and his guest proface. A medicine from your trencher, good M. *Taber.*

As good a man as ere was fir *Saber* :

Well thinke it no shame, men of learning and wit, fay study gets a stomacke, friend *Taber* a bit.

Taber. Lick cleane good fir *Boniface*, and faue the scraper a labour.

Enter Sencer like a Seruingman.

Sir Boniface. But soft let mee ponder :
Know you him that comes yonder ?

Taber. Most heartily welcome, would you speake with any heere.

Senc. Pray is the yong gentleman of the house at leifure.

Taber. Meane you the Bridegroome M. *Chartly.*

Sencer. I haue a Letter for him. You seeme to be a gentleman your selfe, acquaint him with my attendance, and I shall rest yours in all good offices.

Taber. Sir *Boniface*, pray keepe the gentleman company. I will first acquaint your lippes with the vertue of the Seller.

Sir Boniface. *Adesdem* come neere, and tast of our beere.

Welcome, sine dole, for puntis te vole. *Exit.*

Sencer. When I tast of your liquor.
Gramercy master Vicar.

Enter Taber with a bowle of Beere and a Napkine.

Taber. Most heartily welcome: your curtesie I beseech you, ply it off, I intreate you, pray sir *Boniface* keepe the Gentleman company; till I acquaint my yong master with his businesse. *Exit.*

Sir Bonif. *Taber,* I shall beseech *las manus.*

They dissemble one to another.

Scener. A vostre seruator.

Enter Haringsfield.

Harring. Hee what art thou.

Scener. A hanger on, if it please you:

Harring. And I a shaker off, ile not beare your gallowes,

You shall not hang on mee.

Enter Chartly with his Napkin as from Dinner.

O Mr Bridegroome.

Chartly. Gentlemen, the Ladies call vpon you to dance, they will be out of measure displeas'd, if dinner beeing done, you bee not ready to leade them a measure.

Harring. Indeede women love not to bee scanted of their measure.

Chartly. Fie sir *Boniface*: haue you forgot your selfe,

Whilst you are in the Hall, there's never a whetstone for their wits in the Parler?

Sir Boniface. I will enter and set an edge vpon their Ingenies.

Chartly. To mee sir, from whom? a letter to her most deere most louing, most kind friend Mr. *Chartly* these bee deliuered: sure from some wench or other I long to know the contente.

Scener. Now to cry quittance with you for my farewell learn'd sir *Timothy*.

Chartly. Good newes, as I liue, there's for thy paines my good fir *Pandarus*: Hadst thou brought mee word my father had turnd vp his heeles, thou couldst scarcely haue pleased mee better: (*Hee reades*) though I disclaime the name of wife, of which I account my selfe altogether vnworthy, yet let mee claime some small interest in your loue, this night I lye at the house where wee were married, (the *Wifewomans* I meane) where my maiden-head is to bee rifled, bid fayre for it, and inioy it, see mee this night or never, so may you marrying *Gratiana*, and louing mee, haue a sweete wife and a true friend: This night or never, your *quondam* wife: Hereafter your poore sweet-heart no other: *Luce.* So when I am tyr'd with *Gratiana*, that is when I am past grace, with her I can make my rendevowz, ile not slip this occasion, nor sleepe till I see her, thou art an honest ladde, and maist prooue a good *Pimpe* in time. Canst thou advise mee what colour, I may haue to compasse this commodity.

Sencer. Sir, shee this night expects you, and prepares a costly banquet for you.

Chartly. Ile goe, although the *Deuill* and mischance looke bigge.

Sencer. Feyne some newes that such a peece of Land is false to you, and you must instantly ride to take possession of it, or which is more probable, cannot you perswade them you haue receiu'd a letter that your Father lyes a dying.

Chartly. You rogue, I would hee did but the name of that newes is cal'd, too good to be true.

Sencer. And that if ever you will see him aliue, you must ride post into the Country.

Chartly. Enough: if ever I prooue *Knight errant* thou shalt bee mine owne proper squire, for this thou hast fitted mee with a plot, doe but waite heere note how I will manage it.

Taber my horse, for I must ride to night.

Taber. To night sir.

Chartly. So tell my Bride and Father, I haue newes that quite confounds my fences.

Enter Sir Harry, Gratiana and Harringsfield.

Gratiana. How ride to night, the marriage day to morrow

And all things well provided for the feast.

O tell mee sweete, why doe you looke so pale.

Chartly. My Father, O my Father :

Grace. What of him.

Sir Harry. What of your father, Sonne ?

Chartly. If ever I will heere his aged tongue.

Preach to mee counsell, or his palfy hand,

Stroake my wild head, and bleffe mee, or his eyes :

Drop teare by teare which they haue often done,

At my misgovern'd rioting youth.

What should I more, if ever I would see ;

That good old man aliuie. Oh, Oh ?

Sencer. Goe thy wayes for thou shalt ha't.

Grace. But doe you meane to ride.

Chartly. Ey *Grace*, all this night.

Sencer. Not all the night without alighting fure :
You'l finde more in't then to get vp and ride.

Harring. The Gentlemans riding bootes and spurres. Why *Taber* ?

Chartly. Nay *Grace*, now's no time
To stand on scrupulous parting. Knewest thou my businesse.

Sencer. As shee shall knowe it :

Chartly. And how I meane this night to toyle my selfe.

Sencer. Marry hang you brock.

Chartly. Thou would be moane my travell.

Sencer. I know t'would grieue her.

Chartly. You father, *Grace*, good Mr. *Harrings-
full*

You sir, and all pray for mee Gentlemen,

That in this darke nights journey I may finde
Smooth way sweete speed and all things to my minde.

Sir Har. Wee'l see my sonne take horse.

Exeunt.

Gratiana. But I will stay.

I want the heart to see him post away ?

Sencer. Saue you gentlewoman, I haue a message
to deliver to one Mistresse *Gratiana*, this should bee
the Knights house her father.

Gratiana. It is : The message that you haue to
her,

You may acquaint mee with, for I am one
That knowes the inside of her thoughts.

Sencer. Are you the Lady,

Gratiana. Sir I am the poore gentlewoman.

Sencer. There is a conning woman dwells not
farre,

At *Hogsdon* Lady, famous for her skill.

Besides some private talke that much concernes
Your fortunes in your love. Shee hath to shewe you

This night if it shall please you walke so farre

As to her house, an admirable suite

Of costly needle worke, which if you please.

You may by vnder-rate for halfe the vales

It cost the making, about fixe a clocke.

You may haue view thereof, but otherwise,

A Lady that hath crau'd the sight thereof :

Must haue the first refusall.

Gratiana. Ile not fayle her.

My husband beeing this day rid from home.

My leasure fitly serues mee,

Sencer. Thanke you Mistresse ? At fixe a clocke.

Gratiana. I will not fayle the houre. *Exit.*

Sencer. Now to sir *Harry*, his is the next place.
To meete at *Hogsdon* his fayre daughter *Grace.* *Exit.*

Actus 5. Scena prima.

*Enter old M. Chartly as new come out of the Country
To inquire after his Sonne, and three or foure
serving men with blew Coates to attend him.*

Old Chart. Good heauen ; This *London* is a
stranger growne,
And out of my acquaintance, this feauen yeares
I haue not seene *Pauls* steeple, or *Cheape* crosse.

Gyles. Sir.

Old Chart. Hast thou not made inquiry for my
Sonne.

Gyles. Yes sir, I haue askt about euery where
for him,
But cannot heare of him.

Old Chart. Disperse your selues, inquire about
the *Tavernes*, *Ordinaryes*, *Bowle-alleyes*, *Teniscourts*,
Gaming-houses. For there (I feare) hee will be
found.

Gyle. But where shall wee heare of your worship
againe.

Old Chart. At *Grace Church* by the *Conduit*,
neere sir *Harry*,
But stay, leaue off a while your bootlesse search,
Had e're man such a wild braine to his sorrow,
Of such small hope, who when hee should haue married
A fayre, a modest, and a vertuous maide,
Rich and reuenewed well, and even the night
Before the marriage day, tooke horse, road thence
Whether Heaven knowes, since the distracted virgin
Hath left her Fathers house, but neather found,
Yet in their search wee haue measured out much Ground.

Enter Sir Harry and Sencer.

Sencer. Your worship will bee there.

Sir Harry. Yes, not to fayle.
At halfe an houre past fixe, or before feaven.

Sencer. You shall not finde us at fixe and at feaven, ile warrant you : good health to your worship.
Exit.

Sir Harry. Farewell good fellow,
At the *Wifewomans* house I know it well :
Perhaps shee knowes some danger touching mee.
I'll keepe mine houre.

Old Chart. *Sir Harry*, a hand a hand to balk you
it were finn.
I shall be bold to make your house mine Inne.

Sir Harry. Brother *Chartly*; I am glad to see
you.

Old Chart. Mee thinkes fir *Harry* you looke
strangely on mee.
And doe not bid me welcome with an heart.

Sir Harry. And blame mee not to looke
amazedly,
To see you heare.

Old Chart. Why mee ?

Sir Harry. Come come, y'are welcome.
And now ile turne my strangeness to true joy,
I am glad to see you well, and safe recovered,
Of your late grievous sickness.

Old Chart. The strange amazed lookes that you
cast off
You put on mee, and blame mee not to wonder,
That you should talke of sickness to sound men,
I thanke my starres, I did not tast the griefe
Of inward paine or outward malady,
This seaven yeeres day.

Sir Harry. But by your favour brother,
Then let mee haue my wonder backe againe.

Old Chart. Before I quite part with it, let mee
knowe,
Why you the name of brother put vpon mee.
In every clause, a name as strange to mee :
As my recovered sickness.

Sir Harry. You are plesant,
And it becomes you well, welcome againe,
The rather you are come juft to the wedding.

Old Chart. What wedding fir.

Sir Harry. That you should aske that question :
Why of my daughter *Grace*.

Old Chartly. Is *Grace* bestow'd? Of whom I
pray.

Sir Harry. Of whom, but of your sonne.
I wonder brother *Chartly*, and my friend,
You should thus play on mee.

Old Chart. But by your favour,
Were you tenne Knights *Sir Harry*, (take mee with
you)

My sonne match with your daughter, my consent,
Not worthy to bee crau'd.

Sir Harry. Nay, then I see :
You'll stirre my patience, know this forward match
Tooke its first birth from you.

Old Chart. From mee ?

Sir Harry. From you.

Peruse this letter, know you your owne hand.
'Twas well that I referu'd, your hand a witnesse
Against your tongue, you had best denie the
Ioynter,

Of the three hundred pounds made to my daughter,
Tis that I know you ayme at, but your feale.

Old Chart. Shall not make mee approue it, I
denye

This Seale for mine, nor doe I vouch that hand,
Your daughter and the dower, letter and all
I quite difclaime, fir *Harry* you much wrong mee.

Sir Harry. I can beare more then this, heape
wrong on wrong,

And ile support it all, I for this time
Will cast my spleene behind mee, and yet heare mee,
This letter your sonne *Chartly* as from you,
Delivered mee. I like the motion well.

Old Chart. My spleen is further throwne aside then
yours,

And I am full as patient, and yet heare mee ;
My sonne's contracted to another maid,
Nay I am patient still, yet that I writ
This letter feald, this impresse I denye.

Sir Harry. Why then the jack your hand did
counterfeit.

Old Chart. Why then hee did so, where's that vn-
thrift speake ?

Sir Harry. Some houre agoe, hee mounted and
rid post

To giue you visit whom hee said lay sicke
Vpon your death-bed.

Old Chart. You amaze mee fir.

It is an ill presage, hereon I see
Your former salutation tooke its ground :
'Too see mee safe recovered of my sicknesse.

Sir Harry. Indeed it did, your welcome is a
subject,

I cannot vse too oft, welcome againe,
I am sorry you this night must sup alone ;
For I am else-where cald about some businesse,
Concerning what I know not, howers run on.
I must to *Hogsdon*, high time I were gon. *Exit.*

Old Chart. Perhaps to the *Wifewomans*, shee may
tell mee,

The fortunes of my sonne, this accident,
Hath bred in mee suspition, and strange feares.
I will not sup alone, but I protest,
'Mongst some this night I'll play the intruding guest.
Exit with his serving-men.

*Enter the Wifewoman, Sencer, Luce and her
Father, 2. Luce.*

Wifew. But will fir *Harry* come.

Sencer. Presume hee will, and *Chartly* too.

Father. Ile have the knave by the eares.

Luce. Nay patience fir, leaue your revenge to
mee.

Enter M. Boyfter.

Boyfter. Granam I am come according to promise.

Wifew. And welcome to the best hole that I haue in *Hogsdon.*

Boyfter. Good even.

Luce. Thanks fir, a good even may it proue, That each may reape the fruits of their owne Love :

2. *Luce.* That shall be my prayer too.

Boyfter. Come what shall's doo.

Wifew. Withdraw, Ile place you all in severall roomes.

Where fit, see, but say nothing.

Exeunt.

Enter Taber ushering Gratiana.

Taber. Heere sweete Mistresse, I know the place well ever since I was heere to know my fortune.

Gratiana. Call mee some halfe an houre hence.

Exit.

Enter the Wifewoman and 2. Luce.

Wifew. Your Ladiship is most lovingly welcome. A low stoole for the Gentlewoman boy: I made bold to fend to you to take view of such a peece of worke, as I presume you haue feldome seene the like.

Gratia. Of whose doing, I pray.

Wifew. A friend of yours and mine. Please you withdraw

Ile bring you too't.

2. *Luce.* Mistresse.

Wifew. One calls sweet Lady, I shall doe you wrong,

But pray you thinke my little stay not long :

Enter Sencer, fir Harry and Luce.

Sencer. Here fir in this retyring Chamber.

Sir Harry. Gramercy friend, how now ; whats here to do

A pretty wench and a clofe chamber too.

Luce. That you haue fo much grac't my Mothers houle,

With your defired prefence worthy Knight.

Receiue a poore Maides thanks, who's there ? a chayre

And cushin for fir *Harry*.

Sir Harry. Thanks most fayre.

Luce. Pleafe you but a few minutes heere to flay : Till my returne, ile not bee long away.

Sencer. The gentlewoman will waite on you by and by fir.

Sir Harry. And ile attend her friend, Of all thofe doubts I long to know the end :

Enter 2. Luce and old Chartly.

2. Luce. The Knight you feeke was heere, or will bee freight,

And if you bee the man you name your felfe You are moft welcome, and you fhall not backe, Till you haue feene fir *Harry*.

Old Chart. Gentle youth.

I faw him enter heere, and under priuiledge Of his acquaintance made I bold to flay.

2. Luce. And you are welcome fir, fit downe I pray.

Wifew. Now they are plac't in feverall roomes, that looke

Into this one. Were *Chartly* come we had all our company.

Sencer. Harke, theres one knocks 'tis *Chartly* on my life.

346 *The Wise-woman of Hogsdon.*

Luce. One of you let him in whilst I prepare mee
To entertaine his comming.

Enter young Chartly, Vsherd in by Sencer.

Chartly. What? old acquaintance *Luce.* Not a word?
Yet some lip labour if thou lovest mee.

Gratiana. My Husband?

Sir Harry. What young *Chartly*?

Old Chart. How? My sonne.

Chartly. Come, come away with this wailing in woe, if thou puttst finger in the eye a little longer, I shall plunge in paine too presently.

Luce. O husband, husband.

Anne. Husband?

Chartly. What sayst thou my sweet wife.

Gratiana. Wife? O my hart.

2. *Luce.* In that name wife I claime a poore childs part.

Luce. O husband; How haue you usd mee?

Chart. Nay how doe I meane to use thee? But as a man

Should use his wife.

Gratiana. I hope hee doth not meane to use her so.

2. *Luce.* I hope so too.

Boys. My granam is a Witch.

Chart. Nay *Luce*, sweete wife leaue weeping if thou lou'st mee.

Luce. O can you blame mee, knowing that the fountaine

Of all these Springs tooke their first head, from you,
You know, you too will know, not three daies since
Are past, since wee were married.

Gratiana. Married, I can indure no longer.

Sir Harry. It cannot bee.

Old Chart. It is not possible.

Boyster. Ile bee even with thee, for this old granam.

Luce. And though wee wanted witnesse vpon Earth,
Yet Heaven beares record of our Nuptiall Tye.

Chart. Tush, when wee meete in heaven lets talk
of that.

Nay come you asse, you foole, whats past is past,
Though man and wife, yet I must marry nowe
Another gallant, here's thy letter *Luce.*

And this night I intend to lodge with thee.

2. *Luce.* I'll scratch her eyes out first, although I
love her.

Chartly. Prethe bee merry ?

I haue made a gull of *Grace*, and old fir *Harry*
Thinks mee a great way off, I tould the Knight,
My father lay a dying, tooke post horse,
Rid out of *Holburne*, turn'd by *Islington*,
So, hither wench to lodge all night with thee.

2. *Luce.* Heeres one faith nay to that.

Old Chart. Was that your journey :

Chartly. Why I haue too much *Grace* already.

Boyster. Thou hast no grace at all.

Chartly. Nay lets to bed, if thou couldst but ima-
gin how I loue thee *Luce.*

Luce. How is it possible you can loue mee, and goe
about to marry another.

Chartly. Dost thou not know shee's rich ? Why
you foole as soone as I haue got her dower, it is but
giuing her a dram, or a pill to purge melancholy to
make her turne vp her heeles, and then with all
that wealth, come I to liue with thee my sweete
raskall.

Gratiana. Shee thanks you, and is much behold-
ing to you.

Chartly. I am betraide.

Gratiana. Art thou my suiter ? would'st thou
marry mee,

And thy first wife aliue, then poyson mee,

To purchase my poore dowre.

Chartly. What shall I say, or thinke, or doe, I am at a Nonplus.

Gratiana. Haft thou the face, thou brazen impudence,

To look vpon mee past grace.

Chart. Thou canst not properly call mee past grace, for

I never inioyd thee yet : I cannot tell whether I blush or no, but I haue now at this time, More *Grace*, then I can tell what to doe with.

Gratiana. Who drew thee to this folly ?

Chartly. Who but the old dotard thy Father who when I was honestly married to a civill maide, hee perswaded mee to leaue her, I was loath at first, but after intreating, vrging, and offering mee large proffers, I must confesse I was seduc't to come a wooing to thee.

Grace. My father, villaine.

Chart. Ey thy father *Grace.* And were he heere would Iustifie it to the old dotards face.

Sir Harry. Vil'd boy thou dar'st not bee so impudent.

When did I meet thee, seeke or sue to thee :

When ? Name the day, the month, the houre, the yeare.

Chartly. Plots, plots. I can but cry you mercy both,

Say that I haue done you wrong, I can bee but forry for it, but indeede to cleare you, and lay the fault where it ought to bee. All this comes from mine owne father in the countrey, who hearing I had married with *Luce* sends mee word of his blessing to bee divorst from her, and to come a suiter to your daughter, I thinke you haue his hand and seale to show.

Old Chart. My hand and seale, when was that letter writ.

Chart. Heyda, if you get one word more of mee

to night, but scurvy lookes, ile giue you leaue to hang mee.

Sir Harry. Vilde boy.

Old Chart. Vngratious villaine.

Gratiana. Trecherous youth ?

Sir Harry. No grace at all ?

Chart. No grace.

Old Chart. This is bad company who hath feduc't thee ?

Speake on my blessing, who hath thus misled thee ?
But no more lyes I charge thee.

Chart. Bad company hath bin the shame of mee, I was as vertuously giuen as any youth in *Europe*, till I fell into one *Boyslers* company, 'tis hee that hath done all the harme vpon mee.

Boysler. I.

Chart. And if hee should deny it ?

Boysler. What then you'd cry him mercy.

Chart. I had best bite out my tongue, and speake no more what shall I doe, or what shall I say, there is no out-facing them all ; Gentlemen, Fathers, wiues, or what else. I haue wrongd you all. I confesse it that I haue, what would you more, will any of you rayle of mee ? Ile beare it, will any of you beate mee ? So they strike not too hard, Ile suffer it, will any of you challenge mee ? Ile answer it. What would you haue mee say, or doo ? One of these I haue married, the other I haue betrothed, yet both maides for mee ; Will you haue mee take one, and leaue the tother ? I will, will you haue me keepe them both ? I will.

Father. Periured not mine.

Chart. What you heere too ? Nay then I see all my good friends are met together, wilt thou haue mee *Luce* ? I am thy Husband, and had I not lou'd thee better then *Grace*, I had not disappointed the marriage day to morrow.

Luce. Lasciuious no.

Chartly. Wilt thou haue mee *Grace*, for had I not

lou'd thee better then *Luce*, I would never after I had married her bin contracted to thee.

Grace. Inconstant no.

Chart. Then neither married man, widdow nor batcheller, whats to bee done? Heeres even the proverbe verifi'd, betweene two stooles, the tayle goes to ground.

Sir Harry. Now I bethinke mee this our meeting heere is wondrous strange, call in the Gentlewoman that ownes this house.

Enter Sencer and the Wifewoman, Hee like a gentleman.

Boyster. Old trot, Ile trounce thee.
Here is the marriage prou'd twixt *Luce* and *Chartly*,
Witch this was not your promise.

Wifew. Haue patience, and in the end wee'l pay you all. Your worships are most hartily welcome, I made bold to fend for you, and you may see to what end, which was to discover vnto you, the wild vagaryes of this wanton wag pasty, a wild-oates I warrant him, and sir *Harry* that your daughter hath scap't this skouring, thanke this gentleman, and then make of him as hee deserues.

Sir Harry, O, I remember him.

Grace. Hee never pleas'd mine eye so well as now.

I know his Love, and hee in *Chartlyes* place
My favour shall possesse.

Sencer. Thanks my sweete *Grace*.

Sir Har. Ey and the more the inconstant youth to spight.

Sencer, I giue her thee in *Chartlyes* spight.

Chart. There's one gone already, but this is my wife and her ile keepe in spight both of the Devill and his dam.

Wifew. Not from her lawfull Husband.

Chart. That am I.

Wifew. That is the Gentleman, accept him *Luce*.

And you the like of her, nay ile make it good,
This gentleman married you visarded, you him dis-
guif'd mistaking him for *Chartly*, which none but my
boy *Iack* was privy too : after shee chang'd her habit
with him, as you with *Iack*.

And you in mistresse *Luces* habit.

Luce. May I beleue you mother.

Wifew. This bee your token.

Boyst. Her that I married, I wrong twice by the
finger.

Luce. Of that token, my hand was sensible.

Boyst. And ere the clamourous and loud noise bee
gone,

I whisperd to her thus.

Luce. You are the man.

Boyster. Thanks granam, what thou promist thou
haft done.

Father. And leauing him, I take you for my
sonne.

Chart. Two gone, then wheres the third, this
makes mee mad,

Where is my wife then, for a wife I had.

Wifew. Not see thy wife. Come hither jack my
boy.

Nay take him to thee, and with him all joy.

Old Chart. Well art thou seru'd to bee a generall
scorne,

To all thy bloud : and if not for our fakes,
For thy foules health and credit of the world,
Haue some regard to mee, to mee thy father.

Chartley. Enough sir : if I should say I would be-
come a new man ; You would not take my word. If
I should sweare. I would amend my life, you would
not take mine oath, if I should bind mysele, to
become an honest man you would scarce take my
bond.

Old Chart. I should doe none of these.

Chartly. Then see sir, when to all your judgements I see me past grace, doe I lay hold of *Grace*, and heere begin to retyre my selfe, this woman hath lent mee a glasse, in which I see all my imperfections, at which my conscience doth more blush inwardly, then my face outwardly, and now I dare confidently vndertake for my selfe I am honest.

2. *Luce.* Then I dare confidently vndertake to helpe you to a wife who desires to haue an honest man or none, looke on mee well, simple though I stand heere I am your wife, blush not at your folly man. perhaps I haue more in mee, then you expect from mee.

Chartly. Knavery and riot both which, are now to mee foraigne.

2. *Luce.* You and I haue bin better acquainted and yet searck mee not too farre least you shame mee, looke on mee well, nay better, better yet, ile assure you I left of a petticoate when I put on these breeches. What say you now.

Shee skatters her hayre.

Chart. First loue, and best beloved ?

2. *Luce.* Let me bee both or neither.

Wifew. My boy turn'd girle I hope shee'l keepe my counsell from henceforth, ile never entertaine any seruant but ile haue her searckt.

Old Chart. Her love hath drawne her hither after him.

My loving daughter welcome thou hast runne,
A happy course to see my son thus chang'd.

Chartly. Father, call mee once againe your sonne, and sir *Harry* mee your friend: *Sencer* an hand, and mistresse *Grace* an hart, in honourable loue. Where I haue wrong'd you *Luce* forgiue. Impute my errours to my youth not mee, with *Grace* I interchange an embrace with you *Luce*, a parting buffe I wish you all joy, deuide my heart amongst you, thou my soule.

Nay mother midnight theres some loue for you.

Out of thy folly, beeing reputed wife,
Wee, selfe concealed haue our follies found :
Beare thou the name of all these comick acts.
Luce, Luce and *Grace*, (O covetous man) I see,
I fought to ingrosse what now sufficeth three.
Yet each one wife, enough, one Nuptiall Feast :
Shall serue three Bridalls where, bee thou chiefe guest.

Exeunt omnes.

Explicat Actus 5.

TO
HIS CHOSEN FRIEND,
the learned Author Mr
Thomas Heywood.

T*Hou wants no Herald to divulge thy fame ;
't needs no Apologie ; Only thy name
Into judicious Readers, doth infuse ;
A will to adde a Lawrell to thy muse ;
Was now Mæcænas living, how would hee
Support thy learned wit ? whose industry
Hath purchas'd such a knowing skill ; that those
Who read admire thee ; lesse some Criticke shoves
His Ignorance in seeking with new songs,
To gaine the honour which to thee belongs.
But let pale envie belch forth all her spight
Thy Candid fame shall still continue white
Vnspotted, pure, and faire, till memory,
Be turn'd obliuion, or a Deity,
Proue mortall ; And when Atropos shall doe
The fatall office, her belongs vnto ;
Apollo will rebreath a life in thee,
In length to equall all eternitye
Where in Elyzian joyes hee will so raise
Thy worth where never wither shall the bayes
Wherewith hee crownes thee ; So thy works will show.
The Debt, I pay 's no more but what I owe.*

SAMVEL KING.

Londini Status Pacatus:

OR,

LONDONS Peaceable Estate.

Express in sundry Triumphs, Pageants, and
Shewes, at the Innitiation of the right
Honourable HENRY GARVVAY, into the
Majoralty of the Famous and farre
Renowned City LONDON.

All the Charge and Expence, of the laborious Pro-
jects both by Water and Land, being the
sole undertakings of the Right Worshipfull
Society of *Drapers*.

Written by THOMAS HEYVWOOD.

Redeunt Spectacula



Printed at *London*, by *John Okes*. 1639.





To the Right Honorable
Henry Garway, Lord Maior of
this Famous Metropolis; *London*.

Right Honourable,

TO whom for your long Travell, variety of Language, and knowne Wifedome, I cannot but give a precedence due to your Person, as a priority belonging to your place; since laboured lines onely comply with judicious eares. I must ingeniously confesse your worth so farre to transcend my weakenesse, that I am almost silent in the Proem ere I enter on the Epitasis: yet presuming on your generous disposition, which ever waiteth on sollid Judgement, I thus proceede.

Your breeding (Right Honourable) next to a Scholler hath bene chiefly in Mercature, and of your sufficiency therein, you have not onely given to this City ample satisfaction; but to the severall parts of this Christian World: your personall Travell in your youth acquainting you with the passages and proceedings in other forraigne regions, have bettered your conceptions (now growing towards Age) in the management of State Magistracy in your native Realme: of which since the time that you were first

The Epistle Dedicatory.

chosen Alderman, you have given rare President; none having decided more differences, ended more doubtfull Causes; or beene a greater Peace-maker than your honoured selfe.

And for the multiplicity of your Commerce, it is most manifest, that you have long Traded (to begin with the nearest first) in the Low Countries, *France, Spaine, Italy, Venice, East India*; and moreover in *Greene-land, Muscovy, and Turkey*, of which three noble societies last named you are at this present Governour. History tells us that divers Prætors and Tribunes during the time of their Authority, have bin so indulgent over the people committed to their charge; that they have not onely ratified the good Edicts of others, but devised wholsome Ordinances of themselves: when *Solon* swayed the Senate no Creditor had power over the Debtors bodies, but their goods onely. In *Platoes* Common-weale all excesse was prohibited, which amongst the *Romans* was cald *Lex sumptuaria*. *Acilius glabrio* made an Edict *De pecuniis repetundis*, Commanding all mony taken by bribery, extortion, or other indirect meanes to bee restored, cald *Lex Acilia*: Another compelled the *Plebe* to a liberall contribution towards all publicke Showes, and Triumphs; which was Titled *Lex fannia*.

But not to indanger the just reproofe of a presumptuous arrogance, in prompting your Lordship in the studied Duties of your succeeding charge, I conclude with that Spanish Refran: *Embia al sabio a la embaxada, Y no le degat nada*; still remembering that of *Cato*, *Imperium gero non mihi sed Civitati et socijs*.

Your Honours most obsequious

Tho. Heywood.



Londini Status

Pacatus: or

Londons Peaceable Estate.

Not to insist upon the Antiquity, Nobility, nor the first foundation and scituation of this glorious City, comparing it with others (of old) rarely remarkable; now demolisht and ruin'd: neither with those contemporary or at this present in greatest prosperity, either for Magnificent structure, or Grave and godly Government; because it hath bin the *Annually* argument, suiting with the occasion now in agitation: let them therefore passe as conclusions granted, & principles against which there is no disputation to be held; since for beautifull Architectures, Pallaces, Rialtoes, Guilds, Arcenalls, Temples, Cathedralls, Aquæducts &c. and further for commerce in al Countries, Christian or Heathen; discoveries, plantations, (as in *Ireland, Virginia, Bromoothos, or Summers Islands, St. Christophers, New England, Harber-grace* in new-found Land &c.

In which the most famous Cities of the World, *Athens, Thebes, Lacedemon*, nor *Rome* it selfe the Metropolis of the *Roman* Empire, could in her most flourishing estate and Potency, (though she Tyranniz'd over the whole World,) in the least compare with *London*. And in the way of Competitor-ship, the *Spartan Ephori*, the *Athenian Areopagitæ*, with *Romes* purple Optimates, may subscribe to her scarlet Senate; no Pretor in any City whatsoever being graced with the like Sollemne and sumptuous Inauguration.

But from the Gity, I come now to the particular Company of the *Drapers*, one of the prime members thereof; which may claime one speciall priority above the rest: in regard that Sir *Henry Fitz-Alwin* was of that Fraternity, and the first Lord Major, who might bee rather call'd a perpetuall Dictator than an one yeares Prætor; continuing his Majoralty from foure and twenty yeares and upwards together: not *Anno completo*, but *vita durante*; from his Initiation, to his Expiration: which hath not hapned in any other of the eleven Worshipfull Societies. After him within a little space, Sir *William Powltney* foure yeares together Lord Major, *John Hind*, Sir *John New-man*, Sir *Richard Hardell*, before whom the Sword was borne for the space of fixe severall yeares without intermission. *Simon Eyre* who built *Leaden Hall*, or Sir *Richard Pipe*, *George Monox*, Sir *John Milborne*, Sir *Richard Campion*, Sir *Thomas Hayes*, Sir *John Iolls*, Sir *Edward Barkham*, Sir *Martin Lumley*, Sir *Allen Cotten*, Sir *Cutbert Hacket*, and Sir *Maurice Abbot*, whom the Right Honourable *Henry Garway* now succeedeth: the right Worshipfull Mr. *Thomas Adam*, being this yeare Sheriffe, and of the *Drapers* Society.

And although before the last Lord Maior preceeding this, there hath not bin any for the space of ten yeares of that Worshipfull fraternity, yet in the Annual viceffitude of twelve yeares before, fixe of those before named were elected into the Prætorian dignity: and all, or most of these from the

first being builders of Churches, and Chappels; Founders of Schooles, Almes-houses, and Hospitalls, repayers of decayed Temples, and Oratories; Benefactors to Halls, and liberall contributors to the maintaining of Arts, and all Pious and Charitable acts whatsoever. Besides your Coate of Armes, Nobilitated by ancient Heraldry, being three imperiall Crownes supported by two golden pelleted Lions; your Crest *Aries*, the first of the twelue Zodiack signes; your inscript, *To God alone be all honour and glory*: your Patronesse, the blessed Virgin; all these approve your antiquity and dignity: I have nominated these amongst many, &c. but I come now to the first shew by water.

The first Shew by water.

IS a person representing the ancient River *Nilus*, mounted in a Sea-Chariot, and seated upon a silver Scallop (the plat-forme decored with Marine Nimphs and Goddeses) his habit suiting with the nature of the river, in his right hand a seven-forked Scepter, alluding to the seven heads, or as many Channells through which he runnes; and therefore by *Ovid*, cald *Septem-fluus*: he is drawne by two *Crocadiles*, which may be reckoned amongst the *Amphibiae*, as living in, and pertaking of the two Elements, Earth and Water: the river it selfe by sundry Inundations watereth the whole Land of *Aegypt*, leaving behind it a slime, or moist Clay, which serveth for a marle or manuring, to make the soyle more fertill. The originall head from which it flowes is uncertaine, which *Claudian* thus expresseth: *Et Arcanos Nili deprendite fontes*. The Ecclesiasticall Writers hold it for one of the foure rivers that floweth from the earthly Paradise; in divers places it changeth name, according to the scituation of the shores through which it runnes: it brings forth Reedes, whose filmes or inward rinds are much like our Paper, and for a need may be writ

upon; and therefore by the Poets cald *Nilus papyri-fer*: of all other rivers it onely breedeth *Crocodiles* and *Hippotami*, *Æqui fluviales*, *Sea Horses*.

The *Crocodile* is a Serpent that from a small Egge, growes in short time to a mighty length and bignesse, for some of them have bin 22 Cubits long; it hath four feet, with which he runnes as swiftly on land as hee swims by water; he is bold over those that fly him, but fearefull of those that pursue him; the foure winter moneths, *November*, *December*, *January*, and *February*, he eats not at all; hee hath no tongue, but teeth sharpe and long; neither in feeding doth he move his lower jaw: briefly, hee is terrible to man and beast, and preyes on both: but I leave them and come to the speaker.

Nilus.

Nilus an ancient River, knowne to excell
Amongst those foure, (which before Adam fell
Waterd the earthly Paradise) now claimes
A new alliance with his brother Thames.

Martia, so cald of Marfius, who to win
The praise from great Apollo, lost his skin:
Amphrifus, who his name shall ever keepe,
Since there Apollo kept Admetus Sheepe.
Nor yet Cremera, by whose fertile side
Three hundred and sixe Fabij at once dide.
Xantus, and Simois, those too famous floods,
So often stan'd in Greeke and Trojan bloods:
Nor let Pharfalian Enepeus boast
In Cæsars triumph, o're great Pompies hoast:
Deucalion bragge not of Cephifus for'd,
Because neere it lost man-kind he restor'd:
Caister of her Swans, Permessus cleere,
Proud that the Muses were delighted there.
Paetolus, nor Idaspes, fam'd of old
For glittering Channells, pav'd with pearle and gold.
Let none of these compare with aged Nile,

*Who onely breeds the weeping Crocodile :
Who drew me hither to the Celebration,
Of this your great loud voyc'd inauguration.*

*Grave and judicious Prætor, O make me
Your happy Embleame ; since as I foresee
By reason, that in Ægypt falls no raine,
There needs must be a dearth of grasse and graine ;
Therefore, by frequent Inundations, I
In my great care, that needfull want supply :
So Magistrates (of which you prime and best
We must acknowledge) ought to the distrest :
In your known gravity and goodnesse cast
The future to provide for, salve what's past.*

*My seven-fold Scepters Hierogliphick, tels
Seven heads, from which my mighty river swels,
Seven liberall arts (by you maintaind) expresse
Your Cities magnitude and worthinesse.*

*And as you see my Crocodiles I sway,
Monsters, which both by land and water prey)
If any such here breed ? as some no doubt,
In place and Office may be ; search them out :
And then, what greater honour can you claime,
Then such rude beasts like me to curbe and tame ?
But y'are too long detain'd ; I next commend you,
Vnto those Triumphs that on Land attend you.*

The second Shew, but the first by Land.

IS *Fanus*, plac'd upon an Artificiall Structure, built in a square modell, at the foure corners whereof sit foure Persons representing the foure seasons ; *Spring, Summer, Autume, Winter* ; every one habited agreeable to his propriety and condition. The name *Ianus* is borrowed from the *Hebrew* word *Iain*, which implyeth *Vinum*, wine, being held to bee the first that planted the Vine. Some report him to have bin an ancient King of *Italy* amongst the *Aborigines*, *An. mun.* 2629, & before Christ 1319, who received *Saturne* flying from his Son *Iupiter*, & taught him the

use of Agriculture and Tillage. Historians report him to have bin the wisest King in his dayes ; remembring things past, and predicting what was futurely to come ; & therefore they figured him with two faces : he was Deified after his death, to whom *Numa* dedicated a Temple, shut in the time of peace, open in the time of warre ; from which he had the denomination of *Ianus Patuleius*, and *Clausius* : some thinke him to have bin *Ogyges*, others *Noah*, with one face looking backward upon the world before the Flood, the other forward on that since the Flood : they also called the one the face of Government, the other of Labour. His standing upon such fixt bases admonisheth all Magistrates, and men of Honour, to be constant in all their courses ; but especially in the establishing and maintenance of true Religion : He holdeth in his hand a golden Key to shut up the yeare past, as never more to come ; and open to the yeare future : it may also be an Embleme of noble policy to unbosome and bring to light their trecherous devises and stratagems, who seeke to undermine and supplant the prosperity of a faire & flourishing Common-weale. Upon the Key are two Greek letters ingraven, ξ and ϵ and on a bar in his left hand the letter τ all being numerall, and make up 365, the number of the dayes in our solary yeare ; of which by some hee is stil'd the Father : the bar in his left hand implyeth the Fortitude required in every good Magistrate, in the incouragement of vertue, and suppreffion of vice, &c. *Ianus* the speaker :

His speech as followeth.

I *Janus, the yeares Father, in my prime*
Almost as soone as either light, or time ;
Hither my seruants the foure Seasons bring
Cold Winter, Autumne, Summer, and the Spring.
Eleven Moneths are my Sonnes, my Daughter May
Makes up the twelfth : her Sisters Night, and Day
Acknowledge me their Father : Girles of spleene

*So oppos'd, they never will at once bee seene.
The Houres my Hand-maids are, which imploy'd
well,*

*Shall make you in your Prætor-ship excell
(As all the rest fore-nam'd :) Behold this Key,
With which I o'pe the gates of Land and Sea
To the time future ; being made by me
To all your Trade, commerce, and Trafficke free.
Proccede and prosper, whilst the yeare fore-past
(As never more to come) I shut up fast ;
One face still looking backe, least good Aëts done
Might be obscur'd in darke oblivion :
As th' other forward, to see what's to doe ;
Both for Gods Honour, and your Countryes to.*

*From Ianus this use may it please you gather,
You for one yeare are made the Cities Father ;
These foure succeeding Seasons, I resigne
Unto your charge ; (which I before cald mine :)
To the twelue Moneths, most aptly may comply
Your twelue chiefe Companies : who can deny
My Daughter Day for your employment prest ?
The blacke-brow'd Night, sequestred for your rest ?
So spend the Houres to inrich future glory,
Both for your owne grace and the Cities glory.*

*My golden Key make use off, to set wide
Those Prison gates, where many a soule hath dide,
Starv'd by th' Oppressors cruelty ; those Gaild
For Capitall crimes, unpittied, and unbaild,
Reserve for publicke Triall : Iustice is bound
To cut of Gangreenes, to preserve the sound :
But none knowes better than your selfe (Grave Lord)
What Mercy is : or when to use the Sword.*

The third Show

IS *Orpheus* with his Harpe, seated in a faire Plat-
forme, beautified with pleasant Trees, upon which
are perch't severall Birds, and below Beasts of all forts,

who notwithstanding being of severall conditions, and opposite natures, yet all imagined to be attentive to his Musick. This Show hath reference to the title of the whole Triumph, *Status pacatus*, A peaceable and blest estate, in which our Sovereigns Royalty hath a correspondence with *Saturnes* Reigne, which was cald the golden world. There were foure most excellent of the Harpe, remembred unto us by the ancient Poets, who are likewise the Emblemes of the foure Elements: *Apollo* the Son of *Iupiter* and *Latona*, (killing the Dragon *Pithon*) of fire. *Amphion* the Son of *Iupiter* and *Antiope*, figured with a *Camelion* of Ayre. *Arion* the *Methimnian* riding upon a *Dolphin*, of water: and *Orpheus* the *Thracian* (thus accomodated) of the Earth: and these attributes were confer'd on them for their severall Ayres, and straines in Musick: this *Orpheus* was the Sonne of *Apollo*, who instructed him on the Harpe, upon which he grew so excellent that the Woods and Mountaines followed him; the Rivers staid their course, and the wild beasts, and birds their prey, with Trees, and stones were said to be attentive to his Musick: of him much more might be spoken, but to shorten circumstance I come to his Speech.

Orpheus.

I *Nquire from all antiquity, 'tis said
That when Apolloes Son, (I Orpheus) plaid
Vpon my Harpe: the rivers if they swel'd
Above their bankes or Torrents that rebeld;
Grew smooth to heare my musicke: and forbore
To vex the Channels, or molest the Shore.
The Panther, Tyger, the wild Boare, the Beare,
Forget their rage, to give me attentive eare,
Lions with Lambs together coucht in love,
As dreadlesse by the Falcon pearcht the Dove:
The Hounds their pursuite did leave off, and there*

Sate Hart, and Hare, close by them without feare :
 The sad predicting Raven, from the Oake
 (Hollowed with age) was not once heard to croake,
 Nor any Bird of harsh throate : onely then
 The Nightingale, the Robin, and the Wren
 With all their muscally quire, in silent groanes,
 (Affraide to sing out) cherrupt to my Tones.
 The very Trees I did so much intrance,
 They shooke their bowes because they could not dance :
 But, Stones not rooted, but above the ground
 Mov'd in rare postures to my Harps sweet found :
 I the foure blustering Brothers rage make calme,
 And 'stead of violent gusts to breath soft balme.

Yet there's an Harmony which doth rejoyce
 Mans heart, more than the Instrument, or Voyce ;
 The Gitterne, Harpe, the Viol, and the Lute,
 When that is heard to found may all stand mute ;
 Whose happy Symptoms more contentment brings
 Than any Consort, made by breath or strings :
 And sends a sweeter rapture to the eares
 Than that above ; made by th' orbicular Spheares.

May it your grave Pretorian wisdome please,
 You are that Orpheus who can do all these :
 If any streame beyond its bounds shall swell,
 You beare the Trident that such rage can quell.
 When beasts of Rapine (trusting to their power)
 Would any of your harmeleffe flocks devoure :
 Yours is the sword that can such violence stay,
 To keepe the Rich from rigour, Poore from prey ;
 Neither from any harsh ill-boading beake,
 Least discord shall be heard, when you but speake ;
 Whilst in Harmonious quire the rest contend,
 Which in your praise each other shall transcend.

Trees rooted in selfe-will, and (which seemes strange)
 Even senceleffe stones you into life may change.
 This Wisdome can ; yet there's a more Devine
 Concordancy, which farre exceedeth mine :
 That's of unanimous hearts ; plenty, increase ;
 With all Terrestriall blessings waite on peace :

*Which whilst maintain'd in your Commerce and Trade,
Proves sweeter Musicke than e're Orpheus made.*

The fourth Show

IS a Chariot drawne by two Cammells, upon eithers back an *Indian* mounted, and habited according to the manner of their Country : of Cammells there be two sorts, the *Bactrian*, and *Arabian* ; and differ thus : The *Bactrians* have two bunches or swellings on the backe, and are called *Dromedaries* : the *Arabians* but one, and another on the breast, on which they leane when they lye downe to rest : They want the upper order of teeth, and are some times used in War, in velocity exceeding horses ; but most commonly for burdens, every one being acquainted with his owne lading according to his strength ; lesse weight they desire not, and more they will not beare : they are taught to kneele till they have their load, and then they rise of themselves. Neither in their journey will they change their pace ; they can abstaine from water foure dayes together, but then they drinke as well for the time past, as that to come ; yet not before with their feet they have troubled the streame : they live to fifty yeares, and some to an hundred ; and though the pelleted Lyons might have serv'd more properly to this place, as being supporters of the Armes belonging to the Right Worshipfull Company of the *Drapers* ; yet these are as genuine to the purpose : to show his Lordships generall negotiation in all kinds of Merchandise whatsoever.

I cannot stand to speake much of the Fleece, but of *Iason* and *Medea*, (thus briefly ;) *Iason* signifieth *Janans*, or healing, *Medea consilium*, or Counsell : he was the Son of *Æta*, his Father was no sooner dead but he left the Kingdome to his brother *Pelias*, who set him upon an adventure to fetch the golden Fleece from *Colchos* : to which purpose hee caused the *Argoe*

to be built, in which sixty of the prime Princes of *Greece* accompanied him; whom *Medea* the Daughter of *Oetes* King of *Colchos* courteously entertained with all the rest of the *Argonauts*: and being greatly inamoured of him, and affraide least he should perish in the attempt; knowing the danger he was to undergoe, upon promise of Marriage, she taught him how he should tame the Brazen-footed Bulls, and to cast the Dragon that watched the Fleece into a dead sleepe: which hee did, and by slaying him bore away the prize. The rest I leave to the Speaker, which is

Medea.

T*Hus doth the daughter of the Colchian King,
Her Husband Iason home in Triumph bring,
After his mighty Conquest of the Fleece;
The Aureum vellus brought from thence to Greece.*

*And wast not a brave prise? for who so dull
Cannot conceive the worth of golden wooll?
The mornings Sun upon their Fleeces shines,
Making the fields appeare like richest Mines.*

*One of the first we reade of was the Ram,
Upon whose back Phrixus and Helle swam
The Hellespont: she to her lasting fame
(By being drown'd there, gave the Sea that name:)
But Phrixus safely did to Colchos steere,
And on Ioves Alter sacrificed there*

*The golden Beast, whose faithfull service done,
With the Celestiall gods such favour won;
That striving 'mongst themselves to have him grac'd,
Him first of all the Zodiak signes they plac'd.*

*And worthily, search the vast earth or deep,
No beast to man, so usefull as the sheep:
How many poore men doth it keepe in pay,
Of several Trades and faculties; else they
Might starve for want of lively-hood: but their charge
bearing*

By Carding, Spinning, Weaving, Fulling, Shearing.

*How with her flesh we are satisfi'd within,
 Cloath'd with her Wooll without; in whose shorne skin
 Those reverent antiquities are kept,
 Which else long since had in oblivion slept:
 And for the Fleece it selfe, it is an honour;
 First Nature, and since Time, hath cast upon her,
 So great, so eminent, so meriting praise,
 Even Emperours weare it on their Feastivall dayes:
 And none that ever her true vertue knew,
 But rated her with Ophir, and Peru.*

*These Cammels though amongst us rarely seene,
 Yet frequent where your Lordship oft hath beene
 In your long Travells: may the world perswade
 The rich Commerce and noblenesse of your Trade.*

*Time jo contract's us, that we cannot dwell
 On all in which you Merchants most exceed:
 Yet honor'd Sir, what's in this place deny'd
 Shall in Pacatus Status bee supply'd.*

The fifth Show.

AS the last had a relation to the Company in generall, so this hath reference to his Lordship in particular, as he is a noble Merchant; having it hereditary from his worthy Father Mr. *William Garway*, who was not onely a great Benefactor to the Right Worshipfull Society of the *Drapers*, but an indulgent Educator of divers yong men, who have since prov'd great and Eminent adventurers; some attaining even to the prime Magistracy of this our Metropolis.

The next Modell presented to the publick view is a Ship, which as it hath all accomodatings and ornaments belonging to such a Vessell; so it is also decored with the Armes of the nine Companies of Merchant-adventurers, of which his Lordship hath bin, and is at this present free: the trouble of the place, the presse of so mighty a confluence, with the necessity of time, in the solemnity of such a Feastivall Day (then

limited) will not afford it a ſpeech : which I the rather omit ; becauſe in the laſt representation of the like, the excellency of Merchandife, the commodity of ſhipping, with the antiquity and profit of Navigation was delivered at large : I therefore come to the fixt and laſt, which is

AN artificiall Architecture beſt able (for the Workeman-ſhip) to commend it ſelfe, and being apparent to the publick view, leſſe needeth my deſcription. It preſenteth the calamities of War, & the bleſſedneſſe of peace, *Status Pacatus* ; bearing the Title of the whole Triumph : In one part thereof are expreſt to the life, the figures of *Death, Famine, Sickneſſe, ſtrage*, &c. in the other *Proſperity, Plenty, Health, Wealth*, but eſpecially the free and frequent Preaching of the Word and Goſpell. I deſire not to ſwell theſe few pages to ſmall purpoſe, therefore thus briefly of both. Peace is the Tranquility, and calme quiet of Kingdomes, free from Section, tumult, uproares and faction ; a Plantation of reſt, eaſe and ſecurity ; with all the flouriſhing ornaments of earthly felicity : peace is the end at which War aimeth : Honour the fruits of peace ; and good Government the ground of either, aſking no leſſe wiſedome to preſerve it, then valour to obtain it : for Concord and Unity maketh a mite to increaſe to a Magazin, when diſcord and debate in any publick Weale, or private ſociety, leſſeneth a mountaine to a Mole-hill ; and therefore *Pacem te poſcimus omnes*.

Now of the contrary, War is of two ſorts, Civill, or Forraigne. Domeſticke War is the over-throw and ruine of all Eſtates and Monarchies, and the incendiary of whatſoever is moſt execrable, begetting contempt of God, corruption of manners, and diſobedience to Magiſtrates : change of Lawes, neglect of Juſtice, and diſ-eſtimation of Learning and liberall Arts : But forraigne Warre is that (by *Plato*, cald a more gentle and generous contention) onely lawfull, being under-

tooke to propagate true Religion; or to procure a continuance of Peace. Any War may be begun with great facility, but is ended with much difficulty; neither is it in his power to end it who begins it: to raise a combustion is in the power of any Coward, but to appease it lyes onely in the mercy of the Conquerour: & therefore much safer and better is certaine peace, than hoped for Victory: the first is in our Will, the latter in the Will of the Gods.

*Ergo Fames, pestis, Bellum graffantur in omnes,
Vivere si vultis, vivite jam melius.*

By War, Plague, Famine (loe) the people fall;
Then *better* live: if you will live at all.

The more to illustrate this Tryumph, it is graced by the Company of Artillery men compleatly armed, to expresse Warre: and the Livery and gown-men being the Embleme of Peace. I come now to the Speech, delivered by *The Genius of the City*.

W*Ar, to the unexperient'd, pleasant showes,
But they who in the Progresse and the Clofe
Shall trace it, know it horrid; 'Tis a time
Destin'd, to the revenge, and scourge of Crime:
A time, when numerous armies, with the stresse
Of mailed men, and harness'd Horses, presse
Grones from the trembling Earth (with feare affounded)
And with the reeking gore of slaine and wounded
Drencht her in stead of Raine: when like shooting
Comets
It's lightning bolts the thundring Cannon vomets;
Quaking the bellowing Ayre: when shrill alarmes,
Rushing of rowted Troopes, clashing of Armes
Render a noise; as hidious and as loude,
As a tumultuous sea in Tempest plow'd:
When slaughter strowes the crimson plaine with Courses,
Men combat men, enraged Horses, Horses:
When Massacre, (all quarter quite denying)
Revells amidst the flying, crying, dying.*

*It is a Time when Stratagem surrounds,
And the beleagured City close impounds :
When mounted Ordnance with their streporous peale
(Warrs Dialect) on both sides raile ; and deale
Death at each dire discharge : When pinching need
Of food, hath forc'd the famisht'd Mother feed
On her 'fore-starved Babe ; and Hunger raves
So fiercely, Men eat men out of their Graves :
When Plague makes friend, the friend ; brother, the
brother ;*

*The Harmlesse, armelesse ; murder one another :
When in the Husbands and sad Parents
fight,*

The Wife, and Virgins ravisht, in despight *As lately in
Germany.*
*Of helpelesse succour ; when without all ruth,
The Honourable Aged, lovely Youth
And Infant, in promiscuous heapes are throwne
(By indifferent havock) like a meadow mowne.*

*It is a time, when forrage, pillage, strage,
What witty cruelty, or barbarous rage
Can or invent or execute ; designe
To utter desolation : when in fine
Whole Troy is but one Bone-fire, that devours
House, Pallace, Temple, and kicks downe those Towers
That with the Clouds did late alliance boast ;
Which in aspiring smoke give up the ghost.
Last him (who Exit, in these Tragick Scenes,
Of sword, fire, famine, plagues find ; thraldome gleanes.*

*And such a time is War, and such the throwes
Our neighbour Nations travell now in ; woes
Quite desperate of delivery : whilst calme Peace,
Prosperity, and Plenty, with increase
Of all concatenated Blessings smile
With cheerefull face on this sole-happy Isle.*

*Let then our gratitudes and Pious cares
Strive to entaile them to Us, and our Heires :
Lest that too late, (having sterne Warre accited)
We wish that Peace ; which (whilst we had) we
sighted.*

One thing I cannot omit, concerning the Wardens and Committies of this Worshipful Society of the *Drapers*; that howsoever in all my writing I labour to avoyd what is Abstruse or obsolete: so withall I study not to meddle with what is too frequent and common: yet in all my expressions either of Poeticall fancie, or (more grave History,) their apprehensions went equally along with my reading: neither, had I travel'd in the least deviating path, could I have escapt without a just taxation: but I come now to the last Speech at night.

The last Speech.

T*He Sun is set, Day doth not now appeare
(As some few houres late) in our Hemisphere;
Hesperus the Captaine of the Watch, hath tane
Charge of the Starrs; and now about Charles-waine
Hath plac'd his Centinels to' attend the Moone,
If possible to make of mid-night noone.*

*May't please you to remember from old Nile,
The danger of th' Amphibian Crocadile;
How from old Janus, you this yeare have power
Over each Season, Moneth, each day and houre.
From Orpheus, that sweet musick of two parts,
The civill Harmony of tongues and hearts.
The Fleece of Aries Trumpets to eternity,
The Drapers Honour, due to that Fraternity.
We by the Sheep and Camels understand,
Your Lordships Travells both by Sea and Land:
Status Pacatus last doth intimate,
The happinesse of this your peacefull state.
Long may it last (of all Earths blessings best,)
Whilst we this night commend you to your rest.*

Concerning these two excellent Artists, Master *John*, and Master *Mathias Christmas*, brothers; the exquisite contrivers of these Triumphall Models; I can onely

say thus much : their workeman-ship exceeds what I can expresse in words, and in my opinion their performance of what they undertake, is equall at least, if not transcendent over any's who in the like kind shall strive to parrallell them.

FINIS.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 65.

The Song.

The Spanyard loves his antient Slop, &c.

The same song is printed again with some slight verbal differences in *The Rape of Lucrece*, p. 216.

PAGE 81.

Loves Maistresse : or The Queens Masque.

This and the following play, *The Rape of Lucrece*, were reprinted in 1824 as Nos. 4 and 5 of *The Old English Drama : A Selection of Plays from the Old English Dramatists* (Baldwyn).

PAGE 88.

Ceres with plenty shall inrich your store
And Mercury shall flie from shore to shore.

The first of these lines, which is omitted in both the old editions of the play, is supplied from the Prologues and Epilogues printed in Heywood's little volume of *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramma's*. Lond. 1637, p. 240.

PAGE 180.

It is perhaps the sanfing bell.

Sance bell—Saint's bell, or the Sanctus bell, a small bell which called to prayers and other holy offices.

PAGE 195.

Where she her flax and tow did hatchell.

i. e., drefs.

PAGE 201.

Her tongue not too lowd nor cocket.

i. e., pert.

PAGE 205.

if thou lov'st me drinke vps freeze.

A cant phrase, borrowed from the Dutch, of frequent occurrence in our dramatic writers, and used to signify being intoxicated. Its derivation is doubtful, but the most probable interpretation is "in the Dutch fashion." See Notes to Chapman, Vol. III.

PAGE 206.

this Dutch Taffaker.

Taffaker is perhaps used here to signify a cup or goblet, from the word *tasse*.

PAGE 213.

Your Partlets turne into Rebatoes.

f.e., turn your ruffs into falling collars.

Ib.

Your Fronlets lay by, and your Rayles.

i. e., cloaks, or loose gowns.

Ib.

Strawe-hats shall be no more Bongraces.

Projecting bonnets to defend the complexion.

PAGE 216.

SONG.—*The Spaniard loves his ancient slop.*

It has already been noted that this is the same song, with a few verbal variations, which appears in *A Challenge for Beauty*, *suprà*, p. 65.

PAGE 219.

*hath the grandame world
Yet smothered such a strange abortive wonder.*

The editor of *The Old English Drama* (1824) reads "mother'd" in this line.

PAGE 220.

*for any thing that we know he hath us'd staves aker a late.
Staves-acre is the herb larkspur.*

Ib.

*were these fortunes
To make thee great in both.*

So all the original editions: the editor of *The Old English Drama* reads—

*"where these fortunes
Do make thee great in both."*

PAGE 227.

Packe cloudes away, &c.

This exquisite little song, with one or two unimportant verbal differences, is printed among the Epithalamions in Heywood's *Dialogues and Drammas*. Lond. 1637. pp. 262-263.

PAGE 265.

Proteus.

Diodorus, i. 62, explains the fable of the varied shapes assumed by Proteus, as an allusion to a custom of the Egyptian kings, who adorned their heads with various figures and emblematic devices, intended to strike beholders with awe and reverence,—the king being with this ancient nation the chief priest, and a sort of human god.

PAGE 268.

Her fleece an order, and by emperours worne.

Monstrelet, in his *Chronicles*, describes the institution of this order in these words:—"In this year (1429) the Duke of Burgundy established, in honour of God and St. Andrew, whose

cross he bore in his arms, an order or fraternity of twenty-four knights without reproach, and gentlemen from four generations, to each of whom he gave a collar of gold handsomely wrought with his device, viz. 'Du Fufil' (a steel striking sparks from a flint), to each of which collars were suspended in front, like as great ladies wear crosses, clasps, or diamonds; and in the centre thereof was a golden fleece, similar to what Jason conquered in old times, as is written in the history of Troy, and which no Christian prince had ever before made use of. The duke therefore called this order 'the order of the Golden Fleece.'—*Chap. 79, Johnes' translation.*

PAGE 269.

Rhinoceros, in continuall enmity with the elephant.

This is a very ancient fable, which as it long preceded, so it for many years survived the author of this pageant. Edward Topfel, chaplain of St. Botolph, Aldersgate, in his very curious book, *The History of four-footed Beasts*, 1658, a thick folio of marvellous stories selected from Conrad Gesner, and others; tells us that when these animals "are to fight, they whet their horn upon a stone: and there is not only a discord betwixt these beasts and the elephant for their food, but a naturall dissention and enmity, for it is confidently affirmed, that when the rhinoceros which was at Lisbon was brought into the presence of an elephant, the elephant ran away from him." We are then told that he conquers "by fastening his horn in the elephant's belly," and that "he is taken by the same means that the unicorn is taken; for it is said by Albertus, Ifidorus, and Alumnus, that above all other natures they love virgins, and that unto them they will come, be they never so wild, and fall asleep before them; so being asleep they are easily taken and carried away.' Much more to the same purpose has he of elephants; and the reader who would wish to know of "their reverence for kings," "their love of beautiful women," and even "the religion of elephants," will do well to consult Topfel's book.

PAGE 270.

The Sovereign of the Seas.

The pamphlet to which our author alludes is intitled *A true*

Description of his Majesties Royall Ship, built this yeare, 1637, at Woolwich in Kent. To the great glory of our English nation, and not paraleld in the whole Christian world. Lond. 1637. (Forty-eight pages, small 4to., with a copper-plate engraving of the vessel.) Heywood, as he says here, does indeed "deliver himself amply" on the subject of ship-building, beginning with Noah's ark, and running through all the heathen authors, he brings his remarks down to his own time, and ends with a full description of this richly carved and decorated vessel, which is curious to those interested in early naval building.

PAGE 274.

John and Mathias Christmas.

Heywood mentions these artists in his account of the "Sovereign of the Seas," already spoken of. He says "the master carvers (of the various ornaments upon it) are John and Mathias Christmas, the sonnes of that excellent workeman, Master Gerard Christmas, some two years since deceased, who as they succeed him in his place so they have striv'd to exceed him in his art." In Dallaway's edition of Walpole's Anecdotes, we are told "they were very able carvers, and were extensively employed in designing and finishing monuments. Very creditable specimens of their skill are the busts of Ralph Hawtrey and his wife (1638—47) on their tomb at Rifelip, Middlesex, in white marble. *Lysons*. They also made a tomb at Ampton, in Suffolk, for Sir H. Calthorpe.—*Gough, Topogr.* vol. i. p. 579.







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Heywood Thomas
The dramatic works of
Thomas Heywood

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