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THE COUNCIL meet on the second Tuesday in every month, to select and superintend the works printed by the Society; and the General Members once a-year, on the 26th of April.

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THE
GOLDEN AND SILVER AGES.

TWO PLAYS

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

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INTRODUCTION.

It is only necessary to say a few words, by way of preface to the following plays.

Heywood wrote four dramas connected in subject and founded upon the mythology of the ancients; viz. :—

1. “The Golden Age,” which came from the press in 1611, 4to;

2. “The Silver Age,” which came from the press in 1613, 4to;

3. “The Brazen Age,” which also came from the press in 1613, 4to.; and

4. “The Iron Age,” which did not come from the press until 1632, 4to.

The two first are comprised in our present volume; and, as none of them were reprinted, these have been the sole copies consulted, in our re-impression. All have the name of the author upon the title-page.

The three first probably were in existence when “The Silver Age” appeared; but “The Iron Age” seems to have been of later composition, and to have been called for by the success of its predecessors. The characters in all were extremely numerous; and

in the address "to the Reader," before "The Iron Age," the Author states that, for their due representation, it had been necessary to unite two companies of performers. It will be obvious, also, that the stage-appliances of the time must have been severely taxed; and we may, perhaps, wonder, in some scenes, that, in the simplicity of our early theatres, adequate means of exhibition could have been afforded.

The popularity of the works is undoubted, and is testified, among other things, by the Author himself.

Our next issue, in pursuance of our design to republish the whole of Heywood's dramatic works, will be the Brazen and Iron Ages. The last consists of two parts.

The Shakespeare Society is indebted to the Duke of Devonshire for the use of the old editions of these Plays in his Grace's library.

J. P. C.

THE
G O L D E N A G E :

OR,

The liues of Jupiter and Saturne, with
the defining of the Heathen Gods.

As it hath beene sundry times acted at the Red
Bull, by the Queenes Maiesties Seruants.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

L O N D O N,

Printed for *William Barrenger*, and are to be sold at his
Shop neare the great North-doore of *Pauls*. 1611.

To the Reader.

This Play coming accidentally to the Press, and at length having notice thereof, I was loth (finding it mine own) to see it thrust naked into the world, to abide the fury of all weathers, without either title for acknowledgment, or the formality of an Epistle for ornament. Therefore, rather to keep custom than any necessity, I have fixed these few lines in the front of my book; neither to approve it, as tasteful to every palate, nor to disgrace it, as able to relish none; only to commit it freely to the general censure of readers, as it hath already passed the approbation of auditors. This is the *Golden Age*, the eldest brother of three *Ages* that have adventured the Stage, but the only yet, that hath been judged to the press. As this is received, so you shall find the rest; either fearful further to proceed, or encouraged boldly to follow.

Yours ever,
T. H.

THE NAMES OF PERSONS PRESENTED
IN THE PLAY.¹

HOMER.

SATURN }
TITAN } two Brothers.

Two Lords of Crete.

VESTA, Mother of SATURN.

SIBYLLA, Wife to SATURN.

LYCAON, Son to TITAN.

CALISTO, Daughter to LYCAON.

JUPITER.

JUNO.

MELLISEUS, King of Epire.

ARCHAS, Son to CALISTO and JUPITER.

DIANA.

ATLANTA.

EGEON }
ENCELADUS } Sons to TITAN.

NEPTUNE, }
PLUTO } Brothers to JUPITER.

ACRISIUS, King of Arges.

DANAE, Daughter to ACRISIUS.

King TROOS.

GANIMEDE.

A Lord of Arges.

Two Lords of Pelasgia.

Four Beldams.

Clown.

Satyrs, Nurse, Nymphs.

¹ This is as the list of characters stands in the old copy, with the exception, that the spelling of some of the names is corrected.

THE GOLDEN AGE;
WITH
THE LIVES OF JUPITER AND SATURN.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Enter old HOMER.

The Gods of Greece, whose deities I raised
Out of the earth, gave them divinity,
The attributes of sacrifice and prayer,
Have given old Homer leave to view the world,
And make his own presentment. I am he
That by my pen gave heaven to Jupiter;
Made Neptune's trident calm the curled waves;
Gave Æolus lordship o'er the warring winds;
Created black-hair'd Pluto King of Ghosts,
And regent o'er the kingdoms fix'd below.
By me Mars wars, and fluent Mercury
Speaks from my tongue: I plac'd divine Apollo
Within the Sun's bright chariot: I made Venus
Goddess of Love, and to her winged son
Gave several arrows, tipp'd with gold and lead.
What hath not Homer done to make his name
Live to eternity? I was the man
That flourish'd in the world's first infancy,
When it was young, and knew not how to speak,

I taught it speech and understanding both,
 Even in the cradle. Oh! then further me,
 You that are in the world's decrepit age,
 When it is near his universal grave,
 To sing an old song; and in this Iron Age
 Show you the state of the first golden world.
 I was the Muses' patron, learning's spring,
 And you shall once more hear old Homer sing. [*Exit.*]

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* The old Uranus, son of the Air and Day,
 Is dead, and left behind him two brave sons,
 Titan and Saturn.

2 *Lord.* Titan is the eldest,
 And should succeed by the true right of birth.

1 *Lord.* But Saturn hath the hearts of all the people,
 The kingdom's high applause, his mother's love:
 The least of these are steps unto a crown.

2 *Lord.* But how will Titan bear him in these
 troubles,
 Being by nature proud and insolent,
 To see the younger seated in his throne,
 And he, to whom the true right appertains
 By birth and law of nations, quite cast off?

1 *Lord.* That either power or steel must arbitrate:
 Causes best friended have the best event.
 Here Saturn comes.

Enter SATURN and VESTA, with Attendants.

Sat. Behold, what nature scanted me in years
 And time, below my brother, your applause
 And general love fully supplies me with,
 And makes me to his crown inheritable.
 I choose it as my right, by gift of Heaven,
 The people's suffrage, the dead king's bequest,

And your election.—Our fair mother Queen,
Against all these what can twelve moons of time
Prevail with Titan to disherit us?

Vesta. The Cretan people with shrill acclamations
Pronounce thee sovereign o'er their lands and lives.
Let Titan storm and threaten strange revenge,
We are resolv'd thy honour to maintain.

I Lord. Titan thy ruin shall attempt in vain:
Our hearts adhere with Vesta's, our late Queen,
According to our sovereign's late bequest,
To kneel to Saturn.

Sat. We accept your loves,
And we will strive by merit to exceed you
In just requital of these favours done.

[*A noise of tumult within.*]

Vesta. Arm, lords! I hear the voice
Of Titan, storming at this strange election.

Enter TITAN, LYCAON, and others.

Titan. Descend, proud upstart, trick'd up in stolen
weeds,
Deck'd in usurped state and borrow'd honours.
Resign them to the owner—that's to me.

Sat. Titan, keep off. I charge thee, near me not,
Lest I thy bold presumption seal with blood.

Titan. A crown's worth tugging for, and I will ha't,
Though in pursuit I dare my ominous fate.

Lyc. Down with the usurper!

Vesta. Saturn here shall stand
Immoveable, upheld by Vesta's hand.

Titan. Am I not eldest?

Vesta. Ay, but young'st in brain.
Saturn the crown hath seiz'd, and he shall reign.

Titan. Am I a bastard, that my heritage
Is wrested from me by a younger birth?

Hath Vesta played the adultruss with some stranger?
 If I be the eldest from Uranus' loins,
 Your maiden issue, why am I debarred
 The law of nations? Am I Vesta's son?
 Why doth not Vesta, then, appear a mother?
 Was younger Saturn bedded in your womb
 Nearer your heart than I, that he's affected,
 And I despis'd? If none of these, then, grant me
 What justice wills, my interest in the crown.
 Or if you will make me an outcast, if my mother
 Forget the love she owes, I shall abandon
 The duty of a son. If Saturn prove
 Unnatural I'll be no more a brother,
 But, maugre all that have my right withstood,
 Revenge my wrongs, and make my way through blood.

Sat. Titan, we both acknowledge thee a brother,
 And Vesta's son, which we'll express in love:
 But since, for many virtues, growing in me
 That have no life in you, the Queen, the peers,
 And all the people, with loud suffrages
 Have shrill'd their aves high above the clouds,
 And styl'd me king, we should forget their loves,
 Not to maintain their strange election.
 Advise you, therefore, since this bold adventure
 Is much above your strength, to arm yourself
 In search of future honours with our love;
 For what can Titan do against a people?

Vesta. Saturn adviseth well: list to his counsel.

Titan. If my own land prove thus unnatural,
 I'll purchase foreign aid.

1 *Lord.* Rather compound.

Sat. Let Titan make demand of any thing,
 Saving our crown, he shall enjoy it freely.

Vesta. Titan, your brother offers royally;
 Accept his love.

Titan. To lose a crown includes
The loss of all things.—What should I demand?

Lyc. This grant him, Saturn, since thy insinuation
Hath wrought him quite out of the Cretans' hearts,
That Titan's warlike issue may succeed thee.

Titan. Lycaon, well advis'd: he during life
Shall reign in peace, no interruption
Shall pass from Titan to disturb his reign,
So to our giant race thou wilt assure
The crown, as due by right inheritance.

Sat. To cut off all hostile effusion
Of human blood, which by our difference
Must needs be spilt upon the barren earth,
We'll swear to this accord.

Titan. Condition'd thus;
That to deprive all future enmity
In our succeeding issue, thy male children
Thou in their cradle strangle.

Sat. Kill my sons!

Titan. Or swear to this, or all our warlike race,
Dispers'd in several kingdoms, I'll assemble
To conquer thee, and from thy ambitious head
Tear that usurped crown.

Sat. Titan, thy friendship
We'll buy with our own blood: all our male children
(If we hereafter shall have any born)
Shall perish in their births. To this we swear,
As we are King and Saturn.

Titan. I the like,
As I am Titan and Uranus' son.
This league confirm'd, all my allies I'll gather,
Search foreign climes in which I'll plant my kin,
Scorning a seat here, where I am despised,
To live a subject to a younger birth,
Nor bow to that which is my own by due.

Saturn, farewell: I'll leave to thee thy state,
Whilst I in foreign kingdoms search my fate.
Think on thy oath.

Sat. First stay with us and feast.

Titan this day shall be King Saturn's guest. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Clown and a Nurse.

Clown. There is no dallying: you must come with all speed, for Madame Sibylla is grown a great woman.

Nurse. That is without question, for she is now a queen.

Clown. Nay, she is greater than many queens are; for though you may think she is with ancient folks, yet I can assure you she is with child. You may imagine, being now but morning, she is new risen, yet 'tis thought that ere noon she will be brought a-bed. I never heard she was committed to prison, yet 'tis looked every hour when she shall be delivered; and therefore, Nurse, I was sent to you in all haste.

Nurse. Is she so near her time?

Clown. Yes; and yet 'tis thought she will notwithstanding hold out, because she is groaning.

Nurse. Your reason.

Clown. Because you know the proverb—a grunting horse and a groaning wife never deceive their master.—Say, will you make haste, Nurse?

Nurse. What's the best news abroad?

Clown. The best news abroad is, that the Queen is likely to keep at home; and is it not strange that half an hour's being abroad should make a woman have a month's mind to keep in? But the worst news is, that if the King have a young prince, he is tied to kill it by oath: but if his majesty went drunk to bed and got a girl, she hath leave to live till she die, and die when she can live no longer.

Nurse. That covenant was the most unnatural
That ever father made. One lovely boy
Hath felt the rigour of that strict decree;
And if this second likewise be a son,
There is no way but death.

Clown. I can tell you more news. The King hath
sent to the Oracle, to know whether my lady be with
child of a boy or a girl, and what their fortunes shall
be. The Lord that went is looked for every day to
return with his answer. It is so gossipped in the
Queen's chamber, I can tell you. Oh, Nurse! we have
the bravest King, if thou knewest all.

Nurse. Why, I pray thee?

Clown. Let his virtues speak for himself. He hath
taught his people to sow, to plough, to reap corn, and
to scorn acorns with their heels; to bake and to brew.
We that were wont to drink nothing but water, have
the bravest liquor at court as passeth. Besides, he
hath devised a strange engine called a bow and arrow,
that a man may hold in his hand, and kill a wild beast
a great way off, and never come in danger of his clutches.
I'll tell you a strange thing, Nurse. Last time the
King went a-hunting, he killed a bear, brought him
home to be baked and eaten. A gentlewoman of the
court, that fed hungerly upon this pie, had such a
rumbling and roaring in her guts, that her entrails were
all in a mutiny, and could not be appeased: no physic
would help her. What did the King but caused an ex-
cellent mastiff to be knocked in the head, and dressed,
gave it to the gentlewoman, of which when she had well
eaten, the flesh of the mastiff worried the bear in her
belly, and ever since her guts have left wambling. But
come, come; I was sent in haste: the Queen must
needs speak with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SATURN, with wedges of gold and silver, models of ships and buildings, bow and arrows, &c. His Lords with him.

Sat. You shall no more be lodg'd beneath the trees,
Nor chamber underneath the spreading oaks.
Behold! I have devis'd you forms for tools
To square out timber, and perform the art
Of architecture, yet unknown till now.
I'll draw you forms of cities, towns, and towers,
For use and strength: behold the models here.

1 *Lord.* Saturn's inventions are divine, not human.
A godlike spirit hath inspir'd his reign.

Sat. See, here, a second art of husbandry,
To till the earth, to plough, to sow, to plant,
Devis'd by Saturn. Here is gold, refin'd
From grosser metals; silver, brass, and tin,
With other minerals extract from earth.
I likewise have found out to make your brooks,
Rivers, and seas, by practice navigable.
Behold a form to make your craves and barks
To pass huge streams in safety, dangerless.

2 *Lord.* Saturn is a god.

Sat. The last, not least, this use of archery;
The stringed bow and nimble-feather'd shaft.
By this you may command the flying fowl
And reach her from on high: this serves for war,
To strike and wound thy foeman from afar.

[A loud shout within.]

What means this acclamation?

1 *Lord.* 'Tis thy people,
Divinest Saturn, furnish'd with these uses,
(More than the gods have lent them) by thy means,
Proclaim to thee a lasting deity,
And would have Saturn honour'd as a god.

Sat. We'll study future profits for their use,
 And in our fresh inventions prove divine.
 But gods are never touch'd with my suspires,
 Passions, and throbs: their godlike issue thrive,
 Whilst I, unmanlike, must destroy my babes.
 Oh, my strict oath to Titan! which confounds
 All my precedent honours. One sweet babe,
 My youngest Ops, hath felt the bloody knife,
 And perish'd in his swathing; and my Queen
 Swells with another infant in her womb,
 Ready to taste like rigour.—Is that lord
 Return'd from Delphos yet?

2 Lord. He is.

Sat. Admit him.

Enter a Lord.

Now, what doth the Oracle
 Speak by the Delphian priest?

3 Lord. Thus, mighty Saturn.
 After our ceremonious rites performed,
 And sacrifice ended with reverence,
 A murmuring thunder hurried through the temple,
 When fell a pleasant shower, whose silver drops
 Fill'd all the altar with a roseate dew.
 In this amazement thus the Delphian God
 Spake from the incens'd altar—Lord of Crete,
 Thus say to Saturn. Sibyll, his fair wife,
 Is great with a young prince of noble hopes,
 That shall his father's virtues much excel,
 Seize on his crown, and drive him down to hell.

Sat. The gods (if there be any 'bove ourself)
 Envy our greatness, and of one that seeks
 To bear himself 'bove man, makes me more wretched
 Than the most slavish brute. What! shall my Sibyll
 Bring me a son that shall depose me, then?

He shall not; I will cross the deities;
I'll tomb th' usurper in his infant blood.
I'll keep my oath: Prince Titan shall succeed.
Maugre the envious gods the brat shall bleed.

Enter VESTA, sad.

1 Lord. Way for the dowager Queen!

Sat. How fares our mother?

How is't with fair Sibylla, our dear Queen?

Vesta. Your Queen's delivered.

Sat. Of some female birth,

You deities, I beg. Make me, oh, heavens!
No more inhuman in the tragic slaughter
Of princely infants: fill my decreed number
With virgins, though in them I lose my name,
And kingdom. Either make her barren ever,
Or else all generative power and appetite
Deprive me, lest my purple sin be styled
Many degrees 'bove murder!—What's her birth?

Vesta. She's the sad mother of a second son.

Sat. Be ever dumb: let everlasting silence
Tongue-tie the world: all human joy henceforth
Turn to confus'd and undistinguish'd sound
Of barking hounds, hoarse bears, and howling wolves,
To stop all rumour that may fill the world
With Saturn's tyrannies against his sons.

Vesta. Ah! did but Saturn see yon smiling babe,
He'd give it life, and break ten thousand oaths,
Rather than suffer the sweet infant die.
His very look would beg a quick reprieve
Even of the tyrant Titan: saw the uncle
With what a graceful look the infant smiles,
He'd give it life, although he purchas'd it
With loss of a great kingdom.

Sat. Then, spare the lad: I did offend too much

To kill the first. Tell Sibyll he shall live.—
 I'll be no more so monstrous in my rigour,
 Nor with the blood of princes buy my crown.
 No more their cradles shall be made their tombs,
 Nor their soft swathes become their winding-sheets.
 How can my subjects think I'll spare their lives,
 That to my own can be so tyrannous.—
 Tell Sibyll he shall live.

Vesta. Vesta will be that joyful messenger.

Sat. Stay! let me first reward the Oracle.
 It told me Sibyll should produce a son,
 That should his father's virtues much excel,
 Seize on my crown, and drive me down to hell.
 Must I, then, give an infant traitor life,
 To sting me to the heart? The brat shall bleed.

Vesta. Sweet son!

1 Lord. Dear sovereign!

Sat. He that next replies,
 Mother or friend, by Saturn's fury dies.
 Away! Fetch me his heart. Brim me a bowl
 With his warm blood.—Titan, my vow I'll keep:
 Life newly waken'd shall as newly sleep.

Vesta. Worse than a brute, for brutes preserve their
 own;

Worse than the worst of things is Saturn grown.

Sat. Command the child to death.

Vesta. Tyrant, I will.

Tigers would save whom Saturn means to kill. [*Exit.*]

Sat. It is my son whom I command to death;
 A prince that may succeed me in my throne,
 And to posterity revive my name.
 Call Vesta back, and bid her save the babe.

1 Lord. I'll do't, my lord.

Sat. Yet stay!—The lad to kill
 I save my oath and keep my kingdom still.—

Post after, and charge them on their lives
 Send me the babe's blood in a cup of gold,
 A present which I'll offer to the gods.
 Delay not; be it our mother or our wife,
 Forfeits her own to save the infant's life.

1 *Lord.* I shall inform them so.

Sat. Is this a deity,
 To be more wretched than the worst on earth?
 To be depriv'd that comfort of my issue,
 Which even the basest of my land enjoy?
 I'll henceforth for my rigour hate myself,
 Pleasures despise, and joys abandon quite:
 The purest blood that runs within my veins
 I'll dull with thick and troubled melancholy.
 I'll war with comfort, be at odds with solace,
 And league with nothing but distemperature.
 Henceforth my unkemb'd locks shall knot in curls;
 Razor, nor any edge shall kiss my cheek,
 Until my chin appear a wilderness,
 And make me wild in knowledge to the world.
 Perpetual care shall cabin in my heart.
 My tyranny I'll punish in myself,
 And save the gods that labour.—
 Saturn's disturbance to the world shall be
 That planet that infuseth melancholy. [Exeunt.]

*Enter SIBYLLA, lying in child-bed, with her child lying
 by her, and her Nurse, &c.*

Sib. Is not our mother, Vesta, yet return'd,
 That made herself th' unwilling messenger,
 To bring the King news of his new-born son?

Nurse. Madam, not yet.

Sib. Mother, of all that mothers were
 Most wretched, kiss thy sweet babe ere he die,
 That hath life only lent to suffer death.

Sweet lad, I would thy father saw thee smile,
Thy beauty and thy pretty infancy
Would mollify his heart, were't hew'd from flint,
Or carv'd with iron tools from the Corsic rock.
Thou laugh'st to think thou must be kill'd in jest.
Oh! if thou needs must die, I'll be thy murd'ress,
And kill thee with my kisses, pretty knave.
And canst thou laugh to see thy mother weep,
Or art thou in thy cheerful smiles so free,
In scorn of thy rude father's tyranny?

Nurse. Madam, the King hath slain his first-born son,
Whom, had he seen alive, he'd not have given
For ten such kingdoms as he now enjoys.
The death of such a fair and hopeful child
Is full as much as Titan can demand.

Sib. He shall spare this sweet babe.—I'll ransom thee
With my own life: the knife that pierceth thee
Will wound thy mother's side, and I shall feel
The least sharp stroke from his offensive steel.

Nurse. The mother Queen's return'd?

Enter VESTA.

Sib. How looks she, Nurse?
Let her not speak, but yet a little longer
My hopes hold in suspense.—Oh me, most wretched!
I read my lord's harsh answer in her eye;
Her very looks tell me the boy must die.—
Say, must he? must he? Kill me with that word,
Which will wound deeper than King Saturn's sword.

Vesta. The boy must die.—

Sib. Oh!

Nurse. Look to the Queen! she faints.

Vesta. Oh! let's not lose the mother with her infant:
The loss of one's too much.

Sib. Oh! where's my child?—

I'll hide thee in my bed, my bosom, breast.
 The murderer shall not find my little son.
 Thou shalt not die : be not afraid, my boy.—
 Go, tell the King he's mine as well as his,
 And I'll not kill my part. One he hath slain
 In which I had like interest ; this I'll save,
 And every second son keep from the grave.

Enter the First Lord.

Vesta. Forbear, sir ; for this place is privileged,
 And only free for women.

1 Lord. Yet is the King's command 'bove your decree,
 And I must play th' intruder 'gainst my will.
 The King upon your lives hath charged you
 To see that infant lad immediately
 Receive his death: he stays for his warm blood
 To offer to the gods. To think him slain,
 Said partner of your sorrows I remain. [*Exit.*]

Nurse. Madam, you hear the King doth threat our
 lives :

Let's kill him, then.

Sib. Is he inexorable ?
 Why should not I prove as severe a mother,
 As he a cruel father ? Since the King
 Hath doom'd him, I, the Queen, will do't myself.
 Give me the fatal engine of his wrath ;
 I'll play the horrid murd'ress for this once.
 I'll kiss thee ere I kill thee.—For my life,
 The lad so smiles I cannot hold the knife.

Vesta. Then, give him me ; I am his grandmother,
 And I will kill him gently : this sad office
 Belongs to me, as to the next of kin.

Sib. For Heaven's sake, when you kill him, hurt him
 not.

Vesta. Come, little knave, prepare your naked throat.

I have not heart to give thee many wounds ;
 My kindness is to take thy life at once.—Now !—
 Alack, my pretty grandchild, smil'st thou still ?
 I have lust to kiss, but have no heart to kill.

Nurse. You may be careless of the King's command,
 But concerns me, and I love my life
 More than I do a suckling's. Give him me ;
 I'll make him sure : a sharp weapon lend,
 I'll quickly bring the youngster to his end.—
 Alack ! my pretty knave, 'twere more than sin
 With a sharp knife to touch thy tender skin.—
 Oh, madam ! he's so full of angel grace,
 I cannot strike, he smiles so in my face.

Sib. I'll wink and strike. Come ; once more reach
 him hither,
 For die he must ; so Saturn hath decreed.—
 'Las ! for a world I would not see him bleed.

Vesta. Ne shall he do ; but swear me secrecy,
 The babe shall live and we be dangerless.

Sib. Oh ! bless me with such happiness.

Vesta. Attend me.
 The King of Epire's daughters, two bright maids,
 Owe me for many favours the like love.
 These I dare trust : to them I'll send this babe,
 To be brought up ; but not as Saturn's son.
 Do but provide some trusty messenger,
 My honour for his safety.

Sib. But by what means shall we delude the King ?

Vesta. A young kid's heart, swimming in reeking
 blood,
 We'll send to the King, and with such forged grief
 And counterfeit sorrow shadow it,
 That this imposture never shall be found.

Sib. Oh, twice my mother ! you bestow on me
 A double life, thus to preserve my boy.

Nurse. Give me the child. I'll find a messenger
Shall bear him safe to Melliseus' court.

Vesta. The blood and heart I'll presently provide,
T' appease the rage of Saturn.

Sib. First, let's swear
To keep the secret from King Saturn's ear.

Vesta. We will; and if this plot pass undiscovered,
By like device we will save all your sons.
About our tasks: you some choice friend to find,
I with my feigned tears the King to blind.

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER.

What cannot women's wits? they wonders can,
When they intend to blind the eyes of man.
Oh! lend me what old Homer wants, your eyes,
To see th' event of what these Queens devise.

[*The dumb show sound.*]

Enter the Nurse and Clown: she swears him to secrecy, and to him delivers the child, and a letter to the daughters of King MELLISEUS: they part. Enter, at one door, SATURN, melancholy, with his Lords: at the other, VESTA and the Nurse, who with counterfeit passion present the King a bleeding heart upon a knife's point, and a bowl of blood. The King departs one way in great sorrow; the Ladies the other way in great joy.

This pass'd so current, that the third son born,
Call'd Neptune, was by like device preserved,
And sent to Athens, where he liv'd unknown,
And had in time command upon the seas.
Pluto, the young'st, was sent to Tartary,
Where he in process a strange city built,
And call'd it Hell: his subjects, for their rapine,

Their spoils and theft, are devils term'd abroad.
Thus melancholy Saturn hath surviving
Three noble sons in several confines placed,
And yet himself thinks sonless: one fair daughter,
Hight Juno, is his sole delight on earth.
Think, kind spectators, seventeen summers past,
Till these be grown to years, and Jupiter,
Found in a cave by the great Epire king,
Where by his daughters he before was hid.
Of him and of his fortunes we proceed.
My journey's long, and I my eyesight want:
Courteous spectators, lest blind Homer stray,
Lend me your hands to guide me on the way.

*Enter LYCAON with his Lords; JUPITER with other Lords
of Epire.*

Lyc. After long war and tedious differences
Betwixt King Melliseus and ourself,
What crave the Epire lords?

Jup. This, King Lycaon.
Since truce and hostage hath ta'en up these broils,
And ended them in peaceful amity,
Since all the damage by the Epirians done
Is on our part abundantly made good,
We come, Lycaon, to demand the like
Of thee and of thy kingdom; and for proof
That all our malice is extinct and dead,
We bring thy hostage back, demanding ours.

Lyc. Receive him, lords.—A banquet instantly!—
You shall this day, brave Epire, feast with us,
And to your board your hostage shall be brought,
There to receive him freely. Meantime sit,
And taste the royal welcomes of our court.

Jup. Lycaon's just in keeping these conditions
So strictly with a reconciled foe.

Lyc. But, fair prince, tell me whence you are derived.
I never heard King Melliseus had
A prince of your perfections.

Jup. This demand
Startles my blood, being born I know not where:
Yet that I am of gentry, at the least,
My spirit prompts me, and my noble thoughts
Give me approved warrant. Being an infant,
Two beauteous ladies found me in a cave,
Where, from their voluntary charity,
Bees fed me with their honey: for that cause
The two bright ladies call'd me Jupiter,
And to their father Melliseus brought me,
My foster-father, who hath train'd my youth
In feats of arms and military prowess;
And as an instance of his dearest love
Hath honour'd me with this late embassy.

[*A banquet brought in with the limbs
of a man in the service.*]

Lyc. We are satisfied.—Princes, sit round and feast.
You are this day Lycaon's welcom'st guest.

Jup. This meat distastes me. Doth Lycaon feast us
Like cannibals? feed us with human flesh?
Whence is this portent?

Lyc. Feed, Epirians; eat:
Lycaon feasts you with no common meat.

Jup. But where's the Epire lord we left as hostage?

Lyc. Behold him here. He's at the table with you:
This is the Epire's head, and these his limbs.
Thinks Melliseus, that Lycaon can
(Descended of the valiant Titanois)
Bury his hatred, and entomb his spleen,
Without revenge? Blood in these wars was shed,
And for that blood your hostage lost his head.

Jup. Bear wrong that list, and those can brook it best:

I was not born to suff'rance. Thoughts, mount high :
A king hath wrong'd me, and a king shall die.

Lyc. Treason ! treason !

Jup. Down with the tyrant, and that hateful crew,
And in their murderous breasts your blades imbrue.

Lyc. Our guard !

[*A confused fray and alarum. JUPITER and the Epirians beat off LYCAON and his followers.*]

Jup. Lycaon's fled. Make good the palace gates,
And to th' amazed city bear these limbs,
So basely by the tyrant massacred.
Haply, his subjects, by our words prepared,
May shake their bondage off, and make this war
The happy means to rid a tyrant thence.
Bear in your left hands these dismember'd limbs,
And in your right your swords, with which make way.
Courage, brave Epires, and a glorious day ! [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. LYCAON makes head again, and is beaten off
by JUPITER and the Epirians. JUPITER seizeth the
room of LYCAON.

Jup. Lycaon's once more fled. We, by the help
Of these his people, have confin'd him hence.
To whom belongs this crown ?

1 *Lord.* To Jupiter.

2 *Lord.* None shall protect our lives but Jupiter.

All. A Jupiter ! A Jupiter !

Jup. Nay, we are far from such ambition, lords,
Nor will we entertain such royalty.

1 *Lord.* Fair prince, whom heaven hath sent by miracle
To save us from the bloodiest tyrannies
That e'er were practis'd by a mortal prince,
We tender thee our fortunes. Oh ! vouchsafe
To be our lord, our governor, and king,
Since all thy people jointly have agreed,
None of the tyrant's issue shall succeed.

All. A Jupiter ! a Jupiter !

Jup. We not refuse the bounty of the heavens,
Express'd in these your voices: we accept
Your patronage, and 'gainst Lycaon's tyrannies
Henceforth protect you. But our conquest yet
Is all uncertain: second us, dear subjects,
To assure our conquests. First, we must provide
Our safety, ere attempt the helm to guide. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter CALISTO.

Cal. What mean these horrid and these shrill alarms,
That fright the peaceful court with hostile cries?
Fear and amazement hurry through each chamber;
Th' affrighted ladies light the darkest rooms
With their bright beauties. Whence, oh! whence, ye
gods,

Are all yon groans, cries, and inhuman sounds
Of blood and death? Lycaon, where is he?
Why, in this dire and sad astonishment,
Appears not he to comfort my sad fears,
And cheer me in this dull distemperature?

*Enter, in a hurry, with weapons drawn, JUPITER and his
soldiers.*

Jup. The iron-barr'd doors, and the suspected vaults,
The barricadoed gates, and every room
That boasted of his strength, is forc'd to obey
To our free entrance: nothing can withstand
Our opposite fury. Come, let's ransack farther.—
But stay! what strange dejected beauty's this,
That on the sudden hath surpris'd my heart,
And made me sick with passion?

Cal. Hence, away!
When we command, who dares presume to stay?

Jup. Bright lady——

Cal. You affright me with your steel.

Jup. These weapons, lady, come to grace your beauty,
And these my arms shall be your sanctuary
From all offensive danger. Cheer your sorrow,
Let your bright beauty shoot out of this cloud
To search my heart, as it hath daz'd my eyes.
Are you a queen enthron'd above the elements,
Made of divine composure, or of earth,
Which I can scarce believe?

Cal. I am myself.

Uncivil stranger, you are much too rude,
Into my private chamber to intrude.—
Go, call the King my father.

Jup. Are you, then,
Lycaon's daughter? (wonder without end,
That from a fiend an angel should descend!)
Oh, Love! till now I never felt thy dart,
But now her painted eye hath pierc'd my heart.
Fair, can you love?

Cal. To be alone I can.

Jup. Women, fair queen, are nothing without men;
You are but ciphers, empty rooms to fill,
And till men's figures come, uncounted still.
Shall I, sweet lady, add unto your grace,
And but for number's sake supply that place?

Cal. You're one too many; and of all the rest,
That bear men's figure, we can spare you best.
What are you, sir?

Jup. We are Pelasgia's king,
And these our subjects.

Cal. These did of late belong
To King Lycaon.—Oh, injurious wrong!

Jup. Oh, suit your pity with your angel-beauty,
And live Pelasgia's queen.

Cal. Give me a funeral garland, to lament,
That best becomes my wretched discontent.

Jup. The sunshine of my smiles and jocund love
Shall from your brows, bright azure elements,
Disperse all clouds. Behold, my crown is yours,
My sword, my conquest. I am of myself
Nothing without your soft compassionate love ;
For proof, ask what the heaven, earth, air, or sea,
Can yield to men by power or orison,
And it is yours.

Cal. Sir, I shall prove your love.

Jup. Pray use me, lady.

Cal. You'll grant it me, my lord ?

Jup. By all my honours, and by all the sweets
I hope for in your love's fruition,
Your will's your own.

Cal. You'll not revoke your word ?

Jup. Be't to invest whom I did late degrade,
I'll do't for you, bright and divinest maid.

Cal. This only ; freedom to your captive give,
That I a nun and profess'd maid may live.

Jup. More cruel than the tyrant that begat thee !
Hadst thou ask'd love, gold, service, empery,
This sword had purchas'd for Calisto all.
Oh, most unkind ! in all this universe
There's but one jewel that I value high,
And that, unkind, you will not let me buy.
To live a maid, what is't ? 'tis to live nothing ;
'Tis like a covetous man to hoard up treasure,
Barred from your own use, and from others' pleasure.
Oh, think, fair creature, that you had a mother ;
One that bore you, that you might bear another.
Be you as she was, of an infant glad,
Since you from her have all things that she had.
Should all affect the strict life you desire,
The world itself should end when we expire.
Posterity is all ; heaven's number fill,

Which by your help may be increased still.
 What is it when you lose your maidenhead,
 But make your beauty live, when you are dead,
 In your fair issue?

Cal. Tush! 'tis all in vain.—

Dian, I am now a servant of thy train.

Jup. Her order is mere heresy, her sect
 A schism, 'mongst maids not worthy your respect.
 Men were got to get, you born others to bear:
 Wrong not the world so much—nay, sweet, your ear—
 This flower will wither, not being cropp'd in time.
 Age is too late; then, do not lose your prime:
 Sport whilst you may, before your youth be past;
 Lose not this mould that may such fair ones cast.
 Leave to the world your like for face or stature,
 That the next age may praise your gifts of nature.
 Calisto, if you still grow thus precise,
 In your strict vow succeeding beauty dies.

Cal. I claim your oath. All love with men adieu;
 Diana's cloister I will next pursue. [*Exit CALISTO.*]

Jup. And there all beauty shall be kept in jail,
 Which with my sword, ay, with my life, I'd bail.
 What's that Diana?

2 Lord. She is the daughter of an ancient king
 That swayed the Attic sceptre; who, being tempted
 By many suitors, first began this vow,
 And leaving court, betook her to the forests.
 Her beauteous trains are virgins of best rank,
 Daughters of kings and princes, all devoted
 To abandon men and choose virginity.
 All these, being first to her strict orders sworn,
 Acknowledge her their queen and empress.

Jup. By all my hopes Calisto's love to gain,
 I'd wish myself one of Diana's train.

1 Lord. Concerning your State business?

Jup. Well remembered.

Posts of these news shall be to Epire sent
Of us, and of our new establishment.

Next for Calisto; but of that no more.—

We must take firm possession of this state

Our sword hath won, Lycaon lost so late. [Exeunt.

Enter with music, before DIANA and CALISTO, six Satyrs; after them all their Nymphs, garlands on their heads, and javelins in their hands, their bows and quivers. The Satyrs sing:

Hail, beauteous Dian, queen of shades,
That dwells beneath these shadowy glades,
Mistress of all those beauteous maids

That are by her allowed.

Virginity we all profess,
Abjure the worldly vain excess,
And will to Dian yield no less,

Than we to her have vowed.

The shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fawns,
For thee will trip it o'er the lawns.

Come, to the forest let us go,
And trip it like the barren doe;
The fawns and satyrs still do so,

And freely thus they may do.

The fairies dance and satyrs sing,
And on the grass tread many a ring,
And to their caves their ven'son bring,

And we will do as they do.

The shepherds, &c.

Our food is honey from the bees,
And mellow fruits that drop from trees.
In chase we climb the high degrees
Of every steepy mountain.

And when the weary day is past,
We at the evening hie us fast,
And after this, our field repast,
 We drink the pleasant fountain.
The shepherds, &c.

Diana. These sports, our fawns, our satyrs, and ourselves,

Make, fair Calisto, for your entertain ;
Pan, the great God of shepherds, and the nymphs
Of meads and fountains that inhabit here,
All give you welcome with their rural sports,
Glad to behold a princess of your birth
A happy citizen of these meads and groves.
These satyrs are our neighbours, and live here,
With whom we have confirm'd a friendly league,
And dwell in peace. Here is no city-craft,
Here's no court flattery ; simpleness, and sooth,
The harmless chase, and strict virginity
Is all our practice. You have read our orders,
And you have sworn to keep them.

Fair Calisto,

Speak, how esteem thou them ?

Cal. With reverence.

Great queen, I am sequester'd from the world,
Even in my soul hate man's society,
And all their lusts, suggestions: all court pleasures,
And city curiosities are vain,
And with my finer temper ill agree,
That now have vow'd sacred virginity.

Diana. We will not of your sorrows make recital,
So lately suffered by the hand of Chance ;
We are from the world, and the blind goddess, Fortune,
We dare to do her worst, as living here
Out of her reach : us she of force must spare ;
They can lose nothing that for nothing care.

Cal. Madam, devotion drew me to your service,
And I am now your handmaid.

Diana. Where's Atlanta?

Atl. Madam.

Diana. Is there no princess in our train,
As yet unmatched, to be her cabin fellow,
And sleep by her?

Atl. Madam, we all are coupled
And twinn'd in love, and hardly is there any
That will be won to change her bedfellow.

Diana. You must be single till the next arrive:
She that is next admitted of our train,
Must be her bed-companion; so 'tis 'lotted.
Come, fawns, and nymphs, and satyrs, gird us round,
Whilst we ascend our state, and here proclaim
A general hunting in Diana's name.

Enter JUPITER, like a nymph, or a virago.

Jup. There I strode too wide; that step was too large for one that professeth the straight order. What a pitiful coil shall I have to counterfeit this woman; to lisp, forsooth, to simper, and set my face like a sweet gentlewoman's, made out of gingerbread. Shall I venture or no? My face I fear not, for my beard, being in the nonage, durst never yet look a barber in the face; and for my complexion, I have known as brown lasses as myself have gone for current. And for my stature, I am not yet of that giant size, but I may pass for a *bona roba*, a rounceval, a virago, or a good manly lass. If they should put me to spin or to sew, or any such gentlewomanlike exercise, how should I excuse my bringing up? Tush! the hazard is nothing compared with the value of the gain. Could I manage this business with art, I should come to a hundred pretty sights in a year; as in the summer, when we come to flea our

smocks, &c. I hope Diana doth not use to search her maids before she entertains them. But, howsoever, Be my loss certain, and my profit none, 'Tis for Calisto's love, and I will on.

Diana. We'll chase the stag, and with our bugles shrill

The neighbouring forests with loud echoes fill.

Jup. Is this a heaven terrestrial, that contains So many earthly angels? Oh, amazement! Diana, with these beauties circled round, Paled in with these bright faces, bears more state Than Gods have lent them by the power of fate. I am descried.

Diana. Soft! what intruder's that? Command her hither.

Jup. Hail, divinest queen. I come to do thee service.

Diana. A manly lass, a stout virago. Were all our train proportion'd to thy size, We need not fear men's subtle treacheries. Thy birth and fortunes?

Jup. Madam, I derive My birth from noble and high parentage. Report of your rare beauty, with my love, And zeal I still bear to a virgin's life, Have drawn me to your service.

Diana. Welcome, lady. Her largeness pleaseth me: if she have courage proportioned with her limbs, she shall be champion to all our wronged ladies. You, Atlanta, present her oath.

[*Her oath is given on DIANA'S bow.*]

Atl. Madam, you must be true To bright Diana and her virgin crew.

Jup. To bright Diana and her train I'll stand. [*Aside.*]

Diana. What can you do?

Jup. More than the best here can.

Atl. You shall vow chastity.

Jup. That's more than I can promise.—Well, proceed.

Atl. You never shall with hated man atone,
But lie with woman, or else lodge alone.

Jup. Make my oath strong, my protestation deep,
For this I vow by all the Gods to keep.

Atl. With ladies only you shall sport and play,
And in their fellowship spend night and day.

Jup. I shall.

Atl. Consort with them at board and bed,
And swear no man shall have your maidenhead.

Jup. By all the powers, both early and divine,
If e'er I lose't, a woman shall have mine!

Diana. Now you're ours you're welcome; kiss our
hand.

You promise well; we like you, and will grace you:
And if with our election yours agree,
Calisto, here, your bedfellow shall be.

Jup. You Gods, you will eternize me your choice.
Madam, I seal both with my soul and voice.

Diana. Then, hand each other, and acquaint your-
selves.

And now let us proceed in the pursuit
Of our determined pastimes, dedicate
To the entertainment of these beauteous maids.
Satyrs and fawns, ring out your pleasing quire;
This done, our bugles shall to heaven aspire. [*Exeunt.*

*Horns winded; a great noise of hunting. Enter DIANA,
all her nymphs in the chase; JUPITER pulling CALISTO
back.*

Diana. Follow! pursue! the stag hath took the
mountain.

Come, let us climb the steep cliffs after him.

Let through the air your nimble javelins sing,
And our free spoils home with the evening bring.

All. Follow, follow, follow!

Wind horns. Enter the Satyrs as in the chase.

Satyr. The nimble ladies have outstripp'd us quite :
Unless we speed we shall not see him fall.

We are too slow in pursuit of our game ;
Let's after, though. Since they outstrip our eyes,
Run by the notes that from their bugles rise.

Wind horns. Enter JUPITER and CALISTO.

Cal. Haste, gentle lady, we shall lose our train,
And miss Diana's pastime in the chase ;
Hie, then, to stain our javelins' gilded points
In blood of yon swift stag, so hot pursued.
Will you keep pace with me ?

Jup. I am tired already ;
Nor have I yet been to these pastimes breathed.
Sweet, shall we here repose ourselves a little ?

Cal. And lose the honour to be first at fall ?

Jup. Fear not, you shall come time enough to fall.—
Either you must be so unkind to me,
As leave me to these deserts solitary,
Or stay till I have rest, for I am breathless,
And cannot hold it out : behold a place
Remote, an arbour seated naturally,
Trimm'd by the hand of nature for a bower,
Screen'd by the shadowy leaves from the sun's eye.
Sweet, will you sit, or on the verdure lie ?

Cal. Rather than leave you, I will lose the sport.

Jup. I'll find you pastime, fear not. Oh, my angel,
Whither wilt thou transport me ? grant me measure
Of joy before I surfeit on this pleasure.

Cal. Come, shall's lie down a little?

Jup. Sooth, I will.—

I thirst in seas, and cannot quaff my fill;
Behold before me a rich table spread,
And yet poor I am fore'd to starve for bread:
We be alone, the ladies far in chase,
And may I die an eunuch by my vow,
If, bright Calisto, you escape me now.—
Sweet bedfellow, your hand.—What have I felt,
Unless blanch'd snow, of substance not to melt?

Cal. You gripe too hard.

Jup. Good sooth, I shall not rest
Until my head be pillowed on thy breast.

Cal. Lean on me, then.

Jup. So shall I wrong mine eyes,
To leave your face to look upon the skies.
Oh, how I love thee! come, let's kiss and play.

Cal. How?

Jup. So a woman with a woman may.

Cal. I do not like this kissing.

Jup. Sweet, sit still.

Lend me thy lips, that I may taste my fill.

Cal. You kiss too wantonly.

Jup. Thy bosom lend,
And by thy soft paps let my hand descend.

Cal. Nay, fie! what mean you?

Jup. Prithee, let me toy.

I would the Gods would shape thee to a boy,
Or me into a man.

Cal. A man! How then?

Jup. Nay, sweet, lie still, for we are far from men:
Lie down again. Your foot I oft have praised,
Ay, and your leg: nay, let your skirt be raised,
I'll measure, for the wager of a fall,
Who hath the greatest great, or smallest small.

Cal. You are too wanton, and your hand too free.

Jup. You need not blush to let a woman see.

Cal. My bareness I have hid from sight of skies,
Therefore, may bar it any lady's eyes.

Jup. Methinks you should be fat; pray, let me
feel.

Cal. Oh, God! you tickle me.

Jup. Lend me your hand,
And freely taste me: note how I will stand;
I am not ticklish.

Cal. Lord, how well you woo!

Jup. We maids may wish much, but can nothing do.

Cal. I am weary of this toying.

Jup. Oh! but I
In this elysium could both live and die.—
I can forbear no longer: though my rape
Be punish'd with my head, she shall not 'scape.—
Say, sweet, were I a man?

Cal. Thus would I rise,
And fill the dales and mountains with my cries.
A man? Oh, heaven! to gain elysium's bliss,
I'd not be said that I a man should kiss.
Come, let's go wound the stag.

Jup. Stay, ere you go;
Here stands one ready that must strike a doe,
And thou art she. I am Pelasgia's king,
That thus have singled thee: mine thou shalt be.

Cal. Gods, angels, men, help all a maid to free!

Jup. Maugre them all, th'art mine.

Cal. To do me right,
Help, fingers, feet, nails, teeth, and all to fight.

Jup. Not they, nor all Diana's angel train,
Were they in sight, this prize away should gain.

[*He carries her away in his arms.* [Exit.]

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER.

Homer. Young Jupiter doth force this beauteous
maid,

And after would have made her his bright queen ;
But, discontent, she in the forest stayed,
Loth of Diana's virgins to be seen.

Oft did he write, oft send ; but all in vain,
She never will return to court again.

Eight moons are fill'd and waned, when she grows
great,

And young Jove's issue in her womb doth spring.

This day Diana doth her nymphs entreat

Unto a solemn bathing, where they bring

Deflower'd Calisto : note how she would hide

That which time found, and great Diana spied.

A dumb show. Enter DIANA and all her nymphs, to bathe them ; she makes them survey the place : they unlace themselves, and unloose their buskins ; only CALISTO refuseth to make her ready. DIANA sends ATLANTA to her, who, perforce unlacing her, finds her great belly, and shows it to DIANA, who turns her out of her society, and leaves her. CALISTO likewise in great sorrow forsakes the place.

Her crime thus found, she's banished from their crew,

And in a cave she childs a valiant son,

Called Archas ; who doth noble deeds pursue,

And by Jove's gift Pelasgia's seat hath won,

Which after by his worth and glorious fame,

He hath trans-styl'd Arcadia by his name.

But we return to Titan, who, by spies,

Hath learn'd that Saturn hath kept sons alive.

He now assembles all his strange allies,
And for the crown of Crete intends to strive.

Of their success and fortunes we proceed,
Where Titan's sons by youthful Jove must bleed.

[*Exit.*]

Enter TITAN, LYCAON, ENCELADUS, ÆGEON *in arms,*
drum, colours, and attendants.

Titan. Now we are strong: our giant issue grown,
Our sons in several kingdoms we have planted,
From whence they have deriv'd us brave supplies
From Sicily, and from th' Ægean Sea,
That of our son Ægeon bears the name.
We have assembled infinites of men
To avenge us on proud Saturn's perjury.

Lyc. What I have said to Titan I'll make good.
'Tis rumour'd Melliseus' foster-child,
He that expuls'd me from Pelasgia's crown,
And in my high tribunal sits enthroned,
Is Saturn's son, and styled Jupiter,
Besides my daughter by his lust deflowered;
On us, the poor distressed Tytanois,
He hath committed many outrages.

Æg. All which we'll punish on King Saturn's head.
I that have made th' Ægean confines shake,
And with my powerful voice affrighted heaven,
From whose enraged eyes the darken'd skies
Have borrowed lustre and Promethean fire,
Will fright from Crete the proud Saturnian troop,
And thousand hack'd and mangled soldiers bring
To entomb the glories of the Cretan King.

Enc. That must be left to great Enceladus,
The pride and glory of the Titan's host.
I that have curl'd the billows with a frown,
And with a smile have made the ocean calm;
Spurn'd down huge mountains with my armed foot,

And with my shoulders lift the valleys high,
 Will, in the wrinkles of my stormy brow,
 Bury the glories of the Cretan King,
 And on his slaughter'd bulk brain all his sons.

Æg. And what shall I do, then ?

Enc. Do thou stand still,

Whilst I the foes of Titan pash and kill.
 Am I not the eldest from great Titan's loins,
 The Saturnists' hereditary scourge ?
 Leave all these deeds of horror to my hand ;
 I, like a trophy, o'er their spoils will stand.

Lyc. Why breathe we, then ?

Enc. Come, arm your sinewy limbs ;
 With rage and fury fright pale pity hence,
 And drown him in the sweat your bodies still.
 With hostile industry toss flaming brands
 About your fleecy locks, to threat their cities
 With death and desolation ; let your steel,
 Glist'ring against the sun, daze their bright eyes,
 That with the dread of our astonishment
 They may be sunk in Lethe, and their grave
 May be the dark vault call'd oblivion's cave.

Titan. Are our ambassadors to Saturn gone,
 To let him know whence this our war proceeds ?

Lyc. Your message hath by this startled th' usurper.

Enc. Set on them, waste their confines as we march,
 And let them taste the rage of sword and fire.
 Th' alarum's given, and hath by this arrived
 Even at the walls of Crete, the citadel
 Where the cathedrall'd Saturn is enthroned.

Titan. Warlike Ægeon and Enceladus,
 Noble Lycaon, lend us your assistance
 To forage as we march : plant desolation
 Through all this fertile soil. Be this your cry :
 Revenge on Saturn for his perjury !

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter SATURN, with hair and beard overgrown; SIBYLLA,
JUNO: his lords, drum, colours, and soldiers.*

Sat. None speak: let no harsh voice presume to jar
In our distressed ear. I am all sadness,
All horror and affrightment, since the slaughter
And tragic murder of my first born Ops,
Continued in the unnatural massacre
Of three young princes. Not a day hath pass'd me
Without distaste; no night but double darkened
With terror and confused melancholy:
No hour but hath had care and discontent
Proportion'd to his minutes; not an instant
Without remorse and anguish. Oh, you crowns!
Why are ye made and metall'd out of cares?
I am overgrown with sorrows, circumvolv'd
With multiplicity of distemperatures,
And Saturn is a king of nothing else
But woes, vexations, sorrows, and laments.
To add to these the threat'nings of red war;
As if the murder of my princely babes
Were not enough to plague an usurpation,
But they must add the rage of sword and fire,
To affright my people. These are miseries
Able to be compris'd in no dimension.

Juno. My father shall not macerate himself:
I'll dare to interrupt his passions,
Although I buy it dearly with his hate.—
My lord, you are a king of a great people,
Your power sufficient to repulse a foe
Greater than Titan. Though my brothers' births
Be crown'd in blood, yet I am still reserved
To be the hopeful comfort of your age.

Sat. My dearest Juno, beautiful remainder
Of Saturn's royal issue, but for thee

I had ere this, with these my fingers, torn
 A grave out of the rocks, to have entombed
 The wretched carcase of a caitiff King :
 And I will live, be 't but to make thee queen
 Of all the triumphs and the spoils I win.—
 Speak : what's the project of their invasion ?

1 *Lord.* That the King of Crete
 Hath not, according to his vows and oaths,
 Slain his male issue.

Sat. Have I not their bloods
 Already quaff'd to angry Nemesis ?
 Have not these ruthless and remorseless eyes,
 Unfatherlike, beheld their panting hearts
 Swimming in bowls of blood ? Am I not sonless ?
 Nay, childless too, save Juno whom I love ?
 And dare they then ? Come ; our continued sorrow
 Shall into scarlet indignation turn,
 And my sons' blood shall crown their guilty heads
 With purple vengeance.—Valiant lords, set on,
 And meet them to their last destruction.

1 *Lord.* March ! forward !

Sat. Stay ! Because we'll ground our wars
 On justice, fair Sibylla on thy life
 I charge thee tell me, and dissemble not,
 By all the hopes in Saturn thou hast stored,
 Our nuptial pleasures and affairs of love,
 As thou esteem'st our graee, or vengeance fearest,
 Resolve me truly—hast thou sons alive ?

[*SIBYLLA kneels.*

These tears, and that dejection on thy knee,
 Accompanied with dumbness, argue guilt.
 Arise and speak.

Sib. Let Saturn know I am a woman, then ;
 And more, I am a mother. Would you have me
 A monster, to exceed in cruelty

The savagest of savages? Bears, tigers, wolves,
All feed their young: would Saturn have his queen
More fierce than these? Think you Sibylla dare
Murder her young, whom cruel beasts would spare?
Let me be held a mother, not a murderess;
For, Saturn, thou hast living three brave sons.
But where? rather than to reveal to thee,
That thou may'st send their guiltless blood to spill,
Here seize my life, for them thou shalt not kill.

Sat. Amazement! war, the threatening oracle,
All muster strange perplexions 'bout my brain,
And rob me of the true ability
Of my direct conceivements. Doubt and war,
Titan's invasion, and my jealousy
Make me unfit for answer.

1 *Lord.* Royal Saturn,
'Twas pity in the queen so to preserve them.
Your strictness slew them: they are dead in you,
And in the pity of your queen survive.

Sat. Divine assistance plunge me from these troubles!
Mortality here fails me. I am wrapt
In millions of confusions.

Enter a second Lord.

2 *Lord.* Arm, arm, great Saturn!
Thy cities burn; a general massacre
Threatens thy people! The big Titanois
Plough up thy land with their invasive steel.
A huge unnumber'd army is at hand
To set upon thy camp.

Sat. All my disturbances
Convert to rage, and make my spleen as high
As is their topless fury, to encounter
With equal force and vengeance.—Go, Sibylla,
Convey my beauteous Juno to the place

Of our best strength, whilst we contend in arms
 For this rich Cretan wreath. The battle done,
 And they confin'd, we'll treat of these affairs.
 Perhaps our love may with this breach dispense;
 But first to arms, to beat th' intruders hence. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter TITAN, LYCAON, ENCELADUS, ÆGEON.

Titan. Saturn gives back, and 'gins to leave the field.

Lyc. Pursue him then unto that place of strength,
 Which the proud Cretans hold impregnable.

Enc. This gigantomachia be eternized
 For our affright and terror. If they fly,
 Toss rocks and tops of mountains after them
 To stumble them, or else entomb them quick.

Æg. They have already got into the town,
 And barricadoed 'gainst us their iron gates.
 What means, then, shall we find to startle them?

Enc. What but to spurn down their offensive mures,
 To shake in two their adamantine gates?
 Their marble columns by the groundsils tear,
 And kick their ruin'd walls as high as heaven.

Titan. Pursue them to their gates, and 'bout the city
 Plant a strong siege.—Now, Saturn, all my suffrances
 Shall on thy head fall heavy. We'll not spare
 Old man or babe: the Titans all things dare. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarum. Enter SATURN, SIBYLLA, JUNO, with Lords
 of the Court.*

Sat. The heavens have, for our barbarous cruelty,
 Done in the murder of our first born Ops,
 Pour'd on our head this vengeance. Where, oh, where
 Shall we find rescue?

Sib. Patience, royal Saturn.

Sat. Bid wolves be mild, and tigers pitiful;
 Command the Lybian lions abstinence;

Teach me to mollify the Corsic rock,
Or make the Mount Chimera passable.
What monarch, wrapp'd in my confusions,
Can tell what patience means?

Juno. Oh, royal father!

Sat. Oh! either teach me rescue from these troubles,
Or bid me everlastingly, ay, ever
Sink in despair and horror.

Sib. Oh, my lord!

You have from your own loins issue reserved
That may redeem all these calamities.

Sat. Issue from us?

Sib. From Saturn and Sibylla.

That royal prince, King of Pelasgia,
And famous Melliseus' foster-child,
Whom all the world styles by the noble name
Of Jupiter, he is King Saturn's son.

Sat. Thou hast, Sibylla, kept that son alive,
That only can redeem me from this thralldom.
Oh! how shall we acquaint young Jupiter
With this his father's hard success in arms?

Sib. My care did ever these events foresee,
And I have sent to your surviving son
To come unto your rescue. Then, great Saturn,
In your wife's pity seem to applaud the heavens,
That make me their relentful minister
In the repairing of your downcast state.

Sat. If royal Jupiter be Saturn's son,
We shall be either rescued or revenged.
And now I shall not dread those Titanoids
That threaten fire and steel.

Sib. Trust your Sibylla.

Sat. Thou art my anchor, and the only column
That supports Saturn's glory.—Oh, my Jupiter!
On thee the basis of my hopes I erect,

And in thy life King Saturn's fame survives.—
 Are messengers despatch'd to signify
 My son of our distress?

Sib. As far as Epire,

Where, as we understand, Jove now remains.

Sat. Then Titan and the proud Enceladus,
 Hyperion, and Ægeon, with the rest
 Of all the earth-bred race, we weigh you not.
 Threaten your worst: let all your eyes spark fire,
 Your flaming nostrils like Avernus smoke,
 Your tongues speak thunder, and your armed hands
 Fling trisule lightning. Be you Gods above,
 Or come you with infernal hatred armed,
 We dread you not: we have a son survives
 Shall calm your tempests.—Beauteous Juno, comfort;
 And cheer Sibylla: if he undertake
 Our rescue, we from danger are secure.
 We in his valour all our lives assure. [*Exeunt.*

A flourish. Enter JUPITER and MELLISEUS, with attendants.

Mel. Fair prince, for less by your deserts and honour
 You cannot be, your fortunes and your birth
 Are both unknown to me. My two fair daughters
 As a swath'd infant brought you to my court,
 But whence, or of what parents you proceed,
 I am merely ignorant.

Jup. Then, am I nothing;
 And till I know whence my descent hath been,
 Or from what house deriv'd, I am but air,
 And no essential substance of a man.

Enter CALISTO, pursued by her young son ARCHAS.

Cal. Help! help! for Heaven's sake, help! I am pursued,
 And by my son, that seems to threat my life.

Jup. Stay that bold lad.

Cal. What's he? false Jupiter?

Jup. Calisto, or I much deceive myself.

Cal. Oh, thou most false, most treacherous, and unkind!

Behold Calisto by her son pursued;
Indeed, thy son. This little savage youth
Hath liv'd 'mongst tigers, lions, wolves, and bears,
And since his birth partakes their cruelty;
Archas his name. Since I Diana left,
And from her chaste train was divorc'd, this youth
I child'd in a cave remote and silent:
His nurture was amongst the savages.
This day I by misfortune mov'd his spleen,
And he pursued me with revenge and fury,
And had I not forsook the shades and forests,
And fled for rescue to these walled towns,
He had slain me in his fury. Save me, then:
Let not the son the mother sacrifice,
Before the father's eye.

Jup. Archas, my son,
My young son Archas, Jupiter's first-born,
Oh! let me hug thee, and a thousand times
Embrace thee in mine arms. Lycaon's grandchild,
Calisto's son.—Oh! will you, beauteous lady,
Forsake the forests and yet live with us?

Cal. No, thou false man. For thy perjurious lusts
I have abandon'd human subtleties.
There, take thy son, and use him like a prince,
Being son unto a princess. Teach him arts
And honour'd arms: for me, I have abjured
All peopled cities, and betook myself
To solitary deserts. Jove, adieu;
Thou proving false, no mortal can be true. *[Exit.*

Arc. Since she will needs be gone, be pleased, then,
Wearied with beasts, I long to live 'mongst men.

Jup. Yet stay, Calisto: why wilt thou outrun
Thy Jupiter?—She gone, welcome, my son;
My dear son Archas, whom, if fortune smile,
I will create lord of a greater style.

Enter the Clown, with letters.

Clown. Save you, sir: is your name King Melliseus?

Mel. We are Melliseus, and the Epire King.

Clown. Then, this letter is for you. But is there not
one here in your court, called (let me see)—have you
never a gibbet-maker?

Jup. Sirrah, here's one called Jupiter.

Clown. Ay, Jupiter; that's he that I would speak
with. Here's another letter to you, but ere you read
it, pray let me ask you one question.

Jup. What's that?

Clown. Whether you be a wise child, or no?

Jup. Your reason?

Clown. Because I would know whether you know
your own father: but if you do not, hoping you are in
good health, as your father scarce was at the making
hereof, these are to certify you.

Jup. News of a father! never could such tidings
Have gluttred me with gladness. *[He reads.]*

Clown. For mine own part, though I know not what
belongs to the getting of children, yet I know how to
father a child; and because I would be loth to have this
parish troubled with you, I bring you news where you
were born. I was the man that laid you at this man's
door, and if you will not go home quietly, you shall be
sent from constable to constable, till you come to the
place where you were begot. Read further, and tell me
more.

Mel. Is Jupiter, then, mighty Saturn's son?

Jup. I am the son of Saturn, King of Crete.—

My father battled by the Titanois ?
 May all my toward hopes die in my birth,
 Nor ever let me worthily inherit
 The name of royalty, if by my valour
 I prove me not descended royally.

Clown. I was the man that took pains with you. 'Twas
 I that brought you in the hand-basket.

Jup. Should I have wish'd a father in the world,
 It had been Saturn; or a royal mother,
 It had been fair Sibylla, Queen of Crete.—
 Great Epire's King, peruse these tragic lines,
 And in thy wonted bounty grant supplies,
 To free my noble father.

Mel. Jupiter, as I am Melliseus, Epire's King,
 Thou shalt have free assistance.

Jup. Come, then; arm!
 Assemble all the powers that we can levy.—
 Archas, we make thee of Pelasgia King,
 As King Lycaon's grandchild, and the son
 Of fair Calisto. Let that clime henceforth
 Be called Arcadia, and usurp thy name.
 Go, then, and press th' Arcadians to the rescue
 Of royal Saturn. This great king and I
 Will lead the Epirians. Fail me not to meet,
 To redeem Saturn, and to rescue Crete.

[*Exeunt. Manet Clown.*]

Clown. I have no mind to this buffeting: I'll walk
 after fair and softly, in hope that all the buffeting may
 be done before I come. Whether I had better go home
 by land or by sea? If I go by land and miscarry, then
 I go the way of all flesh: if I go by sea and miscarry,
 then I go the way of all fish. I am not yet resolved. But,
 howsoever, I have done my message so cleanly, that they
 cannot say the messenger is bereaved of anything that
 belongs to his message. [Exit.]

Alarum. Enter TITAN, LYCAON, ENCELADUS; with SATURN, JUNO, and SIBYLLA, prisoners.

Titan. Down, treacherous lord, and be our foot-pace now,

To ascend our high tribunal. Where's that godhead
With which the people ave'd thee to heaven?

Enc. 'Tis sunk into the deep abysm of hell.
Tear from his head the golden wreath of Crete:
Tread on his captive bulk, and, with thy weight,
Great Titan, sink him to the infernal shades
So low, that with his trunk his memory
May be extinct in Lethe.

Sat. More than tyrannous
To triumph o'er the weak, and to oppress
The low dejected. Let your cruelty
Be the sad period of my wretchedness;
Only preserve my lovely Juno's life,
And give Sibylla freedom.

Enc. By these gods
We neither fear nor value, but contend
To equal in our actions, both shall die:
There shall no proud Saturnian live, to brave
The meanest of the high-born Titanois.

Lyc. Raze from the earth their hateful memory,
And let the blood of Titan sway the earth.—
Speak, are the ports and confines strongly armed
Gainst all invasions?

Titan. Who dares damage us?—
Let all the passages be open left;
Unguarded let our ports and havens lie.
All danger we despise; mischance or dread
We hold in base contempt.

Enc. Conquest is ours,
Maugre divine or base terrestrial powers. [*Alarum.*

Enter ÆGEON.

Æg. Arm, royal Titan! Arm, Enceladus!
 A pale of brandish'd steel hath girt thy land:
 From the earth's caverns break infernal fires,
 To make thy villages and hamlets burn.
 Tempestuous ruin, in the shape of war,
 Clouds all thy populous kingdom. At my heels
 Confusion dogs me, and the voice of death
 Still thunders in mine ears.

Titan. Is't possible?—Bear Saturn first to prison;
 We'll after parley them.

Enc. Come angels arm'd, or devils clad in flames,
 Our fury shall repel them: come they girt
 With power celestial or infernal rage,
 We'll stand their fierce opposure.—Royal Titan,
 Ægeon, and Hyperion, d' on your arms:
 Bravely advance your strong orbicular shields,
 And in your right hands brandish your bright steel.
 Drown your affrightments in th' amazed sounds
 Of martial thunder, diapason'd deep.
 We'll stand them, be they Gods; if men, expel
 Their strengthless force, and stound them low as hell.

*A flourish. Enter, marching, King MELLESEUS,
 JUPITER, ARCHAS; drum and Soldiers.*

Titan. Whence are you that intrude on our confines,
 Or what portend you in these hostile sounds
 Of clamorous war?

Jup. Titan's destruction,
 With all the ruin of his giant race.

Titan. By what pretence or claim?

Jup. In right of Saturn,
 Whom against law the Titans have deposed.

Titan. What art thou speak'st it?

Jup. I am Jupiter,
King Saturn's son, immediate heir to Crete.

Enc. There pause: that word disturbs all thy claim,
And proves that Titan seats him in his own.

Titan. If Saturn, as thou say'st, hath sons alive,
His oath is broken, and we are justly seized
Of Creta's crown by his late forfeiture.

Æg. Thy tongue hath spoke thy own destruction,
Since whom King Saturn spar'd our swords must kill,
And he is come to offer up that life,
Which hath so long been forfeit.

Jup. Tyrants, no:
The heavens preserv'd me for a farther use;
To plague your offspring that afflict the earth,
And with your threatenings spurn against the Gods.

Lyc. Now shalt thou pay me for Calisto's wrong,
Exiling me, and for dishonouring her.

Jup. Are you there, cannibal? man-eating wolf?
Lycaon, thou art much beholding to me:
I woman'd first Calisto, and made thee
A grandfather. Dost not thank me for't?
See, here's the boy: this is Arcadia's king;
No more Pelasgia now, since thy exile.

Titan. To thee that styl'st thyself King Saturn's son,
Know thou wast doom'd before thy birth to die,
Thy claim disabled; and in saving thee
Thy father hath made forfeit of his crown.

Jup. Know, tyrant, I was born free as my father,
Nor had he power to take that life away
That the Gods freely gave me.—Tyrants, see
Here is that life you by indenture claim:
Seize it and take it; but, before I fall,
Death and destruction shall confound you all.

Enc. Destruction is our vassal, and attends
Upon the threatening of our stormy brows.—

We trifle hours : arm all your fronts with horror,
 Your hearts with fury, and your hands with death ;
 Thunder meet thunder, tempests storms defy ;
 Saturn and all his issue this day die.

Alarum. *The battles join : TITAN is slain, and his party repulsed. Enter ÆGEON.*

Æg. Where's now the high and proud Enceladus,
 To stop the fury of the adverse foe,
 Or stay the base flight of our dastard troops ?
 Titan is slain, Hyperion strews the earth,
 And thousands by the hands of Jupiter
 Are sent into black darkness. All that stand
 Sink in the weight of his high jovial hand ;
 To shun whose rage, Ægeon, thou must fly.
 Crete, with our hoped conquests, all adieu.
 We must propose new quests, since Saturn's son
 Hath by his puissance all our camp o'errun. [*Exit.*]

Alarum. *Enter ENCELADUS, leading his army ; JUPITER leading his. They make a stand.*

Enc. None stir. Be all your arms cramp'd and diseased,
 Your swords unuseful ; may all your steely glaves
 Command your hands, and not your sinews them,
 Till I by single valour have subdued
 This murderer of my father.

Jup. Here he stands,
 That must for death have honour at thy hands.—
 None interrupt us : singly we'll contend,
 And 'twixt us two give these rude factions end.

Enc. Two royal armies, then, on both sides stand,
 To view this strange and dreadful monomachy.—
 Thy fall, Saturnian, adds to my renown,
 For by thy death I gain the Cretan crown.

Jup. Death is thy due: I find it in thy stars,
Whilst our high name gives period to these wars.

[*Alarum.* They combat with javelins first; after
with swords and targets. JUPITER kills ENCEL-
ADUS, and enters with victory. JUPITER, SATURN,
SIBYLLA, JUNO, MELLISEUS, ARCHAS, with the
Lords of Crete.

Sat. Never was Saturn deified till now,
Nor found that perfectness the gods enjoy.
Heaven can assure no greater happiness,
Than I attain in sight of Jupiter.

Sib. Oh, my dear son! born with my painful throes,
And with the hazard of my life preserved,
How well hast thou acquitted all my travails,
In this thy last and famous victory.

Jup. This tells me that yon royal King of Crete
My father is, and that renowned queen
My mother: all which proves by circumstance
That 'tis but duty that by me's achieved.
Only yon beauteous lady stands apart
I know not how to style.

Sat. 'Tis Juno, and thy sister.

Jup. Oh, my stars!
You seek to make immortal Jupiter.

Juno. Juno is only happy in the fortunes
Of her renowned brother.

Jup. Royal Saturn,
If ever I deserv'd well as a victor,
Or if my warlike deeds, yet bleeding new,
And perfect both in eyes and memory,
May plead for me: oh! if I may obtain
As one that merits, or entreat of you
As one that owes, being titled now your son,
Let me espouse fair Juno.—And, bright lady,
Let me exchange the name of sister with you,

And style you by a nearer name of wife.

Oh! be my spouse, fair Juno.

Juno. 'Tis a name

I prize 'bove sister, if these grace the same.

Sat. What is it I'll deny my Jupiter?

She is thy own. I'll royalize thy nuptials
With all the solemn triumphs Crete can yield.

Mel. Epire shall add to these solemnities,
And with a bounteous hand support these triumphs.

Arc. So all Arcadia shall.

Sat. Then, to our palace

Pass on in state. Let all the deities
Shower down from heaven a largess, that these bridals
May exceed mortal pomp. March! march, and leave
me

To contemplate these joys, and to devise
How with best state this night to solemnize.

[*They all march off, and leave SATURN alone.*]

Sat. Saturn at length is happy by his son,
Whose matchless and unrivall'd dignities
Are without peer on earth. Oh, joy! Joy? Corsive
Worse than the throes of child-birth, or the tor-
tures

Of black Cimmerian darkness. Saturn, now
Bethink thee of the Delphian Oracle:
He shall his father's virtues first excel,
Seize Crete, and after drive him down to hell.
The first is past; my virtues are exceeded:
The last I will prevent by force or treason.
I'll work his ruin ere he grow too high;
His stars have cast it, and the boy shall die.
More sons I have; more crowns I cannot win:
The Gods say he must die, and 'tis no sin.

[*Exit.*]

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER.

Homer. Oh! blind ambition and desire of reign,
What horrid mischief wilt thou not devise?
The appetite of rule and thirst of reign
Besot the foolish and corrupt the wise.
Behold a king, suspicious of his son,
Pursues his innocent life, and without cause.
Oh! blind ambition, what hast thou not done
Against religion, zeal, and nature's laws?

But men are born their own fates to pursue;
Gods will be gods, and Saturn finds it true.

A dumb show. Enter JUPITER, JUNO, MELLISEUS, ARCHAS, as to revels. To them SATURN; draws his sword to kill JUPITER, who only defends himself; but being hotly pursued, draws his sword, beats away SATURN, seizeth his crown, and swears all the Lords of CRETE to his obeisance: so Exit.

Saturn against his son his force extended,
And would have slain him by his tyrannous hand,
Whilst Jupiter alone his life defended;
But when no prayers his fury could withstand,
He us'd his force, his father drove from Crete,
And, as the Oracle before had told,
Usurp'd the crown. The lords kneel at his feet,
And Saturn's fortunes are to exile sold.
But leaving him, of Danae, that bright lass,
How amorous Jove first wrought her to his power;
How she was closed in a fort of brass,
And how he scal'd it in a golden shower,
Of these we next must speak. Courteous and wise,
Help with your hands, for Homer wants his eyes.

[*Exit.*]

A flourish. Enter JUPITER, JUNO, the Lords of Crete, MELLISEUS, ARCHAS, NEPTUNE, and PLUTO.

Jup. Our unkind father, double tyrannous
To prosecute the virtues of his son,
Hath sought his own fate, and by his ingratitude
Left to our head the imperial wreath of Crete,
Which gladly we receive.—Neptune from Athens,
And Pluto from the Lower Tartary,
Both welcome to the Cretan Jupiter.
Those stars that govern'd our nativity,
And stripp'd our fortunes from the hand of death,
Shall guard us and maintain us.

Nep. Noble Saturn,
Famous in all things, and degenerate only
In that inhuman practice 'gainst his sons,
Is fled us, whom we came to visit freely,
And filial duties to express. Great Athens,
The nurse and fostress of my infancy,
I have instructed in the seaman's craft,
And taught them truly how to sail by stars.
Besides, the unruly jennet I have tamed,
And train'd him to the saddle for my practice.
The horse to me is solely consecrate.

Pluto. I from the bounds of Lower Tartary
Have travell'd to the fertile plains of Crete;
Nor am I less in lustre of my fame,
Than Neptune or renowned Jupiter.
Those barren kingdoms I have rich'd with spoils,
And not a people traffics in those worlds
For wealth or treasure, but we custom them,
And they enrich our coffers: our arm'd guards
Prey on their camels and their laden mules,
And Pluto's through the world renown'd and fear'd.
And since we miss'd of Saturn, lately fled,

It glads me yet I freely may survey
The honours of my brother Jupiter.

Nep. And beauteous Juno, empress of all hearts,
Whom Neptune thus embraceth.

Pluto. So doth Pluto.

Juno. All divine honours crown the royal temples
Of my two famous brothers.

Jup. King Melliseus, welcome them to Crete:
Archas, do you the like.

Mel. Princes, your hands.

Arc. You are my royal uncles.

Jup. Nay, hand him, lords; he is your kinsman, too:
Archas, my son, of fair Calisto born.—
I hope, fair Juno, it offends not you:
It was before your time.

Juno. She was a strumpet.

Jup. She shall be a star;
And all the queens and beauteous maids on earth,
That are renown'd for high perfections,
We'll woo and win. We were born to sway and rule;
Nor shall the name of wife be curb to us,
Or snaffle in our pleasures. Beauteous Io
And fair Europa have, by our transhapes
And guiles of love, already been deflowered;
Nor lives she that is worthy our desires,
But we can charm with courtship.—Royal brothers,
What news of note is rumour'd in those realms
Through which you made your travels?

Nep. Have you heard
Of great Acrisius, the brave Argos king,
And of his daughter Danae?

Jup. His renown
And her fair beauty oft have pierc'd our ears;
Nor can we be at peace, till we behold
That face fame hath so blaz'd on. What of her?

Nep. Of her enclosure in the Darreine tower,
Girt with a triple mure of shining brass,
Have you not heard?

Jup. But we desire it highly.
What marble wall, or adamantine gate,
What fort of steel, or castle forg'd from brass,
Love cannot scale, or beauty not break through?
Discourse the novel, Neptune.

Nep. Thus it was.
The Queen of Argos growing great, the King
Sends (as the custom is) to th' Oracle
To know what fortunes shall betide the babe.
Answer's return'd by Phœbus and his priests,
The Queen shall child a daughter beautiful,
Who, when she grows to years, shall then bring forth
A valiant princely boy; yet such a one,
That shall the king, his grandsire, turn to stone.
Danae is born, and as she grows to ripeness,
So grew her father's fear; and to prevent
His ominous fate, pronounc'd by th' Oracle,
He moulds this brazen tower, impregnable
Both for the seat and guard, yet beautiful
As is the gorgeous palace of the sun.

Jup. Ill doth Acrisius to contend and war
Against th' unchanging fates.—I'll scale that tower,
Or rain down millions in a golden shower.
I long to be the father of that babe,
Begot on Danae, that shall prove so brave,
And turn the dotard to his marble grave.
'Tis cast already. Fate, be thou my guide,
Whilst for this amorous journey I provide.

Mel. But is the lady there immur'd and closed
From all society and sight of man?

Nep. So full of jealous fears is King Acrisius,
That, save himself, no man must near the fort.

Only a guard of beldams, past their lusts,
 Insensible of love or amorous pity,
 Partly by bribes hir'd, partly curb'd with threats,
 Are guard unto this bright imprison'd dame.

Pluto. Too pitiless, and too obdure's the King,
 To cloister beauty from the sight of man.
 But this concerns not us.

Jup. That fort I'll scale,
 Though, in attempting it, be death to fail.—
 Brothers and princes; all our court's rarities
 Lie open to your royall'st entertainment:
 Yet pardon me, since urgency calls me hence
 To an enforced absence.—Nay, Queen Juno,
 You must be pleas'd: the cause imports us highly.
 Feast with these princes till our free return.—
 Attendance, lords!—We must descend in gold,
 Or you imprison'd beauty ne'er behold. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter four old Beldams, with other women.

1 *Beld.* Here's a coil to keep fire and tow asunder!
 I wonder the King should shut his daughter up so
 close: for any thing I see, she hath no mind to a
 man.

2 *Beld.* Content yourself; you speak according to
 your age and appetite. We that are full fed may
 praise fast: we that in our heat of youth have drunk
 our bellyfuls, may deride those that in the heat of their
 bloods are athirst. I measure her by what I was, not
 by what I am. Appetite to love never fails an old
 woman, till the cracking of nuts leaves her. When
 Danae hath no more teeth in her head than you and I,
 I'll trust a man in her company, and scarce then; for if
 we examine ourselves, we have, even at these years,
 qualms, and rheums, and devices come over our sto-
 machs, when we but look on a proper man.

1 *Beld.* That's no question; I know it by myself, and whilst I stand sentinel I'll watch her for that, I warrant her.

2 *Beld.* Have we not reason, considering the penalty?

1 *Beld.* If any stand sentinel in her quarters, we shall keep quarter here no longer. If the princess miscarry, we shall make gunpowder; and they say an old woman is better for that than saltpetre.

[*The 'larum bell rings.*

3 *Beld.* The 'larum bell rings. It should be King Acrisius, by the sound of the clapper.

4 *Beld.* Then, clap close to the gate, and let him in.

Enter ACRISIUS.

Acr. Ladies, well done. I like this providence
And careful watch o'er Danae. Let me find you
Faithless, you die; be faithful, and you live
Eterniz'd in our love. Go, call her hither;
Be that your charge. [*Exit Beldam.*]

The rest keep watchful eye
On your portculliced entrance, which forbids
All men, save us, free passage to this place.

Enter DANAE and *Beldam.*

See, Danae is descended.—Fair daughter,
How do you brook this palace?

Dan. Like a prison.
What is it else? You give me golden fetters,
As if their value could my bondage lessen.

Acr. The architecture's sumptuous, and the building
Of cost invaluable: so rich a structure,
For beauty or for state, the world affords not.
Is not thy attendance princely, like a queen's?
Are not all these thy vassals to attend?
Are not thy chambers fair and richly hung?

The walks within this barricadoed mure
 Full of delight and pleasure? For thy taste
 And curious palate all the chiefest cates
 Are from the farthest verges of the earth
 Fetch'd to content thee. What distastes thee, then?

Dan. That which alone is better than all these—
 My liberty. Why am I cloister'd thus,
 And kept a prisoner from the sight of man?
 What hath my innocence and infancy
 Deserv'd, to be immur'd in brazen walls?
 Can you accuse my faith, or modesty?
 Hath any loose demeanour in my carriage
 Bred this distrust? Hath my eye play'd the rioter?
 Or hath my tongue been lavish? Have my favours,
 Unvirginlike, to any been profuse,
 That it should breed in you such jealousy,
 Or bring me to this durance?

Acr. None of these.

I love my Danae; but when I record
 The Oracle, it breeds such fear in me,
 That makes this thy retainment.

Dan. The Oracle!

Wherein unto the least of all the gods
 Hath Danae been unthankful or profane,
 To bondage me, that am a princess free,
 And votaress to every deity?

Acr. I'll tell thee, lady. The unchanging mouth
 Of Phœbus hath this Oracle pronounc'd,
 That Danae shall in time child such a son,
 That shall Acrisius change into a stone.

Dan. See your vain fears! What less could Phœbus
 say?

Or what hath Danae's fate deserv'd in this?
 To turn you into stone? that's to prepare
 Your monument and marble sepulchre.

The meaning is that I-a son shall have,
 That when you die shall bear you to your grave.
 Are you not mortal? Would you ever live?
 Your father died, and to his monument
 You, like a mourner, did attend his hearse:
 What you did to your father, let my son
 Perform to you—prepare your sepulchre.
 Or shall a stranger bear you to your tomb,
 When from your own blood you may store a prince
 To do those sacred rites. Or shall vain fears
 Cloister my beauty, and consume my years?

Acr. Our fears are certain, and our doom as fixed
 As the decrees of gods. Thy durance here
 Is with limit endless. [*Exit* DANAE.]

Go: attend her
 Unto her chamber, there to live an anchoress,
 And changeless virgin to the period
 Of her last hour. [*Exit* Woman.]

And you, to whom this charge
 Solely belongs, banish all womanish pity:
 Be deaf unto her prayers, blind to her tears,
 Obdure to her relenting passions.
 Should she (as Heaven and the Oracle forbid!)
 By your corrupting lose that precious gem
 We have such care to keep and lock safe up,
 Your lives are doom'd. Be faithful, we desire,
 And keep your bodies from the threaten'd fire.

[*Exit.*

1 *Beld.* Heaven be as chary of your highness'
 life,

As we of Danac's honour.

Now, if she be a right woman, she will have a mind
 only to lose that, which her father hath such care to
 keep. There is a thing that commonly sticks under a
 woman's stomach.

2 *Beld.* What do we, talking of things? There must be no meddling with things in this place. Come; let us set our watch, and take our lodgings before the princess' chamber. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter JUPITER, like a Pedlar; the Clown, his man, with packs at their backs.

Jup. Sirrah, now I have sworn you to secrecy, attend your charge.

Clown. Charge me to the mouth, and till you give fire I'll not off.

Jup. Thou knowest I have stuffed my pack with rich jewels, to purchase one jewel worth all these.

Clown. If your precious stones were set in that jewel, it would be brave wearing.

Jup. If we get entrance, sooth me up in all things; and if I have recourse to the princess, if at any time thou seest me whisper to her, find some trick or other to blind the beldams' eyes.

Clown. She that hath the best eyes of them all, I have a trick to make her nose stand in her light.

Jup. No more King Jupiter, but goodman Pedlar; remember that.

Clown. I have my memorandums about me. As I can bear a pack, so I can bear a brain. And now I talk of a pack, though I know not of the death of any of your friends, I am sorry for your heaviness.

Jup. Love and my hopes do make my load seem light:

This wealth I will unburden in the purchase
Of yon rich beauty. Prithee, ring the bell.

Clown. Nay, do you take the rope in hand, for luck's sake. The moral is, because you shall ring all in.

Jup. I care not if I take thy counsel.

[*He rings the bell.*]

Enter the four Beldams.

1 *Beld.* To the gate, to the gate; and know who 'tis, ere you open.

2 *Beld.* I learn'd that in my youth, still to know who knocked before I would open.

Jup. Save you, gentle matrons. May a man be so bold as ask what he may call this rich and stately tower?

3 *Beld.* Thou seemest a stranger, to ask such a question; for where is not the tower of Darreine known?

Clown. It may be called the tower of barren, for aught I see, for here are none but are past children.

4 *Beld.* This is the rich and famous Darreine tower, Where King Acrisius hath enclos'd his daughter, The beauteous Danae, famous through the world For all perfections.

Jup. Oh! then, 'tis here, ay, here I must unload. Coming through Crete, the great King Jupiter Entreated me to call here, at this tower, And to deliver you some special jewels Of high-priz'd worth; for he would have his bounty Renown'd through all the earth.—Down with your pack, For here we must unload.

1 *Beld.* Jewels to us?

2 *Beld.* And from Jupiter?

Jup. Now, gold, prove thy true virtue: thou canst all things,
And therefore this.

3 *Beld.* Comes he with presents, and shall he unpack at the gate?—Nay, come into the porter's lodge, good pedlars.

Clown. That lady hath some manners: she hath been well brought up, I warrant her.

4 *Beld.* And I can tell thee, pedlar, thou hast that courtesy never any man yet found but the King Acrisius.

Jup. You shall be paid well for your courtesy.
Here's first for you, for you, for you, for you.

1 *Beld.* Rare!

2 *Beld.* Admirable!

3 *Beld.* The best that e'er I saw.

4 *Beld.* I'll run and show mine to my lady.

1 *Beld.* Shut the gate, for fear the King come, and if he ring, clap the pedlars into some of you old rotten corners.—And hath King Jupiter been at all this cost? He's a courteous prince, and bountiful.—Keep you the pedlar company; my lady shall see mine, too.

Jup. Mean you the princess, Danae? I have tokens from Jupiter to her, too.

1 *Beld.* Run, run, you that have the best legs, and tell my lady.—But have you any more of the same?

Clown. Have we, quoth ha! we have things about us we have not shewed yet, and that every one must not see, would make those few teeth in your head water. I would have you think I have ware, too, as well as my master.

Enter, in state, DANAË, with the Beldams, looking upon their several jewels.

1 *Beld.* Yonder's my lady.—Nay, never be abashed, pedlar. There's a face will become thy jewels as well as any face in Crete or Argos either. Now, your token.

Jup. I have lost it: 'tis my heart.—Beauty of angels, Thou art o'ermatch'd! earth may contend with heaven. Nature, thou hast, to make one complete creature, Cheated even all mortality. This face Hath robb'd the morning of her blush, the lily Of her blanch'd whiteness, and like theft committed Upon my soul. She is all admiration! But in her eyes I ne'er saw perfect lustre.

There is no treasure upon earth, but yonder !
She is—Oh ! I shall lose myself.

Clown. Nay, sir, take heed you be not smelt out.

Jup. I am myself again.

Dan. Did he bestow these freely ? Danae's guard
Are much indebted to King Jupiter.

If he have store, we'll buy some for our use
And wearing : they are wondrous beautiful.

Where's the man that brought them ?

I Beld. Here, forsooth, lady.—Hold up your head,
and blush not : my lady will not hurt thee, I warrant
thee.

Jup. This jewel, madam, did King Jupiter
Command me to leave here for Danae.
Are you so styl'd ?

Dan. If sent to Danae,
'Tis due to me. And would the King of Crete
Knew with what gratitude we take his gift !

Jup. Madam, he shall.—Sirrah, ope your pack,
And what the ladies like, let them take freely.

Dan. Much have I heard of his renown in arms,
His generousness, his virtues, and his fulness
Of all that nature can bequeath to man.
His bounty I now taste ; and I could wish
Your ear were his, that I might let him know
What interest he hath in me to command.

Jup. His ear is mine : let me command you, then.
Behold ! I am the Cretan Jupiter,
That rate your beauty above all these gems.
What cannot love ? What dares not love attempt ?
Despite Acrisius and his armed guards,
Hither my love hath brought me, to receive
Or life or death from you, only from you.

Dan. We are amaz'd ; and the large difference
Betwixt your name and habit, breeds in us

Fear and distrust. Yet if I censure freely,
 I needs must think that face and personage
 Were ne'er deriv'd from baseness; and the spirit
 To venture and to dare to court a queen,
 I cannot style less than to be a king's.
 Say that we grant you to be Jupiter,
 What thence infer you?

Jup. To love Jupiter.

Dan. So far as Jupiter loves Danae's honour,
 So far will Danae love Jupiter.

2 *Beld.* We wait well on my lady.

Jup. Madam, you have not seen a clearer stone
 For colour or for quickness.—Sweet, your ear.

Dan. Beware your ruin, if yon beldams hear.

Jup. Sirrah, show all your wares, and let those ladies
 best please themselves.

Clown. Not all at these years.—I spy his knavery.
 Now would he have me keep them busied, whilst he
 courts the lady.

3 *Beld.* Doth my lady want nothing?

[*She looks back.*]

Clown. As for example, here's a silver bodkin. This
 is to remove dandriff, and dig about the roots of your
 silver-hair'd fur. This is a tooth-picker, but you having
 no teeth, here is for you a coral to rub your gums.
 This is called a mask.

1 *Beld.* Gramercy for this: this is good to hide my
 wrinkles. I never see of these afore.

Clown. Then, you have one wrinkle more behind.
 You that are dim-eyed, put this pitiful spectacle on
 your nose.

Jup. As I am son of Saturn, you have wrong
 To be coop'd up within a prison strong.
 Your father, like a miser, cloisters you
 But to save cost: he's loth to pay your dower,

And therefore keeps you in this brazen tower.
 What are you better to be beautiful,
 When no man's eye can come to censure it?
 What are sweet cates untasted? gorgeous clothes
 Unworn, or beauty not beheld. Yon beldams,
 With all the furrows in their wrinkled fronts,
 May claim with you like worth; ay, and compare;
 For eye to censure you none can, none dare.

Dan. All this is true.

Jup. Oh! think you I would lie—
 With any save Danae?—Let me buy
 This jewel your bright love, though rated higher
 Than Gods can give, or men in prayers desire.

Dan. You covet that, which, save the prince of Crete,
 None dares.

Jup. That shows how much I love you, sweet.
 I come this beauty, this rare face to save,
 And to redeem it from this brazen grave.
 Oh! do not from man's eye this beauty screen,
 These rare perfections, which no earthly queen
 Enjoys, save you: 'twas made to be admired.
 The Gods, the fates, and all things have conspired
 With Jupiter this prison to invade,
 And bring it forth to that for which 'twas made.
 Love Jupiter, whose love with yours shall meet,
 And having borne you hence, make at your feet
 Kings lay their crowns, and mighty emperors kneel.
 Oh! had you but a touch of what I feel,
 You would both love and pity.

Dan. Both I do;
 But all things hinder: yet were Danae free,
 She would affect the Cretan.

Jup. Now, by thee,
 (For what I most affect, by that I swear)
 I from this prison will bright Danae bear,

And in thy chamber will this night fast seal
This covenant made.

Dan. Which Danae must repeal.

Jup. You shall not, by this kiss.

1 Beld. 'Tis good to have an eye. [*She looks back.*]

Clown. Your nose hath not had these spectacles on
yet.

Dan. Oh, Jupiter!

Jup. Oh, Danae!

Dan. I must hence;

For if I stay, I yield. I'll hence: no more.

Jup. Expect me, for I come.

Dan. Yon is my door:

Dare not to enter there. I will to rest.—
Attendance!

Jup. Come I will.

Dan. You had not best. [*Exit DANAÆ.*]

2 Beld. My lady calls. We have trifled the night
till bed-time. Some attend the princess; others see
the pedlars packed out of the gate.

Clown. Will you thrust us out to seek our lodging
at midnight? We have paid for our lodging, a man
would think: we might have lain cheaper in any inn in
Argos.

Jup. This castle stands remote: no lodging near.
Spare us but any corner here below,
Be't but the inner porch, or the least staircase,
And we'll be gone as early as you please.

2 Beld. Consider all things, we have no reason to
deny that. What need we fear? Alas! they are but
pedlars, and the greatest prince that breathes would be
advised, ere he durst presume to court the princess
Danae.

1 Beld. He court the Princess! He looks not with
the face.—Well, pedlars, for this night take a nap upon

some bench or other, and in the morning be ready to take thy yard in hand to measure me some stuff, and so begone before day. Well, good night: we must attend our princess. *[Exeunt Beldams.]*

Jup. Gold and reward, thou art mighty, and hast power
O'er aged, young, the foolish and the wise,
The chaste and wanton, foul and beautiful:
Thou art a god on earth, and canst all things.

Clown. Not all things, by your leave. All the gold
in Crete cannot get one of yon old crones with child.
But shall we go sleep?

Jup. Sleep thou, for I must wake for Danae.—
Hence, cloud of baseness: thou hast done enough

[He puts off his disguise.]

To blear yon beldams.—When I next appear
To you, bright goddess, I will shine in gold,
Deck'd in the high imperial robes of Crete,
And on my head the wreath of majesty;
For ornament is a prevailing thing,
And you, bright queen, I'll now court like a king.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the four old Beldams, drawing out DANAE'S bed; she in it. They place four tapers at the four corners.

Dan. Command our eunuchs, with their pleasing'st
tunes,

To charm our eyes to rest. Leave us; all leave us.
The god of dreams hath with his downy fan
Swept o'er our eyelids, and sits heavy on them.

1 Beld. Heigho! Sleep may enter in at my mouth,
if he be no bigger than a twopenny loaf.

Dan. Then, to your chambers; and let wakeless
slumbers

Charm you in depth of silence and repose.

All. Good night to thee, fair Danae.

Dan. Let music through this brazen fortress sound,
Till all our hearts in depth of sleep be drown'd.

[*Exeunt Beldams.*]

Enter JUPITER, crowned, with his imperial robes.

Jup. Silence, that now hath empire through the
world,

Express thy power and pryncedom. Charming sleep,
Death's younger brother, show thyself as still-less
As death himself. None seem this night to live,
Save Jove and Danae; but that goddess won,
Give them new life, breath'd with the morning sun.
Yon is the door, that, in forbidding me,
She bade me enter. Women's tongues and hearts
Have different tunes; for where they most desire,
Their hearts cry on, when their tongues bid retire.
All's whist. I hear the snorting beldams breathe
Soundness of sleep. None wakes save love and we,
Yon bright imprison'd beauty to set free.

Oh, thou, more beauteous in thy nakedness
Than ornament can add to!—

How sweetly doth she breathe! how well becomes
Imaginary deadness! But I'll wake her
Unto new life. This purchase I must win:
Heaven's gates stand ope, and Jupiter will in.

Danae!

[*He lies upon her bed.*]

Dan. Who's that?

Jup. 'Tis I; King Jupiter.

Dan. What mean you, prince? How dare you enter
here,

Knowing if I but call, your life is doomed,
And all Crete's treasure cannot guard your person?

Jup. You tell me now how much I rate your beauty,
Which to attain I cast my life behind me,
As lov'd much less than you.

Dan. I'll love you, too,
Would you but leave me.

Jup. Repentance I'd not buy
At that high rate, ten thousand times to die.
You are mine own; so all the fates have said,
And by their guidance come I to your bed.
The night, the time, the place, and all conspire
To make me happy in my long desire.
Acrisius' eyes are charm'd in golden sleep.
Those beldams that were plac'd your bed to keep,
All drown'd in Lethe: save your downy bed,
White sheets, and pillow where you rest your head,
None hears or sees; and what can they devise,
When they, heaven knows, have neither ears nor
eyes.

Dan. Beshrew you, sir, that for your amorous pleasure
Could thus sort all things, person, place, and leisure.
Exclaim I could, and a loud uproar keep,
But that you say the crones are all asleep:
And to what purpose should I raise such fear,
My voice being soft, they fast and cannot hear?

Jup. They are deaf in rest: then, gentle sweet, lie
further:
If you should call, I thus your voice would murther,
And strangle with my kisses.

Dan. Kisses? Tush!
I'll sink into my sheets, for I shall blush.
I'll dive into my bed.

Jup. And I behind?
No: were 't the ocean, such a gem to find
I would dive after.

[*JUPITER puts out the lights, and makes unready.*]

Dan. Good my lord, forbear.
What do you mean? Oh, heaven! Is no man
near?

If you will needs, for modesty's sweet law,
 Before you come to bed, the curtains draw.
 But do not come: you shall not, by this light.
 If you but offer 't, I shall cry outright.
 Oh, God! how hoarse am I, and cannot! fie!
 Danae thus naked, and a man so nigh?
 Pray, leave me, sir.—He makes unready still.—
 Well, I'll even wink, and then do what you will.

[*The bed is drawn in.*]

Enter the Clown, new-waked.

Clown. I would I were out of this tower of brass,
 and from all these brazen-faced beldams! If we should
 fall asleep, and the King come and take us napping,
 where were we? My lord stays long, and the night
 grows short. The thing you wot of has cost him a
 simple sort of jewels; but if, after all, the thing you
 wot of would not do? if the pedlar should show himself
 a piddler, he hath brought his hogs to a fair market.
 Fie upon't! what a snorting, forward and backward,
 these beldams keep. But let them sleep: some in the
 house, I am sure, are awake and stirring, too, or I miss
 my aim. Well, here must I sit, and wait the good hour
 'till the gate be open, and suffer my eyes to do that
 which I am sure my cloak never will—that is, to take
 nap. [*Exit.*]

Enter JUPITER, and DANAE in her night-gown.

Dan. Alas! my lord, I never lov'd till now;
 And will you leave me?

Jup. Beauteous queen, I must;
 But thus condition'd—to return again,
 With a strong army, to redeem you hence,
 In spite of Argos, and Acrisius
 That dooms you to this bondage.

Dan. Then, farewell:
 No sooner meet but part. Remember me;
 For you, great prince, I never shall forget.
 I fear you have left too sure a token with me
 Of your remembrance.

Jup. Danae, be't a son,
 It shall be ours, when we have Argos won.

Dan. But should you fail?

Jup. I sooner should forget
 My name, my state, than fail to pay this debt.
 The day-star 'gins t' appear; the beldams stir,
 Ready t' unlock the gate. Fair Queen, adieu.

Dan. All men prove false, if Jove be found untrue!
[*Exit* DANAÆ.]

Jup. My man!

Enter the Clown.

Clown. My lord.

Jup. Some cloud to cover me: throw o'er my
 shoulders
 Some shadows for this state. The crones are up,
 And wait t' unprison us. Nay, quickly, fellow.

Clown. Here, my lord; cast your old cloak about you.

Enter the four Beldams, in haste.

1 *Beld.* Where be these pedlars?—Nay, quickly, for
 Heaven's sake: the gate is open. Nay, when? Fare-
 well, my honest friends, and do our humble duties to
 the great King Jupiter.

Jup. King Jupiter shall know your gratitude: fare-
 well.

2 *Beld.* Nay; when I say farewell, farewell.

Clown. Farewell, good Minevers.

[*Exeunt divers ways.*]

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER.

Homer. Fair Danae doth his richest jewel wear ;
 That son, of whom the Oracle foretold,
 Which cost both mother and the grandsire dear ;
 Whose fortunes farther leisure shall unfold.
 Think Jupiter return'd to Crete in haste,
 To levy arms for Danae's free release,
 But hindered 'till the time be fully past ;
 For Saturn once more will disturb his peace.

A dumb show. Enter King TROOS and GANIMEDE, with attendants. To him SATURN ; makes suit for aid ; shows the King his models, his inventions, his several metals ; at the strangeness of which King TROOS is moved, calls for drum and colours, and marches with SATURN.

The exil'd Saturn by King Troos is aided,
 Troos, that gave Troy her name, and reign'd as king,
 Crete by the help of Ganimede's invaded,
 Even at that time when Jove should succours bring
 To rescue Danae ; and that warlike power
 Must now his native territories guard,
 Which should have brought her from the brazen
 tower ;

For to that end his forces were prepar'd.

We grow now towards our port and wished bay.

Gentles, your love, and Homer cannot stray.

Enter NEPTUNE and PLUTO.

Nep. Whence are these warlike preparations,
 Made by the King, our brother ?

Pluto. 'Tis given out,

To conquer Argos ; but my sister, Juno,
Suspects some amorous purpose in the King.

Nep. And blame her not: the fair Europa's rape,
Brought from Agenor, and the Cadmain rape ;
Io, the daughter of old Inachus,
Deflower'd by him ; the lovely Semele ;
Fair Leda, daughter to King Tyndarus,
And many more, may breed a just suspect.
Nor hath he spar'd fair Ceres, queen of grain,
Who bare to him the bright Proserpina.
Such scapes may breed just fears ; and what knows she
But these are to surprise fair Danae.

Sound. *Enter* JUPITER, ARCHAS, *with drum and*
Soldiers.

Jup. Arm, royal brothers ! Crete's too small an isle
To comprehend our greatness : we must add
Argos and Greece to our dominions ;
And all the petty kingdoms of the earth
Shall pay their homage unto Saturn's son.
This day we'll take a muster of our forces,
And forward make for Argos.

Arc. All Arcadia
Assemble to this purpose.

Jup. Then, set on.
The eagle in our ensign we'll display.
Jove and his fortunes guide us in our way.

Enter King MELLISEUS.

Mel. Whether intends the King this warlike march ?

Jup. For Argos and Acrisius.

Mel. Rather guard
Your native confines. See upon your coast
Saturn, with thirty thousand Trojans, landed,
And in his aid King Troos, and Ganimedee.

Jup. In never worse time could the tyrant come
 Than now, to break my faith with Danae.
 Oh, beauteous love! I fear Acrisius' ire
 Will with severest censure chastise thee,
 And thou wilt deem me faithless and unkind,
 For promise breach: but what we must we must.—
 Come, valiant lords, we'll first our own defend,
 Ere against foreign climes our arm extend.

Sound. Enter, with drum and colours, King TROOS,
 SATURN, GANIMEDE, with other Lords and Attendants.

Sat. Degenerate boys! base bastards, not my sons,
 Behold, the death we threaten'd in your cradles
 We come to give you now. See here King Troos,
 In pity of deposed Saturn's wrongs,
 Is come in person to chastise your pride,
 And be the heavens' relentless justicer.

Jup. Not against Saturn, as a father, we,
 But as a murderer, lift our opposite hands.
 Nature and heaven give us this privilege,
 To guard our lives 'gainst tyrants and invaders.
 That claim we, as we're men: we would but live;
 Then, take not from us what you cannot give.

Tro. Where hath not Saturn's fame abroad been
 spread,
 For many uses he hath given to man;
 As navigation, tillage, archery,
 Weapons, and gold? Yet you for all these uses
 Deprive him of his kingdom.

Pluto. We but save
 Our innocent bodies from th' abortive grave.

Nep. We are his sons: let Saturn be content
 To let us keep what heaven and nature lent.

Gan. Those filial duties you so much forget

We come to teach you.—Royal Kings, to arms !
 Give Ganimede the onset of this battle,
 That, being a son, knows how to lecture them,
 And chastise their transgressions.

Sat. Ganimede,

It shall be so: pour out your spleen and rage
 On our proud issue: let the thirsty soil
 Of barren Crete quaff their degenerate bloods,
 And surfeit in their sins. All Saturn's hopes
 And fortunes are engag'd upon this day.
 It is our last, and all; be 't our endeavour
 To win 't for aye, or else to lose it ever.

[*Alarum. The battles join: the Trojans are repulsed.*]

Enter TROOS and SATURN.

Tro. Our Trojans are repuls'd. Where's Ganimede?

Sat. Amidst the throng of weapons, acting wonders.
 Twice did I call aloud to have him fly,
 And twice he swore he had vow'd this day to die.

Tro. Let's make up to his rescue.

Sat. Tush! 'tis vain:

To seek to save him we shall lose ourselves.
 The day is lost, and Ganimede lost too,
 Without divine assistance. Hie, my lord,
 Unto your ships: no safety lives a-land:
 Even to the ocean's margin we're pursued;
 Then, save yourself by sea.

Tro. Crete, thou hast won
 My thirty thousand soldiers and my son.
 Come: let's to sea.

[*Exit.*]

Sat. To sea must Saturn, too,
 To whom all good stars still are opposite.
 My crown I first bought with my infants' blood,
 Not long enjoy'd till Titan wrested it;

Re-purchas'd and re-lost by Jupiter.

These horrid mischiefs, that have crown'd our brows,
 Have bred in us such strange distemperature,
 That we are grown dejected and forlorn.
 Our blood is chang'd to ink, our hairs to quills,
 Our eyes half buried in our quechy plots.
 Consumptions and cold agues have devoured
 And eat up all our flesh, leaving behind
 Naught but the image of despair and death;
 And Saturn shall to after ages be
 That star that shall infuse dull melancholy.
 To Italy I'll fly, and there abide
 Till divine powers may place above provide. [*Exit.*

Alarum. *Enter GANIMEDE, compassed in with Soldiers.*
 To them JUPITER, NEPTUNE, PLUTO, ARCHAS,
 MELLISEUS.

Jup. Yield, noble Trojan. There's not in the field
 One of thy nation lifts a hand to save thee.

Gan. Why, that's my honour, when alone I stand
 'Gainst thee and all the forces of thy land.

Jup. I love thy valour, and would woo thy friend-
 ship.

Go freely where thou wilt, and ransomless.

Gan. Why, that's no gift: I am no prisoner,
 And therefore owe no ransom, having breath.
 Know, I have vow'd to yield to none, save death.

Jup. I wish thee nobly, Trojan; and since favour
 Cannot attain thy love, I'll try conclusions,
 And see if I can purchase it with blows.

Gan. Now speak'st thou like the noblest of my foes.

Jup. Stand all apart; and, princes, gird us round.

Gan. I love him best whose blows can loudest sound.

[*Alarum.* *They fight; and losing their
 weapons, embrace.*

Jup. I have thee, and will keep thee.

Gan. Not as a prisoner.

Jup. A prisoner to my love; else, thou art free.
My bosom friend; for so I honour thee.

Gan. I am conquer'd both by arms and courtesy.

Nep. The day is ours. Troos and King Saturn's fled,
And Jupiter remains sole conqueror.

Pluto. Peace, with her golden wings, hover o'er Crete,
Frighing hence discord and remorseless war.
Will Jupiter make up for Argos now?

Mel. Winter draws on, the sea's unnavigable
To transport an army. There attends without
A Lord of Argos.

Jup. Bring him to our presence.—

Enter a Lord of Argos.

How stands it with the beauteous Danae?

Arg. L. As one distress'd by fate, and miserable.
Of King Acrisius, and his fort of brass,
Danae's enclosure, and her beldam guard,
Who hath not heard? Yet through these brazen walls
Love hath broke in, and made the maid a mother
Of a fair son; which when Acrisius heard,
Her female guard unto the fire he dooms.
His daughter, and the infant prince, her son,
He puts into a mastless boat to sea,
To prove the rigour of the stormy waves.

Jup. Acrisius, Argos, and the world shall know
Jove hath been wrong'd in this. Her farther fortunes
Canst thou relate?

Arg. L. I can. As far as Naples
The friendly wind her mastless boat transports:
There, succour'd by a courteous fisherman,
She's first reliev'd, and after that presented
To King Pelonius, who at this time reigns;

Who, ravish'd with her beauty, crowns her Queen,
And decks her with th' imperial robes of state.

Jup. What we have scant'd is supplied by fate.
Here, then, cease arms; and now court amorous peace
With solemn triumphs.—And, dear Ganimede,
Be henceforth call'd the friend of Jupiter:
And if the fates hereafter crown our brows
With divine honours, as we hope they shall,
We'll style thee by the name of Cup-bearer,
To fill us heavenly nectar, as fair Hebe
Shall do the like to Juno, our bright Queen.
Here end the pride of our mortality:
Opinion, that makes gods, must style us higher.
The next you see us we in state must shine,
Eternized with honours more divine. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter HOMER.

Homer. Of Danae Perseus was that night begot;
Perseus, that fought with the Gorgonian shield,
Whose fortunes to pursue time suffers not:
For that we have prepar'd an ampler field.
Likewise how Jove with fair Alcmena lay;
Of Hercules, and of his famous deeds:
How Pluto did fair Proserpine betray.
Of these my Muse, now travail'd, next proceeds.
Yet, to keep promise, ere we farther wade,
The ground of ancient poems you shall see,
And how these (first born mortal) gods were made,
By virtue of divinest poesy.
The Fates, to whom the heathens yield all power,
Whose dooms are writ in marble, to endure,
Have summon'd Saturn's three sons to their tower,
To them the three dominions to assure
Of Heaven, of Sea, of Hell. How these are scann'd
Let none decide, but such as understand.

Sound: a dumb show. Enter the three Fatal Sisters, with a rock, a thread, and a pair of shears; bringing in a globe, in which they put three lots. JUPITER draws Heaven; at which IRIS descends, and presents him with his eagle, crown and sceptre, and his thunderbolt. JUPITER first ascends upon the eagle, and after him GANIMEDE.

To Jupiter doth high Olympus fall,
Who thunder and the trisule lightning bears,
Dreaded of all the rest in general:
He on a princely eagle mounts the spheres.

Sound. NEPTUNE draws the Sea, is mounted upon a sea-horse: a robe and trident, with a crown, are given him by the Fates.

Neptune is made the lord of all the seas,
His mace a trident, and his habit blue:
He can make tempests, and the waves appease,
And unto him the seamen are still true.

Sound. Thunder and tempest. Enter, at four several corners, the four Winds. NEPTUNE riseth disturbed. The Fates bring the four Winds in a chain, and present them to ÆOLUS as their King.

And for the Winds, these brothers that still war,
Should not disturb the empire, the three Fates
Bring them to Æolus, chain'd as they are,
To be enclos'd in caves with brazen gates.

Sound. PLUTO draws Hell: the Fates put upon him a burning robe, and present him with a mace, and burning crown.

Pluto's made Emperor of the ghosts below,
Where with his black guard he in darkness reigns,

Commanding Hell, where Styx and Lethe flow,
And murderers are hang'd in burning chains.
But, leaving these, to your judicial spirits
I must appeal, and to your wonted grace,
To know from you what eyeless Homer merits,
Whom you have power to banish from this place ;
But if you send me hence uncheck'd with fear,
Once more I'll dare upon this stage t' appear.

FINIS.

NOTES
TO
THE GOLDEN AGE.

Page 6, line 8, [*Exit.*] This stage-direction is wanting in the old copy, as we cannot suppose that Homer stood by the whole time the scenes he introduces were acting. In the beginning of subsequent acts it will be seen that he was necessarily present while the dumb shows were represented, because he comments upon them.

Page 10, line 5, [*Exeunt.*] It may be enough to state here, once for all, that when a necessary marginal stage-direction is not found in the old copy, we have inserted it between brackets. If there be only one bracket, that stage direction was supplied by the author, or by the old printer.

Page 12, line 20, To make your *crares* and other barks.] Respecting "crare," which means a small craft of burden, see "Cymbeline," act iv., sc. 2: edit. Collier, viii., 220.

Page 13, line 15, Enter a Lord.] The entrance of this lord from Delphos is not marked in the old copy.

Page 14, line 17, *Deprive* me.] *i.e.*, *take away* from me. "Deprive" is used in this sense by many other authors of the time. In "Hamlet," act i., sc. 4, we have—

"Which might *deprive* your sovereignty of reason."

But in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Maid in the Mill," act iv., sc. 3, is a line of a similar construction to that in our text—

"But hung at the ear, *deprives* our own sight."

So in "King Lear," act i., sc. 2—

"The curiosity of nations to *deprive* me."

And again, act iv., sc. 2—

"Is wretchedness *depriv'd* that benefit?"

In act v. of this play Heywood uses the word "deprive" in the ordinary way, as in the above passage from "Hamlet."

Page 16, line 26, Enter Sibylla, lying in child-bed, &c.] Saturn and all his followers go out, and then the scene, in the simplicity of our early stage, is supposed to represent Sibylla's chamber, a bed, no doubt, with the mother in it, having been thrust upon the stage for the purpose. So in "A Woman Killed with Kindness," (p. 160 of our edition) we have, "Enter Mrs. Frankford, *in her bed*." Near the end of act iv. of the play before us occurs a curious and apposite stage-direction, where the four Beldams draw Danae, in her bed, upon the stage, and afterwards leave her, as if she were in her chamber. The bed is afterwards withdrawn, with Jupiter and Danae in it.

Page 17, line 22, How looks she, Nurse?] In the old copy this, and the six next lines, owing to the omission of the prefix, are made part of the speech of the Nurse.

Page 18, line 17. The necessary exit of the First Lord is not marked in the original.

Page 19, line 32, And *counterfeit* sorrow shadow it.] This line is evidently defective, and the author probably wrote, "And *counterfeited* sorrow shadow it;" but, of course, we have not taken the liberty to alter the text, when the meaning is clear as it stands. The error was most likely that of the printer.

Page 21, line 13, Lend me your hands to guide me *on the way*.] "On *your way*, in the original edition; but the change to "*the way*," or "*my way*," was necessary.

Page 23, line 19, Jupiter seizeth the *room* of Lycaon.] That is, the *place* Lycaon had left vacant. Of old, this was a very common application of the word "room."

Page 23, line 22, *Confin'd* him hence.] *i.e.*, driven him from these confines.

Page 28, line 7, Enter, with music before, Diana *and Calisto*.] Calisto is not mentioned at the beginning of this scene in the old copy, but, as will be observed hereafter, it was necessary to name her, and we may suppose her to enter with Diana.

Page 30, line 17, Or a *virago*.] A *virago*, in the time of Heywood and earlier, was a term used to denote a masculine-looking woman: it now generally means a woman who brings her masculine qualities into action.

Page 30, line 27, I may pass for a *bona roba*, a rounceval.] A *bona roba* was a very common term for a woman of the town. A *rounceval* must have meant a sort of female warrior; perhaps from Roncesvalles, where Orlando was defeated and killed. Coles makes *rounceval* equivalent to *virago*.

Page 31, line 34, *Aside*.] This is one of the few instances, in the early copies of old plays, of a stage-direction being inserted in the margin to point out what was to be heard by the audience, but not by the characters engaged in the performance. Other short speeches by Jupiter in the scene must also have been spoken *aside*.

Page 32, line 3, Well, proceed.] These words are inserted in parenthesis and in Italic type in the old copy, as if a stage-direction; but they are evidently part of what Jupiter says aloud, after a speech *aside*.

Page 32, line 4, With hated man *atone*.] *i.e.*, agree, or be *at one* with him.

Page 38, line 7, *Pash* and kill.] Shakespeare, "Winter's Tale," act i., sc. 2, uses "pash," as a substantive, for the head; but the verb *to pash* means to strike down and break to pieces, and in this sense it occurs in many authors of Heywood's time. Thus Marlowe, in his "Tamburlaine," Part I., act iii., sc. 3, edit. Dyce, i., 65, has these lines—

"Zabina, mother of three braver boys
Than Hercules, that in his infancy
Did *pash* the jaws of serpents venomous."

Other authorities might be quoted to the same effect, but they are needless.

Page 38, line 15, Your bodies *still*.] *i.e.*, *distil*.

Page 42, line 10, This *gigantomachia* be eternized.] This *gigomantichia*, &c., in the old copy.

Page 42, line 25, With Lords of the Court.] The old stage-direction has, "with *other* Lords of the Court;" but none have been previously mentioned.

Page 43, line 35, On thee the basis of my hopes I *erect*.] So in the original; but perhaps the poet wrote *rest* for "erect," since it suits the measure better, and the sense at least as well.

Page 44, line 7, *Hyperion* and *Ægeon*, with the rest.] Here we see Heywood, though well read, pronouncing Hyperion, as repeatedly by Shakespeare. Better scholars than either did the same.

Page 46, line 23, *He reads*.] "They read," in the old copy; but it is clear that Melliseus did not read, and that the Clown did not overlook.

Page 47, line 33, I have done my message so *cleanly*, that they cannot say the messenger is *bereaved*, &c.] Perhaps we ought to read *berayed*, in the old sense of the word, instead of "bereaved."

Page 49, line 16, Hyperion, *d' on* your arms.] So etymologically printed in the old copy; but generally *do on* is reduced to one word, *don*, without any apostrophe. Instances almost numberless might be cited. In the same way, *doff* is *d' off*, or *do off*.

Page 50, line 7, Of Creta's crown.] The old printer usually spelt Crete, *Creet*, because Heywood uses it commonly as a monosyllable.

Page 53, line 12, Let all *the deities*.] The old copy has *raryeties*, which is nonsense: "the deities" may be the true reading, and it suits the metre of the line.

Page 53, line 21, *Corsive*, worse than the throes of child-birth.] *i.e.*, *corrosive*, as in "The Thracian Wonder," act i., sc. 2—

"Think what a corsive it would prove to me."

It would be easy to multiply authorities.

Page 56, line 26, But we can charm with courtship.] This and the previous part of the speech we must suppose spoken aside; but there is no stage-direction to that effect. It is not likely that Jupiter would make such open declarations of infidelity to his wife: the same remark will apply to several of Jupiter's subsequent speeches, parts of which only were intended to be heard.

Page 59, line 22, Enter Danae and Beldam.] Neither the *exit* of the Beldam, to fetch Danae, nor her return with the Princess, are mentioned in the old copy, but the insertion of both is necessary.

Page 62, line 23, As I can bear a pack, so *I can bear a brain*.] "To bear a brain" was a proverbial expression. It appears by Henslowe's Diary, p. 155, that Dekker wrote a play in 1599, with the title of "Bear a Brain."

Page 63, line 1, Enter the four Beldams.] Their two first speeches are heard before they open the gate, and come upon the stage.

Page 64, line 21, Looking upon *their* several jewels.] The old copy has, "looking upon *three* several jewels;" but it must be a misprint, as Jupiter has, at all events, given them *four* several jewels—one to each.

Page 66, line 13, Sweet, your ear.] These words are printed in *Italic*, and as a stage-direction, in the old copy, but there can be no question that they are part of the text.

Page 66, line 28, I never *see* of these afore.] It seems likely that the author meant to make the old woman speak bad English, and we have therefore left the text as we find it.

Page 67, line 11, With any save Danae.] In the original, this is in parenthesis, to indicate probably that it was to be spoken aside, and not to be heard by the Princess.

Page 71, line 32, And makes *unready*.] *i.e.*, undresses himself: "to make ready" was formerly the commonest phrase for dressing.

Page 73, line 16, Enter the Clown.] Omitted in the old copy, but necessary, as the Clown must have gone out after his last speech, in order to leave the stage free for Jupiter and Danae.

Page 73, line 32, Farewell, good Minevers.] Possibly the Beldams wore *minever*, a species of fur, on their dresses; or perhaps the Clown calls them after the name of a well-known character.

Page 75, line 7, Fair Leda, daughter of King Tyndarus.] She was the wife of Tyndarus, and daughter of Thespius. Heywood is elsewhere not always quite correct in his mythology.

Page 76, line 17, And be the heavens' relentless *justicer*.] The ordinary word for justice, or judge. See "King Lear," ed. Collier, vii., 433 and 449.

Page 78, line 6, in our *quechy* plots.] *Quechy*, or *queachy*, which may have some relation to *queasy*, is an old word for wet, marshy, swampy.

Page 78, line 11, That star that shall infuse dull melancholy.] Heywood here repeats himself; for on page 16 he has already made Saturn say—

"Saturn's disturbance to the world shall be
That planet that infuseth melancholy."

Page 79, line 15, Enter a Lord of Argos.] The stage-direction only is, "Enter *Arges*;" but in the prefixes he is called "Arg. L.," meaning *Argos Lord*. We must suppose that on the command of Jupiter, "Bring him to our presence," an attendant, or officer, makes his *exit*, and returns with the Lord of Argos. It was hardly necessary to detail this in the stage-directions, as the business was sufficiently intelligible.

Page 79, line 34, To King Pelonnus.] The name of the King seems to have been Polydectes.

THE
S I L V E R A G E,

INCLVDING

The loue of Iupiter to Alcmena :
The birth of Hercules,

AND

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

CONCLVDING

With the Arraignment of the Moone.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent aut delectare.

LONDON,

Printed by *Nicholas Okes*, and are to be sold by
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end of *Graies Inne-lane* in *Holborne*.

1613.

To the Reader.

Let not the title of this book, I entreat, be any weakening of his worth in the general opinion. Though we began with Gold, follow with Silver, proceed with Brass, and purpose, by God's grace, to end with Iron, I hope the declining titles shall no whit blemish the reputation of the works; but rather trust, that as those metals decrease in value, so, *à contrario*, their books shall increase in substance, weight, and estimation. In this we have given Hercules birth and life: in the next we shall lend him honour and death. Courteous Reader, it hath been my serious labour; it now only attends thy charitable censure.

Thine,

T. II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HOMER.

ACRISIUS.	QUEEN AUREA.
PRETUS.	ANDROMEDA.
BELLEROPHON.	ALCMENA.
PERSEUS.	JUNO.
DANAUS.	IRIS.
JUPITER.	GALANTIS.
GANIMEDE.	HIPPODAMIA.
AMPHITRIO.	CERES.
SOCIA.	PROSERPINE.
EURISTEUS.	SEMELE.
HERCULES.	TELLUS.
THESEUS.	ARETHUSA.
PERITHOUS.	A Guard.
PHILOCTETES.	Two Captains.
MERCURY.	Six Centaurs.
TRITON.	Servingmen.
PLUTO.	Swains.
CERBERUS.	Theban Ladies.
RHADAMANTHUS.	The Seven Planets.
ASCULAPHUS.	Furies.

THE SILVER AGE.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER.

Since modern authors modern things have trac'd,
Searching our Chronicles from end to end,
And all known histories have long been grac'd,
Bootless it were on them our time to spend:
To iterate tales oftentimes told o'er,
Or subjects handled by each common pen,
In which even they that can but read (no more)
Can point before we speak how, where, and when,
We have no purpose. Homer, old and blind,
Of old, by the best judgments, term'd divine,
That in his former labours found you kind,
Is come the ruder censures to refine,
And to unlock the casket, long time shut,
Of which none but the learned keep the key,
Where the rich jewel (poesy) was put,
She that first search'd the heavens, earth, air, and sea.
We, therefore, beg that, since so many eyes
And several judging wits must taste our style,
The learn'd will grace, the ruder not despise,
Since what we do we for their use compile.
Why should not Homer, he that taught in Greece,
Unto this judging nation lend like skill,
And into England bring that golden fleece

For which his country is renowned still?
 The Golden past, the Silver Age begins
 In Jupiter, whose son, of Danae born,
 We first present; and how Acrisius' sins
 Were punish'd for his cruelty and scorn.

We enter where we left, and so proceed.—

Your favour still; for that must help at need.

*Alarum. Enter, with victory, King PRETUS, BELLE-
 ROPHON bringing in King ACRISIUS prisoner: drum
 and colours.*

Pret. Now, you that trusted to your Darreine strength,
 The brazen tower that erst enclos'd your child,
 Stand'st at our grace a captive; and we now
 Are Argos' king, where thou usurp'd so late.

Acr. 'Tis not thy power, King Pretus, but our rigour
 Against my daughter and the prince her son,
 Thus punish'd by the heavens, have made thee victor.

Pret. 'Twas by thy valour, brave Bellerophon,
 That took'st Acrisius prisoner, hand to hand.

Beller. The duty of a service, and a servant,
 I have express'd to Pretus.

Pret. By thy valour
 We reign sole King of Argos, where our brother
 Hath tyranniz'd. And now these brazen walls,
 Built to immure a fair and innocent maid,
 Shall be thine own jail.—Give his legs the irons,
 Till we determine farther of his death.

Acr. Oh, Danae! when I, rude and pitiless,
 Threw thee, with thy young infant, to the mercy
 Of the rough billows in a mastless boat,
 I then incurr'd this vengeance. Jupiter,
 Whose father in those blest and happy days
 I scorn'd to be, or rank him in my line,
 Hath chastis'd me for my harsh cruelty.

Pret. We are Jove's rod, and we will execute
The doom of heaven with all severity.
Such mercy as thy guardian Beldams had,
Who for the love of Danae felt the fire,
Thou shalt receive from us.—Away with him!

[*ACRISIUS is led bound.*]

Enter Queen AUREA.

Aur. Why doth King Pretus lead his brother bound,
And keep a greater foe in liberty?
This, this, thou most unchaste Bellerophon!
And canst thou blushless gaze me in the face,
Whom thou so lately did'st attempt to force?
Or front the prince, thy master, with such impudence,
Whose reverend bed thou hast practis'd to defile?

Beller. Madam!—My lord!

Aur. Hear not th' adulterer's tongue;
Who, though he had not power to charm mine ears,
Yet may enchant thine.

Pret. Beauteous Aurea,
If thou can prove by witness that rude practice,
His life and tortures I'll commit to thee.

Aur. What greater witness than Queen Aurea's
tears?

Or why should I hate you, Bellerophon,
That, save this practice, never did me wrong?

Beller. Oh, woman! when thou art given up to sin
And shameless lusts, what brazen impudence
Hardens thy brow!

Aur. Shall I have right of him?

Pret. Thou shalt. Yet let me tell my Aurea,
This knight hath serv'd me from his infancy,
Been partner of my breast, and secret thoughts;
His sword hath been the guardian of my state,
And by the virtue of his strong right hand

I am possess'd of Argos. I could read thee
 A chronicle of his great services
 Fresh in my thoughts: then, give me leave to pause,
 Ere I pronounce sad sentence of his death.

Aur. Grant me, my lord, but a few private words
 With this dissembling hypocrite: I'll tell him
 Such instance of his heinous enterprise,
 Shall make him blush, and with effeminate tears
 Publish his riotous wrongs against your bed.

Pret. We grant you privacy.

Aur. Near us, Bellerophon.

Beller. Oh, woman! woman!

Aur. We are alone. Yet wilt thou grant me love?
 Put me in hope, and say the time may come,
 And my excuse to Pretus shall unsay
 These loud exclaims, and blanch this Ethiop scandal
 As white as is thy native innocence.
 Love me, oh! love me, my Bellerophon:
 I sigh for thee! I mourn, I die for thee!
 Give me an answer swift and peremptory;
 Gain by thy grant life, thy denial death.
 Wilt thou take time, and limit me some hope
 By 'pointing me an hour?

Beller. Never, oh! never.

First shall the sun-god in the ocean quench
 The day's bright fire, and o'er the face of heaven
 Spread everlasting darkness.

Aur. Say no more.—

Dog! devil! even before my husband's face
 Dar'st court me?—Pretus, canst thou suffer this?—
 Injurious traitor, think'st thou my chaste innocence
 Is to be mov'd with prayers, or brib'd by promises?
 Hath the King hir'd thee to corrupt his bed,
 Or is he of that slavish sufferance,
 Before his face to see me strumpeted?

Pretus, by heaven and all the gods I vow
To abjure thy presence and confine myself
To lasting widowhood, unless with rigour
Thou chastise this false groom.

Pret. Bellerophon,

Thou hast presum'd too much upon our love,
And made too slight account of our high power,
In which thy life or death is circumscribed.

Beller. My lord, I should transgress a subject's duty
To lay the least gross imputation
Upon the Queen, my beauteous sovereigntess;
And rather than to question her chaste virtues,
I lay myself ope to the strictest doom.
My service hath been yours; so shall my life:
I yield it to you freely.

Pret. Aurea's tears

Contend with thy supposed innocence,
And have the upper hand. To see thee die
My settled love will not endure; but worse
Than death can be we doom thy insolence.
Go hence an exile; and return no more
Upon thy knighthood, but expose thyself
Unto that monstrous beast of Sicily,
Call'd the Chimæra: it hath a lion's head,
Goat's belly, and a poisonous dragon's train.
Fight with that beast, whom hosts cannot withstand,
And feed what armies cannot satisfy.
My doom's irrevocable.

Beller. For all my service

A fair reward! But by my innocence,
Virtues, and all my honour's attributes,
That savage monster I will feed or foil;
Die by his jaws, or bring home honour'd spoil.

Aur. Yet, yet thy body meeds a better grave;
And kill not me, too, whom thy grant may save!

Beller. A thousand fierce Chimæras first I'll feed,
Ere stain mine honour with that damned deed.

Aur. Again to tempt me! hence, base traitor; fly,
And, as thy guilt's meed, by that monster die.

Pret. Away with him! 'Tis our mild sufferance
Begets this impudence.—Come, beauteous Aurea,
Thou shalt be full reveng'd. I know him honourable
In this, and will perform that enterprise
Which in one death brings many. Let us now
Enjoy our conquests: he shall soon be dead
That with base sleights sought to corrupt our bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter PERSEUS, ANDROMEDA, and DANAUS.

Pers. There stay, our swift and winged Pegasus,
And on the flowers of this fair meadow graze.
Thou that first flew'st out of the Gorgon's blood,
Whose head we, by Minerva's aid, pared off,
And since have fix'd it on our crystal shield:
This head, that had the power to change to stone
All that durst gaze upon 't; and, being plac'd here,
Retains that power to whom it is uncased,
Hath chang'd great Atlas to a mount, so high,
That with his shoulders he supports the sky.

Dan. Perseus, great son of Jove and Danae,
Famous for your achievements through the world,
Minerva's favourite, goddess of wisdom,
And husband to the sweet Andromeda,
Whom you so late from the sea-monster freed,
After so many deeds of fame and honour,
Shall we return to see our mother Danae?

Pers. Dear brother Danaus, the renowned issue
Of King Pellonus, that in Naples reigns,
Where beauteous Danae is created queen,

Thither I'll bear the fair Andromeda,
To see our princely mother.

Andro. Royal Perseus,
Truly descended from the line of gods,
Since, by the slaughter of that monstrous whale,
You freed me from that rock where I was fixed,
To be devour'd and made the monster's prey,
And after won me from a thousand hands,
By Phineus' arm, that was my first betrothed,
Ingrate were I your fellowship to shun,
Whom by the force of arms you twice have won.

Enter BELLEROPHON.

Pers. Towards Naples, then.—But soft! what knight
is that,
So passionately deject? Let us salute him.—
Whence are you, gentle knight?

Beller. I am of Argos.

Pers. But your adventure?

Beller. The infernal monster
Call'd the Chimæra, bred in Sicily.

Pers. Thou canst not stake thy life against such
odds,

And not be generously deriv'd. I, Perseus,
The son of Jove and Danae, offer thee
Assistance to this noble enterprise.

Beller. Are you the noble Perseus, whom the world
Crowns with such praise and royal hardiness?
Fam'd for your wing'd steed, and your Gorgon's shield,
And for release of fair Andromeda?

Pers. We Perseus are, and this Andromeda,
King Cepheus' daughter, rescued by our sword,
The keen-edg'd harpe.

Beller. Let me do you honours
Worthy your state, and tell such news, withal,

As shall disturb the quiet of your thoughts.
I am of Argos, where Acrisius reigned.

Pers. Our grandsire, and reigns still.

Beller. His brother Pretus

Hath cast him both of state and kingdom too.

Nor let Bellerophon himself belie :

It was by virtue of this strong right arm,
Which he hath thus requited, to expose me
Unto this strange adventure. The full circumstance
I shall relate at leisure.

Pers. Dares King Pretus

Depose Acrisius, knowing Perseus lives?
Guide me, fair knight, unto my place of birth,
Where the great King of Argos lives captived,
That I may glaze my harpe in the blood
Of tyrant Pretus.

Beller. I am sworn by oath

To dare the rude Sicilian monster first ;
Whom having slain, I'll guide you to the rescue
Of King Acrisius.

Pers. Thou hast fir'd our blood,
And startled all our spirits, Bellerophon.
We'll mount our Pegasus, and through the air
Bear thee unto that fell Chimæra's den,
And in the slaughter of that monstrous beast
Assist thy valour. Thence to Argos fly,
Where by our sword th' usurper next must die.

Beller. We are proud of your assistance, and, withal,
Assur'd of conquest.

Pers. Fair Andromeda,
Danaus shall be your guardian towards Argos,
Where, after this achievement, we will meet
To give our grandsire freedom. Come, let's part :
We through the air, you towards Darreine tower,
Where tragic ruin Pretus shall devour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King PRETUS and Queen AUREA.

Pret. Aurea, we were too hasty in our doom,
To lose that knight whose arm protected us,
Whose fame kept all our neighbour kings in awe;
Nor was our state confirm'd but in his life.

Aur. Let traitors perish, and their plots decay,
And we still by divine assistance sway.

Pret. But say some prince should plot Acrisius' rescue,
Invade great Argos, or siege Darreine tower,
Then should we wish Bellerophon again
To oppose their fury, and their pride restrain.

Aur. To cut off all these fears, cut off Acrisius:
Appear to him a brother full as merciless
As he a cruel father to his child,
The beauteous Danae, and her infant son.

Pret. Only his ruin must secure our state,
And he shall die, to cut off future claim
Unto this populous kingdom we enjoy.—
Our guard! Command our captive brother hither,
Whom we this day must sentence.—Oh, Bellerophon!
Thy wrongs I half suspect, thy doom repent,
Since all thy acts proclaim thee innocent.

Enter ACRISIUS, brought in by the Guard.

Guard. Behold the King, your brother.

Pret. We thus sentence
Thy life, Acrisius: thou, that had'st the heart
To thrust thy child into a mastless boat
With a fair hopeful prince, unto the fury
And rage of the remorseless winds and waves;
To doom those innocent ladies to the fire
That were her faultless guardians; the like sentence
Receive from us. We doom thee imminent death
Without delay or pause.—Bear to the block

The tyrant. He that could not use his reign
With clemency, we thus his rage restrain.

Acris. Thou show'st thyself in rigour pitiful,
And full of mercy in thy cruelty,
To take away that life, which to enjoy
Were many deaths. Having my Danae lost,
With her son Perseus; having lost my kingdom,
All through the vain fears of prophetic spells,
Why should I wish a wretched life to save,
That may rest happy in a peaceful grave?

[*A flourish and a shout.*]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gentl. Strange and admirable!
Bellerophon and a brave strange knight,
Both crown'd in blood in the Chimæra's spoil,
Have cleft the air on a swift winged steed,
And in your court alighted: both their swords,
Bath'd in the serpent's blood, they brandish still,
As if they yet some monster had to kill.

Pret. Bellerophon return'd! Thou hast amaz'd us.

*Enter PERSEUS, DANAUS, and BELLEROPHON, with
ANDROMEDA.*

Pers. One, monster, than the rude Chimære more fell,
That's Pretus, Danae's son must send to hell.

Pret. Treason! our guard! [PERS. kills PRETUS.]

Pers. Lives there a man, the tyrant Pretus dead,
Saith that the crown shall not invest his head?

All. We'll all stand for the King Acrisius.

Pers. Then, by this general suffrage once more reign,
Since by our hand th' usurper here lies slain.

Acr. Our hopeless life and new invested state
Strike not so deep into Acrisius' joys,
As when he hears the name of Danae's son.
Lives Danae?

Pers. Grandsire, thy fair daughter lives,
A potent queen: we, Perseus, are her son;
This Danaus, your hopeful grandchild too.
Nor let me quite forget Andromeda,
By Perseus' sword freed from the great sea-whale,
And now ingraft into your royal line.

Acr. Divide my soul amongst you, and impart
My life, my state, my kingdom, and my heart.
Oh! had I Danae here, my joys to fill,
I truly then should be immortalized.—
Renowned Perseus, Danaus inly dear,
And you, bright lady, fair Andromeda,
You are to me a stronger fort of joy
Than Darreine's brass, which no siege can destroy.

Dan. My grandsire's sight doth promise as much bliss
As can Elysium, or those pleasant fields
Where the blest souls inhabit.

Andro. You are to me
As life on earth, in death eternity.

Acr. Let none presume our purpose to control,
For our decree is, like the doom of gods,
Fix'd and unchanging. Perseus we create
Great Argos' king, crown'd with this wreath of state.

Pers. With like applause and suffrage shall be seen
The fair Andromeda crown'd Argos' queen.

Acr. Only the Darreine tower I still reserve,
In that to penance me a life retired,
And I in that shall prove the Oracle:
Fair Danae's son, instated in my throne,
Shall thus confine me to an arch of stone.
There will I live, attended by my guard,
And leave to thee the manage of my realm.
Our will is law, which none that bears us well
Will strive by word or action to refell.

Pers. The gods' behests with your resolve agree,

To increase in us this growing majesty.—
 Bellerophon, we make thee, next ourself
 Of state in Argos.—Danaus, you shall hence,
 To cheer our mother in these glad reports,
 And to succeed Pelonius : but first stay
 Rites due to us, ere we the State can sway.

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

HOMER.

Alack ! earth's joys are but short-liv'd, and last
 But like a puff of breath, which, thus, is past.
 Acrisius in his fortress lives retir'd,
 Kept with a strong guard : Perseus reigns sole king,
 Who in himself, one sad night, long desir'd
 To see his grandsire, some glad news to bring,
 Whom the stern warders, in the night, unknown,
 Seek to keep back, whence all his grief is grown.

A dumb show. Enter six Warders, to them PERSEUS, DANAUS, BELLEROPHON, and ANDROMEDA. PERSEUS takes his leave of them, to go towards the tower : the Warders repulse him ; he draws his sword. In the tumult, Enter ACRIUS to pacify them, and in the hurly-burly is slain by PERSEUS, who laments his death. To them BELLEROPHON and the rest. PERSEUS makes BELLEROPHON King of Argos, and with DANAUS and ANDROMEDA departs.

HOMER.

Perseus repuls'd the sturdy Warder strikes ;
 This breeds a tumult ; out their weapons fly.
 Acrisius hears their clamours and their shrieks,
 And down descends, this brawl to pacify,
 Not knowing whence it grows : and in this brawl
 Acrisius by his grandchild's hand doth fall.

The Oracle's fulfill'd: he's turn'd to stone,
That's to his marble grave, by Danae's son ;
Which in the prince breeds such lament and moan,
That longer there to reign he'll not be won.

But first Bellerophon he will invest,
And after makes his travels towards the East.

Of Jupiter, now deified and made
Supreme of all the gods, we next proceed.
Your suppositions now must lend us aid,
That he can all things, as a god indeed.
Our scene is Thebes ; here fair Alcmena dwells :
Her husband in his warfare thrives abroad,
And by his chivalry his foes expels.
He absent, now descends th' Olympic god,
Enamour'd of Alcmena, and transhapes
Himself into her husband: Ganymede
He makes assistant in his amorous rapes,
Whilst he prefers the earth 'fore Juno's bed.

Lend us your wonted patience, without scorn,
To find how Hercules was got and born.

Enter AMPHITRIO, with two Captains and SOCIA, with drum and colours: he brings in the head of a crowned king, swears the Lords to the obeisance of Thebes. They present him with a standing bowl, which he locks in a casket; and sending his man with a letter before to his wife, with news of his victory, he, with his followers and BLEPHARO, the master of the ship, marcheth after.

HOMER.

Creon, that now reigns here the Theban king,
Alcmena's husband, great Amphitrio, made
His general, who to his lord doth bring
His enemy's head, that did his land invade.
Think him returning home, but sends before,

By letters, to acquaint his beauteous wife
 Of his success: himself, in sight of shore,
 Must land this night; where many a doubtful strife
 Amongst them grows. But Jove himself descends,
 Cuts off my speech; and here my Chorus ends.

Thunder and lightning. JUPITER descends in a cloud.

Jup. Earth before heaven we once more have preferred.
 Beauty, that works into the hearts of gods,
 As it hath power to mad the thoughts of men,
 So even in us it hath attraction.
 The fair Aemena, like the seaman's star,
 Shooting her glistening beauty up to heaven,
 Hath pull'd from thence the Olympic Jupiter,
 By virtue of her rays. Let Juno scold,
 And with her clamours fill the ears of heaven:
 Let her be like a Bacchanal in rage,
 And through our crystal palace breath exclaims,
 With her quick feet the galaxia wear,
 And with inquisitive voice search through the spheres,
 She shall not find us here; or, should she see us,
 Can she distinguish us, being thus transhap'd.—
 Where's Ganymede? We sent him to survey
 Amphitrio's palace, where we mean to lodge.

Enter GANIMEDE, shaped like SOCIA.

In happy time return'd. Now, Socia?

Gan. Indeed, that's my name; as sure
 As yours is Amphitrio.

Jup. Three nights I have put in one, to take our fill
 Of dalliance with this beauteous Theban dame.
 A powerful charm is cast o'er Phœbus' eyes,
 Who sleeps this night within the Euxine Sea,
 And 'till the third day shall forget his charge
 To mount the golden chariot of the sun.

The Antipodes to us shall have a day
 Of three days' length. Now, at this hour is fought
 By Joshua, Duke unto the Hebrew nation,
 (Who are indeed the Antipodes to us)
 His famous battle 'gainst the Canaanites,
 And at his orison the sun stands still,
 That he may have their slaughter.—Ganimede,
 Go knock, and get us entrance. [*Exit JUPITER.*]

Gan. Before I knock, let me a little determine with myself. If I be necessary to Jupiter in his amorous purpose, I am little better than a parcel-gilt bawd, but must excuse myself thus: Ganimede is now not Ganimede; and if this imputation be put upon me, let it light upon Socia, whom I am now to personate. But I am too long in the prologue of this merry play we are to act. I will knock, and the serving-men shall enter.

1 *Serv.* [*Within.*] Who knocks so late?

Gan. He that must in. Open for Socia,
 Who brings you news home of the Theban wars.

Enter three Serving-men.

2 *Serv.* Socia returned?

3 *Serv.* Unhurt—unslain?

Gan. Even as you see. And how, and how?

1 *Serv.* Socia, let me have an armful of thee.

Gan. Armfuls and handfuls, too, my boys.

2 *Serv.* The news? the news? How doth my Lord Amphitrio?

Gan. Nay, how doth my lady Alcmena? Some of you carry her word my lord will be here presently.

1 *Serv.* I'll be the messenger of these glad news.

2 *Serv.* I'll have a hand in 't, too.

3 *Serv.* I'll not be last. [*Exeunt Serving-men.*]

Gan. They are gone to inform their lady, who will be ready to entertain a counterfeit lord. Jupiter is

preparing himself to meet Alcmena; Alcmena, she to encounter Jupiter: her beauty hath enchanted him; his metamorphosis must beguile her. All's put to proof. I'll in to furnish my lord, whilst my fellow-servants attend their lady. They come.

Enter, at one door, ALCMENA, THESSALA, four Serving-men: at the other, JUPITER, shaped like AMPHITRIO, to GANIMEDE.

Alc. But are you sure you spake with Socia?
And did he tell you of Amphitrio's health?

1 Serv. Madam, I assure you, we spake with Socia, and my Lord Amphitrio will be here instantly.

Alc. Usher me in a costly banquet straight,
To entertain my lord. Let all the windows
Glisten with lights like stars: cast sweet perfumes
To breathe to heaven their odoriferous airs,
To tell the gods my husband's safe returned,
If you be sure 'twas Socia.

2 Serv. Madam, take my life, if it be not true.

Alc. Then, praise be to the highest Jupiter,
Whose powerful arm gave strength unto my lord,
To work his safety through these dangerous wars!
Hang with our richest works our chambers round,
And let the room wherein we rest to-night
Flow with no less delight than Juno's bed,
When in her arms she claspeth Jupiter.

Jup. I'll fill thy bed with more delightful sweets,
Than when with Mars the Cyprian Venus meets.

Alc. See how you stir for odours, lights, choice cates,
Spices, and wines! Is not Amphitrio coming
With honour from the wars? Where's your attendance?
Sweet waters, costly ointments, precious baths,
Let me have all for taste, touch, smell, and sight.
All his five senses we will feast this night.

Jup. 'Tis time to appear.—Alcmena!

Alc. My dear lord!

Gan. It works, it works! now for Juno, to set a scold between them. [*A banquet brought in.*]

Alc. Oh, may these arms, that guarded Thebes and us,
Be ever thus my girdle, that in them
I may live ever safe! Welcome, Amphitrio.—
A banquet! lights! attendance!—Good my lord,
Tell me your war's discourse.

Jup. Sit, fair Alcmena.

Alc. Proceed, my dearest love.

Jup. I, as great General to the Theban king,
March'd 'gainst the Teleboans, who make head
And offer us encounter: both our armies
Are cast in form, well fronted, sleev'd, and winged.
We throw our vows to heaven; the trumpets sound
The battle's signal. Now begin the incursions:
The earth beneath our armed burdens groans;
Shots from each side reverberate against heaven;
With arrows and with darts the air grows dark;
And now confusion ruffles. Here the shouts
Of victors sound, there groans of death are heard:
Slaughter on all sides. Still our eminent hand
Towers in the air a victor, whilst the enemy
Have their despoiled helmets crown'd in dust.
We stand, they fall; yet still King Ptelera
Strives to make head, and with a fresh supply
Takes up the mid field. Him Amphitrio fronts
With equal arms: we, the two Generals,
Fight hand to hand; but Jove omnipotent
Gave me his life and head, which we to-morrow
Must give to King Creon.

Alc. All my orisons
Fought on your side, and with their powerful weight
Added unto the ponder of your sword,

To make it heavy on the burgonet
Of slaughter'd Ptelera.

Jup. I for my reward

Had, by the subjects of that conquer'd king,
A golden cup presented, the choice bowl
In which the slaughter'd tyrant us'd to quaff.—
Socia !

Gan. My lord.

Jup. The cup.—See, fair Alcmena.

Gan. This cup Mercury stole out of Amphitrio's
casket; but all's one, as long as it is truly delivered.

Alc. In this rich bowl I'll only quaff your health,
Or use when to the gods I sacrifice.—
Is our chamber ready ?

Jup. Gladly I'd to bed,
Where I will mix with kisses my discourse,
And tell the whole project.

Alc. Mirth abound.
Through all these golden roofs let music sound,
To charm my lord to soft and downy rest.

Jup. Come; light us to our sheets.

Alc. Amphitrio's head
Shall here be pillow'd : lights, then, and to bed.

[*Exeunt with torches.*]

Gan. Alas ! poor Amphitrio, I pity thee, that art to
be made cuckold against thy wife's will. She is honest
in her worst dishonesty, and chaste in the superlative
degree of in chastity. But I am set here to keep the
gate : now, to my office.

Enter SOCIA, with a letter.

Soc. Here's a night of nights ! I think the moon
stands still, and all the stars are asleep : he that drives
Charles's wain is taking a nap in his cart, for they are all
at a stand. This night hath been as long as two nights

already, and I think 'tis now entering on the third. I am glad, yet, that out of this utter darkness I am come to see lights in my lady's palace: there will be simple news for her, when I shall tell her my lord is coming home.

Gan. 'Tis Socia, and Amphitrio's man, sent before to tell his lady of her husband. I must prevent him.

Soc. This night will never have an end: he that hath hired a wench to lie with him all this night, hath time enough, I think, to take his pennyworths. But I'll knock.

Gan. I charge thee not to knock here, lest thou be knocked.

Soc. What! not at my master's gate?

Gan. I charge thee once more. Tell me whose thou art, whither thou goest, and wherefore thou comest?

Soc. Hither I go, I serve my master, and come to speak with my lady. What art thou the wiser? Nay, if thou beest a good fellow, let me pass by thee.

Gan. Whom dost thou serve?

Soc. I serve my Lord Amphitrio, and am sent in haste to my lady Alcmena.

Gan. Thy name?

Soc. Socia.

Gan. Base counterfeit, take that! Can you not be content to come sneaking to one's house in the night, to rob it, but you must likewise rob me of my name?

Soc. Thy name! why, what's thy name?

Gan. Socia.

Soc. Socia! and whom dost thou serve?

Gan. My Lord Amphitrio, chief of the Theban legions, and my Lady Alcmena. But what's that to thee?

Soc. Ha, ha! that's a good jest. But, do you hear? If you be Socia, my Lord Amphitrio's man, and my Lady Alcmena's, where dost thou lie?

Gan. Where do I lie? Why, in the porter's lodge.

Soc. You are deceived: you lie in your throat. There's but one Socia belongs to this house, and that am I.

Gan. Lie, slave! and wilt thou outface me from my name? I'll use thee like thyself, a counterfeit.

[*Beats him.*]

What art thou? Speak.

Soc. I cannot tell.

Gan. Whom dost thou serve?

Soc. The time.

Gan. Thy name?

Soc. Nothing.

Gan. Thy business?

Soc. To be beaten.

Gan. And what am I?

Soc. What you will.

Gan. Am not I Socia?

Soc. If you be not, I would you were so, to be beaten in my place.

Gan. I knew my lord had no servant of that name but me.

Soc. Shall I speak a few cool words, and bar buffeting?

Gan. Speak freely.

Soc. You will not strike?

Gan. Say on.

Soc. I am the party you wot of: I am Socia. You may strike, if you will, but, in beating me, (if you be Socia) I assure you, you shall but beat yourself.

Gan. The fellow's mad.

Soc. Mad! Am I not newly landed? Sent hither by my master? Is not this our house? Do I not speak? Am I not awake? Am I not newly beaten? Do I not feel it still? And shall I doubt I am

not myself? Come, come; I'll in, and do my message.

Gan. Sirrah, I have endured you with much impatience. Wilt thou make me believe I am not Socia? Was not our ship launched out of the Persic haven? Did I not land this night? Have we not won the town where King Ptelera reigned? Have we not overthrown the Teleboans? Did not my Lord Amphitrio kill the king, hand to hand? And did he not send me, this night, with a letter to certify my Lady Alcmena of all these news?

Soc. I begin to mistrust myself: all this is as true as if I had told it myself. But I'll try him farther.—What did the Teleboans present my lord with, after the victory?

Gan. With a golden cup, in which the king himself used to quaff.

Soc. Where did I put it?

Gan. That I know not; but I put it into a casket, sign'd by my lord's signet.

Soc. And what's the signet?

Gan. The sun rising from the East in his chariot. But do you come to undermine me, you slave?

Soc. I must go seek some other name: I am half hanged already, for my good name is lost.—Once more resolve me. If thou canst tell me what I did alone, I will resign thee my name. If thou beest Socia, when the battles began to join, as soon as they began to skirmish, what didst thou?

Gan. As soon as they began to fight, I began to run.

Soc. Whither?

Gan. Into my lord's tent, and there hid me under a bed.

Soc. I am gone! I am gone! Somebody, for charity's sake, either lend me or give me a name, for this I have lost by the way. And now I look better on—he me, or I he—as he hath got my name, he hath got my

shape, countenance, stature, and every thing so right, that he can be no other than I, my own self. But when I think that I am I, the same I ever was; know my master, his house; have sense, feeling, and understanding; know my message, my business, why should not I in, to deliver my letter to my lady?

Gan. That letter is deliver'd by my hand.
My lady knows all, and expects her lord,
And I, her servant, Socia, am set here,
To keep such idle rascals from the gate.
Then, leave me, and by fair means, or I'll send thee
Legless or armless hence.

Soc. Nay, thou hast robb'd me of enough already. I would be loth to lose my name and limbs both in one night.—Where have I miscarried? Where been changed? Did I not leave myself behind in the ship, when I came away? I'll even back to my master, and see if he know me: if he know me; if he call me Socia, and will bear me out in't, I'll come back, and do my message, spite of him says nay.—Farewell, self.

[*Exit.*

Gan. This obstacle, the father of more troubles,
I have put off, and kept him from disturbance
In their adulterate pastimes. Fair Alcmena
Is great already by Amphitrio,
And near her time; and if she prove by Jupiter,
He, by his power and god-hood, will contract
Both births in one, to make her throws the less,
And at one instant she shall child two issues,
Begot by Jove and by Amphitrio.
The house by this, long charm'd by Hermes' rod,
Are stirring, and Jove, glutted with delights,
Ready to take his leave, thorough satiate
With amorous dalliance. Parting's not so sweet
Between our lovers, as when first they meet.

Enter JUPITER, ALCMENA, and the Servants.

Jup. My dearest love, farewell. We generals
Cannot be absent from our charges long.
I stole from the army to repose with thee,
And must, before the sun mount to his chariot,
Be there again.

Alc. My lord, you come at midnight,
And you make haste, too, to be gone ere morn.
You rise before your bed be thoroughly warm.

Jup. Fairest of our Theban dames, accuse me not.
I left the charge of soldiers to report
The fortune of our battles first to thee;
Which should the camp know, they will lay on me
A grievous imputation, that the beauty
Of my fair wife can with Amphitrio more
Than can the charge of legions. As my coming
Was secret and conceal'd, so my return,
Which shall be short and sudden.

Alc. That I fear;
Better I had to keep you, being here.

Jup. Nay, part we must: sweet lady, dry your tears.

Alc. You'll make my minutes months, and days seem
years.

Jup. Your business, ere we part?

Alc. Only to pray
You will make haste, not be too long away.
Farewell.

Jup. Farewell.—Come, Ganimede, 'tis done,
And fair Alcmena sped with a young son. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter AMPHITRIO, SOCIA, two Captains, with
Attendants.*

Amph. Oh, gentlemen! was ever man thus crost?
So strangely flouted by an abject groom,

That either dreams, or's mad? one that speaks nothing
 Saving impossibilities, and merely
 False and absurd.—Thus, thou art here and there,
 With me, at home, and at one instant both.
 In vain are these delirements, and to me
 Most deeply incredible.

Soc. I am your own: you may use me as you please.
 One would think I had lost enough already, to lose my
 name and shape, and now to lose your favour too. Oh!

1 *Capt.* Fie, Socia. You too much forget your-
 self;

And 'tis beyond all sufferance in your lord
 To use no violent hand.

Soc. You may say what you will, but a truth is a
 truth.

2 *Capt.* But this is neither true nor probable,
 That this one body can divide itself,
 And be in two set places. Fie, Socia, fie!

Soc. I tell you as it is.

Amph. Slave, of all slaves the basest, urge me not.
 Persist in these absurdities, and I vow
 To cut thy tongue out, have thee scourg'd and beaten.
 I'll have thee flayed.

Soc. You may so: you may as well take my skin, as
 another take my name and phisnomy. All goes one
 way.

Amph. Tell o'er thy tale again: make it more plain.
 Pray, gentlemen, your ears.

Soc. Then, as I said before, so say I still. I am at
 home; do you hear? I am here; do you see? I spake
 with my lady at home, yet could not come in at the
 gate to see her; I delivered her your letter, and yet
 have it still in my hand. Is not this plain? Do you
 understand me? I am neither mad nor drunk, but
 what I speak is in sober sadness.

1 *Capt.* Fie, Socia, fie! thou art much, too much to blame.

2 *Capt.* How dare you tempt your master's patience thus? -

Amph. Think not to 'scape thus. Yet, once more resolve me,

And faithfully. Dost thou think it possible
Thou canst be here and there? Be sensible,
And tell me, Socia.

Soc. 'Tis possible; nor blame I you to wonder, for it marvels me as much as any here. Nor did I believe that he, my own self that is at home, till he did convince me with arguments; told me every thing I did at the siege; remembered my errand better than myself: nor is water more like to water, nor milk to milk, than that he and I are to me and him; for when you sent me home about midnight——

Amph. What then?

Soc. I stood there, to keep the gate, a great while before I came at it.

Capt. The fellow's mad.

Soc. I am as you see.

Amph. He hath been struck by some malevolent hand.

Soc. Nay, that's certain; for I have been soundly beaten.

Amph. Who beat thee?

Soc. I, my own self, that am at home. How oft shall I tell you?

Amph. Sirrah, we'll owe you this. — Now, gentlemen,

You that have been co-partners in our wars,
Shall now co-part our welcome: we will visit
Our beauteous wife, with whom (our business ended)
We have leisure to confer.

Enter ALCMENA, her Servants and Maid.

Alc. Have you took down those hangings, that were placed

To entertain my lord?

1 *Serv.* Madam, they are.

Alc. And is our private bed-chamber disrobed
Of all her beauty, to look ruinous
Till my lord's presence shall repair't again?

2 *Serv.* 'Tis done as you directed.

Alc. Every chamber,
Office, and room, shall in his absence look
As if they miss'd their master, and bear part
With me in my resembled widowhood.

3 *Serv.* That needs not, madam. See; my lord's
return'd.

Alc. And made such haste to leave me? I misdoubt
Some trick in this. Is it distrust, or fear
Of my prov'd virtue? Value it at best,
'T can be no less than idle jealousy.

Amph. See bright Alcmena. With my sudden greeting
I'll rap her soul to heaven, and make her surfeit
With joy's abundance.—Beauteous lady, see
Amphitrio return'd a conqueror,
Glad to enfold in his victorious arms
Thy nine-month absent body, whose ripe birth
Swells with such beauty in thy constant womb.
How cheers my lady?

Alc. So, so; we'll do to her your kind commends.
You may make bold to play upon your friends.

Amph. Ha! what language call you this, that seems
to me
Past understanding? I conceive it not.

I rejoice to see you, wife.

Alc. Yet shall's have more?

You do but now as you have done before.
Pray, flout me still, and do yourself that right,
To tell that o'er you told me yesternight.

Amph. What yesternight? Alcmena, this your
greeting

Distastes me. I but now, now with these gentlemen,
Landed at Thebes, and came to do my love
To thee, before my duty to my king.
This strangeness much amazeth me.

Soc. We have found one Socia, but we are like to
lose an Amphitrio.

Alc. Shall I be plain, my lord? I take it ill
That you, whom I receiv'd late yesternight,
Gave you my freest welcome, feasted you,
Lodg'd you, and but this morning, two hours since,
Took leave of you with tears, that your return
So sudden should be furnish'd with such scorn.

Amph. Gentlemen, I fear the madness of my man
Is fled into her brain.—Be these my witness,
I am but newly landed: witness these,
With whom I have not parted.

1 Capt. In this we needs must take our General's part,
And witness of his side.

Alc. And bring you witness to suggest your wrongs?
Against you two I can oppose all these.—
Receiv'd I not Amphitrio yesternight?

1 Serv. I assure you. My lord, remember yourself;
you were here yesternight.

All. 'Tis most certain.

Amph. These villains all are by my wife suborned,
To seek to mad me. Gentlemen, pray list:
We'll give this error scope.—Pray, at what time
Gave you me entertainment the last night?

Alc. As though you know not. Well, I'll fit your
humour,

And tell you what you better know than I.
At midnight.

Amph. At midnight.—Pray, observe that, gentlemen.
At midnight we were in discourse aboard
Of my commission.

2 Capt. I remember 't well.

Amph. What did we, then, at midnight?

Alc. Sate to banquet.

1 Serv. Where I waited.

2 Serv. So did we all.

Amph. And I was there at banquet?

3 Serv. Your lordship's merry. Do you make question of that?

Alc. At banquet you discours'd the interview
Between the Teleboans and your host.

Amph. Belike, then, you can tell us our success,
Ere we, that are the first to bring the news,
Can utter it.

Alc. Your lordship's pleasant still.
The battles join'd, cries past on either side;
Long was the skirmish doubtful, till the Thebans
Oppress'd the Teleboans; but the battle
Was by the king renew'd, who, face to face,
And hand to hand, met with Amplitrio.
You fought, and arm to arm in single combat
Trode on his head a victor.

Amph. How came you by this?

Alc. As though you told it not.

Amph. Well, then; after banquet?

Alc. We kiss'd, embrac'd, our chamber was made
ready.

Amph. And then?

Alc. To bed we went.

Amph. And there?

Alc. You slept in these my arms.

Amph. Strumpet, no more!
Madness and impudence contend in thee,
Which shall afflict me most.

Alc. Your jealousy
And this imposterous wrong heap on me injuries
More than my sex can bear. You had best deny
The gift you gave me, too.

Amph. Oh, heaven! what gift?

Alc. The golden cup the Teleboans' king
Us'd still to quaff in.

Amph. Indeed, I had such a purpose;
But that I keep safe lock'd.—Show me the bowl.

Alc. Thessala, the standing cup Amphitrio gave me
Last night at banquet: there's the key.

Thess. I shall.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Capt.* My lord, there's much amazement in the
opening
Of these strange doubts: the more you seek to unfold
them,
The more they puzzle us.

2 *Capt.* How came she by the notice
And true recital of the battle's fortune?

Amph. That hath this villain told her, on my life.

Soc. Not I: I disclaim it. Unless it were my other
self, I have no hand in it.

Enter THESSALA, with the cup.

Thess. Madam, the bowl.

Alc. Restore't Amphitrio:
I am not worthy to be trusted with it.

Amph. The form, the metal, and the graving, too!
Tis somewhat strange.—Socia, the casket, straight.

Soc. Here, sir.

Amph. What! is my signet safe?

Soc. Untouched.

Amph. Then will I show her straight that bowl
The Teleboans gave me.—Where's my key?

Soc. Here, sir.—This is the strangest that e'er I
heard! I, Socia, have begot another Socia; my Lord
Amphitrio hath begot another Amphitrio: now, if this
golden bowl have begot another golden bowl, we shall
be all twinned and doubled.

Amph. Behold! an empty casket.

Alc. This notwithstanding, you deny your gift,
Our meeting, banquet, and our sportful night;
Your morning's parting!

Amph. All these I deny,
As false and past all nature. Yet this goblet
Breeds in me wonder, with the true report
Of our war's project. But I am myself,
New landed with these Captains, and my men
Deny all banquets and affairs of bed,
Which thou shalt dearly answer.

Alc. Ask your servants
If I mis-say in aught.

I Serv. My lord, there is nothing said by my lady
but we are eye-witnesses of, and will justify on our
oaths.

Amph. And will you tempt me still?—
Socia, run to the ship; bring me the master,
And he shall with these Captains justify
On my behalf, whilst I revenge myself
On these false servants, that support their lady
In her adulterous practice.—Villains! Dogs!

I Capt. Patience, my lord.

[*AMPHITRIO beats in his men. Exeunt.*]

Alc. Nay, let him still proceed,
That, having kill'd them, I may likewise bleed.
His frenzy is my death: life I despise:

These are the fruits of idle jealousies.
Yonder he comes again.

Enter JUPITER.

So soon appeas'd,
And from his fury? I shall ne'er forget
This injury, till I have paid his debt.

Jup. What! sad, Alcmena? Prithee, pardon me:
'Twas but my humour, and I now am sorry.
Nay, whither turn'st thou?

Alc. All the wit I have
I must express: born to be made a slave,
I wonder you can hold your hands, not strike.
If I a strumpet be, and wrong your bed,
Why doth not your rude hand assault this head?

Jup. Oh, my sweet wife! of what I did in sport
Condemn me not. If needs, then chide me for 't.

Alc. Was it because I was last night too free
Of courteous dalliance, that you injure me?
Was I too lavish of my love? next night,
Fear not, I'll keep you short of your delight.
I'll learn to keep you off, and seem more coy:
You shall no more swim in excess of joy.
Look for't hereafter.

Jup. Punish me, I pray.

Alc. Give me my dower, and I'll be gone away;
Leave you to your harsh humours and base strife:
Only the honour of a virtuous wife
I'll bear along. My other substance keep;
For in a widow'd bed I'll henceforth sleep.

Jup. By this right hand, which you Amphitrio owe,
My wrongs henceforth shall ne'er afflict you so.
Speak; are we friends? By this soft kiss, I swear,
No lady living is to me like dear.
These nuptial brawls oftimes more love beget:

The ravishing pleasures when last night we met
 We will redouble. These hands shall not part
 Till we be reconcil'd.

Alc. You have my heart,
 Nor can my anger last.

Jup. Fair love, then smile,
 And let our lips our hearts thus reconcile.

Enter BLEPHARO and SOCIA.

Ble. Thou tell'st me wonders.

Soc. I assure you, there are two Socias; and, for aught I can hear, there are two Amphytrios: we were in hope to have two golden bowls. Now, if your ship can get two masters, you will be simply furnished to sea. But see, my lord and my lady are friends: let us be partakers of their reconciliation.

Ble. Hail to the General! You sent for me, my lord.

Jup. True, Blepharo;
 But things are well made even, and we attuned:
 Your chiefest business is to feast with us.—
 Attend us, Socia.—Fair Alcmena, now
 We both are one, combin'd by oath and vow.

[*Exeunt.*

Soc. There's music in this. If they feast, I'll feast with them, and make my belly amends for all the blows received upon my back.

Enter GANIMEDE.

Gan. Jupiter and Alcmena are entered at the back gate, whilst Amphytrio is beating his servants out at the fore-gate. All's in uproar: I do but watch to see him out in the street, to shut the gates against him. But yonder is Socia: I'll pass by him without speaking.

Soc. I should have seen your face when I have looked

myself in a glass: your sweet phisnomy should be of my acquaintance. I will not pass him without congé.

[*They pass with many strange congés.*]

Enter AMPHITRIO, beating before him his servants: the two Captains; they meet with GANIMEDE.

Amph. Villains! dogs! devils!

1 Capt. Noble General!

Amph. These wrongs are too indigne.—*Socia* returned. Where's *Blepharo*?

Gan. I have sought him aboard; but he is in the city to see some of his friends, and will not return till dinner.—Now for a trick to shut the gates upon him.

[*Exit.*]

Amph. Patience, if thou hast any power on earth, Infuse it here, or I these hypocrites, These base suggesters of their lady's wrongs, Shall to the death pursue.

2 Capt. Find for their punishment Some more deliberate season: sleep upon't, And by an order more direct and plain, Void of this strange confusion, censure them.

Amph. Sir, you advise well. I will qualify This heat of rage. Now I have beat them forth, Let's in and see my wife.—*Socia* stolen hence, And the gates shut! Let's knock. [*Knocks.*]

Enter GANIMEDE, above.

Gan. What ruffian's that that knocks? you think, belike, the nails of our doors are as saucy as yourself, that they need beating.

Amph. *Socia*, I am thy lord, *Amphitrio*.

Gan. You are a fool's head of your own, are you not?

Amph. Ruffian and fool!

Gan. Take coxcomb and ass along, if you be not satisfied.

Amph. Do you condemn me now? Pray, gentlemen, Do me but right: have I just cause of rage? Can you, that have persuaded me to peace, Brook this? Oh! for some battering engine here To raze my palace walls, or some iron ram To plant against these gates.

Gan. Sirrah! I make you eat these words. Stay but till I come down, I'll send you thence with a vengeance. I am now coming: look to't. I'll tickle you with your counterfeit companions there. [*Exit.*]

1 *Capt.* This is too much: 'tis not to be endured.

Amph. I wish of heaven to have no longer life Than once more to behold him: he shall pay For all the rest.

2 *Capt.* He promis'd to come down.

1 *Capt.* And I think he will, for hark! I hear the gates open.

Enter SOCIA and BLEPHARO.

Amph. Forbear a little: note the villain's humour.

Soc. All's quiet within. I'll go help to fetch my lord's stuff from the ship. But sec! he's out of the gates before us. Which way came he?

Ble. He hath made haste.

Soc. I think he hath crept through the keyhole.

Amph. Nay, I'll be patient, fear not. Note my humour.—*Socia!*

Soc. My lord.

Amph. My honest Blepharo, I talk to you anon. My faithful servant, who pass'd this house to you, That you have power to keep the master out? Tell me, what know you by your fair mistress, That you call your lord coxcomb and ass?—

Nay, I am patient still.—Amphitrio's name
Is here forgot : fool, ruffian, are nothing ;
Them I pardon. Now you are down,
When do you beat me headlong from the gate,
And these my counterfeit companions hence ?

Soc. Who? I, I! Is your lordship as wise as God
might have made you? I!

Amph. You see we are here still: when do you
strike? What, not? Then I'll begin with you.

Ble. Amphitrio!

Soc. My lord's mad. Help, gentlemen!

Ble. If you be gentlemen, and love Amphitrio,
Or if you know me to be Blepharo,
Your master, that transported you by sea,
Give not this madness scope. Upon my credit,
Socia is guiltless of this false surmise.

Amph. Is Blepharo turn'd mad, too?

Ble. General, no.

It pities me, that left you late so mild,
And in such peaceful conference with your wife,
So suddenly to find you lunatic.—
Pray, help to bind him, gentlemen.

Amph. So, so. Am I abus'd or no? Speak, fellow
soldiers.

1 Capt. Insufferable; and yet forbear your rage.
Breathe, breathe upon't, and find some other leisure
These errors to determine.

Amph. Well, I will.

*Enter JUPITER, ALCMENA; GANIMEDE before: all the
servants running fearfully.*

Soc. Yonder's my brother, my same self!

Ble. Two Socias! two Amphitrios!

1 Capt. Conjuring! witchcraft!

Jup. Friends, and my fellow soldiers, you have dealt

Unfriendly with me to besiege my house
 With these exclaims; to bring impostors hither.
 Is there no law in Thebes? Will Creon suffer me,
 For all my service, to be injur'd thus?

Amph. Beest thou infernal hag, or fiend incarnate,
 I'll conjure thee.

Jup. Friends, I appeal to you.
 When have you known me mad? when rage and rave?
 Shall my humanity and mildness thus
 Be recompens'd? To be out-brav'd, out-faced
 By some deluding Fairy: to have my servants
 Beat from my gates; my general house disturb'd;
 My wife full grown and groaning, ready now
 To invoke Lucina, to be check'd and scorned?
 Examine all my deeds: Amphitrio's mildness
 Had never reference to this juggler's rage.

1 *Capt.* Sure, this is the General! He was ever a
 mild gentleman. I'll follow him.

2 *Capt.* There can be but one Amphitrio, and this
 appears to be he by his noble carriage.

Ble. This is that Amphitrio I conducted by sea.

1 *Serv.* My lord was never madman. This shall be
 my master.

All. And mine.

Alc. This is my husband.

Soc. I'll e'en make bold to go with the best.

Gan. Soft, sir. The true Socia must go with the
 true Amphitrio.

Amph. Oh! thou omnipotent thunder! strike
 Amphitrio,
 And free me from this labyrinth.

Jup. Gentlemen,
 My house is free to you, only debarr'd
 These counterfeits. These gates, that them exclude,
 Stand open to you: enter and taste our bounty.—

Attend us.—'Las! poor Amphitrio,
 I must confess I do thee too much wrong,
 To keep thee in this maze of doubts so long,
 Which here shall end ; for Juno I espy,
 Who all our amorous pastimes sees from high.
 As she descends, so must I mount the spheres,
 To stop her, lest she thunder in our ears.

[*Exeunt all but AMPHITRIO and SOCIA.*]

Amph. What art thou?

Soc. Nay, what art thou?

Amph. I am not myself.

Soc. You would not believe me when I said I was
 not myself ; why should I believe you?

Amph. Art thou Socia?

Soc. That's more than I can resolve you, for the
 world is grown so dangerous, a man dares scarce make
 bold with his own name ; but I am he was sent with a
 letter to my lady.

Amph. And I am he that sent thee with that letter,
 Yet dare not say I am Amphitrio :
 My wife, house, friends, my servants, all deny me.

Soc. You have reason to love me the better, since
 none sticks to you but I.

Amph. Let all yon starry structure from his bases
 Shrink to the earth, that the whole face of heaven,
 Falling upon forlorn Amphitrio,
 May, like a marble monumental stone,
 Lie on me in my grave. Eternal sleep
 Cast a nocturnal film before these eyes,
 That they may ne'er more gaze upon yon heavens,
 That have beheld my shame : or sleep or death
 Command me shut these optic windows in.
 My brain is coffin'd in a bed of lead ;
 'Tis cold and heavy. Be my pillow, Socia,
 For I must sleep.

Soc. And so must I.—Pray, make no noise for waking me or my master. [*They sleep.*]

JUNO and IRIS descend from the heavens.

Juno. Iris, away ! I have found th' adulterer now.
 Since Mercury fair Io's keeper slew,
 The hundred-eyed Argus, I have none
 To dog and watch him when he leaves the heavens.
 No sooner did I miss him, but I sought
 Heaven, sea, and earth : I brib'd the sun by day,
 And stars by night, but all their jealous eyes
 He with thick mists hath blinded, and so 'scaped.
 Iris, my rainbow, threw her circle round,
 If he had been on earth, to have clasp'd him in,
 And kept him in the circle of her arms,
 Till he had call'd for Juno ; but her search
 He soon deluded in his sly transhapes,
 And till I saw here two Amphitrios,
 I had not once suspected him in Thebes.
 Robed all in wrath, and clad in scarlet fury,
 I come to be aveng'd upon that strumpet,
 That durst presume to adulterate Juno's bed.
 Pull me from heaven, fair Iris, a black cloud
 From which I'll fashion me a beldam's shape,
 And such a powerful charm I'll cast on her,
 As that her bastard brats shall ne'er be born,
 But make her womb their tombs. Iris, away !

Iris. I fly, madam.

[*Exit IRIS.*]

Juno. No : these are mortals and not them I seek.
 I fear me, if he hear of me in Thebes,
 He, with his minion, straight will mount the heavens.
 But let him seat him on the loftiest spire
 Heaven hath, or place me in the lowest hell,
 I'll reach him with my clamours.

Soc. Heigho ! now am I dreamed of a scold.

Enter IRIS, with a habit.

Juno. But Iris is returned. Rage, feast thy fill,
Till I the mother slay, the bastards kill.

[*Exeunt JUNO and IRIS.*]

Thunder and lightning. All the servants run out of the house affrighted; the two Captains and BLEPHARO. AMPHITRIO and SOCIA amazedly awake. JUPITER appears in his glory under a rainbow, to whom they all kneel.

Jup. The thunderer thunders, and the lord of fear
Bids thee not fear at all, Amphitrio.
Jove, that against the Teleboans gave thee
The palm of conquest, and hath crown'd thy brows
With a victorious wreath, commands thy peace
With fair Alcmena, she that never bosomed
Mortal save thee. The errors of thy servants
Forbear to punish, as forgot by us,
And find us to thy prayers propitious.
Thy wife, full grown, invokes Lucina's aid:
Send in to cheer her in her painful throes.
Hers and thy orisons we'll bear to heaven;
And they in all your greatest doubts and fears
Shall have access to our immortal ears.

Amph. Jove is our patron and his power our awe,
His majesty our wonder, will our law.

Jup. Our act thus ends: we would have all things even.
Smile you on earth, whilst we rejoice in heaven.

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

Enter HOMER one way, JUNO another.

Homer. Behold where Juno comes, and with a spell
Shuts up the womb by which Jove's son must pass.

For whilst she cross-legg'd sits, (as old wives tell,
 And with clutch'd hands) there is no way, alas!
 For fair Alcmena's childing. All those wives
 That hear her painful throes are in despair;
 Yet in her womb the Jove-bred issue strives:
 Three days are past, her pains still greater are.

But note a woman's wit: though Juno smile,
 A beldam's brain the goddess shall beguile.'

Juno. Ha! ha! Now Jove, with thy omnipotence,
 Make (if thou canst) way for thy bastard's birth,
 Whose passage I thus bind; and in this knot,
 Which, till their deaths, shall never be dissolved,
 I have power to strangle all the charms of hell.
 Nor powers of heaven shall straight me, till the deaths
 Of yon aduress and her mechal brats.
 Laugh, gods and men, sea, earth, and air, make joy,
 That Juno thus Alcmena can destroy.

*Enter the Midwife, GALANTHIS, with two or three other
 aged women.*

Gal. Have you observed her to sit cross-legg'd ever
 since my lady began her travail? I suspect witchcraft:
 I'll have a trick to rouse her.

Bel. No doubt, but did she open her knees and
 fingers, my lady should have safe delivery.

Gal. Trust to my wit. I'll in, and find a means to
 startle her.

Bel. Note how the beldam smiles, and in her clutches
 Strangles my lady's birth. Some friend remove her.

Juno. Ha, ha! ha! Their tears my griefs recure:
 Thus I revenge me of their deeds impure.

Enter GALANTHIS, merry.

Gal. Now, Jove be prais'd, and ladies dry your tears,
 And gentle madam come, rejoice with us.

Juno. Why, what's the matter?

Gal. I cannot hold my joy.—Thanks, fair Lucina,
Goddess of child-birth, Jove and all be praised,
Alcmena is deliver'd, brought to bed
Of a fine chopping boy. [JUNO riseth.

Juno. Is my spell fail'd? how could I curse and tear!

Bel. The witch is rous'd: in, and see what news.

Gal. Stay, stay: I'll go see what comfort's within,
for when I came out I left my poor lady in midst of all
her torment.

Juno. What edge of steel, or adamant chain,
Hath forc'd in two the virtue of my charm,
Which gods and devils gave unite consent
To be infract?—Oh, powerful Jupiter!
I fear thy hand's in this.

Enter GALANTHIS, extremely laughing.

Bel. How the witch storms!

Juno. What means the wretch to hold her sides and
laugh,

And still to point at me?—How now, Galanthis?

Gal. That's my name, indeed.—Hold, heart, hold!—
You are a witch, are you? You sat cross-legg'd, did
you? My lady could not be brought to bed, could she?
And now Galanthis hath gulled you, hath she?

Juno. The moral?

Gal. I'll tell thee. I, suspecting thy treachery to
my lady, brought in counterfeit news she was brought
to bed, which you, goody witch, no sooner heard, but
rose up; and no sooner you had cast your arms abroad,
but my lady was delivered of two goodly boys, one
like my Lord Amphitrio, but the other the bravest chop-
ping lad!—Laugh the beldam out of her skin, and then
return to comfort my lady.

[*Exit GALANTHIS, &c.*

Juno. Oh! that we should be subject to the Fates,
 And, though being gods, yet by their power be crossed!
 Galanthis, I'll be first reveng'd on thee,
 For this derision; and transform thy shape
 To some foul monster that shall bear thy name.
 And are the bastards born? They have pass'd the
 womb;
 They shall not pass the cradle.—*Iris*, ho!

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Madam.

Juno. Fly into Afric: from the mountain there
 Choose me two venomous serpents, of the blood
 That Perseus dropp'd out of the Gorgon's head,
 When on his winged horse with that new spoil
 He cross'd the Afric climate. Thou shalt know them
 By their fell poison and their fierce aspect.
 When, *Iris*?

Iris. I am gone. [*Exit.*]

Juno. Haste, *Iris*; fly with expedition's wings.
 These brats shall die by their envenom'd stings. [*Exit.*]

HOMER.

Homer. The jealous goddess in the chamber throws
 The poisonous serpents, who soon wound and kill
 Young Ipectetes, whom Amphitrio owes;
 But Hercules, whom Jove with power doth fill,
 You first shall in his infant cradle see,
 Ere grown a man, famous for chivalry

*The Nurses bring young HERCULES in his cradle, and
 leave him. Enter JUNO and IRIS with two snakes,
 put them to the child, and depart. HERCULES strangles
 them. To them AMPHITRIO, admiring the accident.*

Homer. He that could in his cradle serpents kill,

Will, being grown, the world with wonders fill.
 Imagine him full grown, and nobly trained
 By King Eurystheus: the bold youth proclaims
 Pastimes of exercise, where he hath gained
 Chief praise and palm in these Olympic games.

Them we must next, as his first grace, present,
 With Juno to his fame malevolent.

*Enter, after great shouts and flourishes, JUNO and King
 EURYSTHEUS.*

Juno. Hark, hark, Eurystheus, how the yelling throats
 Of the rude rabble deify his praise:
 Their lofty clamours and their shrill applauses
 Strike 'gainst the clear and azure floors of heaven,
 And thence against the earth reverberate,
 That Juno cannot rest above, nor here,
 But still his honour's clangour strikes mine ear.

Eur. Patience, celestial goddess: as I wish
 Your powerful aidance when I need it most,
 So for your sake I will impose him dangers,
 Such and so great, that, without Jove's own hand,
 He shall not have the power to scatter them.

Juno. If neither tyrants, monsters, savages,
 Giants, nor hell-hounds, can the bastard quell,
 Let him be pash'd, stabb'd, strangled, poisoned,
 Or murder'd sleeping. Hark, Eurystheus, still
[*Shouts within.*

How their wide throats his high applauses shrill.

Eur. Th' earth shall not breed a monster, nor the
 heavens
 Threaten a danger shall not task his life.

Juno. Thou chim'st me sphere-like music. I have
 roused
 A monstrous lion that doth range these woods:
 My dear Eurystheus, make him tug with him. [*Shouts.*

Still do his praises make the heaven resound.
Farewell, Eurystheus: I'll not see him crown'd.

[*Exit* JUNO.]

Enter the Kings of Greece to EURYSTHEUS, with garlands.

HERCULES, THESEUS, PERITHOUS, PHILOCTETES,
with others, from the Games of Olympus.

1 *King.* These honour'd pastimes on Olympus' mount,
Begun by thee, the Theban Hercules,
Shall last beyond all time and memory.
Thou art unpeer'd: all Greece resounds thy praise,
And crowns thy worth with these green wreaths of
bays.

Herc. More dear to me than the best golden arch
That e'er crown'd monarch's brow. We have begun
In pastimes: we'll proceed to acts more dreadful,
To express our power and hardiment.
Though by your suffrage we have best deserved,
Yet merit we not all: these Grecian princes,
Although decreed below us, did excel:
Though not as best, receive as those did well.
Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, take
Your valour's meeds: your praises loud did sound;
Then, each one take from Hercules a crown.

Thes. Brave Theban youth, no less than Jove's own
son,
Give Theseus leave both to admire and love thee.
Let's henceforth have one soul.

Herc. Theseus commands the heart of Hercules,
And all my deeds, next Jove omnipotent,
I'll consecrate to thee and to thy love.

Perith. Though all unworthy to be styl'd the friend
Of great Alcides, give Perithous leave
To do thee honour and admire thy worth.

Philoc. That Philoctetes begs of Hercules.

Thy courtesy equals thy active power,
And thou in both art chief and patternless.

Herc. We prize you as the dearest gems of Greece,
And all the honours of Alcmena's son
You shall partake; whilst these brave Argive kings,
That rang us plaudits for the Olympic games,
Shall clap our triumphs 'gainst the dreadfull'st monsters
Heaven can send down, or deep Avern belch forth.
As for the earth-bred monsters, we have power
Infus'd by Jove to calm their insolence;
Nor will we cease, till we have purchas'd us
The name of tyrant-tamer through the world.

Eur. It glads Eurystheus to be made so happy
As to be tutor to this noble youth.
Thou hast (witness Olympus) proved thyself
The swiftest, activ'st, ablest, strongest, cunning'st
In shaft or dart; which when thy step-dame, Juno,
Shall understand how much thou dost excel,
As 'twill please Jove, it will content her well.

Herc. May we renown Eurystheus by our fame,
As we shall strive to please that heavenly dame.

Eur. Set on, then, princes, to the farther honours
Of this bold Theban. May he still proceed
To crown great Greece with many a noble deed.

Enter a Herdsman, wounded.

Thes. Stay, lords! What means this tragic spectacle?

Herds. If Greece, that whilom was esteem'd the
spring
Of valour and the well of chivalry,
Can yield an army of resolved spirits,
Muster them all against one dreadful beast,
That keeps the forests and the woods in awe,
Commands the Cleonean continent,

Unpeoples towns, and, if not interdicted,
In time will make all Grece a wilderness.

Herc. Herdsman, thou hast express'd a monstrous
beast,

Worthy the task of Jove-born Hercules.
What is the savage? Speak.

Herds. Whether some god,
With Greece offended, sends him as a murrain
To strike our herds, or as a worser plague,
Your people to destroy, but a fierce lion
Lives in the neighbour forest, preying there
On man and beast, not satisfied with both.
Ten herdsmen of my train at once he slew,
And me thus wounded: yet, his maw unstash'd,
He still the thick Nemæan groves doth stray,
As if the world were not sufficient prey.

Eur. This lion were a task worthy Jove's son.
Oh! free us from this fear, great Hercules.

Herc. If he be denn'd, I'll rouse the monstrous beast;
If seeking prey, I'll chase him through the groves,
And, having overrun the fugitive,
Dare him to single war. It fits Jove's son
Wrestle with lions, and to tug with bears,
Grapple with dragons, and encounter whales.
Be he as Jove's own shield invulnerable,
Or be his breast hoop'd in with ribs of brass,
Be his teeth razor'd, and his talons keen,
Sending at every blow fire from his bones,
Yet I ere night will case me in his skin.
This is a sport
Above th' Olympiads. We will hunt to-day
Yon fierce Nemæan terror, as a game
Becoming Hercules.—Wind horns! away;
For now a general hunting we proclaim.
Follow us, princes, you that love the game. [*Exeunt.*

Wind horns. Enter JUNO, and IRIS above in a cloud.

Juno. Yon cheerful noise of hunting tells mine ear
He's in the chase. Redouble ire on ire,
And tear the bastard Theban limb from limb.
Where art thou, Iris? Tell me from the cloud
Where I have plac'd thee to behold the chase.

Iris (aloft). Great Hercules
Pursues him through the meadows, mountains, rocks.

Juno. And flies the savage? Will he not turn
head,
Knowing his skin, save by Jove's thunderbolt,
Not to be pierc'd? Base, trembling, coward beast!

Iris. Now doth the lion turn 'gainst Hercules
With violent fury: 'las, poor Hercules!

Juno. Gramercy, Iris; I will crown thy brow
With a new case of stars for these good news.

[*Shouts within.*]

Iris. Oh, well done, Hercules!
He shakes him from his shoulders like a feather,
And hurls the lion flat: the beast again
Leaps to his throat. Alcides grapples with him:
The lion now; now Hercules again;
And now the beast. Methinks the combat's even.

Juno. Not yet destroyed?

Iris. Well wrestled, Hercules! [Shouts within.]
He gave the monstrous lion such a fall,
As if a mountain should o'erwhelm withal.
Above him still, he chokes him with his gripes,
And with his ponderous buffets stounds the beast.

Juno. Thus is my sorrow and his fame increas'd.

Iris. Now he hath strangled him.

Juno. Iris, descend.

But though this fail, I'll other dangers store.
My lion slain, I will provide a boar.

Enter to them, at one door, EURYSTHEUS and the Kings of Greece ; at the other, HERCULES, with the lion's head and skin ; THESEUS, PERITHOUS, PHILOCTETES.

Herc. Thus Hercules begins his Jovial tasks.

The horrid beast I have torn out of his skin,
And the Nemæan terror naked lies,
Despoil'd of his invinced coat of arms.

Juno. This head—oh! were't the head of Hercules—
Doth grace Alcides' shoulders, and methinks,
Deck'd in these spoils thou dar'st the god of arms.

Herc. To you, great Juno, doth Almena's son
His high laborious valour dedicate.
You might have heard the lion roar to heaven,
Even to the high tribunal in the spheres,
Where you sit crown'd in stars. We fac'd the beast,
And when he fix'd his talons in our flesh,
We caught the monster in our manly gripes,
And made him thrice break hold. Long did we tug
For eminence ; but when we prov'd his skin
To be wound-free, not to be pierc'd with steel,
We took the savage monster by the throat,
And in our sinewy puissance strangled him.

Eur. Alcides honours Thebes, and fames whole
Greece.

Herc. There shall not breathe a monster here un-
awed.

We shall the world afford a wonderment,
Unparallel'd, by Theban Hercules.
This lion's case shall on our shoulders hang :
We'll arm our body with th' invulner'd skin,
And with this massy club all monsters dare.
And these shall like a bloody meteor show,
More dreadful than Orion's flaming locks,
T' affright the giants that oppress the earth.

Eur. Let Hercules, mean time, abide with us,
Till King Eurystheus new achievements find,
Worthy his valour.

Thes. Honour me, great prince,
To grace my friend Perithous, and his aid,
To be at their high spousals.

Perith. Hippodamia
Shall in this suit assist Perithous.
With us the Lapithes, the Centaurs meet,
Those whom Ixion got upon a cloud.
They live amongst the groves of Thessaly,
And in their double shapes will grace our feast.

Herc. Perithous, we will meet the Centaurs there,
And quaff with them to Hippodamia's health.
But wherefore stands bright Juno discontent?

Juno. Oh! blame me not: an uncouth savage boar
Devasts the fertile plains of Thessaly;
And when the people come to implore our aid,
There lives no mortal that dare undertake
To combat him. The rough Nemæan lion
Was mild to this: he ploughs the forests up;
His snowy foam he scatters o'er the hills,
And in his course o'erturns the Dodon oaks.
Oh! let him die by mighty Hercules.

Herc. Eternal goddess, were his sharpen'd teeth
More dreadful than the fangs of Cerberus,
Or were his bristled hide Jove's thunder proof,
Were his head brass, or his breast doubly plated
With best Vulcanian armour Lemnos yields,
Yet shall his brains rattle beneath my club.
The Erymanthian forest, where he dens,
Shall quake with terror when we beat the beast;
And when we cast his back against the earth,
The ground shall groan and reel, with as much terror
As when the giant Typhon shakes the earth.

Juno. Oh, may'st thou live the Theban conqueror!—
Die by the fury of that savage swine,
And with thy carcass glut his ravenous maw.—

Herc. Perithous, I will bring thee to thy bridal
This huge wild swine, to feast the Centaurs with.
Diana's wrath shall be Alcides' dish,
Which he'll present to Hippodamia.
Theseus and Philoctetes, you consort
Perithous, and assist the Lapithes
In these high preparations. We will take
The Erymanthian forest in our way.
Let's part: and, sacred goddess, wish us well
In our achievements.

Juno. To be damn'd in hell. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CERES, and PROSERPINE attired like the Moon, with
a company of swains and country wenches. They sing.*

SONG.

With fair Ceres, Queen of Grain,
The reaped fields we roam, roam, roam :
Each country peasant, nymph, and swain,
Sing their harvest home, home, home ;
Whilst the Queen of Plenty hallows
Growing fields, as well as fallows.

Echo, double all our lays,
Make the champignons sound, sound, sound,
To the Queen of Harvest's praise,
That sows and reaps our ground, ground, ground.
Ceres, Queen of Plenty, hallows
Growing fields, as well as fallows.

Ceres. As we are Ceres, queen of all fertility,
The Earth's sister, aunt to highest Jupiter,
And mother to this beauteous child, the Moon,

So will we bless your harvests, crown your fields
 With plenty and increase: your bearded ears
 Shall make their golden stalks of wheat to bend
 Below their laden riches: with full sickles
 You shall receive the usury of their seeds.
 Your fallows and your glebes ourself will till:
 From every furrow that your ploughshares raze
 Upon the plenteous earth, our sister's breast,
 You shall cast up abundance, for your gratitude
 To Ceres and the chaste Proserpina.

Pros. Whilst with these swains my mother merry
 makes,

And from their hands eats cakes of newest wheat,
 The firstlings of their vowed sacrifice,
 Leave me behind, to make me various garlands
 Of all the choicest flowers these meadows yield,
 To deck my brows, and keep my face from scorches
 Of Phœbus' rays.

Ceres. That done, return to us,
 Unto our temple, where we'll feast these swains.

Pros. No sooner shall fair Flora crown my temples,
 But I your offerings will participate.

Ceres. Now that the heavens and earth are both
 appeased,
 And the huge giants that assaulted Jove
 Are slaughter'd by the hand of Jupiter,
 We have leisure to attend our harmless swains.
 Set on, then, to our rural ceremonies.

Tempests hence, hence wind and hails,

Tares, cockle, rotten showers, showers, showers;
 Our songs shall keep time with our flails:

When Ceres sings none lowers, lowers, lowers.

She it is whose godhead hallows

Growing fields, as well as fallows. [*Exeunt, singing.*]

Pros. Oh! may these meadows ever barren be,
That yield of flowers no more variety.
Here neither is the white nor sanguine rose,
The strawberry flower, the panze, nor violet.
Methinks I have too poor a meadow chose:
Going to beg, I am with a beggar met,
That wants as much as I. I should do ill
To take from them that need: here grow no more
Than serve thine own despoiled breast to fill.
The meads I rob shall yield me greater store.
Thy flowers thou canst not spare. Thy bosom lend,
On which to rest while Phœbus doth descend.

[*She lies down.*]

Thunder. Enter PLUTO; his chariot drawn in by Devils.

Pluto. What hurly-burly hath been late in heaven!
Against our brother, Jove omnipotent,
The giants have made war: great Briareus,
Whose hundred hands a hundred swords at once
Have brandish'd against heaven, is topsy turned,
And tumbled headlong from th' Olympic towers;
But big-limb'd Typhon, that assaulted most,
And hurl'd huge mountains 'gainst heaven's crystal
gates,
To shatter them, wrestled with Jove himself,
Whose heels tripp'd up kick'd 'gainst the firmament,
And falling on his back, spread thousand acres
Of the affrighted earth: astonish'd Jupiter,
Lest he should rise to make new uproars there,
On his right hand the mount Pelorus hurled;
Upon his left, spacious Pachinne lies,
And on his legs the land of Lilybe.
His head the ponderous mountain Ætna crowns,
From which the giant breathes infernal fires,
And struggling to be freed from all these weights,

Makes, as he moves, huge earthquakes that shake the
earth,

And make our kingdoms tremble. Frighted thence,
We have made ascent, to take a free survey
Whether the world's foundations still be firm;
Lest, being crannied, through these concave cliffs
The sun and stars may shine to lighten hell.

All's sound: we have struck th' earth's bases with our
mace,

And found the centre firm. Our iron chariot,
That from his shod wheels rusty darkness flings,
Hath with our weight prov'd mountains, dales, and
rocks,

And found them nowhere hollow. All being well,
We'll cleave the earth, and sink again to hell.

Pros. Ceres!—Oh, help me, father Jupiter!

Yon ugly shape affrights me.

Pluto. Ha! What's the matter?

Who breath'd that well-tun'd shriek?—Sweet shape,
bright beauty!

Pluto's heart was never soft till now.

Fair mortal!

Pros. Hence, foul fiend.

Pluto. By Lethe, Styx, Coeytus, Acheron,
And all the terrors our black region yields,
I see and love, and at one instant both.
Kiss me.

Pros. Out on thee, hell-hound!

Pluto. What are you, beauteous goddess?

Pros. Nothing.—Oh!

Help, mother! father! Ceres! Jupiter!

Pluto. Be what thou canst, thou now art Pluto's
rape,

And shalt with me to Oreus.

Pros. Claws off, devil!

Pluto. Fetch from my sister, Night, a cloud of darkness

To robe me in; in that I'll hide this beauty
From gods and mortals, till I sink to hell.—
Nay, you shall mount my chariot.

Pros. Ceres! Jove!

Pluto. Ceres, nor Jove, nor all the gods above,
Shall rob me this rich purchase.—Yoke my stallions,
That from their nostrils breathe infernal fumes,
And when they gallop through these upper worlds
With fogs choke Phœbus, chase the stars from heaven,
And while my ebon chariot o'er the rocks
Clatters his iron wheels, make a noise more hideous
Than Panomphæus' thunder.

Pros. Help, heaven! help, earth!

Pluto. Cleave, earth; and when I stamp upon thy
breast,

Sink me, my brass-shod waggon and myself,
My coach-steeds, and their traces, altogether,
O'er head and ears in Styx.

Pros. You gods! you men!

Pluto. Eternal darkness clasp me where I dwell.
Saving these eyes, we'll have no light in hell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CERES.

Ceres. Where is my fair and lovely Proserpine?
The feast is done, and she not yet return'd!
Speak, Jove's fair daughter, whither art thou strayed?
I have sought the meadows, glebes, and new-reap'd
fields,
And cannot find my child. Her scatter'd flowers
And garland half made up I have lit upon,
But her I cannot spy. Behold! the trace
Of some strange waggon, that hath scorch'd the fields,

And sing'd the grass. These ruts the sun ne'er
seared.

Where art thou, love? Where art thou, Proserpine?
Hath not thy father, Jove, snatch'd thee to heaven
Upon his eagle? I will search the spheres
But I will find thee out.—Swift Mercury,
Jove's son and Mayas! speak, speak, from the clouds,
And tell me if my daughter be above.

MERCURY *flies from above.*

Mer. Thy clamours, Ceres, have ascent through
heaven;
Which when I heard, as swift as lightning
I search'd the regions of the upper world,
And every place above the firmament.
I have pass'd the planets, soar'd quite through the
spheres;
I have cross'd the Arctic and Antarctic poles;
Hot Cancer and cold Arctos have I search'd;
Past th' Hyperboreans and the solstices,
The tropics, zones, signs, zeniths, circles, lines,
Yet nowhere can I find fair Proserpine.

[*Exit* MERCURY.]

Ceres. If not in heaven, I'll next inquire the earth;
And to the place where old Oceanus
Lays his hoar head on Amphitrite's lap,
I'll travel, till I find my girl.
Assist me, gracious Neptune, in my search;
And Triton, thou that on thy shelly trumpet
Summons the sea-gods, answer from the depth,
If thou hast seen or heard of Proserpine.

Enter TRITON, *with his trump, as from the sea.*

Trit. On Neptune's sea-horse, with my concave
trump,

Through all th' abyss I have shrill'd thy daughter's
loss;

The channels cloth'd in waters, the low cities,
In which the water-nymphs and sea-gods dwell,
I have perus'd; sought through whole woods and forests
Of leafless coral planted in the deeps;
Toss'd up the beds of pearl, rous'd up huge whales
And stern sea-monsters from their rocky dens;
Those bottoms bottomless, shallows, and shelves,
And all those currents where th' earth's springs break in;
Those plains where Neptune feeds his porpoises,
Sea-morses, seals, and all his cattle else:
Through all our ebbs and tides my trump hath blaz'd
her,

Yet can no cavern show me Proserpine.

[*Exit* TRITON.

Ceres. If heaven nor sea, then, search thy bosom,
Earth.

Fair sister Earth, for these beauteous fields
Spread o'er thy breast; for all these fertile crops
With which my plenty hath enrich'd thy bosom;
For all those rich and pleasant wreaths of grain
With which so oft thy temples I have crowned;
For all the yearly liveries and fresh robes
Upon thy summer beauty I bestow,
Show me my child!

EARTH riseth from under the Stage.

Earth. Not in revenge, fair Ceres,
That your remorseless ploughs have rak'd my breast,
Nor that your iron-tooth'd harrows print my face
So full of wrinkles, that you dig my sides
For marl and soil, and make me bleed my springs
Through all my open'd veins, to weaken me,
Do I conceal your daughter. I have spread

My arms from sea to sea, look'd o'er my mountains,
 Examin'd all my pastures, groves, and plains,
 Marshes, and wolds, my woods and champain fields,
 My dens and caves; and yet, from foot to head,
 I have no place on which the Moon doth tread.

[EARTH *sinks*.

Ceres. Then, Earth, thou hast lost her; and for
 Proserpine

I'll strike thee with a lasting barrenness.
 No more shall plenty crown thy fertile brows:
 I'll break thy ploughs, thy oxen murrain-strike;
 With idle agues I'll consume thy swains;
 Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
 Whose spikes the weed and couch-grass shall outgrow,
 And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers
 Shall drown thy seed, which the hot sun shall parch,
 Or mildews rot; and what remains shall be
 A prey to ravenous birds.—Oh, Proserpine!—
 You gods that dwell above, and you below,
 Both of the woods and gardens, rivers, brooks,
 Fountains, and wells, some one among you all
 Show me herself, or grave! To you I call.

The river ARETHUSA riseth from the Stage.

Arcth. That can the river Arethusa do.
 My streams, you know, fair goddess, issue forth
 From Tartary, by the Tenarian isles.
 My head's in hell, where Stygian Pluto reigns:
 There did I see the lovely Proserpine,
 Whom Pluto hath rap'd hence: behold her girdle,
 Which by the way dropp'd from her beauteous waist,
 And scatter'd in my streams. Fair Queen, adieu.
 Crown you my banks with flowers, as I tell true.

[*Exit ARETHUSA.*

Ceres. Hath that infernal monster stolen my child?

I'll mount the spheres, and there solicit Jove
 To invade the Stygian kingdoms, to redeem
 My ravish'd daughter. If the gods deny
 That grace to Ceres, I'll invoke the help
 Of some bold mortal—noble Hercules,
 Who with his club shall rouse th' infernal king,
 Drag out the furies with their snaky locks,
 Strangle hell's judges in their scarlet robes,
 And bring a double terror to the damned.
 Of gods and men I will invoke the aids,
 To free my child from those infernal shades. [*Exit.*]

Enter HERCULES, THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, PHILOCTETES,
 HIPPODAMIA, *the Centaurs*, NESSUS, EURYTUS, CHI-
 RON, CYLLARUS, ANTIMACHUS, SILANTHUS, HIP-
 PASUS; *at a banquet.*

Herc. To grace this feast, fair Hippodamia,
 The Erymanthian forest we have robbed
 Of that huge boar.—You Centaurs, doubly shaped,
 Feed with Alcides on that monstrous swine,
 That hath devour'd so many swains and herds.

Thes. Take Theseus' welcome, for Pirithous' sake,
 And sit with us, fair princes: take your place
 Next you Alcides; then, the Centaurs round.

Antim. Now, by Ixion, that our grandsire was,
 That dar'd to kiss the mighty Thunderer's wife,
 And did not fear to cuckold Jupiter,
 Thou dost the Centaurs honour.

Ness. Let's quaff the bride's health in the blood of
 grapes.

Wine begets mirth, and mirth becomes a bridal.

Pirith. Fill, then, for Nessus and Antimachus:
 Let Eurytus and Chiron pledge it round.

Eur. Fill to us all, even till these empty bowls
 Turn up their bottoms 'gainst the face of heaven.

Chi. Off shall all this to Hippodamia's health,
The beauteous bride. Wilt pledge it, Hercules?

Herc. Yes, were it deeper than the golden cup
Jove quaffs in from the hand of Ganymede.

Silanthus, Hippasus, and Cyllarus,
To the fair princess of the Lapithes.

Antim. She's fair, indeed; I love her: wine and love
Add fire to fire. To Philoctetes this.

Philoc. 'Tis welcome. Hippasus! here, Cyllarus!

Cyl. Fair Hippodamia's of the Centaur's brood,
Great Bistus' daughter, near allied to us;
I'll take her health.

Pirith. Gramercy, Cyllarus.
I'll do the like to fair Philonome,
Thy sweet she-Centaur.

Cyl. Double this to her.

Hipp. Crown all your healths with mirth; let joys
abound,
And to Philonome let this go round.

Antim. Gramercies.—'Las, my brain begins to swim.
I have an appetite to kiss the bride;
Ay, and I will.

Thes. What means Antimachus?

Antim. Kiss Hippodamia I, and——

Thes. That's too much,
And more than any of the Centaurs dare.

Cyl. Why, who should hinder him?

Thes. That Theseus will.

Antim. Ha, ha! Have I from the fierce lion torn
her whelp,
Brought from the forest she bears in my arms,
And dandled them like infants, play'd with them,
And shall I not, then, dare to kiss the bride?

Herc. Audacious Centaur! do but touch her skirt,
Profane that garment Hymen hath put on,

Or with thy hideous shape once near her cheek,
 I'll lay so huge a ponder on thy scull,
 As if the bases of the heaven should shrink,
 And whelm o'er thee the marble firmament.

Antim. That will I try.

Cyl. Assist Antimachus!

Pirith. Rescue for Hippodamia!

Chi. Down with the Lapithes!

Ness. Down with Hercules!

[*A confused fray, with stools, cups, and bowls:
 the Centaurs are beaten.*]

Herc. You cloud-bred race, Alcides here will stand,
 To plague you all with his high Jovial hand.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Alarum. Enter JUNO, with all the Centaurs.

Juno. And shrinks Ixion's race? Durst he aspire
 To our celestial bed, though for his boldness
 He now be tortur'd with the wheel in hell,
 And dare not you withstand base Hercules?
 Courage, brave Hippo-centaurs! let the bastard
 Be hew'd and mangled by our conquering arm.
 Renew the fight: make the Thessalian fields
 Thunder beneath your hoofs, whilst they imprint
 Upon the earth deep semi-circled moons.
 Let all your arm'd race gallop from the hills
 To immure the faint, dejected Lapithes.
 'Tis Juno, whom your tortur'd grandsire lov'd,
 Bids you to arms. Lift up your weapons high,
 And in their fall may great Alcides die.

Antim. Our grandsire's wheel crack all that Centaur's
 bones

That flies when Juno gives encouragement.
 Chiron, Latreus, Nessus, Eurytus,
 And all our race, first tumbled in the clouds

That crown'd the mountain-tops of Thessaly,
 Make head again: follow Antimachus,
 Whose brain through heated with the fumes of wine,
 Burns with the love of Hippodamia.
 Theseus, Pirithous, and Alcides, all,
 Shall in this fury by the Centaurs fall.

Alarum. Enter to them HERCULES, THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, and PHILOCTETES.

Herc. Behold, the lust-burn'd and wine-heated monsters
 Once more make head. We'll pash them with our club.

This Centaur-match, it shall, in ages
 And times to come, renown great Hercules.
 Upon them! When we parley with our foes,
 Tongues peace! for we break silence with our blows.

Alarum. They fight: the Centaurs are all dispersed and slain. Enter, with victory, HERCULES, THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, PHILOCTETES, HIPPODAMIA, and others.

Herc. Let Thessaly resound Alcides' praise,
 And all the two-shap'd Centaurs that survive
 Quake when they hear the name of Hercules.
 Were these Thessalian monsters bred at first
 By Saturn and Philyra, as some say,
 When in equinal shape she was deflowered?
 Or when Ixion, snatch'd to heaven by Jove,
 And feasted in the high Olympic hall,
 He sought to strumpet Juno? The heaven's Queen
 Transform'd a cloud to her celestial shape,
 Of which he got the Centaurs. Be they bred
 Of earth or vapour, their hot, fiery brains
 Are now dispurpled by Alcides' club,
 And in their deaths renown the Lapithes.

Thes. Jove's son was born a terror to the world,
To awe the tyrants that oppress and sway.

Pirith. But most in debt to thee Pirithous is,
That hast restor'd a virgin and a bride,
Pure and untouch'd, to sleep in these my arms.

Hipp. My tongue shall sound the praise of Hercules,
My heart embrace his love.

Herc. Oh! had bright Juno,
My loving step-dame, seated in the clouds,
Beheld me pash the Centaurs with my club,
It would have fill'd her with celestial joys,
Knowing that all my deeds of fame and honour
I consecrate to her and Jupiter.
Of these proud Centaurs Nessus is escaped;
The rest all strew the fields of Thessaly.

Enter CERES.

Ceres. Reserves the noble Theban all his valour
For th'ingrate Juno, and hath stor'd no deed
Of honour for dejected Ceres, here?
Ceres, forlorn, forsaken, and despised,
Whom neither obdure heaven, relentless sea,
Nor the rude earth will pity.

Herc. Queen of Plenty,
Lie it within the strength of mortal arm,
The power of man, or work of demigod,
I am thy champion.

Ceres. From heaven, earth, and sea,
Then, Ceres must appeal to Hercules.
Know, then, I am robb'd of beauteous Proserpine:
Tartarian Dis hath rap'd my daughter hence;
Which when I heard, I scal'd the thunder'd throne,
And made my plaints to him, who answer'd me,
His power was only circumscrib'd in heaven,
And Pluto was as absolute in hell,

As he in heaven; nor would he muster gods
Against the fiends, o'er which his brother reign'd.
Next made I suit to have Neptune call his waters,
And with his billows drown the lower world;
Who answer'd, the firm channel bounds his waves,
Nor is there passage between sea and hell.
The earth beneath her centre cannot sink,
Nor have I hope from thence; only great Hercules.

Herc. We'll undertake what neither Jupiter,
Neptune, nor all the gods dare make their task.
The Stygian Pluto shall restore the Moon,
Or feel the mass of this my ponderous club.
Comfort, fair Queen: I'll pass the pool of Styx;
And if lean Charon waftage shall deny,
The ferryman I'll buffet in his barge.
Three-throated Cerberus, that keeps hell-gates,
Shall, when we come to knock, not dare to howl.
The ghosts, already dead and doom'd, shall fear
To die again at sight of Hercules.
Stern Minos, Æachus, and Rhadamanth,
Shall, from the dreadful sessions kept in hell,
Be rous'd by us: we'll quake them at that bar,
Where all souls stand for sentence: the three sisters
Shall crouch to us. Ceres, we'll ransack hell,
And Pluto from th' infernal vaults expel.

Thes. Theseus in this will aid great Hercules.

Pirith. And so Pirithous shall.

Herc. Comfort, Queen Ceres.

Whom neither harpies, boars, or bulls can tame,
The dark Cimmerians must next sound his fame.—
Adieu, bright Hippodamia, lately freed
From the adulterous Centaurs. Our renown,
That yet 'tween heaven and earth doth only shine,
Hell shall next blaze for beauteous Proserpine.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

HOMER.

Homer. Ere Hercules the Stygian pools invade,
 A task which none but he durst undertake
 Without both earthly and immortal aid,
 We Jove present ; who once more doth forsake
 Heaven for a mortal beauty. One more rare
 Earth yielded not than Semele the fair.

Whilst Juno Hercules with hate pursues,
 Neglecting Jove, he from the spheres espies
 This bright Cadmeian, and the groves doth choose
 To court her in. How, and in what disguise,
 You next shall see: they meet first in the chase,
 Where they discourse, acquaint, kiss, and embrace.

Dumb show. Enter SEMELE, like a huntress, with her
 train ; JUPITER like a woodman, in green. He woos
 her, and wins her.

What cannot Jove, infus'd with power divine?
 He woos and wins, enjoys the beauteous dame.
 The jealous Juno spies their love in fine,
 Leaves off her envy to Alcides' fame,
 And 'gainst this beauteous lady arms her spleen,
 Quite to destroy the bright Cadmeian Queen.

Your favours still: some here, no doubt, will wonder
 To see the Thunderer's love perish by thunder.

[*Exit.*]

Enter JUNO and IRIS.

Juno. Hast thou found him, Iris?

Iris. Madam, I have.

Juno. Where?

Iris. In the house of Cadmus, courting there
The fairest of the race, young Semele.

Juno. What am I better to be queen of heaven,
To be the sister and the wife of Jove,
When every strumpet braves my deity?
Whilst I am busied to lay traps and trains
For proud Almena's bastard, he takes time
For his adulterous rapes. Europa lives,
Sainted in earth: Calisto shines a star,
Just in mine eye, by name of Lesser Bear:
Io in Egypt is ador'd a goddess;
And of my servant Argus (slain by Mercury)
There lives no note, save that his hundred eyes
I have transported to my peacock's train.
Thus fall the friends of Juno, whilst his strumpets
Front me on earth, or brave mine eye in heaven.
But Semele shall pay for't.—In what shape
Saw'st thou him court that strumpet?

Iris. Like a woodman.

Juno. I met him on the mountain Ericine,
And took him for the young Hippolytus.
Iris, I have't: 'tis plotted in my brain,
To have the strumpet by her lover slain.
Of her nurse, Beroc, I'll assume the shape,
And by that means avenge me on this rape. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter SEMELE, with her Servants and Attendants.

Sem. Oh, Jupiter! thy love makes me immortal.
The high Cadmeian is in my grace
To that great god exalted, and my issue,
When it takes life, shall be the seed of gods;
And I shall now be rank'd in equipage
With Danae, Io, Leda, and the rest,
That in his amours pleas'd the Thunderer best.
Methinks, since his embraces fill'd my womb,

There is no earth in me ; I am all divine :
 There is in me nothing mortal save this shape,
 Whose beauty hath call'd Jove himself from heaven ;
 The rest all pure, corruptless, and refined,
 That hath daz'd men, and made th' immortal blind.—
 Leave us, oh ! you, unworthy to attend
 Or wait upon Cadmeian Semele :
 Hebe shall be my handmaid, and my wine
 The hand of Jove's own cup-bearer shall fill.
 I'll beg of him the Trojan Ganymede
 To be my page ; and when I please to ride,
 Borrow his eagle, through the air to glide.—
 Go call me hither my nurse Beroe,
 Whom I will make free partner in my joys.

[*Exit Servant.*]

*Enter JUNO, in the shape of old BEROE, with the
 Servant.*

Serv. Beroe attends your grace.

Sem. Oh, my dear nurse ! lives there on earth a
 princess

Equally lov'd and grac'd by Jove himself ?

Juno. Out on thee, strumpet !—I could tear those eyes,
 Whose beauty drew my husband from the skies.

Sem. Am I not happy, Beroe ?

Juno. Were you sure

'Twere Jove himself this gladness did procure.
 Madam, there many foul impostors be,
 That blind the world with their in chastity,
 And in the name of gods, being scarce good men,
 Juggle with ladies and corrupt their honours.
 Think you yon stripling, that goes clad in green,
 Is Jupiter ?

Sem. I know him for heaven's King,
 Whose issue in my womb I feel to spring.

Juno. I think it not. But, lady, this I know,
That gods are so lascivious grown of late,
That men contend their lusts to imitate.

Sem. Not Jupiter!

Juno. Things truly reconcile,
You'll jump with me. How have you been the while,
Since you were breeding—now well, sometimes ill;
Subject to every imperfection still,
Apt to all chances other women be;
When, were you lov'd of the high deity,
That hath the gift of strength, power, health, and joy,
The least of these could not your state annoy.

Sem. Thou putt'st me in mistrust, and half persuad'st
me

He is no more than mortal whom I love.
How shall I prove him, nurse?

Juno. I'll tell you, madam. When you see him next,
Seem with some strange and uncouth passion vex'd,
And beg of him a boon; which till he grant,
Swear he no more your favours shall enchant.

Sem. Beroe, what boon?

Juno. To hug you in that state,
In which fair Juno he embrac'd so late:
To descend armed with celestial fire;
And in that majesty glut his desire.
His right hand arm'd with lightning, on his head
Heaven's massy crown, and so to mount your bed.
So are you sure he is a god, indeed:
Obtain this boon, and fairly may you speed.

Sem. Thou hast fired me, Beroe.

Juno. Thou shalt be on flame,
So great, the ocean shall not quench the same.

Sem. Beroe, away! my chamber ready make;
Toss down on down, for we this night must tumble
Within the arms of mighty Jupiter,

Of whom I'll beg th' immortal sweets of love,
Such as from Jove imperial Juno tastes.
Begone without reply, my love's at hand.

Juno. Thy death's upon thy boon: this Juno cheers,
That my revenge shall mount above the spheres.

[*Exit JUNO.*]

Sem. I will not smile on him, lend him a look
As the least grace, till he give free assent
To fill me with celestial wonderment.

Enter JUPITER, like a woodman.

Jup. Oh! thou that mak'st earth heaven, and turn'st
th' immortal

Into this shape terrestrial, thou bright issue
Of old Agenor, and the Cadmeian line,
For whom these stony buildings we prefer
Before our crystal structures; that mak'st Jove
Abandon the high councils of the gods,
To treat with thee of love's fair blandishments;
Divinest of thy race, fair Semele,
Fold in thy arms Olympic Jupiter.

Sem. Jupiter!

Jup. That Jupiter, that with a powerful nod
Shakes the heaven's arches, o'er the universe
Spreads dread and awe, and, when we arm ourself
With majesty, make th' earth's foundation tremble,
And all mortality fly like a smoke
Before our presence, vanish'd and consum'd.

Sem. Did Semele behold such majesty,
She could believe this were the Thunderer's voice.
Thou he?

Jup. What means this strangeness, Semele?
Have I preferr'd thy beauty before hers
Whose state fills heaven, whose food's ambrosia,
Upon whose cup the lovely Hebe waits

Ask what thou wilt to prove my deity,
And take it as thine own, fair Semele.

Sem. Grant me one boon, less than the least of these,
My arms shall spread thus wide to embrace my love ;
In my warm bosom I will glove thy hand,
And seal a thousand kisses on thy lips ;
My fingers I'll entangle in these curls,
And scarf my ivory arm about thy neck,
And lay myself as prostrate to thy love,
As th' earth her grass green apron spreads for rain.
Speak, shall I ask ? or have you pow'r to grant ?

Jup. By dreadful Styx, an oath I cannot change,
But ask and have.

Sem. Then, bed with me to-night,
Arm'd with the self-same godhood, state, and power,
You Juno meet.

Jup. Black day ! accursed hour !
Thou hast ask'd too much : thy weak mortality
Cannot endure the scorching fires of heaven.

Sem. Either you cannot do't, as wanting might,
Or loth you are to breed me such delight.
Is this your love ?

Jup. Thy death is in thy boon ;
But 'tis thy fate.—She can it not recal,
Nor I unswear : the infant in her womb,
Not yet full grown and ripe, torments me most ;
For in this rash demand they both are lost.

Sem. I'll stand it at all dangers, and prepare
For this night's sport.

Jup. Above my thunders are ;
Thither I must, and being arm'd descend,
To give this beauty, in her rashness, end.

Sem. Remember by this kiss you keep your oath.

Jup. Never did Jove to heaven ascend so loth.—
Expect me this sad night. [Exit JUPITER.]

Sem. With double joy.—

Celestial sweets shall surfeit me, and cloy
My appetite. The gods are loth t' impart
Their pleasures to us mortals: dance, my heart,
And swim in free delights, my pleasures crown;
This jovial night shall Semele renown.

[*Exit SEMELE.*]

JUNO and IRIS, placed in a cloud above.

Juno. Come, Iris; o'er the loftiest pinnacles
Of this high palace let us mount ourselves,
To see this noble pastime.—Is't not brave?

Iris. Hath her suit took effect? 'las, Semele!

Juno. Hang, burn her, witch! be all such strumpets
fired

With no less heat than wanton Semele.
Oh! 'twill be gallant sport, will't not, Iris,
To see these golden roofs dance in the air?
These pinnales shall prick the floors of heaven,
These spires confused tumble in the clouds,
And all fly up, and shatter at th' approach
Of his great godhood. Oh! 'twould please me, Iris,
To see this wanton, with her bastard, blown
And hang'd upon the high horns of the moon.
The hour draws on: we may from hence espy
Th' adultress sprawl, the palace upward fly.

Enter two Maids of SEMELE'S chamber.

1st Maid. Questionless my lady looks for some great
guests, that she makes all this preparation.

2nd Maid. 'Tis not like she expects them at supper,
because she herself is preparing to bed.

1st Maid. Did you note how she made us tumble and
toss the bed, before the making of it would please her?

2nd Maid. There hath been tumbling and tossing on

that bed hath pleased her better. You know the youth in green; he hath made my lady look red, ere now.

1st Maid. You know she is naturally pale: he did but wrestle with her, to get her a colour.

2nd Maid. The youth in green hath given her a medicine for the green sickness, I warrant her. I am deceived if, when they meet, it go not two to one of her side.

1st Maid. Why, do you think her with child?

2nd Maid. 'Tis past thinking, I dare swear. But let's attend my lady.

Enter SEMELE, drawn out in her bed.

Sem. Away!—We will have none partake our pleasures,

Or be eye-witness of these prodigal sweets
Which we this night shall in abundance taste:
This is the hour shall deify my earth,
And make this dross immortal. Thanks, my Beroe,
That thou hast made me beg my happiness,
Show'd me the way to immortality,
And taught me how to emulate the gods.—
Descend, great Jove, in thy full majesty,
And crown my pleasures; here behold me spread,
To taste the sweets of thy immortal bed.

*Thunder, lightnings. JUPITER descends in his majesty,
his thunderbolt burning.*

Jup. Thus wrapp'd in storms and black tempestuous
clouds,

Lightning, and showers, we sit upon the roofs
And trembling terraces of this high house,
That is not able to contain our power.
Yet come we not with those sharp thunders armed,
With which the sturdy giants we o'erthrew,

When we the mighty Typhon sunk beneath
 Four populous kingdoms: these are not so fiery.
 The Cyclopes, that us'd to forge our bolts,
 Have qualified their fervour, yet their violence
 Is 'bove the strength of mortals.—Beauteous Semele,
 Instead of thee I shall embrace thy smoke,
 And clasp a fummy vapour, left in place

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Of thy bright beauty.—Stormy tempests, cease!—
 The more I frown, the more their breaths increase.

Sem. What terror's this? Oh, thou immortal, speak!
 My eyes are for thy majesty too weak.

[*As he touches the bed, it fires, and all flies up.*

JUPITER *from thence takes an abortive infant.*

Jup. Receive thy boon: now take thy free desire,
 In thunder, tempest, smoke, and heavenly fire.

Juno. Ha! ha! ha!

Fair Semele's consum'd: 'twas acted well.
 Come; next we'll follow Hercules to hell.

[JUPITER, *taking up the infant, speaks*
as he ascends in his cloud.

Jup. For Semele, thus slain, the heavens shall mourn
 In pitchy clouds, the earth in barrenness:
 The ocean for her slaughter shall weep brine,
 And hell resound her loss. Fair Semele!
 Nothing but ashes now; yet this remainder,
 That cannot die, being born of heavenly seed,
 I will conserve till his full time of birth.
 His name I'll Bacchus call, and being grown,
 Style him the God of Grapes: his bacchanals
 Shall be renown'd at feasts, when their light brains
 Swim in the fumes of wine. This, all that's left
 Of Semele, unto the heavens I'll bear;
 Whose death this motto to all mortals lends:
 He by the gods dies, that 'bove man contends.

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

HOMER.

Let none the secrets of the gods inquire,
Lest they, like her, be struck with heavenly fire.

But we again to Hercules return,
Now on his journey to the vaults below,
Where discontented Proserpine doth mourn:
There's made to cheer her an infernal show—
Hell's Judges, Fates, and Furies, summon'd been,
To give free welcome to the Stygian queen.

*A dumb show of PLUTO and all his Devils, presenting
several gifts and shows to cheer PROSERPINE; but she
continues in her discontent.*

All this, and more, the beauteous queen to cheer,
Pluto devis'd, but still her grief remains:
No food she tastes within the gloomy sphere,
Save of a ripe pomegranate some few grains.
The next thing we present, sit fair and well,
You shall behold a holiday in hell.

*Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, and PHILOCTETES,
armed.*

Thes. Saw you not Hercules?

Pirith. Noble Theseus, no;

I left him in the forest, chasing there
Diana's hart, and striving to outrun
The swift-foot beast.

Thes. His active nimbleness
Outflies the winged bird, outstrips the steed,
Catcheth the hare, and the swift greyhound tires;

Outpaceth the wild leopard, and exceeds
Beasts of most active chase.

Phil. We have arrived
At Tænaros. This is the mouth of hell;
Which, by my counsel, we'll not seek to enter,
Till Hercules approach.

Thes. Not enter, Philoctetes!
Our spirits may compare with Hercules,
Though he exceed our strength. I with my sword
Will beat against black Tartarus' ebon gates,
And dare the triple-headed dog to arms,
Hell's tri-shap'd porter.

Phil. Not by my persuasion.

Pirith. Pirithous will assist his noble friend,
And in this work prevent great Hercules.
Let's rouse the hell-hound, call him from his lodge,
And, maugre Cerberus, enter hell's mouth,
And thence redeem the ravish'd Proserpine.

Thes. Had Orpheus power, by music of his harp,
To charm the cur, pierce Orcus, Pluto please,
And at his hands beg fair Eurydice,
And shall not we as much dare with our swords
As he with fingering of his golden strings?—
Come; let our joint assistance rouse the fiend,
Thunder against the rusty gates of hell,
And make the Stygian kingdoms quake with fear.

[*They beat against the gates.*]

Enter CERBERUS.

Cerb. What mortal wretch, that fears to die above,
Hath travell'd thus far to inquire out death?

Thes. We, that have blaz'd the world with deeds of
praise,
Must fill the Stygian empire with our fame.
Then, rouse thee, thou three-throated cur, and taste
The strength of Theseus.

Cerb. These my three empty throats you three shall
 gorge ;
 And when my nails have torn you limb from limb,
 I'll sit and feast my hunger with your flesh.
 These fangs shall gnaw upon your cruded bones,
 And with your bloods I'll smear my triple chaps.
 Your number fits my heads, and your three bodies
 Shall all my three throats set a' work at once.
 I'll worry you ; and having made you bleed,
 First suck your juice, then on your entrails feed.

PIRITHOUS fights with CERBERUS, and is slain.

Thes. Hold, bloody fiend, and spare my noble friend!
 The honour of the worthy Lapithes
 Lies breathless here, before the gates of hell.
 Cease, monster ! cease to prey upon his body,
 And feed on Theseus here ! [*THESEUS is wounded.*]

Cerb. I'll eat you all.

Enter HERCULES.

Herc. Stay, and forbear your uproar, till our club
 Stickle amongst you. Whilst we in the chase
 Have catch'd the swift and golden-headed stag,
 These valiant Greeks have sunk themselves beneath
 The upper world, as low as Erebus.
 Whom see we ? Theseus wounded ! young Pirithous
 Torn by the ravenous fangs of Cerberus !
 My grief convert to rage and stern revenge.
 Come, guard thee well, infernal cannibal ;
 At every stroke that lights upon thy skull,
 I'll make thee think the weight of all the world,
 And the earth's huge mass shall crown thee.

Cerb. Welcome, mortal.
 Thou com'st to mend my breakfast ; thou wilt yield me
 Many a fat bit.

Herc. I'll make thee eat my club,
 And swallow this, fell mastiff, down thy paunch.
 At every weighty cuff I'll make thee howl,
 And set all hell in uproar. When thou roarest,
 Thy barking groans shall make the brazen tow'rs,
 Where ghosts are tortur'd, echo with thy sound.
 Pluto's black guard, at every deadly yell,
 Shall frighted run through all the nooks of hell.

HERCULES *beats CERBERUS, and binds him in chains.*

Herc. Keep thou this ravenous hell-hound gyv'd and bound.

Hell's bowels I must pierce, and rouse black Dis,
 Break with my fists these adamantine gates,
 The iron portcullis tear, and with my club
 Work my free passage, maugre all the fiends,
 Through these infernals. Lo! I sink myself
 In Charon's barge. I'll ferry burning Styx,
 Ransack the palace where grim Pluto reigns,
 Mount his tribunal made of sable jet,
 Despite his black guard, 'stound him in his chair,
 And from his arm snatch beauteous Proserpine.
 Ghosts, Furies, fiends, shall all before us fly,
 Or once more perish, and so doubly die.

HERCULES *sinks himself: flashes of fire; the Devils appear at every corner of the stage with several fireworks. The Judges of hell and the three Sisters run over the stage, HERCULES after them: fireworks all over the house. Enter HERCULES.*

Herc. Hence, ravenous vulture! thou no more shalt tire

On poor Prometheus; Danaids, spare your tubs;
 Stand still, thou rolling stone of Sisyphus;
 Feed, Tantalus; with apples, glut thy paunch,

And with the shrinking waves quench thy hot thirst :
 Thy bones, Ixion, shall no more be broke
 Upon the torturing wheel : the eagle's beak
 Shall Titius spare at sight of Hercules,
 And all the horrid tortures of the damned
 Shall at the waving of our club dissolve.

Enter PLUTO with a club of fire, a burning crown; PROSERPINE, the Judges, the Fates, and a guard of Devils all with burning weapons.

Pluto. Wert thou imperial Jove, that sways the
 heavens,
 And in the starry structure dwells above,
 Thou canst not revel here : my flaming crown
 Shall scorch thy damn'd soul with infernal fires ;
 My vassal Furies with their wiry strings
 Shall lash thee hence, and with my ebon club
 I'll ding thee to the lowest Barathrum.

Herc. First shall this engine, arm'd with spikes of
 steel,
 That 'fore the gates of hell struck flat thy cur,
 Fall with no less power on thy burning sconce,
 Than should great Jove the massy centre hurl,
 And turn the world's huge frame upon thy head.

Pluto. Upon him, devils !

Herc. Aid me, pow'rs divine,
 From these black fiends to rescue Proserpine.

[HERCULES fells PLUTO, beats off the Devils with
 all their fireworks, rescues PROSERPINE.]

Now are we King of Orcus, Acheron,
 Cocytus, Styx, and fiery Phlegethon.

Pros. Long live Alcides, crown'd with god-like honours,
 For rescuing me out of the arms of Dis,
 The underworld and fiery jaws of hell !

All the ghosts. Long live eterniz'd noble Hercules,
That hath dissolv'd our torments !

Rhad. Hercules,
Attend th' unchanging doom of Rhadamanth ;
And if the gods be subject to the Fates,
Needs must thou, noble Greek, obey their doom.
Lo ! in their name, and in the awful voice
Of us, the reverend Judges, to whose doom
Thou once must stand, I charge thee, stir not hence
Till we have censur'd thee and Proserpine.
Is not the power of Jove confin'd above,
And are we not as absolute in state
Here, in the vaults below ? To alter this,
The heavens must fail, the sun melt in his heat,
The elements dissolve, chaos again
Confuse the triple mass—all turn to nothing.
Now there is order : gods there are, and devils ;
These reward virtue, the other punish vice.
After this course, you mingle bad with good,
Murder with pity, hate with clemency ;
There's for the best no merit, for the offender
No just infliction.

Herc. Rhadamanth speaks well.

Pluto. To whom will Hercules commit this business ?

Herc. I will appeal to Jove, and to the planets,
Whose pow'rs though bounded, yet infuse their might
In every mortal.

Æacus. Them the Fates shall summon,
Of whom this beauteous maid, the Moon, is one ;
The lowest of the seven. You, reverend sisters,
Who all things that are past, be, and to come,
Keep register'd in brass, assemble there.

Herc. Be Ceres pleased, Alcides is content ;
Nor can she stand to better Justices
Than to the gods and planets.

Sound. Enter SATURN, JUPITER, JUNO, MARS, PHŒBUS, VENUS, MERCURY: they take their places as they are in height. CERES.

Sat. I know this place: why have you summon'd Saturn

To hell, where he hath been to arraign the Moon?
 These uncouth caverns better suit my sadness
 Than my high sphere above, whence to all mortals
 I shoot my thick and troubled melancholy.
 Say, what's the business? say.

Jup. Ceres, thy presence
 Tells me thy suit is 'bout thy daughter's rape.

Ceres. Is she not thine? and canst thou suffer her
 To be entomb'd in hell before her time?

Juno. Cannot hell swallow your ambitious bastard,
 But, maugre all these monsters, lives he still?

Phœb. I saw grim Pluto, in my daily progress,
 Hurry her in his chariot o'er the earth.

Venus. What could he less do, if he lov'd the
 lady?

Mars. Venus is all for love.

Merc. And Mars for war.
 Sometimes he runs a tilt at Venus' lips:
 You have many amorous bickerings.

Mars. Well spoke, Mercury.

Sat. Come we hither
 To trifle, or to censure? What would Pluto?

Pluto. Keep whom I have.

Ceres. Canst suffer't, Jupiter?

Herc. I won her from the arms of Stygian Pluto;
 And being mine, restore her to her mother.

Ceres. And shall not Ceres keep her? Speak, great
 Jove.

Jup. Thy censure, Rhadamanth.

Rhad. The Fates, by whom your pow'rs are all conscribed,

Pronounce this doom: If since since her first arrive
She hath tasted any food, she must of force
Be everlastingly confin'd to hell.

Pluto. Asculaphus, thou didst attend my queen:
Hath she yet tasted of our Stygian fruits,
That we may keep her still?

Ascu. I saw her in her mouth chew the moist grains
Of a pomegranate.

Ceres. Curs'd Asculaphus!
I'll add unto thy ugliness, and make thee
A monster, of all monsters most abhorr'd.

Pluto. Your censures, oh, you gods! is she not
Pluto's?

Give your free censures up.

All. She must be Pluto's.

Ceres. The gods are partial all.

Pluto. Welcome, my queen.

Herc. What can Alcides more for Ceres' love,
Than ransack hell, and rescue Proserpine?
Needs must our farther conquests here take end,
When gods and Fates against our force contend.

Ceres. Justice, oh, justice, thou omnipotent!
Rob not thy Ceres of her beauteous child.
Either restore my daughter to the earth,
Or banish me to hell.

Sat. Ceres, you are fond.
Th' earth cannot want your plenty: your fertility
Will worse become hell-scorched barrenness.—
Let's break this sessions up; I am dull.

Jup. You gods above,
And powers below, attend the Thunderer's voice,
And to our moderation lend an ear
Of reverence.—Ceres, the Fates have doom'd her

The bride of Pluto; nor is she disparaged
 To be the sister of Olympian Jove.
 The rape that you call force, we title love;
 Nor is he less decreed, save in his lot,
 To us that sway the heavens.—So much for Pluto.
 Now, beauteous Ceres, we return to you.
 Such is your care, to fill the earth with plenty,
 To cherish all these fruits, from which the mortals
 Ostend their gratitude to us, the gods,
 In sacrifice and offerings, that we now
 Thus by our dread power mitigate the strictness
 Of the Fates' doom. We have not, oh, you gods!
 Purpose to do our Stygian brother wrong,
 Nor rob the heavens the planet of the Moon,
 By whom the seas are sway'd: be she confin'd
 Below the earth, where be the ebbs and tides?
 Where is her pow'r infus'd in herbs and plants?
 In trees for buildings, simples physical,
 Or mineral mines? Therefore, indifferent Jove
 Thus arbitrates: the year we part in twelve,
 Call'd months of the moon: twelve times a year
 She in full splendour shall supply her orb,
 And shine in heaven; twelve times fill Pluto's arms,
 Below in hell. When Ceres on the earth
 Shall want her brightness, Pluto shall enjoy it:
 When heaven contains her, she shall light the earth
 From her bright sphere above. Parted so even,
 We neither favour hell, nor gloze with heaven.

Pluto. Pluto is pleas'd.

Ceres. Ceres at length agreed.

Pros. Jove is all justice, and hath well decreed.

Jup. Say all the planets thus?

All. We do.

Jup. Our sessions we dissolve, then.—Hercules,
 We limit you to drag hence Cerberus

To the upper world, and leave thee to the universe,
 Where thou shalt finish all thy Jovial tasks:
 Proceed, and thrive.—You that to earth belong,
 Ascend to your mortality with honours;
 The gods to heaven; Pluto and his, keep hell;
 The Moon in both by even atonement dwell.

[Exeunt three ways CERES, THESEUS, PHILOCTETES; and HERCULES dragging CERBERUS one way: PLUTO, hell's Judges, the Fates and Furies, down to hell: JUPITER, the gods and planets, ascend to heaven.]

Enter HOMER.

Our full scenes wane, the Moon's arraignment ends;
 Jove and his mount, Pluto with his descends.

Poor Homer's left blind, and hath lost his way,
 And knows not if he wander or go right,
 Unless your favours their clear beams display:
 But if you deign to guide me through this night,
 The acts of Hercules I shall pursue,
 And bring him to the thrice raz'd walls of Troy.
 His labours and his death I'll show to you.
 But if what's past your riper judgments cloy,
 Here I have done: if ill, too much; if well,
 Pray, with your hands guide Homer out of hell.

FINIS.

NOTES
TO
THE SILVER AGE.

Page 95, line 20, If *thou* can prove, &c.] In the old copy it stands, "If *I* can prove," &c., which, in all probability, is a misprint.

Page 97, line 20, But worse than death can be we *doom* thy insolence.] The meaning is not very clear; but taking "doom," as it stands in the old copy, to be the true reading, it seems to be, "We doom thy insolence to what can be worse than death." Possibly, we ought to substitute *deem* for "doom."

Page 97, line 34, Yet, yet thy body *meeds* a better grave.] The body *deserves* a better grave. Shakespeare uses the substantive in the sense of *desert*. See vol. v., 251, 317; vi., 515; vii., 338: edit. Collier. In the third instance, the above line by Heywood is quoted. On the next page, line 4, Heywood uses "meed" in its ordinary sense.

Page 100, line 5, Hath *cast* him both of state and kingdom too.] So the old copy, which there seems no sufficient reason to alter; but the true reading, nevertheless, may be *eas'd*.

Page 101, line 11, To *oppose* their fury.] "To *expose* their fury," is the old reading.

Page 106, line 14, By virtue of *her* rays.] "By virtue of *thy* rays," in the old copy.

Page 107, line 3, By Joshua, Duke unto the Hebrew nation.] A singular anachronism and misrepresentation of geographical position, apparently for the sake of connecting sacred and profane history in the minds of the auditory.

Page 110, line 17, And tell the whole project.] The measure would be improved, were we to read, "And tell *thee* the whole project." On the preceding page, (line 32) in the hemistich, "Must give *to* King Creon," the preposition is surplusage; but, being inserted in the old copy, we do not omit it: the reader's ear will detect the error. Heywood,

perhaps, wrote, "Must give King Creon," the line being completed by the first words of Alcmena's speech, "All my orisons."

Page 118, line 24, Glad to *enfold*.] The old copy has *unfold*.

Page 130, line 32, Heaven hath, or place me in the lowest hell.] The old copy reads, "lowest *of* hell;" but "of" is clearly too much, both for the sense and metre, and must have been accidentally inserted.

Page 131, line 4, Exeunt Juno *and Iris*.] The stage-direction in the original is merely, "*Exit Juno*;" but Iris evidently went out with her.

Page 131, line 10, The Thunderer *thunders*.] "The Thunderer *thunderers*," in the old copy.

Page 132, line 15, Of yon aduress and her *mechal* brats.] "Mechal" is wicked: it occurs again in our author's "Challenge for Beauty," 1636, Sign. I 3—

"Her own tongue

Hath publish'd her a *mechal* prostitute."

Page 134, line 24, Young *Ipectetes*, whom Amphitrio owes.] So spelt in the old copy, where a name of four syllables is required for the measure; but the real name seems to have been Iphiclus, or Iphicles.

Page 137, line 2, And *thou* in both art chief and patternless.] "And *then* in both," &c., in the old copy.

Page 142, line 2, Die by the fury, &c.] In the old edition, this line and the next are printed in Italic type, to indicate probably that they were spoken aside.

Page 150, line 23, Next *you* Alcides.] So the old copy; and, as it may possibly be right, we make no change, though it seems more proper to read, "Next *to* Alcides." In the enumeration of the characters at the beginning of the scene, the names of Eurytus and Silanthus are omitted in the early edition.

Page 153, line 13, This Centaur-match, it shall, in ages.] The sense is complete, though not the metre, in this line. It would be easy to amend the latter, by inserting "after" before "ages;" but we prefer an adherence to the ancient text, though possibly defective.

Page 154, line 31, I scal'd the *thunder'd* throne.] We ought, perhaps, here to read *Thunderer's*, for "*thunder'd*," and the first words of the next line seem to support the emendation; but the sense is evident without any change.

Page 156, line 1, Actus IV., Scæna I.] This division is wanting in the old copy; and the same observation will apply to Act V., although Acts I., II., and III., are duly marked.

Page 158, line 16, Enter Juno, &c.] The words, "with the Servant,"

are not in the old copy, nor is the previous *exit* of the Servant there mentioned. Both are necessary.

Page 161, line 27, Wouldst thou have *godhood*?] Used in the same way as we still employ widowhood (meaning the condition of a widow) and some other words; but in most instances the last syllable, "hood," has been, in modern times, corrupted to *head*.

Page 164, line 32, Yet come we not with *those* sharp thunders armed.] *These*, in the original, but what follows proves it to be a misprint.

Page 166, line 12, To cheer *Proserpine*.] Her name was accidentally omitted in the old copy.

Page 168, line 5, Gnaw upon your *cruded* bones.] *Sic in orig.*; but the precise meaning Heywood attached to the word "cruded" seems doubtful. Baret, in his "Alvearie," 1580, tells us, that to "crud" is to *coagulate*; but that sense will hardly suit the passage, and it is only another form of *curd*. "Cruded bones" may be a misprint for *crushed* bones.

Page 168, line 20, *Stickle* amongst you.] To "stickle," generally means to separate combatants, and *sticklers* were sometimes taken for arbitrators, or judges. In "Troilus and Cressida," act v., sc. 9, Achilles says—

"The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates."

In the instance before us, Hercules was about to use his club as a *stickler* between Theseus and Cerberus, to part them.

Page 169, line 31, *Danaids*, spare your tubs.] "*Danae*, spare your tubs," in the old copy; but all the daughters of Danaï, excepting Hypermnestra, were condemned to the punishment in hell of filling vessels, out of which the water ran as fast as it was poured in.

Page 170, line 15, With their wiry *strings*.] So in the old copy, and perhaps rightly; but *stings* might suit the sense better.

Page 170, line 17, I'll *ding* thee to the lowest Barathrum.] *To ding down* was formerly not an uncommon phrase; it is from the Anglo-Saxon, in which language "to ding" means to beat or strike down.

Page 172, line 3, Ceres.] The names stand in the same way in the old stage-direction: probably Ceres had been forgotten, and was inserted afterwards at the end.

F. Shoberl, Jun., Printer, Rupert Street, Haymarket.



REPORT OF THE COUNCIL
OF THE
TENTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE MEMBERS OF
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY,
HELD ON THE 26TH OF APRIL, 1851,
AT THE ROOMS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE,
NO 4, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

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This Council will continue till the 26th of April, 1852.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL
OF
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY,
TO THE
TENTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MEMBERS,
HELD,
ON THE 26TH APRIL, 1851,
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ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

In addressing the Members of the Shakespeare Society for the tenth time, and in the eleventh year of the existence of the Society, the Council beg to congratulate their fellow-subscribers on the continued prosperity of the Society, and the interest evinced by the Members generally and by the public at large in the character of the publications.

The Council, it is true, would have been able to have accomplished more than it was able to accomplish in the past year, had many of the Members paid their subscriptions at an earlier period; but this dilatoriness in paying (which the Council is willing to hope this representation will help to remedy) is not the sole reason for the delay in the issue of the publications promised or referred to in the last Report.

It has been a source of regret to the Council that the Dissertation on the Portraits of Shakespeare, for which many Members are anxiously waiting, has not yet been completed. Our excellent Director, to whom the Society is so much indebted,

has suffered lately from ill health, and has had many occupations of a private nature to draw his attention away from the subject ; but he has not, the Council feel assured, in the slightest degree abated the attention to and interest in the Society he has so constantly and ably manifested. He now only awaits, to complete his undertaking, for a report on the Kneller copy of the Chandos Portrait, in the possession of Earl Fitzwilliam at Wentworth Wood House, in Yorkshire.

It will be remembered that Lord Fitzwilliam, in reply to an application from the Council to inspect the Portrait, expressed his unwillingness to bring the picture to London, but his perfect readiness, at the same time, to allow any gentleman connected with the Society to see it at his seat in Yorkshire. Some delay was occasioned by this arrangement ; Mr. Collier and the Council feeling that he could not put forth his Dissertation without some account of the picture. The delay, however, was not altogether unfortunate ; for, at the request of the Treasurer, Dr. Waagen, the justly celebrated director of the Berlin Gallery, kindly undertook, during a tour of picture-seeing in Yorkshire, to examine the portrait in question, and report to the Treasurer his opinion of it on his return. This Dr. Waagen (who was presented with a copy of Mr. Cousins's engraving to compare with the picture) has done verbally to the Treasurer, and has now undertaken to provide a paper for insertion in Mr. Collier's Dissertation.

Great progress has been made, the Society will be glad to hear, in the third volume of Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company. But the work can advance but slowly, owing to regulations of the Company, and the necessity of having every extract made by the pen of our Director. This arrangement, while it delays the work, saves an expence to the Society, but, more than all, it ensures that every extract will be copied with care and fidelity, and seeing by what vigilant eyes the transcripts are made that no entry of moment will be overlooked.

Mr. Cunningham has an order from the Council to proceed to press with Oldys's Notes on Langbaine, and would have availed himself of the order earlier than he has yet done, but for his anxiety, which the Society will appreciate in common with the Council, to insert the result of the fresh researches he has been making among wills and parish registers for facts of moment connected with the lives which Oldys has so importantly annotated.

Mr. Bolton Corney is busy, the Council is glad to know, with his important volume of notices of Shakespeare and his Works, from the earliest period to the publication of the *Theatrum Poetarum*. The extracts will be arranged chronologically, and will, when completed, form a curious history of contemporary opinion on the merits of the great man whose name has called our Society into existence.

After this account of promises, and, as the Council trusts, reasonable excuses for delays in completing some engagements of rather old standing, it is now their duty to report to the Society what has actually been done during the past year.

Since the last report, the two following volumes have been issued to the Society :—

1. The Remarks of M. Karl Simrock on the PLOTS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, with notes and additions by J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq.

2. Two Historical Plays on the LIFE AND REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, by THOMAS HEYWOOD, with an Introduction and Notes by J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq.

The latter publication was the first issue on account of the subscription due on the 1st January last, and will be followed in a fortnight hence by :—

THE GOLDEN AGE; OR, THE LIVES OF JUPITER AND SATURN, WITH THE DEFINING OF THE HEATHEN GODS. And THE SILVER AGE, INCLUDING THE LOVE OF JUPITER TO ALCMENA, THE BIRTH OF HERCULES, AND THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE. Two Plays by Thomas Heywood. Reprinted from the original editions of 1611 and 1613. Edited by J. PAYNE COLLIER:

completing the second volume of the edition of Heywood's

Works, which the Society has pledged itself to complete, and which, as will be seen from the statement of the Auditors, is possessed of an interest beyond the Members of the Society.

Since their last Report, the Council has undertaken to extend a knowledge of the works of the Society, by the publication of a supplement to Dodsley's Old Plays, in four volumes octavo, and limited to one hundred copies. The collection will be found to range in size with the large paper copies of the latest and best edition of Dodsley printed in 1825, and with the editions of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, &c., superintended by Mr. Collier, Mr. Knight, Mr. Dyce, and Mr. Gifford.

The volumes, however, will be found to contain other merits than their dramatic character and mere uniformity of size with a work generally to be met with in all good libraries. The first two volumes will comprise the most remarkable collections of Miracle Plays that have been preserved to us; the third volume will contain our earliest English Comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," (not hitherto included in any collection of old plays); our earliest English tragedy "Gorboduc" (printed for the first time from the first edition); two plays, anterior to Shakespeare, "Timon," and "Sir Thomas More," both printed for the first time, and both edited by Mr. Dyce, and the Comedy of "Patient Grissell," the joint composition of Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton.

It is, however, to the fourth volume and its four plays that the Council of the Society would wish to direct more particular attention, containing, as that volume does, the first sketch of the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" the first sketch of the second and third parts of "Henry VI.;" a reprint of the "Taming of a Shrew," on which Shakespeare founded his "Taming of the Shrew;" and the "True Tragedy of Richard III.," a play anterior to the "History," on the same subject by Shakespeare, and which there is every reason to believe Shakespeare had seen.

The names of the Editors are the late Thomas Amyot, Esq., J. Payne Collier, Esq., W. Durrant Cooper, Esq., Rev. A. Dyce, the late Barron Field, Esq., J. O. Halliwell, Esq., and Thomas Wright, Esq. The price of the four volumes to Members of the Society will be 30s.; to non-Members £2. Members, however, who wish to bind the books they already have, into a Dodsley for themselves, may obtain the title-pages, advertisement, additional notes, corrections, &c., price *Five Shillings*.

Since the last Report, the Society has had the misfortune to lose by death one of its Vice-Presidents, Lord Leigh, a Member of its Council from the very first; and the Editor of one of its publications, the accomplished Thomas Amyot; and two Members who always evinced an interest in the welfare of the Society, the Marquess of Northampton and Dr. Thackeray, the Provost of King's College.

The vacancy in the Vice-Presidents, caused by the lamented death of Lord Leigh, has been supplied by the election of the Right Honourable Sir James Knight Bruce, the Vice-Chancellor, who has from the commencement evinced a warm interest in the welfare of the Society.

The following is a list of works in different states of preparation:—

1. A Second Volume of SKETCHES FOR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES AT COURT, in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.; including designs for Scenery, by Inigo Jones.

2. NOTICES OF SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORKS, from the earliest period to the publication of the "Theatrum Poetarum," in 1675; with memoranda, drawn from other sources, of his personal and literary history. By BOLTON CORNEY, Esq.

3. A volume of the Names, Lives, and Characters of the original Actors in the Plays of MARLOWE, GREENE, PEELE, LODGE, NASH, BEN JONSON, BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, CHAPMAN, DEKKER, WEBSTER, HEYWOOD, MIDDLETON, MASSINGER, FORD, &c., alphabetically arranged.

4. A volume of the Lives of the principal Performers in SHAKESPEARE'S Plays, from the Restoration of Charles II. to Garrick's first

appearance on the Stage. Chronologically arranged. By PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A.

The following are among the suggested publications :—

1. A Dissertation on the COSTUME AND APPLIANCES OF THE STAGE, in the time of Shakespeare; illustrated by engravings of some of the Characters in old Dramas, as they were dressed for performance.

2. A Volume of BALLADS UPON WHICH OLD PLAYS WERE FOUNDED, OR WHICH WERE FOUNDED UPON OLD PLAYS; including all those employed by Shakespeare, and many others in the Roxburghe Collection now deposited in the British Museum. To be edited by W. D. COOPER, Esq., F.S.A.

3. THE MIRROR OF MONSTERS: an attack upon theatrical performances in 1587 by WILLIAM RANKINS, who afterwards became a Dramatic Poet, and the author of Satires, &c., printed in 1596.

4. A PLAY ON THE STORY OF ROMEO AND JULIET, from an inedited MS. in Latin, of the time of Queen Elizabeth. By J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S.

5. THE DEFENCE OF PLAYS AND PLAYERS, by THOMAS LODGE, being an answer to Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, 1579. Printed without date; and without title-page, in consequence of the condemnation of it by the public authorities.

The publication of these works will, however, materially depend on the funds at the disposal of the Society. To enable the Council to become more active, the Members themselves, in arrear with their subscriptions, can at once materially contribute.

Signed,

By order of the Council,

F. G. TOMLINS, *Secretary.*

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS.

We, the Auditors appointed to audit the Receipts and Expenditure of the Shakespeare Society, certify that the Treasurer has exhibited to us his Accounts from the 23rd of April, 1850, to the 24th of April, 1851; that we have examined the same, together with the vouchers in support thereof, and find the whole Account correct and satisfactory.

And we further report that the following is a correct Abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society for the above period.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance on the 24th April, 1850, as per Report of Auditors	21 17 7	To Mr. Shoberl, on account, for Printing	100 0 0
Arrear Subscriptions for years prior to the 1st of January, 1850	13 0 0	To Messrs. Westley & Co., for Binding	27 1 4
Subscriptions due 1st January, 1850	79 0 0	To Messrs. Skeffington and Southwell, Agents to the Society, for the delivery of Books from 1st January, 1850, to 31st March, 1851, and for Postage for the same period	25 0 0
Subscriptions due 1st January, 1851	119 0 0	The Secretary for one half-year	26 5 0
Sale of 15 copies of Heywood's Works. Vol. I.	5 7 6	To the Royal Society of Literature, for One Year's use of the Council Room to 15th December, 1850	12 0 0
From the Library Committee of the Bank of England for nine years' subscriptions, allowed at half-price; the Committee subscribing since 1850 at full price	4 10 0	Transcripts, Extracts from Wills, Searches, &c.	13 12 0
1 Artist's proof of Chandos Portrait	3 0 0	Advertisements	12 11 6
4 Director's proof of Chandos Portrait	8 0 0	Gratuity to Doorkeeper of Royal Society of Literature, Treasurer's Expenses, and other petty Disbursements	8 6 0
Sale of Vols. I., II., & III. of Shakespeare Society's Papers to a Member of the Society	0 15 0		
			224 15 10
		Balance in the hands of the Treasurer	29 14 3
	<u>254 10 1</u>		<u>254 10 1</u>

And we the Auditors have further to report that, over and above the present balance of £29 14s. 3d., there is still a large sum due to the Society on the Subscriptions for 1850, as well as those of prior years. We have also to observe that the receipts for the present year, though £25 more than the year before, are still very much less than is due from the actual Members of the Society; but we are glad to be informed that a Collector, recently appointed, is now actively employed in collecting both the arrear and current subscriptions. The number of Members borne on the books of the Society is 451, of whom only 126 are as yet entitled to the publications of the year.

The liabilities consist, as before, of a balance on Mr. Shoberl's bill for Printing, and the bill of Messrs. Bonsor for paper. The arrears are, however, amply sufficient to meet the liabilities of the Society.

LEWIS POCOCK.

JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS.

ANNUAL MEETING, 26th APRIL, 1851.

The Report of the Council and the Report of the Auditors having been read, the following Resolutions were passed :—

RESOLUTION I. That the Report of the Council for the past year be received and printed, and that the thanks of the Society be given to the Council for their services.

RESOLUTION II. That the Report of the Auditors be received and printed, and that the thanks of the Society be given to them for their services.

RESOLUTION III. That the thanks of the Society be given to the Editors of the various works issued during the past year : viz., to James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., for editing Karl Simrock's Remarks on the Plots of Shakespeare's Plays with notes and additions; and John Payne Collier, Esq., for editing two historical plays by Thomas Heywood, entitled "If you Know not Me you Know Nobody; or, the Troubles of Queen Elizabeth."

RESOLUTION IV. That the thanks of the Society be given to the Director, Treasurer, and Secretary, for their services.

RESOLUTION V. That the thanks of the Meeting be given to the Royal Society of Literature, for the use of their Library for the assembly of the Members on the present occasion.

THE RT. HON. SIR JAMES KNIGHT BRUCE, VICE-CHANCELLOR,
CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ., SIR HENRY ELLIS, K.H., SWYNFEN
JERVIS, ESQ., AND MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD, retiring from the
Council, the vacancies were filled up by the unanimous election of

ROBERT BELL, ESQ.

THE VERY REVEREND THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, ESQ.

CHARLES KNIGHT, ESQ.

WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, ESQ.

The remaining Members of the Council were re-elected.

The following Members were also elected Auditors for the year ending
26th of April, 1852.

JOSHUA W. BUTTERWORTH, ESQ.

SAMUEL HICKSON, ESQ.

GEORGE SMITH, ESQ.

AGENTS TO THE SOCIETY,

Messrs. SKEFFINGTON and SOUTHWELL, 192, Piccadilly,
London, who are empowered to receive Subscriptions, and to
whom all letters relative to the delivery of the books must be
addressed.

** * The Subscription to the Society is £1 per annum, payable
in advance on the 1st January in each year, which entitles the
Subscriber to all the books published in the year for which the
Subscription is made.*



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