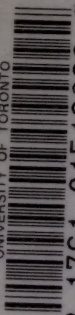


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HORACE HART M.A. AT THE  
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A LARUM FOR  
LONDON

1602

132791  
1915-7

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS [No. 39]  
1913

PR  
2411  
L3  
1913

This reprint of the *Larum for London* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Dec. 1913.

W. W. Greg.

The following entry is found in the Register of the Stationers' Company :

29 maij [1600] . . .

Entred for his copie vnder the handes of the wardens. the Allarum to London, provided that yt be not printed without further Auctoritie . vj<sup>d</sup> master  
Robertes  
[Arber's Transcript, iii. 161.]

The quarto that appeared with the date 1602 was printed, with the device of Edward Allde, for William Ferbrand. How the copy came into his possession is not known, for no transfer appears in the Register, and Roberts, it would seem, failed to obtain the necessary authority. The quarto is printed in roman type approximating in size to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.) Copies are in the British Museum and the Bodleian Library. The latter wants the two leaves of signature G and is also mutilated in other parts: the former wants G 2, while G 1 is mutilated. There are also two copies in the Dyce collection at South Kensington, both perfect but one having the last leaf mutilated. Another copy is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The present reprint is based on the copy in the Bodleian Library so far as it goes, but all the three copies in London have also been consulted.

The title-page assigns the piece to the Lord Chamberlain's men. There is no trace thereof in the repertory of the company at the period of their association with Henslowe, which terminated in the summer of 1594. Presumably, therefore, the play was first produced between the autumn of 1594 and the spring of 1600. It is based on a pamphlet called the *Spoil of Antwerp*, which appeared in 1576, and the poet George Gascoigne's authorship of which has now been definitely established. The play has been ascribed to Thomas Lodge, but without reason assigned: it has likewise been supposed to be the outcome of collaboration between Marlowe and Shakespeare.

## LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &c.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, but it also includes certain readings which are evident typographical blunders, or which are liable to be mistaken for such, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation, nor does the appearance of a reading in this list necessarily imply that it is incorrect.

On the whole the printing of the present play is fairly accurate. A certain tendency to omit the period after stage directions will be noticed. It looks as though matter had been omitted on C 1 at the end of Sc. iii. No variants between different copies have been observed.

Title-page, l. 10 Charberlaine	716 <i>agen</i>
12 bee] <i>the second e is probable but not certain: the type at the end of this line and of the next either got battered or else caught on the frisket.</i>	729 <i>Exeunt</i>
Heading to Text, l. 2 vertuous	768 along,
Text, l. 78 het	858 vallor,] <i>comma doubtful</i>
165 <i>Exeunt</i>	859 <i>Exit</i>
199 thatthe] <i>possibly thatt he</i>	1062 <i>alarum againe</i>
207 <i>sceeke</i>	1080 <i>Exeunt</i>
213 what	1082 <i>Leutenant</i>
261 <i>horse</i>	1112] <i>indented</i>
297 <i>Exeunt</i>	1116 trees,
307 uot	1129 <i>Spa,</i>
315 Begians :	1185 Spaniard,] <i>comma doubtful</i>
330 <i>Exunt.</i>	1212 <i>anotamize</i>
340 <i>fince</i>	1303 <i>wrath</i>
376 <i>To cham</i> ] <i>possibly Tocham</i>	1367 <i>securitie</i> ] <i>parenthesis doubtful</i>
379 he	1375 be.] <i>period doubtful</i>
418 <i>Cham</i>	1380 <i>3Sol.</i>
442 c.w. Obferue	1398 <i>1 Sol,</i>
464 <i>wiues</i>	1500 <i>in'th</i>
484 <i>Exit</i>	1512 <i>baue</i>
612 <i>lame'd</i>	1531 <i>flhor tthy</i>
636 <i>Exeunt</i>	1545 <i>Exit</i>
682 <i>Eg,</i>	1548 <i>fuch</i> ] <i>possibly fu ch</i>
683 <i>an</i>	1665 <i>behinde</i>
	1672 <i>fasten</i> ] <i>possibly fast en wofnll</i> ] <i>really turned u</i>
	Running-title
	B 2 Loudon.

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

<p>TIME, prologue and epilogue.          SANCTO DANILA, a Spanish captain.          two Captains.          CORNELIUS VAN END.          a Gunner.          two Burgers.          ALVA, the Spanish general.          three Citizens.          ALONZO VERDUGO.          JULIAN ROMERO.          Marquis d'HAUVRYE.          COUNT EGMONT.          CHAMPAIGNE.          English Governor.          the Wife of Champaigne.          a burger's wife.          STUMP, a lame lieutenant.</p>	<p>two rascal Soldiers.          GODFREY, friend of the English          Governor's.          a Soldier.          an old Citizen.          a Factor.          the Daughter of the old Citizen,          a Captain, serving with Stump.          MARTIN, son }          LENCHY, daughter } to Harman.          two Spaniards.          HARMAN, an old blind man.          the Wife of Harman.          a burger's wife.          three Soldiers.          a fat Burger.          two Soldiers.</p>
---	---

Soldiers, pennon bearers, &c. Van End's page.

Stump's real name is Vaughan, as appears from Sc. xiii, ll. 1389, &c.; cf. Sc. ix. That Cornelius and Van End are one person is proved by ll. 411-2.

Many of the names are corrupt. Sancto Danila is Sancho d'Avila, the leader of a body of mutinous Spaniards. The Marquis d'Hauvrye, Gascoigne's d'Havrey, is the Marquis of Havré. Champaigne is Champagny, the governor of Antwerp. Egmont is of course Gascoigne's young Count d'Egmont, not the famous Egmont who was executed in 1568. Alonzo Verdugo is Gascoigne's Dom Alonso de Vergas, Julian Romero his Juliane de Romero. The Duke of Alva had left the Netherlands nearly three years before.





A L A R V M  
FOR  
L O N D O N,  
O R  
T H E S I E D G E O F  
A N T W E R P E,

With the ventrous actes and valo-  
rous deeds of the lame Soldier.

As it hath been playde by the right Honorable  
the Lord Charberlaine his Seruants.



L O N D O N,  
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be  
sold at his shop in Popes-head Alley, ouer against the Ta-  
ueme doore, neere the Royall-Exchange. 1602.





A Larum for London, or the  
siedge of Antwerpe: with the vertuous  
actes and valorous deedes of the  
lame Soldier.

---

*Enter Sancto Danila and two other Captaines.*

*Dani.* SO, leaue me now, and in mine absence, see  
That not a Soldier perch vpon the walles;  
Least by the Cittizens they be espyed,  
And thereupon they grow suspicious,  
Be gone, and giue the Centenels in charge;  
They haue an eye vnto the Southerne Port:  
And heare yee? if that any forces come,  
Let them be straight receiu'd into the Castle,  
But with as little tumult as you may.

*Cap.* It shall be done my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Dan.* We must be secret, as befits the care,  
And expedition of so great a cause;  
*Antwerpe* is wealthy, but withall secure,  
Our Soldiers want the crownes they surfet with;  
And therefore she must spare from foorth her store,  
To helpe her neighbours; nay she shall be forc't,  
To strip her of her pouches, and on the backs  
Of Spanish Soldiers, hang her costliest roabes.  
The plot already is determin'd of,  
And say *Connelius* doe but keepe his word;  
These swelling Epicures shall taste of death,

A 2

Whilst



A L A R V M  
*FOR*  
L O N D O N,  
O R  
*THE SIEGE OF*  
A N T W E R P E.

With the ventrous actes and valo-  
rous deeds of the lame Soldier.

As it hath been playde by the right Honorable  
the Lord Charberlaine his Seruants.



L O N D O N,  
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to bee  
sold at his shop in Popes-head Alley, ouer against the Ta-  
uerne doore, neere the Royall-Exchange. 1602.



## *Prologus.*

Enter Time.

**R**ound through the compasse of this earthly ball,  
The massie substance hanging in the skie,  
Hath fleeting Time pursu'd this froward age ;  
And searcht the worlds corrupt enormities.  
Heere found I some, despite my hoary scalpe,  
There found I Courtiers laught my course to scorne,  
In that place daintie mouthed Damsels scoffe,  
Sticking my feathers with their borrowed plumes, 10  
As though my beauty were not good enough.  
And now this faire concourse heere met together,  
That haue calme leasure to beholde their faultes,  
VVithin my furrowed bosome deepe ingrau'd :  
Like a steelesforg'd impressiõ (fixed firme)  
Are met together: you will scorne my wants,  
Laugh at my lamenes, looke basely, fume and frowne :  
But doe so, doe so, your proude eyes shall see  
The punishment of Citty cruelty :  
And if your hearts be not of Adamant, 20  
Reforme the mischiefe of degenerate mindes,  
And make you weepe in pure relenting kinde.

*F I N I S.*



A Larum for London, or the  
siedge of Antwerpe: with the vertuous  
actes and valorous deedes of the  
lame Soldier.

---

*Enter Sancto Danila and two other Captaines.*

*Sc. i*

*Dani.* SO, leaue me now, and in mine absence, see  
That not a Soldier pearch vpon the walles;  
Least by the Cittizens they be espyed,  
And thereupon they grow suspitious.  
Be gone, and giue the Centenels in charge,  
They haue an eye vnto the Southerne Port:  
And heare yee? if that any forces come,  
Let them be straight receiu'd into the Castle,  
But with as little tumult as you may.

*Cap.* It shall be done my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

10

*Dan.* We must be secreet, as befits the care,  
And expedition of so great a cause;  
*Antwerpe* is wealthy, but withall secure,  
Our Soldiers want the crownes they surfet with,  
And therefore she must spare from fourth her store,  
To helpe her neighbours; nay she shall be forc't,  
To strip her of her pouches, and on the backes  
Of Spanish Soldiers, hang her costliest roabes.  
The plot already is determin'd of,  
And say *Cornelius* doe but keepe his word;  
These swilling Epicures shall taste of death,

20

A 2

Whilst

## A Larum for London.

Whilst we furuiue to rifle their rich Coffers.

*Enter Cornelius.*

Heere comes the man, welcome *Cornelius*,  
I see you make religion of your word.

*Cor.* Speake softly good my Lord, least yee be heard,  
The Cittizens are scouting heere about.

*Dan.* Not one *Cornelius* dare approach so neere,  
The Castle shot keeps them in greater awe, 30  
And for discouery by the eye, feare not;  
Within this valley we may talke at large,  
And no man see vs: say are you resolu'd,  
To stand firme friend vnto the Spaniard?  
And *Sancto Danila* vowes you shall partake,  
Both spoyle and honour with the best of vs.

*Cor.* Suppose my Lord I gaue you my consent,  
In all the world there's not (at my commaund)  
Aboue sixe hundred Almaines; you your selfe,  
Are in the Castle, scarce a thousand strong, 40  
And what are these to sacke so great a towne?  
So populous and large as *Antweerde* is.  
The Cittizens (were they but polliticke,  
Carefull and studious to preferue their peace)  
Might at an houres warning, fill their strectes,  
With fortie thousand well appointed Soldiers.

*Dan.* I, but they are remisse and negligent,  
Their bodies vs'd to soft effeminate filkes,  
And their nice mindes set all on dalliance;  
Which makes them fat for slaughter, fit for spoile: 50  
But say twere otherwise that in their peace  
And daies of plenty, whilst they flourished  
They had fore-seene the daunger might ensue,  
And exercise themselues in feates of armes;  
Yet wee being sole commaunders of the Castle,  
And that commaunding them, what let is there,  
(Were we much weaker) but we might preuaile?

When



## A Larum for London.

When once the Alarum foundes (like filly mice)  
They'll hyde them in the creuce of their walles,  
And some for ignorance, will stand amaz'd; 60  
And some will be so tender of their flesh,  
As they will scorne to beare the weight of steele.  
No, no braue Almaigne, if men euer had  
A fit occasion to enrich themselues,  
And fill the vast world with their ecchoing fame;  
Now is that instant put into our hands;  
And now may we be Lords of this proude towne:  
My minde deuines no lesse, and till my feete  
Tread a venturous measure in their streetes,  
I shall be sicke to thinke vpon the deed. 70

*Cor.* I wish my Lord as much as you detaine,  
But such an enterprisé must be well grounded,  
Least in performance there be found defect.

*Dan.* What patient eye can looke vpon yond Turrets,  
And see the beauty of that flower of *Europe*,  
And in't be rauisht with the sight of her?  
Oh she is amorous as the wanton ayre,  
And must be Courted: from het nostrils comes  
A breath, as sweete as the Arabian spice.  
Her garments are imbroidered with pure golde; 80  
And euery part so rich and sumptuous,  
As Indias not to be compar'd to her;  
She must be Courted, mary her selfe inuites,  
And beckons vs vnto her sportfull bed:  
What is he then more lumpish than rude Iron,  
By such a load-starre may not be attempted?  
Oh braue *Cornelius*, if within thy vaines,  
There be that heate of vallour? I presume;  
Let vs for-flowe no time, till wee obtaine  
To Reuell in that bower of earthly blisse. 90

*Cor.* My Lord, what lyes in me yee shall dispose,  
My Regiment of Almaines, and my selfe,  
Will on the first assault reuolt to you;

A Larum for London.

Meane space Ile giue you close intelligence,  
Of any thing the Cittizens pretend :  
But as I said, what makes this to the spoile,  
Of such a mighty Citty as this is,  
Vnlesse we be confirm'd with more supply ?

*Dan.* Beholde this scroule and be resolu'd in that,  
From *Nastricht* first there comes a thousand horse, 100  
Beside fīue hundred foote : vnder the guiding  
Of *Don Alonzo de Verdugo* : Then  
From *Leyre* doth *Iulian de Romero*, bring  
Fīue hundred foote ; From *Aelst* two thousand more  
Follow the conduct of *Emanuell* ;  
The Duke of *Alua* likewise brings his power,  
And for a better cullour, to delude  
These credulous inhabitants of *Antwerpe*,  
He causeth it be publisht he is dead,  
And that his Soldiers guard his body hyther, 110  
To haue it shipt for Spaine to be interd :  
Which well may serue to shaddow his approach,  
The rest by night shall haue their entraunce ;  
So that within two daies I make account,  
We shall be gathered to a perfect head,  
Of (at the least) fixe thousand Spaniards.

*Cor.* I mary my Lord, this foundeth somewhat like,  
Now dares *Cornelius* promise victorie.  
But how intendes your Lordship to begin,  
And giue an entraunce to this busines ? 120  
You know th'Antwerpians neuer yet tooke part,  
In any action gainst his Maiesty,  
But haue remain'd as neutrall, neyther ayding  
The Prince of *Orenge*, nor offending you :  
How will you then inkindle flambes of warre,  
And take occasion to commence your quarrell ?

*Dan.* Why any way ; it shall be thus *Cornelius*,  
Ile charge the Master Gunner of the Caste,  
To make a shot or two vpon the towne ;

And

## A Larum for London.

And when they come to know the cause of it, 130  
Ile say it was, because they doe not sincke,  
The Prince of *Orenge* ships: but suffer them  
To lye so neere within the Lyuer Skalde,  
Which notwithstanding, we precisely know,  
Doe houer there about, to no end else,  
But to safe conduct victuals to the towne.  
Yet this excuse will serue to cloake our hate,  
And shew some reason for what after follows.

*Cor.* It cannot be but good my noble Lord,  
And shortly (as their dayly custome is) 140  
Changing the Gouvernor and other Burgers,  
Intend a solemne banquet at the State-houſe.  
Euen then, and at that place, giue you direction,  
The Gunner take his Leuill; twill affright,  
And strike the greater terror to their soules.

*Dan.* Enough, Ile play them Musicke to their meate,  
And send such Reuellers into the roome,  
As some of them shall haue carouſt their last,  
The most I craue, is that *Cornelius*  
Will be as constant as he hath profest. 150

*Cor.* Once more my Lord I gage my hand with yours,  
And as he is a Soldier and a Knight,  
*Cornelius* vowes to be a friend to Spaine.

*Dan.* I take thy word faire Knight, and backe againe  
Returne the like to thee; both I and mine,  
For euer vow to loue and honour thee:  
Now breake we off our secret conference,  
And closely as we came vnto this place,  
So let vs circumspectly make retreat.  
Walke thou into the towne as if thou hadst 160  
But only come abroad to take the ayre.  
I to the Castle will with-draw my selfe  
Downe some backe way, and euer as we need,  
Be this our meeting place, till *Antwerpe* bleed.

*Cor.* Farewell my Lord, *Cornelius* is agreed. *Exeunt*  
*Enter*

A Larum for London.

*Enter Danila and the Gunner.*

*Sc. ii*

*Dan.* What Ordinance haue you laden on that part?

*Gun.* A Faulcon and two Harguebuz of Crocke.

*Dan.* What telst thou me of Harguebuz of Crocke?

A poxe vpon your rascall squibs and crackers,  
Haue you been loading all this day till now,  
And come you with your Harguebuz of Crocke?  
A plague vpon't. 170

*Gun.* My Lord, blame your direction: neuerthelesse,  
Not full assured of your Lordships pleasure,  
We haue raif'd the Cannons that came laft from *Harlam*,  
And planted them this morning for the purpose.

*Dan.* Twas well aduif'd; but Gunner for what part?

*Gun.* That's as it please your Honour to direct,

*Dan.* That's for the State-house Gunner, where the Duch 180  
Sit swilling in the pride of their excesse;  
Commend vs to them, tell them we haue sent  
Musicke to make them merry at theyr Feast:  
Goe bid thy full-mouth'd Cannon, much good doo't them,  
Should we discharge some scuruie Culuering,  
They'll thinke we are about some fire-worke,  
To make them sport with.

For sure they fall a sleepe vpon full stomackes,  
Shoote me their State-house through both the sides,  
And tell them thou didst it for their health, 190  
To keepe them waking.

*Gun.* I warrant you my Lord, Ile peirce her sides,  
Or neuer thinke me worke-man whilst I liue. *Exit.*

*Dan.* I will not stirre till I haue heard the shot.  
Goe light thy Linckstocke at some hellish brand,  
To send blacke vengeance to that hated towne;  
Let euery corne of powder be a spirit,  
Thy mortall ayme as ominous as death,  
And neuer a splinter thatthe Bullet strikes,

But

## A Larum for London.

But let it prooue a very murdering piece,  
Amongst the Burgers at their Banqueting,  
To vomit horred plagues vpon them all. 200

*The peice discharges.*

There be thou like the Club of *Hercules*,  
Amongst the Bouzing Bacchanalian centures,  
To beate their Renish Cannes about their eares.

*A great screeke heard within.*

Good lucke I hope, hark how the sodaine noyfe  
Incountring with the Cannons loude report,  
Stops his full mouth, with the reuerberate found, 210  
And fils the circle of the emptie ayre.

*Enter two Burgers running.*

1 *Bur.* The Shot what from the Castle questionlesse.

2 *Bur.* The smoke and the report may tell you so.

1 *Bur.* And certainly intended at our liues.

2 *Bur.* Call to the Gouvernour.

1 *Bur.* Hee's walking heere without the Castle: stay,  
The Cittizens haue sent me to demaund,  
On what occasion, or by whose commaundement,  
You haue discharg'd this shot vpon the towne? 220

*Dan.* At my commaund Sir, what is that to you?

2 *Bur.* Then thy command (I tell thee *Sancto Danila*)  
Is deuilish and vnchristian;  
Which passing through the State-houfe of the Cittie,  
Hath slaine three persons.

*Dan.* Three froathy Renish fats that haue drunk dead,  
Or in their cuppes haue falne to cutting throates,  
And fearing that it would be noif'd abroad,  
To couer your foule Bestiall Gurmandize,  
Giue it out to be a shot sent from the Castle. 230

1 *Bur.* That men are slaine wee'll not expostulate,  
But Gouvernour, was it by your commaundement?

*Dan.* Tell me you men of *Antwerpe*,  
If you doe startle at a Cannons burst,

B

Why

## A Larum for London.

Why suffer you the Prince of *Orenge* Ships,  
To ride vpon the riuer at their pleasure?  
And with their fleering tops to mocke our Fames,  
The whilst the Sconfes which doe flancke the Riuer,  
Serue but for Fishers to vnload their nets;  
Whilst Cankering rust, deuoures your emptie Cannons: 240  
And they lye hulling vp and downe the streame?  
Burgers of *Antwerpe* answere me to this.

*2 Bur.* They be of *Zealand*, and the Prince of *Orenge*  
Hath euer been a friend vnto the State.

*Dan.* But enemy vnto the King my Master;  
Therefore they shall not ride vpon the ryuer;  
Which if your owne security doe suffer,  
Wee'll make our Ban-dogs to awake your towne.

*1 Bur.* Is that the cause and reason of your shot?

*Dan.* Burger it is. 250

*2 Bur.* You should haue sent vs word of your dislike:

*Dan.* Why so we did, did we not send our poast  
Euen now vnto you?  
And wrapt our Packet in a ball of lead?  
I thinke we sent a bolde Embassador,  
That spoke our minde in thunder: did he not?  
You might before haue knowne of our dislike,  
But that we did perceiue you would not see,  
Twas well you heard of vs.

*A signet sounded, enter two with mourning penons: a Drum 260*  
*sounding a dead march: Dalua carried vpon a horse*  
*covered with blacke: Soldiers after, tray-*  
*ling their Pykes.*

No Cittizens of *Antwerpe*, this the cause  
That makes you carelesse and neglect our power,  
The death of Princelie *Dalua*, had he liu'd,  
The Fleete of *Orenge* had not traded thus,  
Nor brau'd our Castle.

*Enter*

## A Larum for Loudon.

*Enter two or three Cittizens running.*

1 *Cit.* I pray God they meane not to assault the towne. 270

2 *Cit.* Tis *Dalvas* Body brought vnto the Castle.

3 *Cit.* I would he had come thus, when he came first  
Into these Countries.

1 *Cit.* So would I, what's become of this damned fiend?

2 *Cit.* Let the deuill looke to that, for he has most right  
to him.

3 *Cit.* I would the cowe hyde were off, wee might see  
the foure quarters.

1 *Cit.* A plague goe with him.

2 *Cit.* There will be olde tryumphing in hell. 280

3 *Cit.* There will be olde fupping of boyling leade.

1 *Cit.* That *Dalua* was a bloody villaine.

2 *Cit.* He was worfe then the Spanish inquisition.

3 *Cit.* Well, if euer man would haue eaten vp the Ca-  
niballes, twas he.

1 *Cit.* I feare nothing but one.

2 *Cit.* What's that?

1 *Cit.* That the people will curse him out of's graue.

2 *Cit.* I am glad they haue curst him into it.

3 *Cit.* Well, it was neuer heard that *Dalua* was dead, 290  
But there was some notable villanie followed it.

1 *Cit.* What dost thou thinke he will reuiue againe?

2 *Cit.* If he doe, the deuill's on't, Ile neuer trust death  
on's word for a halfe pennie.

3 *Cit.* Come, wee'll mourne in sacke for him. *Exeunt.*

*Bur.* Come, let's retyre our selues into the State-houfe,  
Tis *Dalvas* body brought into the Castle. *Exeunt*

*Dan.* March neerer to the Castle with your hearfe,  
Before you set it downe.

*Alu. in the hearfe.* What are those villaines gone that 300

*Sould.* They are my Lord. (rayl'd vpon me?)

*Alu.* Set downe and let me light,

*He comes from vnder the hearfe.*

## A Larum for London.

I would not heare my felfe againe fo rayl'd on  
Not for halfe *Belgia*.

Zwounds the dogs barke at me, a plague vpon them all,  
I thinke they doe uot hate the Deuill fo;

*Dalua* is neuer nam'd but with a curfe,  
Thinke but thefe roages, this is a tyme to dye,  
And heare thefe damned dogs reuile me thus:

310

Well, I am dead, but *Aluas* spirit (ere long)  
Shall haunt your ghostes, and with a fatall troope,  
Come in the dreadfull night about your walles,  
Grimme death did nere affright the fearfull martiall,  
As I will fright thefe Bouzing Begians:

Whose that aboute? Lord *Sancto Danila*?

*Dan.* My Lord of *Alua*, enter the Castle.

*Alua enters and his troope.*

*Enter Alonzo Verdugo, and his Soldiers with a still march.*

O the Lord *Verdugo*, and his Regiment,  
From *Mascricht*? tis well.

320

*Enter Iulian Romero, and his power with a still march.*

*Iulian Romero* and his Regiment from *Leyre*?

My Lord *Romero* where is *Don Emanuell*?

To bring the power that we expect from *Alst*.

*Rom.* Who's that? Lord *Sancto Danila*?

Hee's entred on the other side the Castle,

Withall his power.

*Dan.* Not yet full ten, my minde prefageth good,

*Antwerpe* ere night, shall bath her felfe in bloud. *Exunt.* 330

*Enter Marques d'Haurye, Egmount, Champaigne, Van &c. iii*

End and his Page: *English Governour and one Burger.*

*Mar.* *Monsieur Champaigne*, great *Antwerpes* Gouver-  
Will you refuse these faire and fresh supplies? (nour,  
Sent



A Larum for London.

Sent from the Prince of *Orenge* and the States,  
Vnder our Conduct for your Citties guard?

*Cham.* Lord *Marques Hauurye*, we reiect them not,  
Nor yet neglect the loue of that great Prince,  
And our kinde friend the Co-vnited States:  
But since we haue no neede of such a power, 340  
Why should we pester *Antwerpe* with such troupes,  
To spend the victuals of the Cittizens,  
Which we can scarcely compasse now for gilt.

*Egm.* The Prince & States will furnish yee with store,  
To feede the Army and relieue the Towne.

*Cham.* It may be so.

*Bur.* And it may not be so.

*Mar.* Our words and honours be engag'd for it.

*Eng. Gou.* Vnder correction my Lord Governour,  
The *Marques* and Count *Egmonts* noble words, 350  
(Although the Prince of *Orenge* and the States  
Should be forgetfull) were a pawne of worth.

*Mar.* What sayes the Collonell of the *Almaines* to it?

*Van.* This is *Van Ends* opinion my good Lord,  
That the rich promise of such noble Peeres,  
As *Marques Hauurie* and Count *Egmont* are,  
Is pawne enough for all the Citties wealth.

*Bur.* The *Almaine* lyes, wealth is worth more than  
wordes. *Standing aside.*

*Cham.* I way their promise with my sound believe, 360  
And tye my thoughts to their assured trust,  
Yet are there many reasons of import,  
To barre your Armies entrance to this towne.

*Egm.* The graund obiection is decyded.

*Cham.* True.

*Egm.* The lesser then are easily refeld.

*Cham.* Suppose the Prince & States do Victuall them,  
Yet their disorder in our Ciuell streetes,  
May be pernicious, and breede mutinie.

*Mar.* By this supposall you enfeeble vs, 370

## A Larum for London.

And taxe our worth with indiscretion,  
As though our skill and our Authority,  
Stood vpon bases of weake discipline.

*Bur.* We said not so, and yet their ryotings,  
May taynt our wiues and ieoperdize our wealth.

*Van.* In silence be it my Lord, you need thẽ not. *To cham*

*Egm.* All ryots shall be death by martiall law, *(aside.*  
And all commaunders, shall be vigilant  
Ouer their troopes, that order may he kept.

*Cham.* My Lords of *Egmount* and of *Hauurye*, 380  
What are your numbers?

*Mar.* Iust 3000. foote,  
One thousand horse, 800. at the least.

*Eng. Gou.* An honourable tender of true friends,  
To send such ayde for safeguard of your Citty. *(Aside.*

*Bur.* T will shake our bags too much to pay so many.

*Cham.* At whose expence shall all this army rest?

*Egm.* Some part your selues, some part the Prince will

*Cham.* Sixe hundred Almaines are our garison, (pay.  
A guard sufficient to defende our walles, 390  
And men enough, because we need no more.

*Bur.* And they too many to be paide by vs.

*Van.* O may these slaues refuse this succour sent,  
Their myserie shall bring their miserie. *Aside.*

*Mar.* Count *Egmont*, surelie *Antwerpe* is bewicht,  
Securitie hath slaine their prouidence, *Take Egm. aside*  
And riches makes them retchles of their friends;

We must assume the charge vpon our selues,  
And pray the Prince and States to beare the pay;  
Or else their priuate auarice, will pull 400  
Publicke destruction on this flower of townes,  
To the disgrace of all the Netherlands.

*Egm.* I will make tender of so much to them,  
Two monthes the Prince of *Orenge* and the States,  
And we our selues, will pay foure thousand men:  
If afterward, our powers be not of vse,

We

A Larum for London.

We shall withdraw them to their Prouinces.  
May this content you curious Cittizens?

*Cham.* The offer is so Honorable now,  
As modestly, we cannot challenge it:  
Captaine *Cornelius* what's your counsell?

410

*Van.* This:  
Say that you feare the Spaniards will conceiue *Aside to*  
Some high displeasure, if you take them in, *Champ.*  
My Lords these fat purf'd peasants are so proude,  
Friends and defence, are lesse esteem'd then pelfe.

*Mar.* Governour of *Antwerpe*, how are you resolu'd?  
*Cham.* My Lords, the Prince of *Orenge* and your selues,  
And all the States deserue our dutious loue  
And humble seruice: first, for sending power,  
Then promising pay and victuals for that power:  
But with your pardon, yet there is a let,  
That makes vs loath to take your armie in.

420

*Egm.* What let *Champaigne*?  
*Champ.* The Spanish Governour,  
*Danila*, commaunder of the Castle heere,  
If we receiue your troopes into our Towne,  
Will iudge we haue some purpose of reuolt,  
And raising armes against the King of Spaine.

*Mar.* What if he doe?  
*Cham.* His fierie spirit enflam'd,  
Will send out bullets from the Cittadell,  
And teare the sumptuous buildings of our towne.

430

*Bur.* As late he did when we were banqueting,  
And thought no harme, but drinking health to health,  
He shot, and slew some innocent poore soules,  
And rent our State-houise and some buildings else.

*Van.* Hee'll rend you better if our purpose holde.  
*Egm.* What was the cause?

*Cham.* Because we did not sincke,  
The Prince of *Orenge* Ships, that lay to waft  
Prouision to our City vp the Riuier.

440

Obferue

## A Larum for London.

*Eng. Gouver.* Obserue by that you discreete Gouvernors,  
What loue or faith the Spaniard holdes with you,  
That for his pride would haue your Citty pine ;  
Hauing destroy'd the corne on Flaunders side,  
And cross'd a bridge of Conuoy to your towne ;  
Then that the Riuer should not victuall you,  
He wish'd you sinke that shipping in the *Skelt*.

*Egm.* Collect by this the Spaniards crueltie, 450  
Who though occasion should not come from you,  
Would picke a quarrell for occasion,  
To sacke your Citty, and to sucke your bloud,  
To satisfie his pride and luxurie :

Let *Harlem*, *Marstricht*, *Alst* example you,  
And many Citties models of his wrath,  
Thinke on my Father and the Countie *Horne*,  
Whose tragedie, if I recount with ruth,  
May moue the stones of *Antwerpe* to relent.  
They seru'd the Spaniard as his Liedge-men sworne, 460  
Yet, for they did but wish their cuntrye good,  
He pickt a quarrell, and cut off their heades.  
Burgers, the Spaniard waites to take your liues,

That he may spoyle your towne, your wealth, your wiues  
*Eng. Gouver.* Receiue your friends, preuent his treachery,  
Least vnawares you taste his tirranye.

*Mar.* What benefit (good Country-men) gaine we,  
That prostitute our fortunes and our bloud,  
In your defence ?

*Cham.* Say, shall we let them in ? 470

*Van.* In troth I thinke the Spaniard meanes no harme.

*Cham.* Meane what he may, wee'll not offend such  
As these, the Prince of *Orenge* and the State, (friends,  
Your Armie is at *Kibdorpe* Port you say ?

*Mar.* There stay our forces.

*Cham.* We will let them in,  
And quarter them with all conuenient speede,  
*Van End* draw vp your Almaines to one place,

And

## A Larum for London.

And keep good rule for feare of ciuill braules,  
And now my Lords I will attend on you. 480

*Exeunt* Champ. Marq. Egm.

*Bur.* I will attend to locke and guard my doores,  
And keepe my wealth, my wife, and daughter safe,  
For feare thefe hungry foldiers get a snatch. *Exit*

*Manet Van and his boy.*

*Van.* Yonker come heere, haste to the Castle wall,  
And call to speake with *Sancto Danila*,  
Tell him from me, the Flies begin to swarme ;  
The Sunne growes hot, the heards do shake their hornes,  
The Shepherds bring great flockes home to the folde ; 490  
Say, if the Butcher slaughter not in time,  
The beastes will surfet, and the Soldiers pyne ;  
Therefore begin before one glasse be runne,  
And we shall win ere setting of the Sunne :  
Remember this, be secret and away. *Exit boy.*

Now (*Antwerpe*) comes the Spaniards holly-day,  
With them ioyne I, my share is in the gold,  
I runne with the Hare, and with the hound I holde ;  
This Sunday shall be dismall to the towne,  
The Burgers dye, their gallant wiues goe downe. 500  
*As he is going out Stumpe encounters him.*

*Enter* Burger, Champaigne, and their wiues. *Sc. iv*

*Bur.* Afore good wife, I feare that all's not well,  
*Monsieur Champaigne* what's your opinion ?

*Cham.* Doubtles, the Spaniards do intend some hurt,  
Harke how the tumult still increaseth ?

*Wife.* For shame,  
Be not so fearefull, say that for some offence,  
Eyther commenced, or but in conceipt ;  
The Spaniards were maliciousslie inclin'd : 510  
Haue yee not Soldiers to withstand their force ?  
What should you need to be sollicitous,

## A Larum for London.

Keepe yee within.

*Bur.* Nay wife thou dost mistake,  
If thou imagine we intend to fight;  
Tis not our meaning: we are at the charge  
To pay them monthlie, wherefore should not they  
Be at the care to see the Cittie safe.

*2 Wif.* The Citty's safe enough without their care,  
Will you to dinner? 520

*Cham.* Wherefore shoote they thus,  
Vnlesse there were some villanie abroach?

*2 Wif.* Wherefore shoote they but to trye their peeces,  
I warrant you husband tis no otherwife.

*Enter Marques with his sword drawne.*

*Bur.* Heere comes the *Marques* he can tell the newes.

*Cham.* The cause my Lord of this intestine vprore?

*Mar.* The cause is murder, miserie and death:  
You men of *Antwerpe*, if with all the speede  
And expedition, that in men remaines, 530  
You take not weapons to repulse the foe,  
That like a swarme of deadlie stinging Hornets,  
Haue all this while lay hid within their nest;  
But now doe flye abroad with dreadfull noise,  
As if so many Furies were awakt.  
To armes then all that loue your Countries peace.

*Bur.* How doe ye meane my Lord? or who are those  
Your Lordship shaddows, vnder-neath the name  
Of swarming Hornets?

*Mar.* Are you so dull of sence? 540  
And still so lull'd in your securitie?  
Whom should I meane, but bloudie *Danila*,  
And furious *Alua* his compeere in armes,  
That fill the Castle yard with their Battilions,  
And striue to take possession of your streetes:  
To armes then straight, if you will keep them backe. *Exit.*

*Bur.* Ist like that *Alua* is reuiu'd againe?

*1 wif.* As

## A Larum for London.

*1 Wif.* As like as he intendes to take the towne.

*Cham.* But I suspect there is some treacherie.

*2 wif.* Will you beleewe his words, he doth but iest, 550  
To try how we will take it if twere so.

*Champ.* Nay by his lookes and by his fodaine haste,  
It should appeare the Marques doth not iest.

*Enter Egmont and Stump.*

*Egm.* To armes to armes, oh where's the Gouvernor?  
Giue order that your Cittizens prepare,  
To stand vpon their guard, defend themselues,  
For whom you trusted, turnes his weapons point  
Vpon your bosomes: all the Almaigne force,  
Is quite reuolted, and the enimie 560

Entring your strectes: *Van End* that damned slaue,  
Giues ayde to Spaine, and with his trayterous hand  
Drawes in destruction, if you looke not to it. (Trenches?)

*Cham.* Where are the Switzers should supply the

*Egm.* Drunke in their lodgings, and in reeling foorth,  
The Spaniards (vnresifsted) murder them:  
For honors sake, for wretched *Antwerpes* sake,  
Stand not amazed, but with couragious hearts,  
And forward hands, fight for your libertie. *Exit.*

*Stum.* Are yet your eye-lids open, are you yet 570  
Awakt out of the slumber you were in?

Or will you still lye snorting in your sloath?

Be still perswaded you are safe enough?

Vntill the verie instant, you doe feele

Their naked swards glide through your weafond-pipes?

Or doe you thinke with belching puffes, that flye

From your full paunches, you can blow them backe?

Or is the bottome of a deepe carouse,

Able to drowne them? will their furie melt

At the beholding of your daintie wiues? 580

Or can submission be a stickler

In these hot braules? I tell ye burgers no,

## A Larum for London.

Faire words will be as oyle to burning pitch ;  
And golde as Sulpher to inkindled flames,  
Your daughters chastitie must quench their lust ;  
And your deare wiues, inrich their lawlesse armes :  
I said as much, but would not be beleeu'd,  
Now tell me if I prophesied aright ?  
Or that my zealous words deseru'd rebuke ?  
Did I not say, the Crocadile did weepe, 590  
But to obtaine his pray ? the Sea looke smooth,  
But for a storme : would any thing be thought,  
By the close confluence of the Spanish troopes  
Into the Castle, but some massacre ?  
Yet was I rated to obiect as much,  
Reuil'd and baffed for my loyaltie :

*Cham.* I prethee Soldier, leaue thy bitter words,  
And helpe to fight for *Antwerpes* libertie.

*Stump.* You haue another groate to giue me then,  
I know your liberall mindes will scorne t'impose, 600  
The sweate of bloudie daunger on the brow  
Of any man, but you'l reward him for it :  
He shall at least (when he hath lost his limmes)  
Be sent for harbour to a spittle-house.  
How say yee, shall he not ? Good reason then,  
But we should venture ; yes, to laugh at you,  
Whilst we beholde the Spaniard cut your throates :  
An obiect base mechanicke set aworke ;  
A swettie Cobler, whose best industrie,  
Is but to cloute a Shoe, shall haue his fee ; 610  
But let a Soldier, that hath spent his blood,  
Is lame'd, diseaf'd, or any way distrest,  
Appeale for succour, then you looke a sconce  
As if you knew him not ; respecting more  
An Ostler, or some drudge that rakes your kennels,  
Than one that fighteth for the common wealch.

*Bur.* It is thy Countrie that doth binde thee to it,  
Not any imposition we exacte.

*Stum.* Binde



## A Larum for London.

*Stum.* Bindes me my country with no greater bondes,  
Than for a groate to fight? then for a groate, 620  
To be infeeble, or to loofe a limme?  
Poore groates-worth of effection; Well, Ile learne  
To pay my debt and to meafure my defert  
According to the rate: a groate I had,  
And fo much as a groate amounts vnto you,  
My fwoord fhall pay ye in exchange of blowes. *Exit.*

*Enter two Citizens.*

*Cham.* Citizens, how now?

*1 Cit.* Oh *Monsieur Champaigne*,  
We are vndone for want of difcipline. 630

*2 Cit.* The Spaniards hurrie into euerie ftreete,  
What fhall we doe for fafeguard of our liues?

*Bur.* What fhall yee doe? ftand euery man at's doore,  
And take in's hand a Holbert or browne bill,  
And ftudie to defend him as he may.

*Cha.* I heare them comming, let vs fhift away. *Exeunt*

*In the Alarum, Alua and Danila purfue Marques Hauurie, Sc. v  
and Count Egmont furiously.*

*Alu.* *Marques d'Hauurie* ftay, thou canft not fcape.

*Dan.* And ftay Count *Egmont*: *Danilaes* conquering 640  
Purfues thy life, therfore abide and yeeld it. (fword,

*Mar.* Infatiate *Alua*, that like Sun-rift ground,  
Neuer fuffif'd with fweeteft fhewers that fall,  
But with a thoufand mouthes gapes ftill for more.  
So thy defire of bloud nere fatisfied,

With the rich tribute of fo many liues,  
Whofe guiltles bloud hath dyed poore *Belgiaes* cheekes,  
And chang'd her like a drunken *Bacchanall*,  
Still with a thoufand quenchles appetites,  
Doft thirft for more, as if that epithite 650  
Were the fole obiect of thy hearts beft hopes:

## A Larum for London.

Know Tyrant, *Marques Haaurie* flies thee not,  
As fearing all the vttermoſt thou canſt,  
But the oppreſſion of vnequall power,  
False treaſon, that betrayed our liues to thee,  
And the ſharpe ſcourge, that fond ſecuritie,  
Hath iuſtly throwne on *Antwerpes* wilfulnes

*Egm.* Theſe are the fluices that haue brought on vs,  
The ſwelling pride and tyranie of Spaine,  
Which *Antwerpe* careles off, although fore-warnde 660  
By many bleeding inſtances about her,  
Could not; nay, would not be adui'd at all.

Tell me but this, *Alua* and *Danila* both,  
What ſtate is there, be it nere ſo populare,  
Abounding in the height of fortunes giſtes;  
And all felicities of worlddie Pompe,  
That ſees ſad deſolation ſit in teares,  
Vpon her neighbour Citties? warres keene edge,  
Hath furrowed through their entrailes, let them blood,  
In euerie artire that maintaineth life, 670  
Yet will not dread her daunger to be neere?  
But warme her at their fiers, ſing at their ſighes,  
Reuelling in her countleſſe vanities,  
As a perpetuall date were ſet thereon.

Tell me I ſay, you that haue ſeene all this,  
And as deuils, Saints in the blacke Kallender  
Of wretchedſt woe may truelie be ſet downe,  
As Authors of theſe ſad confuſions?

Doe not you deeme that ſtate well worth the illes,  
That this remiſſenes brought vpon the reſt? (mont. 680)

*Mar.* They cannot but confeſſe ſo much Count *Eg-*

*Eg,* If this be graunted, what's your glorie then?

An armed man to kill an naked ſoule:  
A thouſand Sickles thruſt into a field,  
Of Summer ripened and reſiſtles corne:  
A mightie tide to ouer-run a land,  
Where no defence or bancke to keepe it backe?

This

## A Larum for London.

This is your honor, this their miserie,  
That are not conquer'd, but dye wilfullie.

*Alu.* Warre taketh holde on all aduantages.

690

*Mar.* What neede aduantage, where is no resist?

*Dan.* So much the better, this is our discipline,  
Therefore submit or dye.

*Mar.* Not while I haue a hand to lift my swoord.

*Alu.* Nor you Count *Egmont*?

*Egm.* *Alua*, nor I.

*Egmont* will with honour both liue and dye.

*The Alarum againe, and Champaigne is pursued in by Romero, Verdugo and Van End, where he is slaine: so is the Marques Hauurie, and all engirting Count Egmont,* 700  
*Alua steps to defend him, & they strike at him.*

*Alu.* Holde when I bid ye; strike yee all at mee?

*Dan.* Why stands thou then to guard an enemie?

*Alu.* Because I will, honor encites me to it,  
The honor of this worthie Noble-man,  
And his high spirit euen in the face of death.

Yeeld thee braue *Egmont*, *Alua* doth intreate thee,

In pittie of thy bolde aduenturous youth,

And hopefull Fortunes shining in thine eyes,

Thou seest these slaine, yet will I saue thy life:

710

Thou seest me wounded, to preserue thy life.

I that was neuer pittifull before,

Am forc't to pittie thee, what wouldst thou more?

*Egm.* Such pittie *Alua*, as thou shewedst my Father,

And Noble *Horne*, such thou intendst to me,

Therefore proceede, & neuer pittie me. *They offer at him agen*

*Alu.* Strike not I charge ye: come *Egmont* come,

I sweare that thou shalt yeeld; strike, spare me not,

Alas thou art too faint; come, yeeld thee now, *Striuing to*

Ifaith I will not hurt thee: So, haue done,

*get againe* 720

Nay, no more weapons, thou art my prifoner. *his weapons*

And

## A Larum for London.

And I will vse thee verie honorablie.

*Egm. Alua*, let fourth my life, & then thou honorst me

*Alu.* Not for the world, prisoner thou shalt to Spaine,  
And there be entertain'd to thy desertes.

Now pittie, packe from *Aluaes* hart againe,

Against my nature once I lookt on thee,

For this Counts fake: now to the desarts flye,

For hauocke, spoile and murder now I crye. *Exeunt*

*Champaigns wife hurried by two rascall Soldiers.* *Sc. vi*

*Lad.* Haue mercie on a woman I beseech you, 731

As you are men and Soldiers:

If you be christians doe not doe me shame.

*1 Sold.* Search her.

*2 Sold.* Zwonds turne her inside outward.

*1 Sold.* Ranfacke her, euerie part of her.

*Enter Stump.*

*La.* For manhood spare me. *They stand to search her.*

*Stum.* How nimblie death be-fits him euerie where,

And I that am a wearie of my life, 740

And would faine dye I cannot,

Death is so proude he will not looke on me,

These muddie roagues that hoorded vp their coyne,

Now haue their throates cut for the coyne they haue:

They that for two pence would haue seene me starue;

And still my olde rotten stump and I,

Trot vp and downe as long as we can wag.

*They begin to strip her.*

*La.* As you are men, be mercifull to me.

*1 Sol.* Cast lots who shall haue her. 750

*2 Sol.* Ile giue thee my share for thy part.

*1 Sol.* Ile haue my share in her.

*2 Sol.* Off with her Iewels.

*Stum.* How now, two Soldiers ranfacking a woman?

O tis

## A Larum for London.

O tis *Champaignes* wife that was the Gouvernor,  
Heere is she, that would not haue been seene  
with a moath vpon her, for a thousand pound;  
That spent as much on Munkeys, Dogs and Parrets,  
As would haue kept ten Soldiers all the yeere.  
Zblood I haue seene her, where I haue past by her 760  
In the strectes, to stop her nose with her sweete gloues,  
For feare my smell should haue infected her;  
And now I liue to see her lug'd, and torne  
By lowzie totter'd roagues: O *Antwerpe, Antwerpe,*  
Now Madame *Marchpaigne*, minx, your Blowes  
And you are one.

1 *Sol.* Lets haue her in the next corner.

2 *Sold.* Draw her along,

*Stum.* Take that she has it is sufficient,  
But goe no further, it is inhumaine to abuse a woman. 770

1 *Sol.* What roague art thou, darst speake vnto a Spaniard?

*Stumpe.* No roague Sir, but a Soldier as you are,  
And haue had one leg more then I haue now.

*Pointing to his leg.*

Sir, heer's my Pasport, I haue knowne the warres, (heere.  
And haue had the vantage of as faire a spoile as you haue

2 *Sol.* Away you whorson cripple rascall.

*Stu.* You totter'd shake-rag'd roagues, what domi-  
If *Daluas* self were heere he should not doe it. (neere you? 780

*He drawes his sword, killes one, and the other flies.*

*La.* Good Soldier, heer's one Iewell that they haue not  
That I doe vallue at a thousand crownes,  
I pray thee take it.

*Stum.* What should I doe with it, can you tell?  
To haue my throate cut for it, ha:  
No, no, your Sifter Mince-pies groate  
Will doe me no pleasure now.

*La.* For Gods loue, as you euer did respect a woman,  
Helpe to conuay me to some place of safetic. 790

D

*Stum.* Where

## A Larum for London.

*Stum.* Where is it? not in *Antwerpe*.  
Your clofet will not serue your turne,  
You cannot walke to your garden-houfe.

*La.* For Gods sake helpe me as you are a man.

*Stump.* Well, follow me, Ile doe the best I can.

*A company of rascall Soldiers came heere pursuing the  
Ladie, he fightes and beares her away from  
them all.*

*After a triumphant shout within, enter Alua, Danila, Rome- Sc. vii  
ro, Verdugo, Van End, with their Rapiers  
drawne, crying.*

*All.* Victorie, victorie, *Antwerpe* and victorie.

802

*Alu.* So valliant Lords, this Musicke likes me well,  
Now may we boldly say the towne is ours:  
Yet sheath not your victorious swoords awhile,  
Till you haue reapt the Haruest of your paine,  
In which pursuite, torture, exacte and kill,  
No lesse then in your fury you haue done.  
If the proude *Antwerp*s (that doe furuiue)  
Lay not their treasure at your conquering feete.

810

*Dan.* Though no resistance any where appeare,  
Yet let not anger so decline with you.  
Be proude of victorie, as well yee may,  
Knowing the worth of your attained prize.  
Tis wealthie *Antwerpe* you haue won, and how?  
Not by a lingering sledge, of monthes or yeares,  
But in a moment; entring at a leauen,  
By two a clocke her haughtie pride is shrunke,  
And she in duetie stoopeth to your will.

*Alu.* Can any heere report the certaine number,  
Of those that haue been flaine during the conflict?

820

*Ro.* I had a note my Lord, as I remember,  
The number of the dead, by vs cut off,

## A Larum for London.

Is feauenteene thoufand.

*Dan.* But of our men,  
How many fell there in this fhort affault?

*Ro.* Three hundred, or not manie more my Lord.

*Alu.* For thofe three hundred, let ten thoufand more,  
Of this fubiected Cittie loofe their liues,  
Chaine them together in the Market place, 830  
By hundreds and two hundreds: and with fhot,  
Ring them about vntill they all be flaine,  
Spare neither widdow, matron, nor young maide,  
Gray-bearded Fathers, nor the babe that fuckes.  
One Spaniards bloud, I value better worth,  
Then many hundreds of thefe drunken Dutch.

*Ver.* Firft, if it please yee, quarter we the towne,  
That euerie one may know his priuiledge.

*Alu.* Well thought vpon *Verdugo*: thus it fhall be.  
The Burfe, the State-houfe, and the Market place, 840  
Belongs to me: the Castle and that fide,  
To *Sancto Danila*: on the other hand  
The key, and water-port (*Verdugo*) is yours.  
Saint Georges port, and Kibdop, we affigne  
To Lord *Romero*: and for you *Van End*,  
The North part of the Cittie, Venus ftreete,  
Remaines the fubiect of defired fpoile:  
So Lords, if I haue well deuided, fpeake;  
If not, you fhall be pleas'd before we part?

*Dan.* Your Lordship hath discretelie caft our lots, 850  
And for my part, I doe accept of mine.

*Ro.* So doth *Romero*.

*Ver.* And *Verdugo* too.

*Van.* And I no leffe, than who is beft content.

*Alu.* About it then, be euerie one as quicke,  
In rifling of thefe rich Burgers, as he was  
In the affault: the world may talke of vs,  
As well for vallor, as our quicke difpatch.

*Da.* My Soldiers and my felf will ftraight begin. *Exit*

A Larum for London.

*Rom.* And mine shall follow.

*Exit.* 860

*Cor.* Ile not be behinde.

*Exit.*

*Alua.* What will *Verdugo*?

*Enter English Governour and Godfry.*

*Ver.* Not be Idle long,

But who are these so sawcily intrude?

*Alua.* Who are ye? speake, that like vnbidden guests,  
Dare tempt the patience of incensed *Alua*?

*Gou.* We are of England (Castiles Generall)

*Alu.* Of England are ye? what although you be,  
Backe slaues vnto the doore from whence ye came, 870  
And on your knees sollicit *Aluaes* greatnes:

If you doe looke for mercie at his hands. (knees,

*Ver.* Backe when he bids you; now downe vpon your  
And craule vnto his presence to beg life.

*Alu.* *Verdugo*, drag him by the long tail'd beard,  
*Alua* doth scorne to waite vpon their leasure.

*Ve.* Come forward with a pox; now speake your mind,  
And speake discretlie, least you speake your last.

*Gou.* This crueltie is more then we deserue,  
And more than we expected would be showne. 880

*Alu.* Taxe ye me then with crueltie so soone?  
You shall haue cause. *Offer to strike.*

*Ver.* Nay heare them speake my Lord.

*Al.* What can they say to shield thēselues from death?

*Goue.* Nothing my Lord, if in your angrie spleane  
You haue alreadie past your sentence on vs:  
But would the Duke of *Alua* coole his rage,  
And mildelie heare vs: we would say my Lord,  
That Englands league with Spaine, King *Phillips* word,  
Past to our gracious Mistris, were enough 890  
To warrant all the liues of any such,  
As are her subiects in this wretched towne:  
And not their liues alone, but safe protection  
Both for their goods and money: but if now

Your



## A Larum for London.

Your Highnes hath commiffion to breake  
The holie contract which your King hath made,  
We muft be patient and abide the worft.

*Al.* Why what art thou that ftandft vpon the league?

*Go.* Gouvernor (my Lord) of the Englifh houfe.

*Al.* Sirra, you challenge the vertue of the league, 900  
Yet vnderftand not how the league is made.

So long as you conuerfe not with the foes  
Of royall *Phillip*, nor withftand his right,  
You are exempt the rigour of his fcourge;  
But being heere, in this rebellious towne,  
You muft partake the punifhment they feele.

*Go.* We are not heere great Lord, to ioyne with them  
In any bolde confederacie of warre,  
But for the trafficke, which all nations elfe,  
(As well as England) haue within this place. 910

*Alu.* Why left ye not the Cittie then, perceiuing  
We meant to call their duetie to account?

*Go.* We had no figne of any fuch intent.

*Al.* You cannot fo be quit nor fo excuf'd,  
Therefore prouide before to morrow night,  
To bring vnto vs fortie thoufand Crownes,  
For ranfome of your houfe; or if you faile,  
Both goods and liues fhall all be forfeited:  
So much we are content to yeeld vnto,  
Becaufe we will not feeme to breake the league. 920

*Go.* Alas my Lord, tis more then (at this time)  
Our goods and money will amount vnto,  
Confidering that our credit (by this trouble)  
Is quite cut off, with any of the Cittie.

*Alu.* Shift as you can, I vow to haue no leffe,  
And at the appointed time. *Exit.*

*Ver.* Confider of it,

His fauour's great in giuing you fuch fcope. *Exit.*

*Go.* So is the Cat that dallieth with the moufe,  
But in the end, her paftime is his death;

930  
We

## A Larum for London.

We must prouide, the Spaniards thirst is great,  
And better that we quench it with our golde,  
Than let them swallow and carouse our bloudes:  
I prethee *Godfrie* trie thy friendes abroad,  
And any money that thou hast bring foorth,  
That we may make the summe which he desires.

*God.* Ile doe the best I can, though hard it be,  
To finde a friend in this extremitie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Sancto Danila, an olde Cittizen and Soldiers.* *Sc. viii*

*Cit.* Let not your rough intreatie so molest, 940  
The soule of him whose spirit alreadie stoopes,  
Vnder the heauy burthen of weake age;  
You haue my treasure, what more can you craue?

*Dan.* Thy life if so we please: there yet remains  
A Iewell of more worth than all thy wealth,  
Which (like a mizer) thou didst hide from vs.  
Thou hast a daughter, whome till we enioy,  
All pittie that procedes from vs, fits heere,  
Vpon the sharpe point of my Semiter;  
Where is she, speake? 950

*Cit.* Slaine in this tumult.  
What other being than her graue my Lord,  
Can be suppos'd she hath?

*Dan.* Torture the slaue,  
His guilefull heart, that studies to conceale,  
My deare hearts treasure, shall be forc't in fighes  
To publish, what his stubborne tongue denies.

*Sol.* Thou hearst olde fellow, trifle than no longer,  
But shew him where thy daughter doth abide.

*Dan.* Why pawse ye on my bidding? let him dye, 960  
That doubles with a Spaniard in his will.

*Cit.* Heare ye my Lord.

*Dan.* Not any whispering noife,  
Not any tittle, doth not beare the found,

## A Larum for London.

Of beauties sweet fruition to mine eares.

*Cit.* My daughter liues, but not within the reach  
Of my commaund: a Nunnerie in the armes  
Of her religious peacefull priuiledge,  
Doth clip her filly frighted Virgins life,  
From whence my Lord she cannot be recall'd.

970

*Dan.* Beare Arte vpon thy tongue, that may vnlocke  
The gates of that inclosed Sanctuarie,  
And first intreate; but if intreatie faile,  
Then vse commaund; if neither will preuaile,  
Yet so thou shalt not cease, but in the cordes  
Of violent furie drag the Damsell thence:  
My souldiers shall attend to see it done,  
That if thou shrinke, their weapons naked points,  
May gorge thy sides, till thou bleed out thy life.

*Cit.* I would that Sacrifice might end this strife.

980

*Da.* Away with him, loue faints through colde delay,  
Tis *Danila* speakes, and what he will he may.

*Enter Factor.*

Of whence are you?

*Fac.* Of England Noble Lord,  
A Factor to a London Marchant heere,  
Who hauing tryed my friends, and strain'd my purse,  
To make my ransome: am now carrying it  
To mightie *Alua*, to redeeme my life.

*Dan.* What value is it? 990

*Fac.* Full fise hundred Dollors.

*Dan.* Is this the vtmost penny thou canst make?

*Fac.* The length and depth of my abilitie.

*Dan.* It will not serue: or search thy chest for more,  
Or bide the torture we impose on such,  
As cunningly, withholde what we demaund.

*Fac.* There is not in the world (that I may call  
Rightly mine owne) one Stiuer or one Doyte,  
More then is there compriz'd within that bag.

*Dan.* Giue him the strippado; we will coyne

1000

Out

## A Larum for London.

Out of your disioynted limmes other fummets.

*Fac.* The world doth know, my conscience and iust  
heauen,

That there is all (at this time) I possesse.

*Dan.* Saue what is throwne into some hollow vault,  
Or funke into some Well; or buried deepe

*Hoise him vp and let him downe againe.*

Within the earth: so hoise the peasant vp,  
Now let him downe; will ye confesse as yet,  
Where we may finde the treasure you haue hid?

1010

*Fac.* That which (my Lord) is not, cannot be hid,  
And to say that I know not, will but wrong  
Your expectation, and deceiue my selfe.

*Sol.* Let him rest my Lord, it seemes the wretch  
Argues the troth, and this is all he hath.

*Dan.* Hence greedy begger, harke (peeld sheepe)  
Goe hide thee in some bush, till waxing houres  
Giue thee another fleece to cloath thee with.  
Yonder ariseth the bright morning Starre.

*Enter an old cittizen with his daughter.*

1020

Whose rich resplendour gildes my happy thoughts,  
And opens mynes of treasure to my soule;  
Welcome faire sweet, mine armes shall be thy throane,  
Where seated once, mocke death, and laugh to scorne,  
The boysterous threates, of bloud be-sprinckled warre,  
Who whilst he shewes wilde Friscoes in the streetes,  
And with his Gamballes, ouerthrowes huge buildings,  
Mingle their totter'd ruynes, with the limmes  
And Clotted bloud of many thousand foules:  
Shall as an Anticke in thy fight appeare,  
Yeelding no more occasion to be fear'd,  
Than painted shapes of Lyons on a wall.

1030

*Daug.* Beholde a Virgin, whose distilling teares  
Turne the drye dust to paste, where she doth kneele,  
Beholde the Siluer cognifance of age,

Soylde

## A Larum for London.

Soyl'd with diffoluing drops of forrows rage:  
If me you touch with a lasciuious hand,  
As from his eyes descendes a flood of teares;  
So will you draw a riuier from his heart,  
Of his lifes bloud; both waies you shall obscure, 1040  
The honor of your name: if Virgin I,  
Or aged he, misdoe by tyranie.

*Cit.* Let conquest satisfie, since in the strength  
Of your successefull power, our Cittie vailes,  
And lyes in prostrate duetie at your feete:  
Or if not conquest, be appeas'd with golde,  
Which in abundance pleades for our release,  
Onely refraine, our conscience to wound,  
With that, for which there is no phisicke found.

*Dan.* I am impatient, she shall be my loue, 1050  
Of all the spoiles are reapt by painefull warre,  
Blot beautie out, and what's our victorie?  
But as a banquet without companie. *Alarum.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sol.* Arme you my Lord, and to the fight againe,  
A crew of stragling Soldiers (lately vanquisht)  
Haue gathered head, and in the heate of rage,  
Giue fresh assault: the leader to the rest,  
Is a lame fellow that doth want a legge,  
Who layes about him like a deuill of hell. 1060

*Dan.* A troope of Muskets garde this damfelle hence,  
And to my lodging see her safely brought, *alarum againe*  
Why stirre yee not? inuiron her with shot,  
Whilst we extinguish (with a shewer of bloud)  
This late inkindled fire: be gone I say.

*Sol.* It is impossible to passe the streetes,  
They are so pesterd with this brainicke crew:  
And harke my Lord, except you mount be time,  
(The clamorous tumult drawes so neere this place,)

E Both

## A Larum for London.

Both you and we shall be surpriz'd by them. 1070

*Da.* Is there no Fortresse neere, nor house of strength,  
Where I may leaue my Loue, till this blacke cloude,  
Of swolne Hostilitie be ouer-blowne?

*Sold.* Not any (good my Lord) leade on your troopes.

*Dan.* Then rather than another shall inioy,  
What *Danila* held esteemed in his eye,  
Heere it began, and heere my loue shall dye.

*Shootes her with a Pistoll.*

Another Stab her Father, both combinde,  
By natures lawes, by natures law shall end. *Exeunt* 1080

*Stab the olde man.*

*Enter Leutenant Vaughan and Captaine.* Sc. ix

*Vaugh.* Yet is not *Antwerpe* quite bereft of life,  
So long as we two breath, to stand for her,  
Nor shall her ranfacke passe, without some right  
Of iust reuenge: witnes this last assault,  
Wherein the Scales of Iustice haue been fill'd,  
With (at the least) a hundred Spaniards liues,  
That thought their victorie to be secure.  
But who are these? a Burger, and with him 1090  
His tender daughter, hauing both sustain'd  
The heauy stroake of death?

*Cap.* I knew them well.

They were my neighbors, neere vnto the Burse.

*Vau.* Had these gray hayres retain'd the reuerent worth  
Of graue experience, as they might haue done;  
And had you bin more rich in inward giftes,  
And lesse magnificent in outward shew,  
Then had you liu'd, to dye a naturall death:  
And you to see some of his honor'd yeeres. 1100

But pride and luxury, haue euer been,  
The gate of miserie, and nurse of sinne:  
Yet though you me contemn'd, I grieue your fall,  
And will in pittie, giue you buriall.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

A Larum for London.

*Enter Lenchy and Martin two little children running.* Sc. x

*Mar.* Alas poore *Lenchy*, whether shall we goe?

*Len.* I cannot tell; come *Martin* let vs hide vs.

*Mar.* Where is my Father?

*Len.* He is in our house.

*Mar.* Let vs goe thether? 1110

*Len.* All the streete is full of Spaniards; they haue kil'd Little *Maria*, and *Hans Vanderbrooke*.

*Mar.* Ah whether shall we goe?

*Len.* Let's hide vs heere, no Spaniard wil come hether.

*Mar.* Nay *M. Huldens Orchard* is hard by.

Wee'll get in there, and hyd's among the trees,

*Len.* Come let vs run. *A great noise as they are going.*

*Mar.* Alas the Spaniard's comming, what shal we doe?

*Len.* Alas poore *Martin* we shall both be kil'd.

*Mar.* Alas poore *Lenchy*, kisse me prettie Sister, 1120

Now we must dye.

*Len.* Let's fit downe heere, and *Mart.* I wil clip thee in Mine armes, they shall not see thee.

*Mar.* But they will kill thee, (ther?)

Alas where is my poore old Father now, and my poor mo-

*Enter two Spaniards running, with theyr swords drawne.*

1 *Spa.* Kill, kill, kill.

2 *Spa.* Tue, Tue, Tue, Tue.

1 *Spa.* Fuora villiaco.

2 *Spa.* Follow, follow, follow, follow. 1130

*Mar.* I pray you *M. Spaniard* hurt vs not,

We are poore children, we haue done no harme.

*Len.* Good Gaffer doe not kill my little brother.

1 *Spa.* Fuora villiaco, fa, fa, fa, fa.

*Mar.* Ah Master Spaniard doe not kill my Sister,  
My father is a poore blinde man, and he will dye,

## A Larum for London.

If you kill her.

2 *Spa.* Cut the Bastards throates.

*The children gets fast holde, and hang vpon the Spaniards.*

*Len.* O kill vs not, wee'll hang vpon your armes, 1140  
Sweet Gaffer, stay and looke me in the face,  
Haue you the heart to kill a prettie Girle?

*Mar.* Good Master Spaniard doe not kill vs,  
Take any thing we haue, but faue our liues.

1 *Spa.* How the young brattes cling about our swords?

2 *Spa.* Zwounds, dash out their braines.

*Enter olde blinde Harman and his wife.*

*Har.* Where are my children? *Martin, Lenchy* speake,  
I heard you cry, speake prettie foules, where are you?

*Wi.* Husband, *Harman*, whether will you goe? 1150

Alas you fall into the enemies hands  
For lacke of fight.

*Har.* My children wife, my children, where are they?

1 *Spa.* Heere you blind traytor, whether you shall go,  
To your throate-cutting.

*Mar.* Heere Father, heere, alas we shall be kild.

*Wif.* O my sweet children,

2 *Sp.* Out you Brabant bitch, thinke you with whining  
To preferue your whelpes?

*wif.* O spare the infants, and the aged blinde, 1160  
These haue not might, nor power to doe you hurt.

1 *Spa.* Cut all their throates.

*Har.* Kill vs, but let our little children liue.

*Len.* Helpe mother helpe, or else we shall be kild.

*Har. weeping.* Hard harted Soldiers, where haue you bin  
Get honour on the proude resisting foe, (bred?  
My selfe haue bin a Soldier as you are,  
Now blinde with age:

Olde men, weake women, and poore wretched infants,  
Should be respected in the heate of slaughter. 1170



A Larum for London.

O doe not this foule iniurie to armes ;  
Let my poore Babies leade me to my graue,  
Where are you my poore children ?

*Mar.* Father, heere.

*Har.* Where art thou *Lenchy* ?

*Len.* Heere poore Father.

*Har.* Olde as I am, and I haue tolde this towne,  
That you should facke it, I did prophesie.

*2 Spa.* Then Prophet, didst thou prophesie of this ?

*Stabs the Children.*

1180

*Wif.* Ah bloudie Spaniard, that hast flaine my children.

*1 Spa.* Bitch, art thou rayling ? take thou this. *Stabs her.*

*2 Spa.* And this, *Stabs him.*

Get you together with your damned brats.

*Har.* O cruel Spaniard, that dost spare no age nor sexe,  
Where art thou wife, and my poore little children ?

*Falles downe.*

*wif.* Their blessed foules in *Abrahams* bosome restes,  
Their bodies lye betwixt thy selfe and me,  
By whome these prettie wretches were begot,  
O let me ioyne my freezing lips to thine,  
Now farewell *Antwerpe*, say not we did flye,  
Where with thy fall, olde, yong, and all must dye.

1190

*Enter Alua, English Governour and soldiers.*

Sc. xi

*Alua.* Thinke yee to purchase freedome at this rate ?  
Some thriftles prodigall bestowes in wine,  
Or spends in dalliance on his Curtizan,  
Fiuë thousand crownes : Ist like your store affoordes  
No greater plentie ? eyther from your chestes,  
That swell with surfet of your auarice,  
Raine downe a larger shewer of fruitfull golde,  
Or tender flowring pittie, nere will spring.

1200

*Goue.* I doe protest (my Lord) beside our Plate,  
And housholde furniture, this is the fumme,

A Larum for London.

Of all the wealth, at this time may be found  
Within the English-house.

*Alu.* And is not plate  
Good boote for Soldiers? haue you that  
And dare yee yet pleade needie pouertie?  
Goe fetch it me, or presentlie Ile send  
A crew of such sharpe caruers to your gate,  
As shall anotamize your panting hearts,  
To fill their conquering hands with wished spoiles.

1210

*Go.* The League with Engl. gaue vs better hope. *Exit*

*Alu.* Talke nor of league nor England, nothing found  
In our warres musicke, that can please the fence;  
Vnlesse it haue the chearefull sound of golde.

*Enter Factor.*

What's he? examine him: if he bring golde,  
Free passage haue he; but if emptie be  
The hollowes of his hands; or cannot point  
By Demonstration, or expresse by speech,  
Where it is fled, in this tempestious storme,  
That we by hugging it, may bannish feare,  
And burnish her pale cheekes with firmer red,  
Let him haue that belongs, the torturing Corde.

1220

*Fac.* Excuse my want, that haue alreadie paide  
To *Sancto Danila*, fīue hundred Dollors.

*Alu.* Why not as much to me?

*Fac.* I haue it not,

1230

Alas (my Lord) consider of my state,  
I am but Factor for another man;  
Yet of those goods committed to my charge,  
Haue I made bolde (so much as I haue said)  
To free my life from further preiudice.

*Alu.* How art thou free, when *Alua* is not fee'd?

*Fac.* I hope (my Lord) one ranfome will suffice,  
For one poore life.

*Alu.* That ranfome let me see.

*Fac.* Tis

A Larum for London.

*Fac.* Tis paide (my Lord) to *Sancto Danila.* 1240

*Alu.* That which he hath is his, and none of mine,  
vnlesse thou canst transforme vs, and of two  
Make but one person: goe to, trifle not,  
But shew me how I may be satisfied,  
Or bide the perrill that ensues thereon.

*Fac.* More satisfaction than I haue (my Lord)  
I cannot giue, how ere you torture me.

*Alu.* That will we try, if roape and Gibbet holde,  
Let him indure the punishment, he needes  
Will wilfully impose vpon himselfe. 1250

*Fac.* Oh that you would at once with ruthles steele,  
Carue vp my brest, and let my bloud suffice,  
To quench your thirst for that I cannot giue.

*Alu.* So, let him downe, stand off and giue him ayre,  
Speake now, and tell vs where thy coyne is hid?

*Fac.* Will yee beleeuue me if I speake the truth?

*Alu.* So it be truth which thou intendes to speake.

*Fac.* As I doe hope this troubled soule of mine,  
Which now is ready to forsake this flesh,  
Shall finde a resting place with my redeemer: 1260  
The coyne you seeke, and all the coyne I haue,  
Lyes in the Coffers of proude *Danila.*

*Alu.* Lye there and pine then, for deluding me. *Exit.*

*Enter Verdugo.*

*Fac.* Heere comes another; many strokes (at last)  
Cut downe the strongest Oake, much more, the tree  
Hath but a few yeares growth, and that by stormes,  
And often whirle-windes shaken and decayed.

*Ver.* Hast thou bin lately false into the hands  
Of such as haue had ryffing of thy purse? 1270

*Fac.* I haue good Sir.

*Ver.* What art, a Cittizen?

*Fac.* Euen what ye will, a miserable man.

*Ver.* It seemes, I come too late to profit by thee?

*Fac.* You

## A Larum for London.

*Fac.* You may imagine by my sicke faint speech,  
And by my faltring limmes distract and feuer'd,  
Whether I haue bin tortur'd, yea or no.

*Ver.* Did they then torture thee for that thou hadst?

*Fac.* They did and had it.

*Ver.* Nothing then remaines?

1280

*Fac.* Nothing but this poore miserable life,  
Which I would gladly were surrendred too.

*Ver.* They for that thou hadst, did torture thee,  
I see that thou hast not: heere wee'll put  
A period to thy daies. Hang him out-right,  
And so speed all, whose naked indigence,  
Haue not to feede *Verdugo* for expence. *Exit.*

*Fac.* My destiny, was to dye this shamefull death,  
Which I accept with thankes to him that giues it,  
And England now and London both farewell, *1290*  
Let after times of Spanish rygor tell. *Hang him.*

*Enter Van End and a Burgers wife.*

*Sc. xii*

*Van.* Thus will I feast my selfe with *Antwerpes* spoile,  
And glut my pyning soule with tragicke Actes,  
Say pamperd Froe, where is thy treasure hid?  
Speake truth, or breath thy last vpon this steele,  
The bloody temper'd torment of this towne.  
Ile batter downe your pride from whence it came,  
And with your ornaments adorne vast hell.

*wif.* Spare me *Van End* I am a harmeles woman, *1300*  
Astonisht vnto death with frightening wordes,  
Refraine thy deedes, and let the stronger fort,  
Be miserable patients of thy wrath

*Van.* Pittie preuailes not, treasure is the fee,  
That bribes the terror of my threatning brest;  
And therefore speake, else hast thou spoke thy last.

*wife.* Within that vault lyes all my wretched wealth,  
My golde, my plate, my Iewels all are there.

*Van.* Then

A Larum for London.

*Van.* Then, there that heape of glorie lyes for me,  
Which is the way? 1310

*She pushes him downe.*

*wif.* That is the cursed way,  
Goe thou accurst into that shade of hell,  
The Image of that euerlasting night,  
Where thy damn'd ghoast must dwel exempt from light.

*Enter Stumpe.*

*Stum.* What stirre is heere? what discontented rumor  
Sendes second message to my dull strucke dayes,  
Accustom'd to the screeching yell of death?  
Lady, what griuance? what is there to doe? 1320

*wif.* Oh gentle Soldier, heauen hath got me triumph,  
Ouer that hell-borne furie, damn'd *Van End*,  
That solde the beautie of this famous towne:  
And rauisht *Antwerpe* of her Maiden ioy.

*Stum.* For Gods sake let me come plague the dog,  
Ile stone the Iew to death, and paint this Vault  
With the vnhalloved bloud of wicked treason:  
Heere, weare this waightie Iewell in thy hat,  
The towne hath sent it for a token slaue; *Throw stones.*  
I bought this with the groate you gaue me fir; *Another sto.* 1330  
Soldiers must loath despis'd ingratitude.

This woman for her ransome sends you this; *another.*

Giue these two vnto *Charon* for your passing. *another.*

And with this last, present grim *Belzebub.* *another.*

So sleepe thy foule with princely *Lucifer*,  
And take such fare as treason will affoord.

Come Lady, thus you see good friends must part,

Lament not for his losse his tyme was come,

And friendes from friends, must eyther goe or run.

*Enter three or foure soldiers.*

*Sc. xiii*

*1 Sol.* You see that all is lost, all spoilde and factt,

F

What

A Larum for London.

What thinke you the best course to get away? 1342

2 *Sol.* Is there no place of strength, nor hope of safetie?

3 *Sol.* No hope but death, for three daies being past  
Since the first entred; now being in colde blood,  
The Spaniard is as hot in execution,  
As the first houre he entred on the towne.

1 *Sol.* Like maymed men let's passe out one by one,  
The safest way and with the least suspect.

2 *Sol.* Disseuering of our selues and knowne for 1350  
Wallons, ther's not a man of vs shal passe the gates.

*Enter Stumpe and bearing them.*

3 *Sol.* And if we troope thus as we doe together,  
We shall be put to swoord immediately.

1 *Sol.* It were best to seeke some low part of the wall,  
On the moate side, and so escape by swimming.

2 *Sol.* The Courts of guard, and Sentenels are kept,  
And there's no hope of that.

*Stumpe.* Harke you hark you, whether wil you flye? I  
wold know that; sbloud whether? whether? ha; where will 1360  
you be releiu'd? there's not a towne dare receiue you: the  
Spaniard has all the country; you cannot stragle a foote  
out of the walles, but your throates are cut; what haue you  
to carry with you, but your scuruie notch'd limmes? you  
damn'd roagues, whether will you goe, to feede Wolues?  
A you whorson rascals; and though these villanous Bur-  
gers haue (by their owne securitie) beene the destruction  
of the Cittie, a pox on them: yet it will bee laide to our  
charge, because we were in it.

1 *Sol.* By the mas the olde Lieuetenant sayes true, it wil 1370  
be so indeed.

*Stum.* You are all Wallons, but in the miserablest case  
that euer poore slaues were in: for you see, that if any man  
hate a man, call him but Wallon, the Spaniards cut his  
throate, what country-man so ere he be.

2 *Sol.* Nay it is very true, it is most sure:

*Stum.* The

## A Larum for London.

*Stu.* The Dutch on the other side, they hate you worse then Deuils, because the Spaniards entred where you kept the Trenches.

*3 Sol.* Villaines doe questionles, nay it is certaine. 1380

*Stum.* What will you doe then? heere is my poore flumpe and I haue stumbled through a thousand shot, & yet we halt together; there was neuer one poore peece of Timber has been so findg'd as it has been: zbloud it has been foure times a fire vnder me, and yet we scramble together trotting, trotting: You'll bee staru'd euerie mothers Sonne of yee, and worried with dogs, and yet you'll flye.

*1 Sol.* Why Lieuetenant *Vaughan*, what would yee haue vs doe? 1390

*Stum.* Dye like men, what should we doe, if there were any hope of safety? but there is not, there is not.

*2 Sol.* Leiuetenant *Vaughan*, leade vs, and wee'll follow you to the death.

*3 Sol.* Wee'll not forsake you to the last gaspe.

*Stum.* Yes, Ile halt before you, follow mee as straight as you can.

*1 Sol.* Yes, and cut some of their throates before wee dye.

*Stum.* They say the Spaniards and their whoores are 1400 at dice vpon the Change: Ile lay my wodden legge afore them, cast at it who will; but who stands there?

### *Enter the Captaine.*

*Cap.* It is Lieuetenant *Vaughan* as I take it, Lieuetenant what newes?

*Stum.* What newes quoth our Captaine! where haue you been?

*Cap.* I tooke the Friery to escape the Spaniards.

*Stum.* Well, I haue seene the day Captaine, you had rather been a cutting throates, then at a Masse, twas not de- 1410

## A Larum for London.

uotion draue you to the place : fo Captaine, Captaine, the world is turn'd : doe you remember the groate they offered me, when you came to trayne Soldiers ? ha, giue him a groate ? ha, ha, ha, I haue since that seene their Mistresses setting-flicke lug'd by a lowzy Lackey, as naked as a new shau'd Water-dog : & Lord why went you to the Fryery ? why to the Fryerie ?

*Cap.* What should I doe when the poore Wallons  
fighting at the Trenches,  
The Spaniards entring on the counterscarfe, 1430  
Had not a Soldier sent to second them.  
The great swolne bellyed Burgers get browne Billes,  
As to driue rascall beggers from their doores ;  
The madding people so amaz'd with feare,  
That turning head with euery little noise,  
Stopt vp the entrance of the strectes with throngs,  
That when Count *Egmont*, *Hauury* and the rest,  
Call'd to the Burgers for supplyes of men,  
The vncertaine murmure of the multitude,  
Increast but the confusion of the towne : 1430  
The villanous and dastard recreant Almaines,  
Kneele to the Spaniards, casting downe their armes.

*Stum.* A those Almaines, those Almaines, they cryed liue Spaniards : a vengeance take them, they were cal'd hygh Almaines, but they are low enough now ; for a number of them are cut off by the waste : you may call them blanch'd Almaines and you wil, for their guts are blanch'd about their heeles.

*Cap.* By these disorders of witleffe Townes-men,  
Perceiuing that the Spaniards would preuaile ; 1440  
What should I doe but shift to saue my life ?

*Stu.* Capt. your life's in as great danger now as ere it was,  
The Spaniard is as cruell in colde bloud as ere he was ;  
O Captaine, Captaine, where is *Antwerpe* now ?  
It is my natiue place, where should I then be free,  
If made a slaue, where I was freelic borne ?

Ther's



## A Larum for London.

Ther's not a towne almost in Brabant now,  
That giues a man the safety of a night :  
What should we then doe liuing ?  
Haue you and I seene that, that we haue seene, 1450  
And come to this ?

If you referue the courage you were wont,  
Of a braue Soldier and a Gentleman,  
Let's doe something yet worthy the talking of,  
I haue wonne a companie of poore hurt Soldiers,  
Yet able to welde weapons and to fight.

1 Sol. And we will follow you, liue or dye :

2 Sol. Loue life and loue death.

3 Sol. Through *Aluas* quarter.

*Stum.* Why brauely spoke, 1460

If you will take such part then as we doe,  
Helpe me to leade these stragling companies,  
And wee'll amongst their quarters ere we dye.

*Cap.* My hand and heart, and doe engage my soule.

*Stu.* Why then come lads; why this is resolu'd like men,  
If we must goe, wee'll goe together then. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two soldiers leading in the fat Burger in a Corde.* Sc. xiv

1 Sol. Confesse ye slaue where thou hast hid thy money,  
Or we will hang thee on a Gibbet straight.

*Bur.* That euer I was borne; Gentlemen beleue me, 1470  
I haue no more than what I tolde you of,  
Some thousand Guilders in my counting house.

2 Sol. You haue no more than ?

*Burg.* Not as I haue faith

To God, and to the safetie of my Country.

2 Sol. Then hang him presentlie.

*Bur.* Nay curteous Gentlemen,  
As you are Spaniards famous for your actes,  
Let me not dye.

1 Sol. The roague would flatter vs, 1480

## A Larum for London.

Sirra, imagine tis too weake a key,  
To tune our hearts to ; when the cryes of Babes,  
Screekes of distressed women and olde men,  
Haue not preuail'd to quallifie our rage :  
Let vs dispatch him.

*Bur.* Gentlemen, but heare me.

*2 Sol.* If thou canst tell vs where thy treasure's hid,  
Or else for euer let thy lips be dumbe.

*Bur.* Alas would yee haue me lye?

*1 Sol.* Stay fellow Soldier, 1490  
I haue bethought me of a prettie tricke,  
To fift this butter-box a better way :  
Wee'll tye him by the thumbes vnto this poast,  
And tickle him vntill he doe confesse.

*2 Sol.* Content yfaith, so at the least, suppose  
We get no money, yet we shall haue sport.

*Bur.* Nay Gentlemen.

*1 Sol.* Sirra, apply your wits,  
Or with my swoord Ile hacke your Filchers off.

*Bur.* O that I were in'th bottom of my Seller. 1500

*2 Sol.* Is thy money hid there? speake?

*Bur.* No truelie fir,  
But then I hope I should not hang byth thumbes.

*1 Sol.* He dallyes with vs, tickle him a good.

*Bur.* Oh God, God, what shall I do, sweet gentlemen.

*They tickle him.*

*2 Sol.* Confesse then, sirra.

*Bur.* O Lord I shall found,  
By these ten endes, I haue nor plate nor coyne,  
Your Generall and Countrimen haue all. 1510

*Alarum, enter Stumpe and Captaine, the Spaniards fly.*

*Cap.* What baue we heer, a Burger tyed byth thumbs?

*Stum.* It is the Tallow-cake, the Rammish Fat,  
That would not giue a penny to a Soldier,

I know

## A Larum for London.

I know him well; now Sir how feele your selfe?

*Bur.* Oh Gentlemen neuer so much distrest.

*Stum.* Your greazie panch will not defend you then?

*Bur.* Not from these Spaniards, they are deuils I think,  
Nay farre more couetous than deuils of hell.

*Stum.* You cannot satisfie them with a groate, 1520  
But if I should requite thy vilde contempt,  
Heere should I leaue thee, that as thy treasure  
Has bin a pray to their deuouring lust,  
So in this dung-hill of thy carryon flesh,  
Their rauenous swards might finde a durtie feast,  
For naught but draffe art thou composed of.  
Nor fit for any thing but to feede wormes,  
Yet thou shalt finde a difference twixt my thought;  
And the base temper of thy muddy minde:  
Goe liue, if thou canst scape their bloudie hands, 1530  
Till want and beggerie cut shor tthy daies.

*Bur.* I thankeyou fir; I haue (for all their threates)  
One bag of Dollors cast into a well,  
And that Ile giue yee for this friendlie succour.

*Stu.* Hence tumbrell from my sight, when boüty might  
Haue calm'd my sharpe affliction, then thy hand  
Was fast clos'd vp; but now it is too late,  
Thou wouldst seeme prodigall, away base churle.

*Bur.* Let me intreate you fir to take that summe, 1540  
My heart repents me much, for what is past.

*Stum.* Guts, trouble me no more.

*Bur.* The Lord preferue you fir,  
Surely you seeme an honest Gentleman.

*Cap.* Wilt thou leaue off thy prating and be gone?

*Bur.* With all my heart fir, and I thanke you too. *Exit*

*Cap.* How like *Lewiathan*, his clumisie limbes  
Walke not but tumble, that sad common wealth,  
Nourceth such Droanes to sucke her honny vp,  
In time of need shall finde as small supply,  
As he hath been to *Antwerpes* wretchednes: 1550

But

## A Larum for London.

But valliant Soldier, what is now to doe?

*Stum.* What, but to hunt the foote-steps of pale death,  
Vntill we rouze him in his footy caue,  
There, will no prospect of our Countries fall,  
Offend our eye-sight; there no treacherie  
Of haughty Spaniards treade a bloody March;  
Nor any base obiection oft ingrate,  
And thankelesse Cittizens fit in our doores:  
But we shall quietly inioy the peace,  
For which we breath; there shall we be secure, 1560  
There free from thought of this worlds miserie,  
And there indeede finde true felicitie:  
For there our trauell shall be recompenc'd,  
Our loue requited, and our wounds repayde  
With double merrit. Haste then vnto the place,  
Vpon the earth is nothing but disgrace.

*Cap.* I flye with thee true honourable minde,  
And we together will that Mancion finde. *Exeunt.*

*Alarum and excursions, enter Stumpe and Captaine, Sc. xv*  
*bloody and wounded.*

*Stum.* See Captaine, now I haue it on my brest, 1571  
The Honourable cognifance of death,  
This purple riuer, from this weeping fount,  
More glads and quickens my decayed spirit,  
Than euer christall spring in heate of Summer:  
The weary traueller, his strength reuiues,  
To draw out tedious houres still on earth,  
But mine doth flourish to possesse, anon  
The blessed haue of eternity.

*Cap.* I trust I shall be there with as much speed, 1580  
My passport (I doe thinke) the Spaniards  
Has seal'd as deeply, and my iourney layde  
With no lesse easie trauell to be there.  
See, if thy bleeding woundes can speake to me,

Mine

## A Larum for London.

Mine can as fast make anfwere vnto thine.

*Stum.* Let me imbrace this sweet affinity,  
Like in our liues agreeing in our deathes:  
But what doe I behold? thine eye-lids faint,  
And the warme touch of thy desired cheeke,  
Begins to freeze; wilt thou anticipate 1590  
Those ioyes before me? gentle Captaine stay,  
There's but a minute that deuides our hopes:  
Oh he is dead, may his departing soule,  
Vsher my spirit about those fleeting clowdes:  
Death, why delayst thou? set thy lazy hand  
To the deuorcement of my loathed flesh.  
I am prepar'd, my penitent sad thoughts,  
Haue long agoe washt my contagious sinne:  
The bloud that I haue spilt (the Massacres  
Procur'd and practif'd by this hand of mine) 1600  
Heauen lay not to my charge; for though my sword  
Was neuer drawne but in a rightfull cause,  
Yet much misprision hath attended it;  
That, and all else, this sigh craues pardon for,  
Mine eyes were nere accustomed to teares,  
Let it suffice, these woundes doe weepe for them:  
*Antwerpe* farewell, if thou haue done me wrong,  
This latest gaspe, sends pardon from my tung. *A florish.*

*Enter in triumph, with Drum, Colours and Soldiers,*  
Sancto Danila. 1610

*Dan.* Now warre hath wrapt his bloody colours vp,  
And sheath'd his fatall swoord with his, we ours,  
Prefixing truce to our laborious armes;  
This Cittie late of christening the fame,  
For wealth and glorie: now remains the Map,  
Of sad destruction and perpetuall ruine;  
Her streetes lye thwackt with slaughtered carkasses,  
Her houfes that before were stufte with pride,  
Are left as naked as the wildernes:

## A Larum for London.

Oh in remorse of humane clemency, 1620  
 My heart (me thinkes) could sigh, my eyes shed teares,  
 To call to minde and see their misery:  
 But they were wanton and lasciuious,  
 Too much addicted to their priuate lust:  
 And that concludes their Martirdoome was iust,  
 Holde, one of you, conuay this ferious letter  
 To warlicke *Alua*, tell him as he wil'd,  
 After my forces lodg'd in Garifon,  
 Ile meete his Grace at *Bridges*, and from thence  
 Acquaint the Court of *Spaine* with our successe; 1630  
 Pray God the tyranny exprest in *Antwerpe*,  
 Like to the ecchoing clamour of a Trumpet,  
 Speake not our deedes before our owne approach.

*1 Sol.* My Lord, behold where lye the mangled bodies  
 Of those two fierce assailing Brabanters,  
 That all this while kept vs at such a bay,  
 And when we thought the towne was wonne, procur'd  
 So great a deluge of *Iberian* blood.

*2 Sol.* Let's drag them at our horses tayles my Lord,  
 And as we passe through euery towne and village, 1640  
 Make them example to the world for pride?

*Dan.* Who toucheth them but in disgrace, my swoord  
 Shall lop his arme off; were they proude sayst thou?  
 Their pride was honourable, deseruing loue  
 Rather then hate; nay should we doe them right,  
 Had they been strengthned with conuenient ayde,  
 We had been beaten from the towne againe  
 And made exchange of conquest: which subdu'd,  
 There neuer liued two more Heroycke spirits;  
 That for their Country haue deseru'd as much, 1650  
 To be renoued; as euer *Curious* was,  
 Or Romaine *Decius*, or the two valliant *Cocles*;  
 They for their country could but loose their liues,  
 These haue in equall seruice done as much.  
 Take vp their bodyes; of ten thousand others,

Reft

## A Larum for London.

Rest by our swards, and left vnburied,  
These two will we in person see interr'd,  
And doe them right, the law of Armes requires ;  
So march we hence, striking a mournfull sound,  
Till we haue layde our honourd foes in ground. *Exeunt.* 1660

## *Epilogus.*

Enter Time.

Time. **T**Hus worldings, Time in his unwonted loue,  
Hath stay'd his course, to rubbe the memory  
Of actions long since cast behinde his backe,  
His care is fruitfull, and doth wish to see  
No heauy or disastrous chaunce befall  
The Sonnes of men, if they will warned be :  
But when they spurne against my discipline,  
Wasting the treasure of my precious houres :  
No maruaile then, like misery catch holde  
On them, did fasten on this wofull towne,  
Whose bleeding fortune, whose lamenting cries,  
Whose streetes besmear'd with bloud, whose blubred eyes,  
Whose totter'd walls, whose building's ouerthrowne,  
Whose riches lost, and pouerty made knowne :  
May be a meane all Cittyes to affright,  
How they in sinne and pleasure take delight.

1670

FINIS.

















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