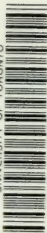


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Larum for London

*Date of Earliest Known Edition . . . 1602*

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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 64]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## A Larum for London


1602

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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## A Larum for London

1602

*Besides the Museum copy of this play, from which this facsimile is reproduced, there is another example in the Bodleian.*

*"A Larum for London" was the first play dealt with by the late R. Simpson in "The School of Shakespeare." His "Introduction" must not be neglected by the student. Unfortunately, Mr. Simpson's far-reaching and scholarly plan was cut short, almost at the beginning, by early and premature death.*

*The "foundation" of the play rests, almost by common consent, on a tract of Gascoigne's, entitled "The Spoyle of Antwerpe," he being "present at the same."*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscripts Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports that the reproduction is generally excellent.*

JOHN S. FARMER.



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

With the ventrous actes and val-  
orous 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 T  
ucme doore, nere the Royall-Exchange. 1602.



## Prologus.

Enter Time.

**R**ound through the compasse of this evilly ball,  
The massie substance hanging in the skye,  
Hath fleeting Time pursu'd this froward age;  
And search' the worlds corrupt enormities.  
Heere found I some, despite my hoary scalpe,  
There found I Courtiers laught my course to scorne,  
In that place daimeie mouthed Damsels scoffe,  
Sticking my feathers with their borrowed plumes,  
As though my beauty were not good enough.  
And now this saire concourse heere met together,  
That haue calme leisure to behold their faulter,  
Within my furrowed bosome deepe ingrau'd:  
Like a steele forge'd impression (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 City cruelty:  
And if your hearts be not of Adamant,  
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.*

*Dani.* **S**O, 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.

*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 forth 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,

*Exeunt.*

A Larum for London;  
Whilt we suruiue to rife their rich Coffers.

Enter Cornelius.

Here comes the man, welcome *Cornelius*;  
I see you make religion of your word.  
*Co.* 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 shor keepes them in greater awe,  
And for discovery 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 *Santo Dama* vowes you shall partake,  
Both spoyle and honour with the best of vs.

*Co.* 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,  
And what are these to sacke so great a towne?  
So populous and large as *Antweepe* is.  
The Cittizens (were they but pollicke,  
Carefull and studious to preferue their peace)  
Might at an houres warning, fill their streetes,  
With fortie thousand well appointed Soldiers.

*Dan.* I, but they are remisse and negligent,  
Their bodies vs'd to soft effeminate silkes,  
And their nice mindes set all on dalliance;  
Which makes them fat for slaughter, fit for spoile:  
But say twere otherwise that in their peace  
And daies of plenty, whilt they flourished  
They had fore-seene the daunger might ensue,  
And exercise themselues in seates 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 soundes (like silly mice)  
They'll hyde them in the creuice of their walles,  
And some for ignorance, will stand amaz'd;  
And some will be so tender of their flesh,  
As they will scorne to beare the weight of Steele,  
No, no braue Almaine if men euer had  
A fit occasion to enrich themselves,  
And fill the vast world with their echoing 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 streets,  
I shall be sicke to thinke vpon the deed.

*Cor.* I wish my Lord as much as you detaine,  
But such an enterprife 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 ransist with the sight of her?  
Oh she is amorous as the wanton ayre,  
And must be Courted: from her nostrils comes  
A breath, as swete as the Arabian spice.  
Her garments are imbroidered with pure golde;  
And euery part so rich and sumptuous,  
As *Indias* not to be compar'd to her,  
She must be Courted, marry her selfe inuites,  
And beckons vs vnto her sportful 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-slowe notime, till wee obtaine  
To Reuch in that bower of carthly blisse.

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

## A Larum for London.

Meane space He giue you close intelligence,  
Of any thing the Cittizens pretend :  
But as I said, what makes this to the spoile,  
Of such a mighty City 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,  
Beside five hundred foote: vnder the guiding  
Of *Don Alonzo de Verdugo*: Then  
From *Leyre* doth *Iulian de Romero*, bring  
Five hundred foote; From *Aelst* two thousand more  
Follow the conduct of *Emanuel*;  
The Duke of *Alma* 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,  
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) sixe thousand Spaniards.

*Cor.* I mary my Lord, this soundeth somewhat like,  
Now dares *Cornelius* promise victorie.  
But how intendes your Lordship to begin,  
And giue an entraunce to this busines?  
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 inkinde flambes of warre,  
And take occasion to commence your quarrell?

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

And





A Lament for London.

And when they come to know the cause of it,  
He say it was, because they doe not sincke,  
The Prince of *Orange* ships; but suffer them  
To lye so nere within the *Lyuers* 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)  
Changing the Gouernor and other Burgers,  
Intend a solenne banquet at the State-house.  
Euen then, and at that place, giue you direction,  
The Gunner take his Leuill; twill affrighte,  
And strike the greater terror to their soules.

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

*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  
But only come abroad to take the ayre,  
I to the Cattle will with-draw my selfe  
Downe some backe way, and euer as we need,  
Be this our meeting place, till *Antwerp* bleed.

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

*Exeunt*  
*Emer.*

A Larum for London,

Enter Danila and the Gunner.

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

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

*Dan.* What tellst 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 e.

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

*Dan.* 'Twas well aduiz'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  
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;  
Go bid thy full-mouth'd Cannon, much good doo't them.  
Should we discharge some scurvie 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,  
To keepe them waking.

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

*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 ayne as ominous as death,  
And neuer a sinner that the Bullet strikes,

*Exit.*

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.

*The peice discharges.*

There be thou like the Club of *Herzules*,  
Amongst the Bouzing Bacchanalian censures,  
To beate their Renish Cannes about their eares,

*A great screeke heard within.*

Good lucke I hope, hark how the sodaine noyse  
Incounting with the Cannons loude report,  
Stops his full mouth, with the reuerberate sound,  
And fills 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 Governour.

1 *Bur.* Hee's walking heere without the Castle stay.

The Citizens haue sent me to demaund,

On what occasion, or by whose commaundement,

You haue discharg'd this shot vpon the towne?

*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-house 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 nois'd abroad,

To couer your soule Bestiall Gurmandize,

Giue it out to be a shot sent from the Castle.

1 *Bur.* That men are slaine wee'll not expostulate,

But Governour, was it by your commaundement?

*Dan.* Tell me you men of *Antwerpe*,

If you doe starde 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 whiltt the Sconfes which doe flankt the Riuer,  
Serue but for Fishers to vnload their nets;  
Whiltt Cankering rust, deuoures your emptie Cannons;  
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,

*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,

Twass well you heard of vs.

*A signet sounded, enter two with mourning pions: a Drums  
sounding a dead march: Dalua carried vpon a horse  
covered with blacke: Soldiers after, straying  
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*





## Alarm for Loudon.

*Enter two or three Citizens running.*

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

2 *Cit.* Tis *Dalua's* 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 trumpling in hell.

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

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

2 *Cit.* He was worse 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 curit him into it.

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

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

2 *Cit.* If he doe. the deuil's on't, He neuer truit 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-house,  
Tis *Dalua's* body brought into the Castle. *Exeunt*

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

*Alu. in the hearse.* What are those villaines gone that  
*Sould.* They are my Lord. (ray'd vpon me?)

*Alu.* Set downe and let me light,

*He comes from vnder the hearse.*

**A Larum for London.**

I would not heare my selfe againe so rayl'd on,  
Nor for halfe *Belgia*.  
Zwounds the dogs barked at me, as pinque vpon *Zicruall*,  
I thinke they doe not hate the *Deuill* so;  
*Dalua* is neuer nam'd but with a curse,  
I thinke but these roages, this is a tyme to dye,  
And heare these damned dogs reuile me thus:  
Well, I am dead, but *Alua* 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 these Bouzing *Begians*:  
Whose that about? *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 *Malscrick* tis well.

Enter *Julian Romero*, and his power with a still marche.

*Julian Romero* and his Regiment from *Leyre*?  
My Lord *Romero* where is *Don Emannell*?  
To bring the power that we expect from *Alst*.

*Rom.* Who's that? *Lord Sancto Danila*?  
Hee's enter'd on the other side the Castle,  
Withall his power.

*Dan.* Not yet full ten, my minde presageth good,  
*Antwerpe* ere night, shall bath her selfe in bloud. *Exit.*

Enter *Marques d'Haurye*, *Egmount*, *Champaigne*, *Van*  
*End* and his Page: *English* *Gouernor* and one *Burger*.

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







A Larum for London.

sent from the Prince of Orange and the States  
Under our Conduct for your Citties guard

*Cham.* Lord *Marques Haurie*, we reiect them not,  
Nor yet neglect the loue of that great Prince,  
And our kind friend the Co-ynited States:  
But since we haue no neede of such a power,  
Why should we pester *Answerpe* 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. Gov.* Under correction my Lord Governour,  
The *Marquet* and Count *Egmonts* noble words,  
(Although the Prince of *Orange* and the States  
Should be forgetfull) were a pawne of worth.

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

*Van.* This is *Van Ends* opinion my good Lord,  
That the rich promise of such noble Peeres,  
As *Marques Haurie* 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 belefe,  
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,

## 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 the 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 *Egmont* and of *Hannrye*,  
What are your numbers?

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

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

*Bur.* I 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.* Six hundred *Almaignes* are our garison, *(pay.*  
A guard sufficient to defende our walles,  
And men enough, because we need no more.

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

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

*Mar.* Count *Egmont*, surelie *Antwerpe* is bewitcht,  
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 private auarice, will pull  
Publicke destruction on his 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 after ward, our powers be not of vse,

We





## A Larum for London.

We shall withdraw them to their Prouinces,  
May this content you curious Citizens?

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

*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 pur'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,

*Egm.* What let *Champagne*?  
*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 inflam'd,  
Will send out bullets from the Cittadell,  
And teare the sumptuous buildings of our towne.

*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-house 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 wast  
Prouision to our City vp the Riuer.

Obserue

## A Larum for London,

*Eng. Gouer.* Obserue by that you discrette *Gouernors*,  
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 River should not victuall you,  
He wish'd you sinke that shipping in the *Skel*.

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

Let *Harlem*, *Mastricht*, *Alst* example you,  
And many Cittyes models of his wrath,  
Thinke on my Father and the Countesse *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,  
Yet, for they did but wish their countrie 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 wiuer  
*Eng. Gou.* Recciue your friends, preuent his treachery,  
Least vnawares you taste his tiranye.

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

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

*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 *Orange* and the *Seate*, (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 *Almaighes* 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.

*Exit Charap. Marg. Egmont.*

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

*Manet Van and his boy.*

*Van.* Yonker come heere, haste to the Castle wall  
And call to speake with *Santo Danila*,  
Till him from me, the Flies begin to swarme;  
The Sunne growes hot, the heards do shake their hornes,  
The Shepheards bring great flockes home to the folde;  
Say, if the Butcher slaughter not in tune,  
The beattes will suffer, 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 dismal to the towne,  
The Burgers dye, their gallant wiues goe downe.

*As he is going out Stump encounters him.*

*Enter Burger, Champagne, and their wiues.*

*Bur.* Afore good wife, I feare that all's not well,  
*Monsieur Champagne* 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,  
Eytter commenced, or but in conceit;  
The Spaniards were malicious in their minds:  
Haue yee not Soldiers to withstand their force?  
What should you need to be solicitous,

C

Keepe

## A Laram for London.

Keepe yee within.

*Bur.* Nay wife thou dost mistake,

If thou imagine we intend to fight;

Tis not our meaning, you are at the charge.

To pay this, ~~it is our~~ wherefore should not they

Be at the care to see the Citie safe.

*2 Wife.* The Citie's safe enough without their care,

Will you to dinner?

*Cham.* Wherefore shoote they thus,

Vnlesse there were some villanie abroach?

*2 Wife.* Wherefore shoote they but to trye their peeces;

I warrant you husband tis no other wise.

*Enter Marques with his sword drawne.*

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

*Cham.* The cause my Lord of this inelaine vproce?

*Mar.* The cause is murder, miferie and death:

You men of *Amwerpe*, if with all the speede

And expedition, that in men remaines,

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 had detys, under-meth the name

Of swarming Hornets?

*Mar.* Are you so dull of sence?

And still so lull'd in your securities?

Whom should I meane, but bloudie *Danilo*,

And furious *Alma* his compeere in armes;

That fill the Castle yard with their Battillions,

And striue to take possession of your sixretes:

To armes then straight, if you will keep them backe. *Exit.*

*Bur.* It like that *Alma* is requid againe?

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*2 Wife.* As





## Alarum 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 beleue his words, he doth but iest,  
To try how we will take it if twere so.

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

*Enter Egmont and Stamp.*

*Egm.* To armes to armes, oh where's the Governour?  
Giue order that your Cittizens prepare,

To stand vpon their guard, defend themselves,

For whom you trusted, turns his weapons point

Vpon your bosomes: all the Almaine force,

Is quite reuolted, and the enemy

Enters your streetes: *For an 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 forth,

The Spaniards *(vntoasted)* murder them

For honors sake, for wretched *Admirers* sake,

Stand not amazed, but with courageous hearts,

And forward hands, fight for your liberties. *Exit.*

*Stum.* Are yet your eye-lids open, are you yet

Awake out of the slumber you were in?

Or will you still lye snoring in your slouthe?

Be still perswaded you are safe enough?

Vntill the verie instant, you doe feele

Their naked swords glide through your weald-pipes?

Or doe you thinke with belching pusses, that flye

From your full paunches, you can blow them backe?

Or is the bottome of a deepe baroufe,

Able to drown them, will their fubie melt

At the beholling of your daintie wines?

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, enrich their lawlesse armes:  
I said as much, but would not be beleu'd,  
Now tell me if I prophesied aright?  
Or that my zealous words deseru'd rebuke?  
Did I not say, the Crocodile did weepe,  
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 baffled for my loyaltye:

*Cham.* I puethee Soldier, leaue thy bitter words,  
And helpe to fight for *Answerpes* libertie.  
*Stump.* You haue another groate to giue me then,  
I know your liberall mindes will scorne t'impose,  
The sweat 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 a worke;  
A swettie Cobler, whose best industrie,  
Is but to cloute a Shoe, shall haue his fee;  
But let a Soldier, that hath spent his blood,  
Is lame'd, or seaf'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 wealth.  
*Bur.* It is thy Countrey that doth binde thee to it,  
Not any imposition we exacte.

*Simm.* Bindes







A Latum for London.

*Stum.* Binde me my country with no greater bondes,  
Than for a groate to fight' then for a groate,  
To be infeebled, or to loose a limmet  
Poore groates-worth of effection; Well, Ile learne  
To pay my debt, and to measure my desert.  
According to the rate: a groate I had,  
And so much as a groate amounts vnto you,  
My sword shall pay ye in exchange of blowes. *Exst.*

*Enter two Cittizens.*

*Cham.* Cittizens, how now?

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

*2 Cit.* The Spaniards hurrie into euerie streete,  
What shall we doe for safeguard of our liues?

*Bur.* What shall yee doe? stand euerie man at's doore,  
And take in's hand a Holbert or browne bill,  
And studie to defend him as he may.

*Cha.* I heare them coming, let vs shift away. *Exeunt*

*In the Alarme, Alua and Danila pursue Marques Hauurie,  
and Count Egmont furiouslie.*

*Alu.* *Marques d'Hauurie* stay, thou canst not scape.

*Dan.* And stay Count *Egmont*; *Danilaes* conquering  
Pursues thy life, therefore abide and yeeld it. *(sword,*

*Mar.* Infatiate *Alua*, that like Sun-rise ground,  
Neuer suffis'd with sweetest shewers that fall,  
But with a thousand mouthes gapes still for more.  
So thy desire of bloud nere satisfied,  
Wich the rich tribute of so many liues,  
Whose guiltles bloud hath dyed poore *Belpheus* checkes,  
And chang'd her like a drunken *Bacchanall*,  
Still with a thousand quenchles appetites,  
Dost thirst for more, as if that epithite  
Were the sole obiekt of thy hearts best hopes.

## A Larum for London.

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

*Egm.* These are the sluices that haue brought on vs,  
The swelling pride and tyranic of Spaine,  
Which *Antwerpe* careles off, although fore-warnde  
By many bleeding instances about her,  
Could not; nay, would not be aduit'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 worldlie Pompe,  
That sees sad desolation sit in teares,  
Vpon her neighbour Citties; wares keene edge,  
Hath furrowed through their entrails, let them blood,  
In euerie artre that maintaineth life,  
Yet will not dread her danger to be neere?  
But warne her at their fiers, sing at their sighes,  
Reuelling in her counlesse vanities,  
As a perpetuall date were set thereon.

Tell me I say, you that haue scene all this,  
And as details, *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?

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

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

An armed man to kill an naked soule:  
A thousand Sickles thrust into a field,  
Of Summer ripened and refittles 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.* Waite asketh hokie on all aduantages.

*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 sword,

*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 enuironing Count Egmont, 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 enemiet

*Alu.* Because I will, honor encites me to it,

The honor of this worthe Noble-man,

And his high spirit euen in the face of death,

Yeld 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:

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 *Horn*, such thou intendst to me,

Therefore procede, & neuer pittie me. *They offer at him againe*

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

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

Alas thou art too faint; come, yeld thee now. *Striving to*

Ifaith I will not hurt thee: So, haue done, *get againe*

May no more weapons, thou art my prisoner. *his weapons*

And

## A Larum for London.

And I will vse thee verie honorable.

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

*Alu*, Not for the world, prisoner thou shalt to Spaine,

And there be entertain'd co thy desertes.

Now pittie, packe from *Aluses* hart againe,

Against my nature once I lookt on thee,

For this Counts sake : now to the desarts flye,

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

*Champaignes wife hurried by two rascall Soldiers.*

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

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*. Ransacke her, euerie part of her.

*Enter Scump.*

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

*Scump*. How nimble death be-stirs him euery where,

And I that am a wearie of my life,

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.*

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

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

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

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

*2 Sol*. Off with her Iewel:

*Scump*. How now, two Soldiers ransacking a woman?

Otis







A Larum for London.

O tis *Champaigner* wife that was the *Gouernor*,  
 Heere is she, that would not haue been seene  
 with a meath vpon her, for a thousand pound;  
 That spent as much on *Munkeys*, *Dogs* and *Parrêts*,  
 As would haue kept ten *Soldiers* all the yecre,  
 Zblood I haue seene her, where i haue past by her  
 In the *streetes*, to stop her nose with her sweete *gloues*,  
 For feare my sinell should haue infected her,  
 And now I liue to see her lug'd, and towne  
 By lowzie totter'd rogues: 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,

*Scum.* Take that she has it is sufficient;

But goe no further, it is inhumaine to abuse a woman.

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

*Scumpe.* No rogue *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 *Passport*, I haue knowne the warres, (heere  
 And haue had the vantage of as faire a spoile as you haue

2 *Sol.* Away you whorion cripple rascal.

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

*He drawes his sword, kills one, and the other flies:*

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

*Scum.* What should I doe with it, can you tell?  
 To haue my throte cut for it, ha:

No, no, your *Sister 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 safetie.

A Latini for London.

*Stump.* Where is it not in *Antwerpe*.  
Your closet will not serue your turne,  
You cannot walke to your garden-house.

*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, she fights and beares her away from  
them all.*

*After a triumphant shout within, enter Alua, Daniila, Romeo,  
Verdugo, Van End, with their Rapiers  
drawne, crying.*

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

*Alu.* So valliant Lords, this Musicke likes me well,  
Now may we boldly say the towne is ours:  
Yet sheath not your victorious swords 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 she proude *Antwerpes* (that doe suruiue)  
Lay not their treasure at your conquering feete.

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

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

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





## A Larum for London.

Is seauenteene thousand.

*Dan.* But of our men,

How many fell there in this short assaulte

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

*Alua.* For those three hundred, let ten thousand more,

Of this subiected Cittie loose their liues,

Chaine them together in the Market place,

By hundreds and two hundreds: and with shoo,

Ring them about vncill they all be slaine,

Spare neither widdow, matron, nor young maide,

Gray-bearded Fathers, nor the babe that suckes.

One Spaniards blood, I value better worth,

Then many hundreds of these drunken Dutch.

*Ver.* First, if it please vee, quarter we the towne,

That euerie one may know his priuiledge.

*Alu.* Well thought vpon *Verdugo*: thus it shall be.

The Burse, the State-houie, and the Market place,

Belongs to me: the Castle and that side,

To *Sancto Damila*: on the other hand

The key, and water-port (*Verdugo*) is yours.

Saint Georges port, and Kibdop, we assigne

To Lord *Romero*: and for you *Van End*,

The North part of the Cittie, *Venus streete*,

Remaines the subiect of desired spoile:

So Lords, if I haue well deuided, speake;

If not, you shall be pleas'd before we part?

*Dan.* Your Lordship hath discretelic cast our lots,

And for my part, I doe accept of mine.

*Ro.* So doth *Romero*,

*Ver.* And *Verdugo* too.

*Van.* And I no lesse, than who is best content,

*Alu.* About it then, be euerie one as quicke,

In rifling of these rich Burgers, as he was

In the assault: the world may talke of vs,

As well for vallor as our quicke dispatch.

*Da.* My Soldiers and my self will straight begin.

A Larum for London.

*Rom.* And mine shall follow,

*Cor.* He nor be behinde.

*Alua.* What will *Verdugo*?

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Enter English Governour and Godfrey.*

*Gov.* Not be Idle tong,

But who are these so sawcily intrude?

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

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

*Alu.* Of England are ye? what although you be,  
Backe slaues vnto the doore from whence ye came,  
And on your knees sollicit *Aluaes* greatnes:  
If you doe looke for mercie at his hands. (knees,

*Ver.* Backe when he bids you; now dawne 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 discretie, leaſt you speake your laſt.

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

*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 theſelues from death?

*Gov.* 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  
To warrant all the liues of any ſuch,  
As are her ſubjects 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 commission to breake  
The holie contract which your King hath made,  
We must be patient and abide the worst.

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

*Go.* Gouvernor (my Lord) of the English house.

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

So long as you conuerse not with the foes

Of royall *Phillip*, nor with stand his right,

You are exempt the rigour of his scourge;

But being heere, in this rebellious towne,

You must partake the punishment 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 else,

(As well as England) haue within this place.

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

*Go.* We had no signe of any such intent.

*Al.* You cannot so be quit nor so excus'd,

Therefore prouide before to morrow night,

To bring vnto vs fortie thousand Crownes,

For ransome of your house; or if you faile,

Both goods and liues shall all be forfeited:

So much we are content to yeeld vnto,

Because we will not seeme to breake the league.

*Go.* Alas my Lord, tis more then (at this time)

Our goods and money will amount vnto,

Considering that our credit (by this trouble)

Is quite cut off, with any of the Citty.

*Alu.* Shift as you can, I vow to haue no lesse,

And at the appointed time,

*Exit.*

*Ver.* Consider of it,

His fauour's great in giuing you such scope.

*Exit.*

*Go.* So is the Cat that dallieth with the mouse,

But in the end, her pastime is his death;

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 *Godfris* trie thy friendes abroad,  
And any money that thou hast bring foorth,  
That we may make the summe which he desires.

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

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sansto Danila, an olde Cittizen and Soldiers.*

*Cit.* Let not your rough intreatie so molest,  
The soule of him whose spirit already 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 Jewell of more worth than all thy wealth,  
Which (like a miser) thou didst hide from vs.  
Thou hast a daughter, whome till we enioy,  
All pittie that proceeds from vs, sits heere,  
Vpon the sharp point of my Serriter;  
Vpon what speake?

*Cit.* In this tumult,  
What can be better 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 sighes  
To publish, what his stubborne tongue denies.

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

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

*Cit.* Heare ye my Lord.

*Dan.* Not any whispering noise,  
Not any tittle, doth not beare the sound,

Of





## A Larum for London.

Of beauties sweet fruition to mine cares.

*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 silly frightened Virgins life,  
From whence my Lord she cannot be recall'd;

*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 Damself thence:  
My soldiers 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.

*Dan.* Away with him, loue faints through colde delay,  
Tis *Daniels* 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 train'd my purse,  
To make my rancome: am now carrying it  
To mightie *Alus*, to redeeme my life.

*Dan.* What value is it?

*Fac.* Full five 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 Sciver or one Dote,  
More then is, there compriz'd within this bag.

*Dan.* Giue him the Strippado; woe to coyns

*Out*

## A Larum for London,

Out of your disioynted limmes other summes.

*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 sunke into some Well; or buried deepe

*Hoise him up 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?

*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, hark (peeld sleepe)

Goe hide thee in some bush, till waxing houres

Giue thee another fiece to cloath thee with.

Yonder ariseth the bright morning Starre.

*Enter an old citizen with his daughter.*

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 boyterous turretes, of bloud be-sprinkled warte,

Who whilst he shewes wilde Friscoes in the Streets,

And with his Gamballes, ouerthrowes huge buildings,

Mingle their totter'd ruynes, with the limmes

And Clotted bloud of many thousand soules:

Shall as an Anticke in thy sight appeare,

Yeelding no more occasion to be fear'd,

Than painted shapcs of Lyons on a wall.

*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's with dissoluing drops of sorrows rage;  
If me you touch with a lasciuious hand,  
As from his eyes descendes a foud of teares;  
So will you draw a riuert from his heart,  
Of his lifes blood; both waies you shall obscure,  
The honor of your name: if Virgin I,  
Or aged he, misdoe by tyranie.

*Ch.* Let conquest satisfie, since in the strength  
Of your succesfull power, our Cissie vailes,  
And lyes in prostrate duetie at your feete:  
Or if not conquest, be appeal'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,  
Of all the spoiles are reapt by painefull warre,  
Blot beautie out, and whar'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 vanquish't)  
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.

*Dan.* A troope of Muskets garde this damself hence,  
And to my lodging see her safely brought, *alarum againe*  
Why stirre yee not inuiron her with shot,  
Whilst we extinguisht (with a shewer of blood)  
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 betime,  
(The clamorous tumult drawes so neere this place,)

E

Both

A Larum for London:

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

*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.

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

*Shootes her with a Pistoll.*

Another Stab her Father, both combine,  
By natures lawes, by natures law shall end.

*Exeunt*

*Stab the olde man.*

*Enter Lieutenant Vaughan and Captaine.*

*Vaugh.* Yet is not *Antwerpe* quite bereft of life,  
So long as we aue breath, to stand for her,  
Nor shall her ransacke 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  
His tender daughter, hauing both sustain'd  
The heauy stroake of death?

*Cap.* I knew them well.

They were my neighbors, neere vnto the Butse.

*Van.* 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 yeres.  
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.*

*Enty*





## Alarum for London.

*Enter Lenchy and Martin two little children running.*

*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 thither?

*Len.* All the streete is full of Spaniards; they haue kil'd

Little *Martin*, and *Hans Vando brooke*.

*Mar.* Ah whether shall we goe?

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

*Mar.* Nay *M. Holders 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 coming, what shal we doe?

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

*Mar.* Alas poore *Lenchy*, kisse me prettie Sister,  
Now we must dye.

*Len.* Let's sit downe heere, and *Martin*. 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 their swords drawne.*

*1 Spa.* Kill, kill, kill.

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

*1 Spa.* Fuora villiaco.

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

*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 Lament for London.**

If you list her.

*Spa.* Cut the Bastards throates.

*The children are fast holdes, and hang upon the Spaniards.*

*Len.* O kill us not, we'll hang vpon your armes,  
Sweet Gaffer, stay and looke me in the face,  
Haue you the heart to kill a prettie Girl.

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

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

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

*Enter the blinde Harman and his wife.*

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

*Wf.* Husband, *Harman*, whether will you goe?  
Alas you fall into the enemies hands

For lacke of sight.

*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.

*Wf.* O my sweet children,

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

*Wf.* O spare the infants, and the aged blinde,  
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, weak women, and poore wretched infants,  
Should be respected in the heate of slaughter.







## A Larum for London.

O doe not this foule iniurie to armes;  
Let my poore Babie lead 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 sacke it, I did prophesie.

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

*Stabs the Children.*

*Wif.* Ah bloudie Spaniard, that hast slaine my children:

*1 Sp.* Birch, art thou rayling? take thou this. *Stabs her.*

*2 Sp.* 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 soules in *Abrams* bosome restes,  
Their bodies lye bewixt 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.

*Enter Alua, English Governour and soldiers.*

*Alua.* Thinke yee to purchase freedome at this rate?  
Some thrifles prodigall bestowes in wine,  
Or spends in dalliance on his Curtizan,  
Five thousand crownes: It like your store affords  
No greater plentie cyther from your chestes,  
That I will with surfet of your avarice,  
Raine downe a larger shewer of fruitfull golde,  
Or tender flowing pittie, nere will spring.

*Gou.* I doe protect (my Lord) beside our Plate,  
And householde furniture, this is the summe,

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.

*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 sence,  
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.

*Fac.* Excuse my want, that haue alreadie paid  
To *Santa Danila*, five hundred Dollors.

*Alu.* Why not as much to me?

*Fac.* I haue it not,

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 prejudice.

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

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

*Alu.* That ransome let me see,

*Fac.* *Tis*





A Larum for London.

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

*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 perill 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.

*Fac.* Oh that you would at once with ruthles steele,  
Caue 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 belecue me if I speake the truth?

*Alu.* So it be truth which thou intendest 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:  
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. *Exits*

*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 falne into the hands  
Of such as haue had ryfting of thy purse?

*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 profite 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 remains?

*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,  
Hauē not to feede *Verdugs* for expence.

*Exit.*

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

*Hang him.*

*Enter Van End and a Burgers Wife.*

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

*wife.* Spare me *Van End* I am a harmeles woman,  
Astonisht vnto death with frighting wordes,  
Refraine thy deedes, and let the stronger sort,  
Be miserable patients of thy wrach

*Van.* Pittie preuailes not, treasure is the fee,  
That bribes the terror of my threatening brest;  
And therefore speake, else hast thou spoke thy last,  
*wife.* Within that vault lyes all my wretched wealth,  
My golde, my plate, my Jewels' all are there.

*Van.* Then







A Larum for London.

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

*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 ruinos  
Sendes second message to my dull strucke dayes,  
Accustom'd to the screeching yell of death?  
Lady, what gricuance? what is there to doe?

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

*Stum.* For Gods sake let me come plague the dog,  
He stone the Jew to death, and paint this Vault  
With the vnhalloved bloud of wicked treason:  
Heere, weare this waightie lewell 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.*  
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 soule with princely *Lucifer*,  
And take such fare as treason will afford.  
Come Lady, thus you see good friends must part,  
Lament not for his losse his tyme was come,  
And friendes from friends, must cyther goe or run.

*Enter three or foure soldiers.*

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

F

What

## A Larum for London.

What thinke you the best course to get away?

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

*3 Sol.* No hope but death for three daies being past  
Since the first entred; now being in colde blood,  
The Spaniard is ~~is~~ 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.* Discouering of our selues, and knowne for  
Wallons, ther's not a man of vs shal passe the gates.

*Enter Stumpe and hearing them.*

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

*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 Seatenels are kept,  
And there's no hope of that.

*Stumpe.* Harke you hark you, whether wil you flye? I  
wold know that; shoud whether? whether? ha; where will  
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 scurvie notch'd limmes? you  
damnd 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 Lieutenant sayes true, it wil  
be so indeed.

*Stumpe.* 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.

*Stumpe.* The





## A Larum for London.

*Stm.* The Dutch on the other side, they hate you worse then Devils, because the Spaniards entred where you'pe the Trenches.

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

*Stm.* What will you doe then? heere is my poore stumpe and I have stumpled through a thousand shot, & yet we halt together; there was neuer one poore peece of Timber has been so sund'g'd as it has been: & bloud 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 Lieutenant *Vaughan*, what would yee haue vs doe?

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

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

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

*Stm.* Yes, lie halt before you, follow mee as straight as you can

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

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

*Enter the Captaine.*

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

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

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

*Stm.* Well, haue seeine the day Captaine, you had rather been a cutting throates, then at a Masse, & was not de-

A Larum for London.

uotion draue you to the place; so Captaine, Captaine, the world is turn'd: Doe you remember the greate they offered me, when you came to trayne Soldiers? ha, gae him a groate? ha, ha, ha, I haue since that seene their Mistresses letting ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> dog 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,  
Had not a Soldier sent to second them.  
The great swolne bellyed Burgers get browne Eilles,  
As to drieue rascall beggers from their doores;  
The madding people so amaz'd with feare,  
That turning head with euery litle noise,  
Stopt vp the entrance of the streetes with throngs,  
That when Count *Egmont*, *Hannury* 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:  
The villanous and dastard recreant Almaines,  
Kneele to the Spaniards, casting downe their armes.

*Sum.* 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 Towne-men,  
Perceuing that the Spaniards would preuaile;  
What should I doe but shift to saue my life?

*Sun.* Cape, your life's in as great danger now as ere it was,  
The Spaniard is as cruell in colde blood as ere he was;  
O Captaine, Captaine, where is *Antwerpe* now?  
It is my natie place, where should I then be free,  
If made a slave, where I was free lie borne?

Ther's







A Larum for London,

Ther's not a towne almost in Brabant now,  
That gives a man the safety of a night:  
What should we then doe living?  
Haue you and I scene that, that we haue scene,  
And come to this?  
If you reserve 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 *Almas* quarter.

*Stum.* Why brauely spoke,

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 Cord.*

*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 belecue me,  
I haue no more than what I tolde you of,  
Some thousand Guilders in my counting house.

*2 Sol.* You haue no more than?

*Bur.* Not as I haue faith  
To God, and to the safety of my Country.

*2 Sol.* Then hang him presentlie:

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

*1 Sol.* The roague would flatter vs  
vndf

A Larum for London.

Sirra, imagine tis too weake a key,  
To tune our hearts to; when the cries of Babes,  
Screekes of distressed women and olde men,  
Haue not preail'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,

I haue bethought me of a prettie tricke,  
To sift this butter-box a better way:  
Wee'll eye him by the thumbes vnto this poast,  
And tickle him vntill he doe confesse.

*2 Sol.* Content, y'faith, 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.

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

*Bur.* No truelie sir,

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,

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

*Cap.* What base we heer, a Burger tyed byth thumbes?

*Stumpe.* It is the Tallow-cake, the Rammish Far,

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 distressed.

*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,

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 rauinous 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 thoughts  
And the base temper of thy muddy minde:  
Goe liue, if thou canst scape their bloudie hands,  
Till want and beggerie cut shor tthy daies.

*Bur.* I thanke you sir, 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 bouity 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 sir, to take that summe,  
My heart repents me much, for what is past.

*Stum.* Guts, trouble me no more.

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

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

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

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

*But*

## A Larum for London.

But valliant Soldier, what is now to doe?

*Stum.* What, but to hunt the footc-steps of pale death,  
Vntill we rouze him in his sooty 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 thanklesse Citizens sit in our doores:  
But we shall quietly inioy the peace,  
For which we breath; there shall we be secure,  
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. Hasten 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,  
bloody and wounded.*

*Stum.* See Captaine, now I haue it on my brest,  
The Honourable cognisance of death,  
This purple riuier, 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 eterniey.

*Cap.* I trust I shall be there with as much speed,  
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 answer vnto thine.

*Stum.* Let me imbrace this sweet affinity,  
Like in our liues agreeing in our deaths:  
But what doe I behold? thine eye-lids faint,  
And the warme touch of thy desired cheek,  
Begins to freeze; wilt thou anticipate  
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 wash't my contagious sinne:  
The blood that I haue spilt (the Massacres  
Procur'd and practis'd by this hand of mine)  
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 tongue. *A flourish.*

*Enter in triumph, with Drum, Colours and Soldiers.*

Sancto Danila.

*Dan.* Now warre hath wrapt his bloody colours vp,  
And sheath'd his farall sword 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 streets lye throng'd with slaughtered carkasses,  
Her houses that before were stufft with pride,  
Are left as naked as the wind comes in.

A Larum for London.

Oh in remorfe of humane clemency,  
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 Martirdome was iust.  
Holde, one of you, conuay this serious letter  
To warlike *Alua*, tell him as he wil'd,  
After my forces lodg'd in Garison,  
He meete his Grace at *Bridges*, and from thence  
Acquaint the Court of *Spaine* with our successe;  
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* bloud.

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

*Dan.* Who toucheth them but in disgrace, my sword,  
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 Heroicke spirits,  
That for their Country haue deseru'd as much,  
To be renoued; as euer *Curions* was,  
Or Romaine *Decius*, or the two valliant *Coclers*;  
They for their country could but loose their liues,  
These haue inequall seruice done as much.  
Take vp their bodies; open thousand others,

Ref.





## A Larum for London.

Rest by our swords, and left vnburied,  
Thesetwo 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 honour foes in ground. *Exeunt.*

## Epilogus.

Enter Time.

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

**F I N I S.**

















































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