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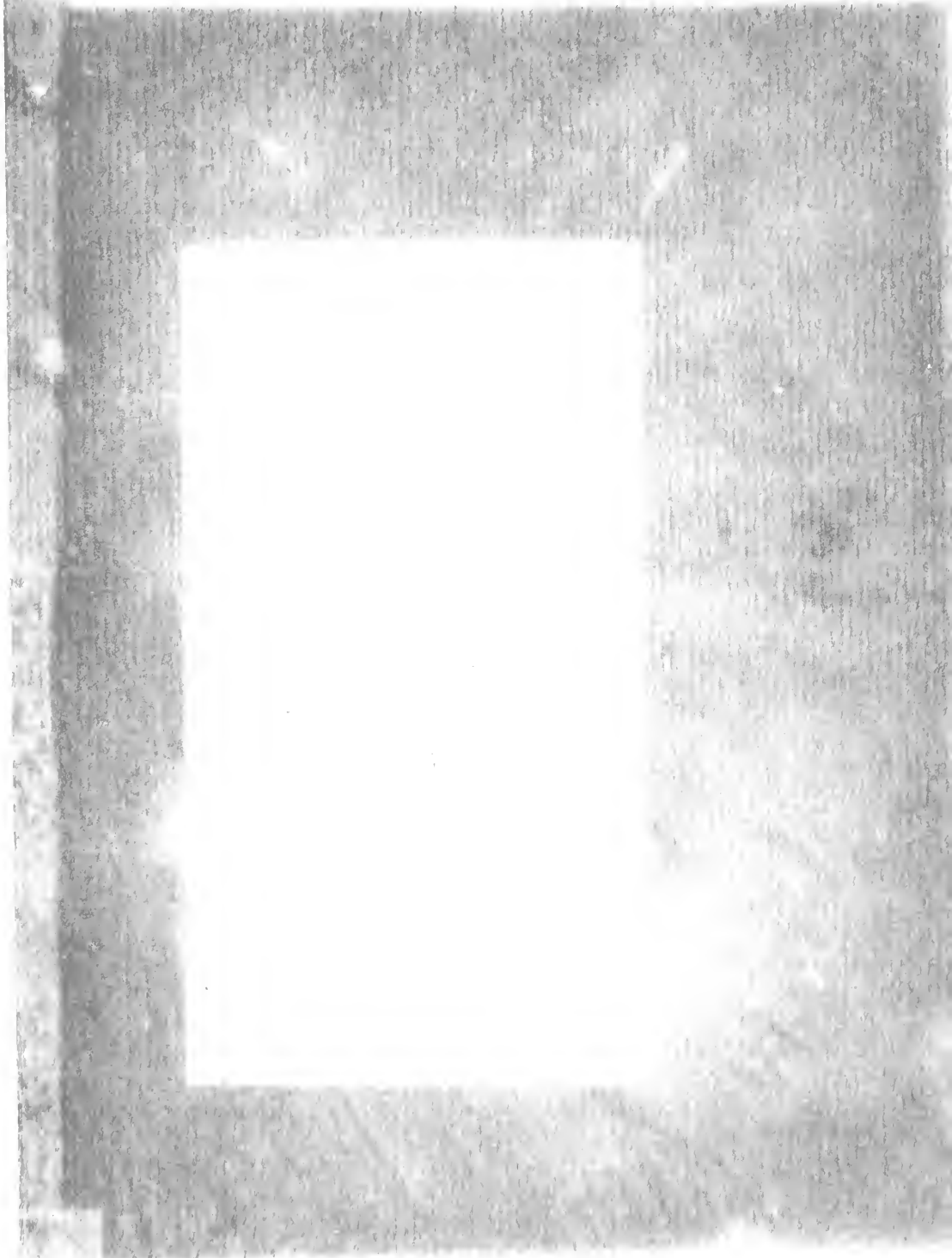


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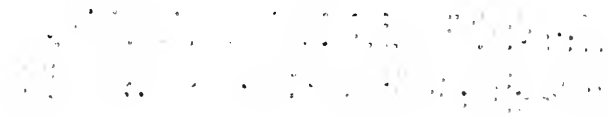






PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY  
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PRESS

THE LOVE OF KING DAVID  
AND FAIR BETHSABE  
BY GEORGE PEELE  
1599



THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS  
1912

This reprint of Peele's *David and Bethsabe* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

*Feb.* 1913.

W. W. Greg.

PR  
2734  
L62  
1913

The Register of the Stationers' Company contains the following entry :

xiii<sup>to</sup> die Maij ./. [1594]

Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of bothe the wardens a booke called the booke of David and Bethsaba . . . . . vj<sup>a</sup> C./

Adam Islip ./  
Edward White ./

[Arber's Transcript, II. 649.]

Islip's name has here been cancelled in favour of White's, nevertheless it was presumably in pursuance of this entry that in 1599 appeared the edition of Peele's *Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe* bearing on the title-page the name of Adam Islip as printer, but without indication of publisher. It is the only known edition of the play : the British Museum has two copies, the Dyce and Bodleian collections contain one each, while another is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. All these copies are perfect, but in each signatures A and I are represented by single leaves. The two copies at the British Museum and that at the Bodleian have been used in the preparation of the present reprint, while the Dyce and Devonshire copies have likewise been consulted on certain points : no variants of importance have been observed. The original is a quarto printed in roman type approximating in size to modern pica (20 ll. = 85 mm.).

Among the accounts of the Earl of Worcester's company preserved in Henslowe's Diary occurs the following entry, between others dated 3 and 11 October 1602 (fol. 116<sup>v</sup>): 'pd for poleyes & worckmanshipp for to hange absolome . . . xiiij<sup>d</sup>'. Whether this has any connexion with Peele's play is a question

upon which, in the absence of any evidence as to the ownership of the latter, speculation would be unprofitable.

In the present reprint the play has been divided by marginal numbers into scenes, but no attempt has been made to group these into acts. The reason for this is that, whereas the play as it stands is divided by the Chorus into three rather unequal divisions, the fact that the last of these is preceded by '5. Chorus' (l. 1646) suggests that this arrangement is not original, even though l. 1654 as it now stands does speak of 'a third discourse'. That the play has come down to us in a mutilated shape is further witnessed by the curious fragment preserved, evidently out of place, at the foot of G 4<sup>v</sup> (ll. 1659-62), as also by the unfulfilled promise of David's death in l. 1655. It is not necessary here to discuss the possible explanations of these peculiarities, which must be considered in connexion with certain variations in the forms of proper names elsewhere recorded. Some suggestions will be found in the notes to J. M. Manly's edition in his *Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama*.

Three passages from *David and Bethsabe* appear in *England's Parnassus*, 1600. They have been printed in the Society's Collections (i. 102) and correspond to ll. 81-5, 576-86, and 1808-10 of the play. The only variants are: l. 83 *fire-perfumed* for *fine perfumed*, l. 85 *Zephyrus* for *Zephires*, and l. 579 *delightfull parts* for *delightsome parkes*.

## 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, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, 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. For the sake of greater clearness the readings are quoted in a slightly different manner from that adopted in the earlier Malone reprints. The mere repetition of a reading out of the text is equivalent to 'sic'.

<p>T.P. Abfalon.] Abf alon, <i>B.M.</i>  <i>second copy only</i>          16 bis          52 leaues,          117 lord,          121 tripping] <i>possibly</i> rripping          218 blaſphemies,          233 doe,          234 <i>Vrias</i>,          249 Earewell          280 come to] <i>possibly</i> cometo          282 thy maladie :] <i>possibly</i>          thymaladie :          294 sweet fifter,] <i>possibly</i>          sweetsifter,          300 knot s of          318 Eearth          349 makee          350 thou] <i>possibly</i> thon          388 <i>not indented</i>          443 Dauids          459 Aud (<i>really a turned n</i>)          523 dead          530 to the] <i>possibly</i> tothe          548 <i>speaker's name repeated</i>          646 liue          664 aud</p>	<p>714 firſt,          775 wonr          793 Kings          802 <i>Abyſſus</i>,          826 Philiftime          834 vncircumſed          896 deeret          926 greenous          1156 there,          1157 <i>speaker's name omitted</i>          1193 <i>Achip.</i>          1213 infaire          1231 of Iſrael          1251 fire,          1290 nnmbers          1416 <i>Abimaaas</i>          1496 monrning          1620 <i>speaker's name omitted</i>          1637 Ephrami          1650 Bur          1662 <i>evident lacuna: the frag-</i>  <i>ment is of course mis-</i>  <i>placed</i>          1662 c.w. Then          1795 firſt] firſt <i>Bodl. only</i>          B 4<sup>v</sup> R.T. <i>Berſabe.</i>          D 1<sup>v</sup> R.T. <i>Bet bſabe.</i></p>
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It will be observed that in sheets B–G the outer formes have *Bersabe* in the running-title, the inner formes *Bethsabe*. In sheet H the outer has *Bethsabe*, the inner *Bersabe*, while the solitary leaf of sheet I has *Bersabe* on both sides. It is clear that the two formes were originally set up by different compositors and that the running-titles remained when fresh sheets were set up. In sheet H the two formes were transposed, while for the solitary leaf of I, which would probably be printed at a smaller press, the running-titles were lifted out of the same original forme.

The locking of the title-page was not perfect, and the type had slipped when one of the copies now at the British Museum was printed. On H 2 verso the Bodleian copy appears to have a misprint not found in the others.



## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

<p>BETHSABE, wife to Urias.          DAVID, king of Israel.          CUSAY, a follower of David.          JOAB, } captains of David's          ABISAY, } army.          URIAS, a soldier in David's          army.          HANON, king of Ammon.          MACHAAS, king of Gath.          AMMON, son of David.          JONADAB, a follower of Ammon.          JETHRAY, servant of Ammon.          THAMAR, daughter of David.          ABSOLON, son of David.          NATHAN, a prophet.          a Slave of David's.          ADONIA, son of David.</p>	<p>a Widow from Thecoa.          SADOC, the high priest.          AHIMAAS, his son.          JONATHAN, son of Abiathar.          ITHAY, a follower of David.          two Concubines of David's.          ACHITOPHEL, a follower of Absolon.          AMASA, captain of Absolon's          army.          ABIATHAR, a priest.          SEMEI, accuser of David.          a Soldier in David's army.          SALOMON } sons of David.          CHILEAB }          a Messenger.</p>
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Bethsabe's maid, soldiers in the armies of David, Hanon, Machaas, and Absolon, attendants on David and Absolon, Ammon's page, Shepherds.

The prologue and choruses were no doubt spoken by the same character. David's slave speaks the lines given to *Seruus* on D 3, one of his soldiers those lacking speaker's name on G 4. Many of the proper names vary considerably in form. Bethsabe and Bersabe both occur in the running-titles, Bethsabe is the form on the title-page, Bersabe in the head-title. In the text Bersabe first occurs in l. 605, and, except in l. 623, this is the form found down to l. 744. The name next occurs in l. 1720 as Bethsabe, which is the form used throughout the rest of the play with the single exception of l. 1736. We find in the same way Rabath and Hanon in scene ii, Rabba and Hannon in scene ix, while Absolon alternates with Absalon and Abisay with Abyshai.

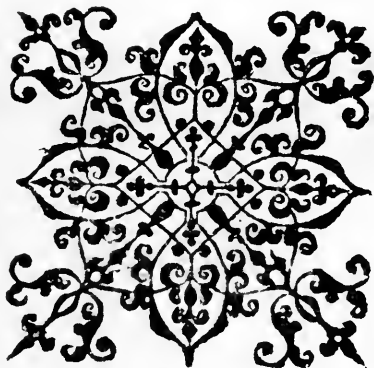


THE  
LOVE OF KING  
DAVID AND FAIR  
BETHSABE.

With the Tragedie of Absalon.

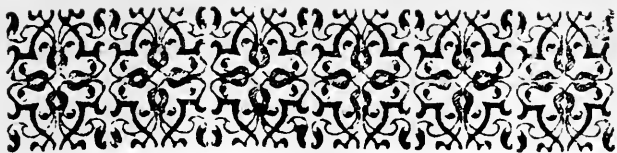
*As it hath ben diuers times plaied on the stage.*

*Written by George Peele.*




LONDON;  
Printed by Adam Iſtip.  
1599.





The lotte of *Dauid* and faire *Bersabe*,  
with the Tragedie of *Absolon*.

*Prologus.*

 **I** Israels sweetest singer now I sing,  
His holy stile and happie victories,  
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,  
Arch-angels stilled from the breath of Ioue,  
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers,  
Heauens raine on tops of Syon and Mount Synai,  
Vpon the bosome of his yuorie Lute,  
The Cherubins and Angels laid their breasts,  
And when his consecrated fingers strooke  
The golden wiers of his rauishing harpe,  
He gaue alarum to the host of heauen,  
That wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds and cast  
Their chnstall armor, at his conquering feet.  
Of this sweet Poet Ioues Musition,  
And of bis beauteous sonne I prease to sing.  
Then helpe deuine Adonay to conduct,  
Vpon the wings of my well tempered veise,  
The hearers minds about the towers of Heauen,  
And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,  
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire,  
That none can temper but thy holy hand:  
To thee for succour flies my feeble muse,  
And at thy feet her yron Pen doth vse.

B

He



David and Bethsabe.

*He drawes a curtaine, and discovers Bethsabe with her maide  
bathing cuer a spring: she sings, and David  
sits above vexing her.*

Song 2.



O sunne, coole fire, temperd with sweet aire,  
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white haire  
Shine sun, burne fire, breath aire, and ease mee,  
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me  
Shadow (my sweet nurse) keep me from burning  
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.  
Let not my beauties fire,  
Enflame vnstaied desire,  
Nor pierce any bright eye,  
That wandreth lightly.

*Bethsabe.* Come gentle Zephire trickt with those perfumes  
That rist in Eden sweetned Adams loue,  
And strike my bosome with the silken fan:  
This shade (sun prooffe) is yet no prooffe for thee,  
Thy body smoother then this wauelesse spring,  
And purer then the substance of the same,  
Can creepe through that his launces cannot pierse,  
Thou and thy sister soft and sacred aire,  
Goddesse of life, and gouernesse of health,  
Keepes euery fountaine fresh and arbor sweet,  
No brasen gate, her passage can repulse,  
Nor bushly thicket, bar thy subtile breath,  
Then decke thee with thy loose delightfome robes,  
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,  
To play the wantons with vs through the leaues,  
*Da.* What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce  
My soule, incensed with a suddain fire,  
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise  
Enioyes the beautie of so faire a dame?  
Faize Eua plac'd in perfect happinelle,

Len-







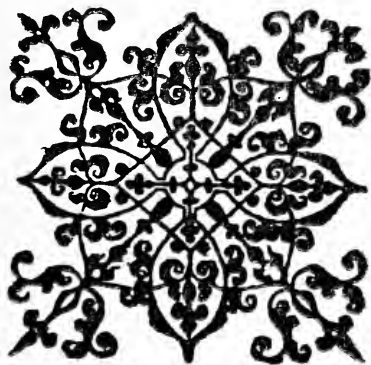


THE  
LOVE OF KING  
DAVID AND FAIR  
BETHSABE.

With the Tragedie of Abfalon.

As it hath bene diuers times plaied on the stage.

*Written by George Peele.*



LONDON,  
Printed by Adam Iflip.

1599.






The loue of *Dauid* and faire *Bersabe*,  
with the Tragedie of *Abfolon*.

*Prologus.*

*Prologus.*

 F Israels sweetest finger now I sing,  
His holy stile and happie victories,  
Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,  
Arch-angels stilled from the breath of Ioue,  
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers,  
Heauens raind on tops of Syon and Mount Synai,  
Vpon the bosome of his yuorie Lute,  
The Cherubins and Angels laid their breasts,  
And when his consecrated fingers strooke  
The golden wiers of his rauishing harpe,  
He gaue alarum to the host of heauen,  
That wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds and cast  
Their christall armor, at his conquering feet.  
Of this sweet Poet Ioues Musition,  
And of bis beauteous sonne I prease to sing.  
Then helpe deuine Adonay to conduct,  
Vpon the wings of my well tempered verse,  
The hearers minds aboue the towers of Heauen,  
And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,  
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire,  
That none can temper but thy holy hand:  
To thee for succour flies my feeble muse,  
And at thy feet her yron Pen doth vse.

10

20

B

*He*

## Dauid and Bethsabe.

*He drawes a curtaine, and discouers Bethsabe with her maid Sc. i  
batling ouer a spring: she sings, and Dauid  
sits aboute viewing her.*

Song.



Ot funne, coole fire, temperd with sweet aire,  
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white haire  
Shine sun, burne fire, breath aire, and ease mee, 30  
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me  
Shadow (my sweet nurse) keep me from burning  
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.  
Let not my beauties fire,  
Enflame vnstaied desire,  
Nor pierce any bright eye,  
That wandreth lightly.

*Bethsabe.* Come gentle Zephire trickt with those perfumes  
That erst in Eden sweetned Adams loue,  
And stroke my bosome with the silken fan: 40  
This shade (sun prooffe) is yet no prooffe for thee,  
Thy body smother then this wauelleffe spring,  
And purer then the substance of the fame,  
Can creepe through that his launces cannot pierse,  
Thou and thy sister soft and sacred aire,  
Goddesse of life, and gouernesse of health,  
Keepes euery fountaine fresh and arbor sweet,  
No brasen gate, her passage can repulse,  
Nor bushly thicket, bar thy subtle breath,  
Then decke thee with thy loose delightfome robes, 50  
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,  
To play the wantons with vs through the leaues,

*Da.* What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce  
My soule, incensed with a suddain fire,  
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise  
Enioyes the beautie of so faire a dame?  
Faire Eua plac'd in perfect happinesse,

Len-

## David and Bethsabe.

Lending her praise-notes to the liberall heauens,  
Strooke with the accents of Arch-angels tunes,  
Wrought not more pleasure to her husbands thoughts, 60  
Then this faire womans words and notes to mine.

May that sweet plaine that beares her pleafant weight,  
Be still enameld with discoloured flowers,  
That precious fount, beare sand of purest gold,  
And for the Peble, let the siluer streames  
That pierce earths bowels to mainteine the force,  
Play vpon Rubies, Saphires, Chrisolites,  
The brims let be imbrac'd with golden curls  
Of mosse that sleepest with sound the waters make,  
For ioy to feed the fount with their recourse, 70  
Let all the grassè that beautifies her bower,  
Beare Manna euery morne in steed of dew,  
Or let the dew be sweeter far then that  
That hangs like chaines of pearle on Hermon hill,  
Or balme which trickled from old Arons beard.

Cusay, come vp and ferue thy lord the King. *Enter Cusay.*

*Cus.* What seruice doth my lord the King command?

*David.* See Cusay see, the flower of Israel,  
The fairest daughter that obeies the King,  
In all the land the lord subdued to me. 80  
Fairer then Ifacs louer at the well,  
Brighter then inside barke of new hewen Cædar,  
Sweeter then flames of fine perfumed myrrhe.  
And comelier then the siluer clouds that dance  
On Zephires wings before the king of heauen.

*Cus.* Is it not Bethsabe the Hethites wife  
Vrias, now at Rabath siege with Ioab?

*Dau.* Goe know, and bring her quickly to the King,  
Tell her, her graces hath found grace with him.

*Cusay.* I will my lord. *Exit Cusay to Bethsabe.* 90

*David.* Bright Bethsabe shall wash in Dauids bower,  
In water mix'd with purest Almond flower,  
And bath her beautie in the milke of kids,

## *Dauid and Berfabe.*

Bright Bethſabe giues earth to my deſires,  
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,  
To flowers, ſweet Odors, and to Odors wings,  
That carrie pleaſures to the hearts of Kings.

*Cuſay to Bethſabe, ſhe ſtarting as ſomething afright.*

*Cuſay.* Faire Bethſabe, the King of Iſraell  
From forth his Princely tower hath ſeen thee bath, 100  
And thy ſweet graces haue found grace with him,  
Come then and kneele vnto him where he ſtands,  
The King is gracious, and hath liberall hands.

*Beth.* Ah what is Bethſabe to pleaſe the King,  
Or what is Dauid, that he ſhould deſire  
For fickle beauties fake his ſeruants wife?

*Cuſay.* Dauid (thou knoweſt faire dame) is wife and iuſt,  
Elected to the heart of Iſraels God,  
Then doe not thou expoſtulate with him  
For any action that contents his ſoule. 110

*Beth.* My lord the King, elect to Gods owne heart,  
Should not his gracious ielouſie incenſe,  
Whoſe thoughts are chaſt, I hate incontinence.

*Cuſay.* Woman thou wrongſt the King, & doubtſt his ho-  
Whoſe truth mainteines the crowne of Iſrael, (nour,  
Making him ſtay, that bad me bring thee ſtrait.

*Beth.* The Kings poore handmaid will obey my lord,

*Cuſ.* Then come and doe thy dutie to his grace,  
And doe what ſeemeth fauour in his fight.

*Exeunt.*

*Dauid.* Now comes my louer tripping like the Roe,  
And brings my longings tangled in her haire,  
To ioy her loue Ile build a kingly bower,  
Seated in hearing of a hundred ſtreames,  
That for their homage to her ſouereine ioies,  
Shall as the ſerpents fold into their neſts,  
In oblique turnings wind the nimble waues,  
About the circles of her curious walkes, 120

And



*Dauid and Berfabe.*

And with their murmure fummon eafefull sleepe,  
To lay his golden fcepter on her browes, 130  
Open the dores, and enterteine my loue,  
Open I fay, and as you open fing,  
Welcome faire Bethfabe King Dauids darling.

*Enter Cufay with Bethfabe.*

*Dauid.* Welcome faire Bethfabe King Dauids darling,  
Thy bones faire couering, erft difcouered faire,  
And all mine eyes with all thy beauties pierft,  
As heauens bright eye burnes moft when moft he climes  
The crooked Zodiake with his fierie fphere,  
And fhineth furtheft from this earthly globe: 140  
So fince thy beautie fcorcht my conquerd foule,  
I cald thee neerer for my neerer cure.

*Bethfa.* Too neere my lord was your vnarmed heart,  
When furtheft off my hapleffe beautie pierc'd,  
And would this dreerie day had turnd to night,  
Or that fome pitchie cloud had klok'd the Sun,  
Before their lights had cauf'd my lord to fee  
His name difparag'd, and my chaftitie.

*Dauid.* My loue, if want of loue haue left thy foule,  
A fharper fence of Honor then thy King, 150  
(For loue leads Princes fometimes from their feats,)  
As erft my heart was hurt, difpleafing thee,  
So come and tafte thy eafe, with eafing me.

*Beth.* One medicine cannot heale our different harmes,  
But rather make both ranckle at the bone,  
Then let the King be cunning in his cure,  
Leaft flattering both, both perifh in his hand.

*Dauid.* Leaue it to me my deereft Bethfabe,  
Whofe skill is inconuerfant deeper cures,  
And Cufay haft thou to my feruant loab, 160  
Commanding him to fend Vrias home  
With all the fpeed can poffibly be vfed.

*Cufay.* Cufay will flie about the Kings defire.

*Exeunt.*

*B iij*

*Enter*

## David and Bethsabe.

*Enter Ioab, Abifay, Vrias, and others, with drum and ensigne.* Sc. ii

*Ioab.* Courage ye mightie men of Israel,  
And charge your fatall instruments of war  
Vpon the bolomes of prowd Ammons fonnes,  
That haue disguifd your Kings Embassadors,  
Cut halfe their beards, and halfe their garments off,  
In spight of Israel, and his daughters fonnes, 170  
Ye fight the holy battels of Iehoua,  
King Dauids God, and ours and Iacobs God  
That guides your weapons to their conquering strokes,  
Orders your footsteps, and directs your thoughts  
To stratagemes that harbor victorie:

He casts his sacred eiesight from on high,  
And sees your foes run seeking for their deaths,  
Laughing their labours and their hopes to scorne,  
While twixt your bodies, and their blunted swords,  
He puts on armor of his honors prooffe, 180  
And makes their weapons wound the fencelesse winds.

*Abif.* Before this citie Rabath we will lie,  
And shoot forth shafts as thicke and dangerous  
As was the haile that Moifes mixt with fire,  
And threw with furie round about the fields  
Deuouring Pharoes friends, and Egypts fruits.

*Vrias.* First mighty captaines, Ioab and Abifay,  
Let vs assault and scale this kingly Tower,  
Where all their conduits and their fountaines are,  
Then we may easily take the citie too. 190

*Ioab.* Well hath Vrias counfeld our attempts,  
And as he spake vs, so assault the Tower,  
Let Hanon now the king of Ammons sonne,  
Repulse our conquering passage if he dare.

*Hanon with King Machaas and others, vpon the wals.*

*Hanon.* What would the shepheards dogs of Israel  
Snatch from the mighty issue of King Ammon,  
The valiant Amonites, and haughty Syrians?

## David and Bethsabe.

Tis not your late successefull victories,  
Can make vs yeeld, or quail our courages, 200  
But if ye dare affay to scale this Tower,  
Our angrie swords shall fmitte ye to the ground,  
And venge our losses on your hatefull liues.

*Ioab.* Hanon, thy father Nahas gaue releefe  
To holy Dauid in his haplesse exile,  
Liued his fixed date, and died in peace:  
But thou in steed of reaping his reward,  
Hast trod it vnder foot, and scornd our King,  
Therefore thy daies shall end with violence,  
And to our swords thy vitall bloud shall cleaue. 210

*Mach.* Hence thou that beart poor Israels shepherds hook,  
The prouwd lieutenant of that base borne King,  
And kep within the compasse of his fold,  
For if ye seeke to feed on Ammons fruits,  
And stray into the Syrians fruitfull Medes,  
The maisties of our land, shall werry ye,  
And pull the weefels from your greedy throtes.

*Abis.* Who can indure these Pagans blasphemies,

*Vrias.* My soule repines at this disparagement.

*Ioab.* Assault ye valiant men of Dauids host, 220  
And beat these railing dastards from their dores.

*Assault, and they win the Tower, and Ioab speakes aboue.*  
Thus haue we won the Tower, which we will keepe,  
Maugre the fonnes of Ammon, and of Syria.

*Enter Cusay beneath.*

*Cus.* Where is lord Ioab leader of the host?

*Ioab.* Here is lord Ioab, leader of the host.

Cusay come vp, for we haue won the hold. *He comes.*

*Cusay.* In happie hower then is Cusay come.

*Ioab.* What news then brings lord Cusay from the king. 230

*Cusay.* His maiestie commands thee out of hand  
To send him home Vrias from the wars,  
For matter of some seruice he should doe,

*Vrias,*

*Dauid and Bersahe.*

*Vrias*, Tis for no choler hath surpris'd the King,  
(I hope lord Cufay) gainst his seruants truth.

*Cufay*. No rather to prefer Vrias truth.

*Ioab*. Here take him with thee then, and goe in peace,  
And tell my lord the King that I haue fought  
Against the citie Rabath with successe,  
And skaled where the royall pallace is, 240  
The conduit heads and all their sweetest springs,  
Then let him come in person to these wals,  
With all the fouldiers he can bring besides,  
And take the city as his owne exploit,  
Least I surprise it, and the people giue  
The glory of the conquest to my name.

*Cuf*. We will Lord Ioab, and great Israels God  
Blesse in thy hands the battels of our King.

*Ioab*. Earewell Vrias, haft away the King.

*Vrias*. As sure as Ioab breaths a victor here,  
Vrias will haft him, and his owne returne. *Exeunt.* 250

*Abifa*. Let vs descend, and ope the pallace gate,  
Taking our fouldiors in to keepe the hold.

*Ioab*. Let vs Abifay, and ye sonnes of Iuda,  
Be valiant, and mainteine your victory. *Exeunt.*

*Ammon, Ionadab, Iethray, and Ammons page.*

Sc. iii

*Ionad*. What meanes my lord, the Kings beloued son,  
That weares vpon his right triumphant arme,  
The power of Israel for a royall fauor,  
That holds vpon the Tables of his hands, 260  
Banquets of honor, and all thoughts content  
To suffer pale and grifely abstinence  
To fit and feed vpon his fainting cheekes,  
And sucke away the bloud that cheeres his lookes.

*Ammo*. Ah Ionadab it is my sisters lookes,  
On whose sweet beutie I bestow my bloud,  
That makes me looke so amorously leane,  
Her beutie hauing seafd vpon my heart,

So

## David and Bersabe.

So merrily consecrate to her content,  
Sets now such guard about his vitall blood, 270  
And views the passage with such piercing eyes,  
That none can scape to cheare my pining cheekes,  
But all is thought too little for her loue.

*Iona.* Then from her heart thy lookes shall be releued,  
And thou shalt ioy her as thy foule desires.

*Ammon.* How can it be my sweet friend Ionadab,  
Since Thamar is a virgine and my sifter?

*Iona.* Thus it shall be, lie downe vpon thy bed,  
Faining thee feuer sicke, and ill at ease,  
And when the king shall come to visit thee, 280  
Desire thy sifter Thamar may be sent  
To dresse some deinties for thy maladie:  
Then when thou hast her solely with thy selfe,  
Enforce some fauour to thy manly loue:  
See where she comes, intreat her in with thee.

### *Enter Thamar.*

*Thamar.* What aileth Ammon with such sickly lookes,  
To daunt the fauour of his louely face?

*Am.* Sweet Thamar sick, & with some wholesome cates  
Drest with the cunning of thy daintie hands. 290

*Tham.* That hath the King commanded at my hands  
Then come and rest thee, while I make thee readie  
Some dainties, easefull to thy crased foule.

*Am.* I goe sweet sifter, eased with thy sight.

### *Exeunt. Restet Ionadab.*

*Ion.* Why should a Prince, whose power may command,  
Obey the rebell passions of his loue,  
When they contend but gainst his conscience,  
And may be governd or suppressed by will.  
Now Ammon lose those louing knot s of blood, 300  
That sotte the courage from thy kingly heart,  
And giue it passage to thy withered cheekes:  
Now Thamar ripened are the holy fruits

*Dauid and Bethsabe.*

That grew on plants of thy virginitie,  
And rotten is thy name in Israell,  
Poore Thamar, little did thy louely hands  
Foretell an action of such violence,  
As to contend with Ammons lusty armes,  
Sinnewd with vigor of his kindleffe loue,  
Faire Thamar now dishonour hunts thy foot, 310  
And followes thee through euery couert shade,  
Discouering thy shame and nakednesse  
Euen from the valeyes of Iehosophat,  
Vp to the loftie mounts of Libanon,  
Where Cædars stird with anger of the winds,  
Sounding in stormes the tale of thy disgrace,  
Tremble with furie, and with murmure shake  
Eearth with their feet, and with their heads the heauens,  
Beating the clouds into their swiftest racke,  
'To beare this wonder round about the world. *Exit.* 320

*Ammon thrusting out Thamar.*

*Sc. iij*

*Am.* Hence from my bed, whose sight offends my soule  
As doth the parbreake of disgorged beares.

*Thama.* Vnkind, vnprincely, and vnmanly Ammon,  
To force, and then refuse thy sisters loue:  
Adding vnto the fright of thy offence,  
The banefull torment of my publisht shame,  
O doe not this dishonor to thy loue,  
Nor clog thy soule with such increasing sinne,  
This second euill far exceeds the first. 330

*Am.* Iethray come thrust this woman from my sight,  
And bolt the dore vpon hir if she striue.

*Iethray.* Go madame goe, away, you must be gone,  
My lord hath done with you, I pray depart. *He shuts her out.*

*Tham.* Whether alasse, ah whether shall I flie  
With folded armes, and all amafed soule,  
Cast as was Eua from that glorious soile  
(Where al delights sat bating wingd with thoughts,

Ready

*Dauid and Bethsabe.*

Ready to nestle in her naked breasts)  
To bare and barraine vales with floods made wast, 340  
To desart woods, and hills with lightening scorcht,  
With death, with shame, with hell, with horreur sit,  
There will I wander from my fathers face,  
There Absolon, my brother Absolon,  
Sweet Absolon shall heare his sifter mourne,  
There will I liue with my windie sighs,  
Night Rauens and Owles to rend my bloudie side,  
Which with a rustie weapon I will wound,  
And makee them passage to my panting heart:  
Why talkst thou wretch, and leaust the deed vndone. 350

*Enter Absolon.*

Rend haire and garments as thy heart is rent,  
With inward furie of a thousand greefes,  
And scatter them by these vnhalloved dores,  
To figure Ammons resting crueltie,  
And Tragicke spoile of Thamars chastitie.  
*Abf.* What causeth Thamar to exclaime so much?  
*Tham.* The cause that Thamar shameth to disclose.  
*Abfa.* Say, I thy brother will reuenge that cause.  
*Tham.* Ammon our fathers son hath forced me, 360  
And thrusts me from him as the scorne of Israel.  
*Abf.* Hath Ammon forced thee? by Dauids hand,  
And by the couenant God hath made with him,  
Ammon shall beare his violence to hell,  
Traitor to Heauen, traitor to Dauids throne,  
Traitor to Absolon and Israel.  
This fact hath Iacobs ruler seene from heauen,  
And through a cloud of smoake, and tower of fire  
(As he rides vaunting him vpon the greens)  
Shall teare his chariot wheelles with violent winds, 370  
And throw his body in the bloody sea,  
At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt,  
And his faire spoufe, with bright and fierie wings

## *Dauid and Bersabe.*

Sit euer burning on his hatefull bones,  
My selfe as swift as thunder, or his spoufe,  
Will hunt occasion with a secret hate,  
To worke false Ammon an vngracious end:  
Goe in my sifter, rest thee in my house,  
And God in time shall take this shame from thee.

*Tham.* Nor God nor Time will doe that good for me. 380

*Exit Tham. restat Absolon.*

*Enter Dauid with his traine.*

*Dauid.* My Absolon, what makst thou here alone,  
And beares such discontentment in thy browes?

*Abs.* Great cause hath Absolon to be displeas'd,  
And in his heart to shrowd the wounds of wrath.

*Dauid.* Gainst whom should Absolon be thus displeas'd?

*Abs.* Gainst wicked Ammon thy vngracious sonne,  
My brother and faire Thamars by the King,  
My stepbrother, by mother, and by kind, 390  
He hath dishonour'd Dauids holinessse,  
And fixt a blot of lightnessse on his throne,  
Forcing my sifter Thamar when he faind  
A sickenessse, sprung from root of heinous lust.

*Dauid.* Hath Ammon brought this euill on my house,  
And suffered sinne to smite his fathers bones,  
Smite Dauid deadlier then the voice of heauen,  
And let hates fire be kindled in thy heart,  
Frame in the arches of thy angric browes,  
Making thy forehead like a comet shine, 400  
To force false Ammon tremble at thy lookes,  
Sin with his seuenfold crowne and purple robe,  
Begins his triumphs in my guiltie throne,  
There sits he watching with his hundred eyes,  
Our idle minuts, and our wanton thoughts,  
And with his baits made of our fraile desires,  
Giues vs the hooke that haies our soules to hell:  
But with the spirit of my kingdomes God,



*Dauid and Berfabe.*

Ile thruft the flattering Tyran from his throne,  
And fcouge his bondflaues from my hallowed court 410  
With rods of yron, and thornes of fharpned Steele :  
Then Abfolon reuenge not thou this fin,  
Leaue it to me, and I will chaften him.

*Abf.* I am content, then graunt my lord the king  
Himfelfe with all his other lords would come  
Vp to my sheepe feaft on the plaine of Hazor.

*Da.* Nay my faire fonne, my felfe with all my lords  
Will bring thee too much charge, yet fome fhall goe.

*Abf.* But let my lord the king himfelfe take paines,  
The time of yeare is pleafant for your grace, 420  
And gladfome Summer in her fhadie robes,  
Crowned with Rofes and with planted flowers,  
With all her nimphs fhall enterteine my lord,  
That from the thicket of my verdant groues,  
Will fprinckle hony dewes about his brest,  
And caft fweet balme vpon his kingly head,  
Then grant thy feruants boone, and goe my lord.

*Dau.* Let it content my sweet fonne Abfolon,  
That I may ftay and take my other lords.

*Abf.* But fhall thy beft beloued Ammon goe? 430

*Dau.* What needeth it that Ammon goe with thee.

*Abf.* Yet doe thy fonne and feruant fo much grace.

*Dau.* Ammon fhall goe, and all my other lords,  
Becaufe I will giue grace to Abfolon.

*Enter Cufay, and Vrias, with others.*

*Cufay.* Pleafeth my lord the king, his feruant Ioab  
Hath fent Vrias from the Syrian wars.

*Dau.* Welcome Vrias from the Syrian wars,  
Welcome to Dauid as his deereft lord.

*Vrias.* Thankes be to Ifraels God, and Dauids grace, 440  
Vrias finds fuch greeting with the king.

*Dau.* No other greeting fhall Vrias find,  
As long as Dauids fwaies the elected feat,

*David and Bethsabe.*

And consecrated throne of Israel.  
Tell me Vrias of my seruant Ioab,  
Fights he with truth the battels of our God,  
And for the honor of the Lords annointed?

*Vrias.* Thy seruant Ioab fights the chofen wars  
With truth, with honour, and with high successe,  
And gainst the wicked King of Ammons sonnes, 450  
Hath by the finger of our fouereines God,  
Besieg'd the citie Rabath, and atchieu'd  
The court of waters, where the conduits run,  
And all the Ammonites delightfome springs:  
Therefore he wisbeth Dauids mightinesse  
Should number out the host of Israel,  
And come in person to the citie Rabath,  
That so her conquest may be made the kings,  
Aud Ioab fight as his inferior.

*Dauid.* This hath not God, and Ioabs prowesse done, 460  
Without Vrias valours, I am sure,  
Who since his true conuerfion from a Hethite,  
To an adopted sonne of Israel,  
Hath fought like one whose armes were lift by heauen,  
And whose bright sword was edgd with Israels wrath:  
Goe therefore home Vrias, take thy rest,  
Vifit thy wife and household with the ioies  
A victor and a faourite of the Kings  
Should exercife with honor after armes.

*Vrias.* Thy seruants bones are yet not halfe so cras'de, 470  
Nor constitute on such a sickly mould,  
That for so little seruice he should faint,  
And seeke (as cowards) refuge of his home:  
Nor are his thoughts so sensually stird,  
To stay the armes with which the lord would smite  
And fill their circle with his conquered foes,  
For wanton bosome of a flattering wife.

*Da.* Vrias hath a beauteous sober wife,  
Yet yong, and framd of tempting flesh and bloud,

Then

*Dauid and Bethsabe.*

Then when the King hath summond thee from armes, 480  
If thou vnkindly shouldst refraine her bed,  
Sinne might be laid vpon Vrias foule,  
If Bethsabe by frailtie hurt her fame:  
Then goe Vrias, solace in her loue,  
Whom God hath knit to thee, tremble to lose.

*Vrias.* The King is much too tender of my ease,  
The arke, and Ifrael, and Iuda dwell  
In pallaces, and rich pauillions,  
But Ioab and his brother in the fields, 490  
Suffering the wrath of Winter and the Sun:  
And shall Vrias (of more shame then they)  
Banquet and loiter, in the worke of heauen?  
As sure as thy foule doth liue my lord,  
Mine eares shall neuer leane to such delight,  
When holy labour cals me forth to fight.

*Dauid.* Then be it with Vrias manly heart,  
As best his fame may shine in Ifrael.

*Vrias.* Thus shall Vrias heart be best content,  
Till thou dismissè me backe to Ioabs bands,  
This ground before the king my masters dores, *He lies downe.* 500  
Shall be my couch, and this vnwearied arme,  
The proper pillow of a fouldiours head,  
For neuer will I lodge within my house,  
Till Ioab triumph in my secret vowes.

*Dauid.* Then fetch some flagons of our purest Wine,  
That we may welcome home our hardie friend,  
With full carouses to his fortunes past,  
And to the honours of his future armes,  
Then will I send him backe to Rabath siege,  
And follow with the strength of Ifrael. 510

*Enter one with the flagons of Wine.*

Arise Vrias, come and pledge the King. *He riseth.*

*Vrias.* If Dauid thinke me worthy such a grace,

## David and Bersabe.

I will be bold, and pledge my lord the king.

*Dau.* Abfolon and Cufay both shall drinke  
To good Vrias, and his happineffe.

*Abf.* We will my lord to please Vrias soule.

*Dau.* I will begin Vrias to thy selfe,  
And all the treasure of the Ammonites,  
Which here I promise to impart to thee,  
And bind that promise with a full carous.

520

*Vrias.* What seemeth pleasant in my fouereines eyes,  
That shall Vrias doe till he be dead

*Dau.* Fill him the cup, follow ye lords that loue  
Your fouereines health, and doe as he hath done.

*Abf.* Ill may he thriue or liue in Ifrael,  
That loues not Dauid, or denies his charge. (uing friend.  
Vrias, Here is to Abifais health, lord Ioabs brother, & thy lo-

*Vrias.* I pledge lord Abfolon and Abifais health. *He drinks.*

*Cuf.* Here now Vrias, to the health of Ioab,  
And to the pleasant iourny we shall haue,  
When we returne to mightie Rabath siege.

530

*Vrias.* Cufay I pledge thee all, with all my heart,  
Giue me some drinke ye seruants of the king,  
Giue me my drinke. *He drinks.*

*Da.* Well done my good Vrias, drinke thy fill,  
That in thy fulnesse Dauid may reioice.

*Vrias.* I will my lord.

*Abf.* Now lord Vrias, one caroufe to me.

*Vrias.* No fir, Ile drinke to the King,  
Your father is a better man then you.

540

*Dau.* Doe so Vrias, I will pledge thee straight.

*Vrias.* I will indeed my lord and fouereine,  
I once in my daies be so bold.

*Dauid.* Fill him his glasse.

*Vrias.* Fill me my glasse. *He giues him the glasse.*

*Dau.* Quickly I fay. *Vrias.* Quickly I fay.

*Vrias.* Here my lord, by your fauour now I drinke to you.

*Dau.* I pledge thee good Vrias presently. *He drinks.*

*Abf.*

## David and Bersabe.

*Abf.* Here then *Vrias*, once againe for me, 550  
And to the health of *Dauids* children.

*Vrias.* *Dauids* children ?

*Abf.* I *Dauids* children, wilt thou pledge me man ?

*Vrias.* Pledge me man.

*Abf.* Pledge me I say, or else thou louest vs not.

*Vrias.* What doe you talke, doe you talke ?

Ile no more, Ile lie downe here.

*David.* Rather *Vrias* goe thou home and sleepe.

*Vrias.* O ho fir, would you make me break my sentence.  
*He lies downe.* 560

Home fir, no indeed fir ? Ile sleepe vpon mine arme,  
Like a souldiour, sleepe like a man as long as I liue in *Israel*.

*David.* If nought will serue to saue his wiues renowne,  
Ile send him with a letter vnto *Ioab*  
To put him in the forefront of the wars,  
That so my purposes may take effect.

Helpe him in firs. *Exit David and Absolon.*

*Cusay.* Come rise *Vrias*, get thee in and sleepe.

*Vrias.* I will not goe home fir, thats flat.

*Cusay.* Then come and rest thee vpon *Dauids* bed. 570

*Vrias.* On afore my lords, on afore. *Exeunt.*

### *Chorus.*

*Chor. I*

O proud reuolt of a presumptious man,  
Laying his bridle in the necke of sin,  
Ready to beare him past his graue to hell,  
Like as the fatall *Rauen*, that in his voice  
Carries the dreadfull summons of our deaths,  
Flies by the faire *Arabian* spiceries,  
Her pleasant gardens, and delightfome parkes,  
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclames, 580  
And yet doth stoope with hungrie violence  
Vpon a peece of hatefull carrion :  
So wretched man, displeas'd with those delights,  
Would yeeld a quickning fauor to his Soule,

D

Pursues

## *Dauid and Bet hſabe.*

Purſues with eagre and vnſtanch'd thirſt,  
The greedie longings of his lothſome fleſh,  
If holy Dauid ſo ſhoke hands with ſinne,  
What ſhall our baſer ſpirits glorie in.  
This kingly giuing luſt her raigne,  
Purſues the ſequell with a greater ill. 590  
Vrias in the forefront of the wars,  
Is murdered by the hateful Heathens ſword,  
And Dauid ioies his too deere Bethſabe,  
Suppoſe this paſt, and that the child is borne,  
Whoſe death the Prophet ſolemnly doth mourne.

*Enter Bethſabe with her handmaid.*

Sc. v

*Beth.* Mourne Bethſabe, bewaile thy fooliſhneſſe,  
Thy ſinne, thy ſhame, the ſorrow of thy foule,  
Sinne, ſhame, and ſorrow ſwarme about thy foule,  
And in the gates and entrance of my heart, 600  
Sadneſſe with wreathed armes hangs her complaint.  
No comfort from the ten ſtring'd instrument,  
The twinckling Cymball, or the Yuorie Lute,  
Nor doth the ſound of Dauids kingly Harpe,  
Make glad the broken heart of Berſabe.  
Ieruſalem is ſild with thy complaint,  
And in the ſtreets of Syon ſits thy greefe.  
The babe is ficke, ficke to the death I feare,  
The fruit that ſprung from thee to Dauids houſe,  
Nor may the pot of Honny and of Oyle, 610  
Glad Dauid or his handmaids countenance.  
Vrias, woe is me to thinke hereon,  
For who is it among the ſonnes of men,  
That ſayth not to my foule, the King hath ſind,  
Dauid hath done amiſſe, and Berſabe  
Laid ſnares of death vnto Vrias life.  
My ſweet Vrias, falne into the pit  
Art thou, and gone euen to the gates of hell,

For

## *Dauid and Bethsabe.*

For Berfabe, that wouldst not throwd her shame.  
O what is it to serue the lust of Kings, 620  
How Lyonlike thy rage when we resist,  
But Berfabe in humbleness attend,  
The grace that God will to his handmaid fend. *Exit Beth.*

*Dauid in his gowne walking sadly. To him Nathan.* Sc. vi  
The babe is sicke, and sad is Dauids heart,  
To see the guiltlesse beare the guilties paine.  
Dauid hang vp thy Harpe, hang downe thy head,  
And dash thy yuorie Lute against the stones.  
The dew that on the hill of Hermon fals,  
Raines not on Syons tops, and loftie towers, 630  
And Dauids thoughts are spent in pensiueness,  
The plaines of Gath and Askaron reioice.  
The babe is sicke, sweet babe, that Berfabe  
With womans paine brought forth to Israel. *Enter Nathan.*  
But what saith Nathan to his lord the king?

*Nathan to Dauid.*

*Nathan.* Thus Nathan saith vnto his Lord the King:  
There were two men both dwellers in one towne,  
The one was mighty and exceeding rich  
In Oxen, sheepe and cattell of the field, 640  
The other poore hauing nor Oxe, nor Calfe,  
Nor other cattell, saue one little Lambe,  
Which he had bought and nourisht by the hand,  
And it grew vp, and fed with him and his,  
And eat and dranke as he and his were wont,  
And in his bosome slept, and was to liue  
As was his daughter or his deereft child.  
There came a stranger to this wealthy man,  
And he refus'd and spar'd to take his owne,  
Or of his store to dresse or make him meat, 650  
But tooke the poore mans sheepe, partly poore mans store,  
And drest it for this strangar in his house:  
What (tell me) shall be done to him for this?

D ij

*Da.*

## David and Berſabe.

*Dau.* Now as the lord doth liue, this wicked man  
Is iudgd, and ſhall become the child of death,  
Foure fold to the poore man ſhall he reſtore,  
That without mercy tooke his lambe away.

*Nath.* Thou art the man, and thou haſt iudgd thy ſelfe,  
Dauid, thus ſayth the Lord thy God by me:

I thee annointed King in Iſrael, 660

And ſau'd thee from the tyranny of Saul,

Thy maiſters houſe I gaue thee to poſſeſſe,

His Wiues into thy boſome did I giue,

And Iuda and Ieruſalem withall,

And might (thou knoweſt) if this had ben too ſmall,

Haue giuen thee more.

Wherefore then haſt thou gone ſo far aſtray,

And haſt done euill, and finned in my fight?

Vrias thou haſt killed with the ſword,

Yea with the ſword of the vncircumciſed 670

Thou haſt him ſlaine, wherefore from this day forth,

The ſword ſhall neuer goe from thee and thine:

For thou haſt tane this Hethites wife to thee,

Wherefore behold, I wil (ſaith Iacobs God)

In thine owne houſe ſtir euill vp to thee,

Yea I before thy face will take thy Wiues,

And giue them to thy neighbour to poſſeſſe:

This ſhall be done to Dauid in the day,

That Iſrael openly may ſee thy ſhame.

*Dauid.* Nathan, I haue againſt the Lord, I haue 680

Sinned, O finned greuouſly, and loe

From heauens throne doth Dauid throw himſelfe,

And grone and grouell to the gates of hell. *He falls downe.*

*Nath.* Dauid ſtand vp, Thus ſaith the Lord by me,

Dauid the King ſhall liue, for he hath ſeene

The true repentant forrow of thy heart,

But for thou haſt in this miſdeed of thine

Stird vp the enemies of Iſrael

To triumph and blaſpheme the God of hoſts,

And



## David and Bersabe.

And say, He set a wicked man to reigne, 690  
Ouer his loued people and his Tribes :  
The child shall surely die, that erst was borne,  
His mothers sin, his kingly fathers scorne.

*Exit Nathan.*

*Da.* How iust is Iacobs God in all his workes !  
But must it die that Dauid loueth so ?  
O that the mighty one of Israel  
Nill change his dome, and sayes the babe must die,  
Mourne Israel and weepe in Syon gates,  
Wither ye Cedar trees of Libanon, 700  
Ye sprouting Almons with your flowring tops,  
Droope, drowne, and drench in Hebrons fearefull streames,  
The babe must die that was to Dauid borne,  
His mothers sin his kingly fathers scorne.

*Dauid sits sadly.*

*Enter Cufay to Dauid and his traine.*

*Seruus.* What tidings bringeth Cufay to the King ?

*Cufay.* To thee the seruant of King Dauids court,  
This bringeth Cufay, as the Prophet spake,  
The Lord hath surely striken to the death, 710  
The child new borne by that Vrias wife,  
That by the sonnes of Ammon erst was flaine.

*Seruus.* Cufay be still, the King is vexed fore,  
How shal he speed that brings this tidings first,  
When while the child was yet aliue, we spake,  
And Dauids heart would not be comforted ?

*Da.* Yea Dauids heart will not be comforted,  
What murmure ye the seruants of the King,  
What tidings telleth Cufay to the King ?  
Say Cufay, liues the child, or is he dead ? 720

*Cufay.* The child is dead, that of Vrias wife, Dauid begat.

*Da.* Vrias wife saiest thou ?  
The child is dead, then ceaseth Dauids shame,  
Fetch me to eat, and giue me Wine to drinke,

D iij

Water

## David and Bethsabe.

Water to wash, and Oyle to cleere my lookes,  
Bring downe your Shalmes, your Cymbals, and your Pipes,  
Let Dauids Harpe and Lute, his hand and voice,  
Giue laud to him that loueth Ifrael,  
And sing his praise, that shendeth Dauids fame,  
That put away his sinne from out his fight, 730  
And sent his shame into the streets of Gath,  
Bring ye to me the mother of the babe,  
That I may wipe the teares from off her face,  
And giue her comfort with this hand of mine,  
And decke faire Bersabe with ornaments,  
That she may beare to me another sonne,  
That may be loued of the Lord of hostes:  
For where he is, of force must Dauid goe,  
But neuer may he come where Dauid is.

*They bring in water, wine, and oyle, Musike, and a banquet.* 740

Faire Bersabe, sit thou, and figh no more,  
And sing and play you seruants of the King,  
Now sleepeth Dauids sorrow with the dead,  
And Bersabe liueth to Ifrael.

*They vse all solemnities together, and sing, &c.*

*Dauid.* Now armes, and warlike engins for assault,  
Prepare at once ye men of Ifrael,  
Ye men of Iuda and Ierusalem,  
That Rabba may be taken by the King,  
Least it be called after Ioabs name, 750  
Nor Dauids glory shine in Syon streets,  
To Rabba marcheth Dauid with his men  
To chastise Ammon and the wicked ones. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Absolon with two or three.*

*Sc. vii*

*Abf.* Set vp your mules, and giue them well to eat,  
And let vs meet our brothers at the feast,  
Accursed is the maister of this feast,

Dishonour

## *Dauid and Bethsabe.*

Dishonour of the house of Israel,  
His sisters slander, and his mothers shame.  
Shame be his share that could such ill contriue, 760  
To rauish Thamar, and without a pause  
To driue her shamefully from out his house,  
But may his wickednesse find iust reward.  
Therefore doth Absolon conspire with you,  
That Ammon die what time he sits to eat,  
For in the holy Temple haue I sworne  
Wreake of his villany in Thamars rape.  
And here he comes, bespeake him gently all,  
Whose death is deeply graued in my heart.

*Enter Ammon with Adonia and Ionadab, to Absolon  
and his companie.* 770

*Am.* Our shearers are not far from hence I wot,  
And Ammon, to you all his brethren  
Giue such welcome as our fathers erst  
Were wonr in Iuda and Ierusalem,  
But specially Lord Absolon to thee,  
The honour of thy house and progenie.  
Sit downe and dine with me King Dauids sonne,  
Thou faire young man, whose haire shine in mine eye  
Like golden wyers of Dauids yuorie Lute. 780

*Abf.* Ammon, where be thy shearers and thy men,  
That we may powre in plenty of thy vines,  
And eat thy goats milke, and reioice with thee.

*Am.* Here commeth Ammons shearers and his men,  
Absolon sit and reioice with me.

*Here enter a company of sheepebeards, and  
daunce and sing.*

*Am.* Drinke Absolon in praise of Israel,  
Welcome to Ammons fields from Dauids court.

*Abf.* Die with thy draught perish and die accurst, 790  
Dishonour

## Dauid and Berfabe.

Disfhonour to the honour of vs all,  
Die for the villany to Thamar done,  
Vnworthy thou to be Kings Dauids fonne. *Exit Abfa.*

*Ionad.* O what hath Abfolon for Thamar done,  
Murthred his brother, great king Dauids fonne.

*Adon.* Run Ionadab away, and make it knowne,  
What cruelty this Abfolon hath showne.  
Ammon, thy brother Adonia fhall  
Bury thy body among the dead mens bones,  
And we will make complaint to Ifrael  
Of Ammons death, and pride of Abfolon. *Exeunt omnes.*

800

*Enter Dauid with Ioab, Abyffus, Cufay, with drum and  
enfigne againft Rabba.* *Sc. viii*

This is the towne of the vncircumcifed,  
The citie of the kingdome, this is it,  
Rabba where wicked Hannon fitteth king:  
Dispoile this King, this Hannon of his crowne,  
Vnpeople Rabba, and the ftreets thereof,  
For in their bloud and slaughter of the flaine,  
Lyeth the honor of King Dauids line.

810

Ioab, Abyfhai, and the reft of you,  
Fight ye this day for great Ierufalem.

*Ioab.* And fee where Hannon showes him on the wals,  
Why then do we forbear to giue affault,  
That Ifrael may as it is promifed,  
Subdue the daughters of the Gentils Tribes,  
All this muft be performd by Dauids hand.

*Da.* Harke to me Hannon, and remember well,  
As fure as he doth liue that kept my hoft,  
What time our young men by the poole of Gibeon,  
Went forth againft the ftrength of Isbofeth,  
And twelue to twelue did with their weapons play,  
So fure art thou, and thy men of war  
To feele the fword of Ifrael this day,

820

Because

*Dauid and Bersabe.*

Because thou hast defied Jacobs God,  
And suffered Rabba with the Philistime  
To raile vpon the tribe of Beniamin.

*Hannon.* Harke man, as sure as Saul thy maister fell,  
And gor'd his sides vpon the mountaine tops  
And Ionathan, Abinadab, and Melchifua  
Watred the dales and deepes of Askaron  
With bloody streames that from Gilboa ran  
In channels through the wildernesse of Ziph,  
What time the sword of the vncircumsed  
Was drunken with the blood of Israel:  
So sure shall Dauid perish with his men,  
Vnder the wals of Rabba, Hannons towne.

830

*Toab.* Hannon, the God of Israel hath said,  
Dauid the King shall weare that crowne of thine,  
That weighs a Talent of the finest gold,  
And triumph in the spoile of Hannons towne,  
When Israel shall hale thy people hence,  
And turne them to the tile-kill, man and child,  
And put them vnder harrowes made of yron,  
And hew their bones with axes, and their lims  
With yron swords deuide and teare in twaine.  
Hannon, this shall be done to thee and thine,  
Because thou hast defied Israel.

840

To armes, to armes, that Rabba feele reuenge,  
And Hannons towne become king Dauids spoile.

850

*Alarum, excursions, assault, Exeunt omnes. Then the trumpets, and Sc. ix*  
*Dauid with Hannons crowne.*

*Dau.* Now clattering armes, and wrathfull storms of war,  
Haue thundred ouer Rabbaes raced towers,  
The wreakefull ire of great Iehouaes arme,  
That for his people made the gates to rend,  
And clothed the Cherubins in fierie coats,  
To fight against the wicked Hannons towne,

E

Pay

## *Dauid and Bethsabe.*

Pay thanks ye men of Iuda to the King,  
The God of Syon and Ierufalem, 860  
That hath exalted Israell to this,  
And crowned Dauid with this diademe.

*Ioab.* Beauteous and bright is he among the Tribes,  
As when the funne attir'd in glift'ring robe,  
Comes dauncing from his orientall gate,  
And bridegroome-like hurles through the gloomy aire  
His radiant beames, such doth King Dauid shew,  
Crownd with the honour of his enemies towne,  
Shining in riches like the firmament,  
The starrie vault that ouerhangs the earth, 870  
So looketh Dauid King of Israell.

*Abyshai.* Ioab, why doth not Dauid mount his throne,  
Whom heauen hath beautified with Hannons crowne,  
Sound Trumpets, Shalmes, and Instruments of praise  
To Iacobs God for Dauids victory.

*Enter Ionadab.*

*Ionadab.* Why doth the King of Israell reioice,  
Why sitteth Dauid crownd with Rabbaes rule,  
Behold there hath great heauineffe befallne 880  
In Ammons fields by Abfolons misdeed,  
And Ammons shearers, and their feast of mirth  
Abfalon hath ouerturned with his sword,  
Nor liueth any of King Dauids sonnes,  
To bring this bitter tidings to the King.

*Dauid.* Ay me, how soone are Dauids triumphs dasht,  
How suddenly declineth Dauids pride,  
As doth the daylight settle in the west,  
So dim is Dauids glory, and his gite.  
Die Dauid, for to thee is left no seed,  
That may reuiue thy name in Israell. 890

*Iona.* In Israell is left of Dauids seed.

*Enter Adonia with other sonnes.*

Comfort your lord, you seruants of the King,

Behold

*Dauid and Bethsabe.*

Behold thy fonnnes returne in mourning weeds,  
And only Ammon, Abfalon hath flaine.

*Da.* Welcome my fonnnes, deeret to me you are  
Then is this golden crowne, or Hannons spoile.  
O tell me then, tell me my fonnnes I fay,  
How commeth it to passe, that Abfolon  
Hath flaine his brother Ammon with the sword? 900

*Ado.* Thy fonnnes O King went vp to Ammons fields  
To feast with him, and eat his bread and oyle,  
And Abfalon vpon his mule doth come,  
And to his men he sayth, When Ammons heart  
Is merry and secure, then strike him dead,  
Because he forced Thamar shamefully,  
And hated her, and threw her forth his dores:  
And this did he, and they with him conspire,  
And kill thy sonne in wreake of Thamars wrong.

*Dauid.* How long shall Iuda and Ierusalem 910  
Complaine and water Syon with their teares?  
How long shall Israel lament in vaine,  
And not a man among the mighty ones  
Will heare the sorrowes of King Dauids heart?  
Ammon thy life was pleasing to thy Lord,  
As to mine eares the Musike of my Lute,  
Or songs that Dauid tuneth to his Harpe,  
And Abfalon hath tane from me away  
The gladnesse of my sad distressed soule. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Manet Dauid, Enter widdow of Thecoa.* 920

*Widdow.* God faue King Dauid, King of Israel,  
And blesse the gates of Syon for his sake.

*Dau.* Woman, why mournest thou, rise from the earth,  
Tell me what sorrow hath befallne thy soule.

*Widdow.* Thy seruants soule O King is troubled fore,  
And greenous is the anguish of her heart,  
And from Thecoa doth thy handmaid come.

*Dauid.* Tell me, and fay, thou woman of Thecoa,

*Dauid and Bersabe.*

What aileth thee, or what is come to passe.

*Widdow.* Thy seruant is a widdow in Thecoa,  
Two sonnes thy handmaid had, and they (my lord)  
Fought in the field, where no man went betwixt,  
And so the one did smite and slay the other.  
And loe behold the kindred doth arise,  
And crie on him that smote his brother,  
That he therefore may be the child of death,  
For we will follow and destroy the heire.  
So will they quench that sparkle that is left,  
And leaue nor name, nor issue on the earth,  
To me, or to thy handmaids husband dead.

930

*Dauid.* Woman returne, goe home vnto thy house,  
I will take order that thy sonne be safe,  
If any man say otherwise then well,  
Bring him to me, and I shall chastise him:  
For as the Lord doth liue, shall not a haire  
Shed from thy sonne, or fall vpon the earth.  
Woman to God alone belongs reuenge,  
Shall then the kindred slay him for his sinne?

940

*Widdow.* Well hath King Dauid to his handmaid spoke,  
But wherefore then hast thou determined  
So hard a part against the righteous Tribes  
To follow and pursue the banished,  
When as to God alone, belongs reuenge.  
Assuredly thou saist against thy selfe,  
Therefore call home againe the banished,  
Call home the banished, that he may liue,  
And raise to thee some fruit in Israel.

950

*Da.* Thou woman of Thecoa answere me,  
Answere me one thing I shall aske of thee,  
Is not the hand of Ioab in this worke?  
Tell me is not his finger in this fact?

960

*Wid.* It is my lord, his hand is in this worke,  
Assure thee, Ioab captaine of thy host,  
Hath put these words into thy handmaids mouth,

And



## *Dauid and Bersabe.*

And thou art as an angel from on high,  
To vnderstand the meaning of my heart,  
Lo where he commeth to his lord the King.

*Enter Ioab.*

*Dauid.* Say Ioab, didst thou send this woman in  
To put this parable for Absalon.

970

*Ioab.* Ioab my lord did bid this woman speake,  
And she hath said, and thou hast vnderstood.

*Dauid.* I haue and am content to do the thing,  
Goe fetch my sonne, that he may liue with me.

*Ioab kneeles.*

*Ioab.* Now God be blessed for King Dauids life,  
Thy seruant Ioab hath found grace with thee,  
In that thou sparest Absolon thy child,  
A beautifull and faire young man is he,  
In all his bodie is no blemish seene,  
His haire is like the wyer of Dauids Harpe,  
That twines about his bright and yuoric necke :  
In Ifrael is not such a goodly man,  
And here I bring him to entreat for grace.

980

*Enter Absolon with Ioab.*

*Dauid.* Haft thou slaine in the fields of Hazor  
Ah Absalon my sonne, ah my sonne Absolon,  
But wherefore doe I vexe thy spirit so,  
Liue and returne from Gefur to thy house,  
Returne from Gefur to Ierusalem,  
What boots it to be bitter to thy soule,  
Ammon is dead, and Absolon furuiues.

990

*Abf.* Father I haue offended Ifrael,  
I haue offended Dauid and his house,  
For Thamars wrong hath Absolon misdone,  
But Dauids heart is free from sharpe reuenge,  
And Ioab hath got grace for Absalon.

E iij

*Dauid.*

## *Dauid and Bethfabe.*

*Dauid.* Depart with me you men of Ifrael,  
You that haue followed Rabba with the fword,  
And ranfacke Ammons richeft treafuries,  
Liue Abfalon my fonne, liue once in peace,  
Peace with thee, and with Ierufalem.

1000

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Manet Abfolon.*

*Abf.* Dauid is gone, and Abfolon remains,  
Flowring in pleafant fpring time of his youth,  
Why liueth Abfalon, and is not honoured  
Of Tribes and Elders, and the mightieft ones,  
That round about his Temples he may weare  
Garlands and wreaths fet on with reuerence,  
That euery one that hath a caufe to plead,  
Might come to Abfolon, and call for right?  
Then in the gates of Syon would I fit,  
And publifh lawes in great Ierufalem,  
And not a man fhould liue in all the land,  
But Abfolon would doe him reasons due,  
Therefore I fhall adreffè me as I may,  
To loue the men and Tribes of Ifrael.

1010

*Exit.*

*Enter Dauid, Ithay, Sadoc, Ahimaas, Ionathan, with others, Sc. x*  
*Dauid barefoot, with fome lofe couering ouer his*  
*head, and all mourning.*

1022

*Dau.* Proud luft the bloudieft traitor to our foules,  
Whofe greedie throte, nor earth, aire, fea, or heauen,  
Can glut or fatisfie with any ftore,  
Thou art the caufe thefe torments fucke my bloud,  
Piercing with venome of thy poyfoned eies,  
The ftrength and marrow of my tainted bones:  
To punifh Pharoh, and his curfed hoft,  
The waters fhinke at great Adonaies voice,

1030

And

*David and Bethsabe.*

And fandie bottome of the sea appeard,  
Offering his seruice at his seruants feet,  
And to inflict a plague on Dauids sinne,  
He makes his bowels traitors to his breast,  
Winding about his heart with mortall gripes.  
Ah Absalon the wrath of heauen inflames  
Thy scorched bosome with ambitious heat,  
And Sathan sets thee on a lustie tower,  
Shewing thy thoughts the pride of Israel  
Of choice to cast thee on her ruthlesse stones,  
Weepe with me then ye sonnes of Israel.

1040

*He lies downe, and all the rest after him.*

Lie downe with Dauid, and with Dauid mourne,  
Before the holy one that sees our hearts,  
Season this heauie soile with showers of teares,  
And fill the face of euery flower with dew,  
Weepe Israel, for Dauids soule dissolues,  
Lading the fountaines of his drowned eyes,  
And powres her substance on the fencelesse earth.

*Sadoc.* Weepe Israel, O weepe for Dauids soule,  
Strewing the ground with haire and garments torne,  
For tragicke witnesse of your heartie woes.

1050

*Abimaas.* O would our eyes were conduits to our hearts,  
And that our hearts were seas of liquid bloud,  
To powre in streames vpon this holy Mount,  
For witnesse we would die for Dauids woes.

*Iona.* Then should this mount of Oliues seeme a plaine;  
Drownd with a sea, that with our sighs should rore,  
And in the murmure of his mounting waues,  
Report our bleeding forrowes to the heauens,  
For witnesse we would die for Dauids woes.

1060

*Ith.* Earth cannot weepe ynough for Dauids woes,  
Then weepe you heauens, and all you clouds dissolue,  
That pittious stars may see our miseries,  
And drop their golden teares vpon the ground,  
For witnesse how they weepe for Dauids woes.

*Sadoc.*

## David and Berſabe.

*Sadoc.* Now let my ſoueraigne raiſe his proſtrate bones,  
And mourne not as a faithleſſe man would doe,  
But be affurd, that Iacobs righteous God,  
That promiſt neuer to forſake your throne,  
Will ſtill be juſt and pure in his voweſ.

1070

*Da.* Sadoc high prieſt, preferuer of the arke,  
Whoſe ſacred vertue keeps the choſen crowne,  
I know my God is ſpotleſſe in his voweſ,  
And that theſe haireſ ſhall greet my graue in peace:  
But that my ſonne ſhould wrong his tendred ſoule,  
And fight againſt his fathers happineſſe,  
Turnes all my hopeſ into deſpaire of him,  
And that deſpaire, feeds all my veineſ with greefe.

*Ithay.* Thinke of it Dauid, as a fatall plague,  
Which greefe preferueth, but preuenteth not,  
And turne thy drooping eyeſ vpon the troupeſ  
That of affection to thy worthineſſe,  
Doe ſwarme about the perſon of the King,  
Cheriſh their valourſ, and their zealous loueſ,  
With pleaſant lookes, and ſweet encouragementſ.

1080

*Da.* Me thinkeſ the voice of Ithay filſ mine eareſ.

*Ith.* Let not the voice of Ithay loth thine eareſ,  
Whoſe heart would baulme thy boſome with hiſ tearſ.

*Dauid.* But wherefore goeſt thou to the warſ with vs,  
Thou art a ſtranger here in Iſrael,  
And ſonne to Achis mightie king of Gath,  
Therefore returne, and with thy father ſtay,  
Thou caſt but yeſterday, and ſhould I now  
Let thee partake theſe troubleſ here with vs?  
Keepe both thy ſelſe, and all thy ſouldiorſ ſafe,  
Let me abide the hazardſ of theſe armeſ,  
And God requite the friendſhip thou haſt ſhewd.

1090

*Ith.* As ſure as Iſraels God giueſ Dauid life,  
What place or perill ſhall containe the King,  
The ſame will Ithay ſhare in life and death.

1100

*Da.* Then gentle Ithay be thou ſtill with vs,

A

*Dauid and Bersabe.*

A ioy to Dauid, and a grace to Israel.  
Goe Sadoc now, and beare the arke of God  
Into the great Ierusalem againe,  
If I find fauour in his gracious eyes,  
Then will he lay his hand vpon my heart  
Yet once againe before I visit death,  
Giuing it strength and vertue to mine eies,  
To tast the comforts, and behold the forme  
Of his faire arke, and holy tabernacle,  
But if he say my wonted loue is worne,  
And I haue no delight in Dauid now,  
Here lie I armed with an humble heart,  
T'imbrace the paines that anger shall impose,  
And kisse the sword my lord shall kill me with,  
Then Sadoc take Ahimaas thy sonne,  
With Ionathan sonne to Abiathar,  
And in these fields will I repose my selfe,  
Till they returne from you some certaine newes.

1110

1120

*Sadoc.* Thy seruants will with ioy obey the King,  
And hope to cheere his heart with happy newes.

*Exit Sadoc, Ahimaas, and Ionathan.*

*Ith.* Now that it be no greefe vnto the King,  
Let me for good enforme his maiestie,  
That with vnkind and gracelesse Abfalon,  
Achitophel your auncient counsellor,  
Directs the state of this rebellion.

*Dauid.* Then doth it aime with danger at my crowne,  
O thou that holdst his raging bloody bound,  
Within the circle of the siluer moone,  
That girds earths center with his watrie scarfe,  
Limit the counsell of Achitophel,  
No bounds extending to my soules distresse,  
But turne his wisdome into foolishnesse.

1130

*Enter Cusay with his coat turnd, and head couered.*  
*Cusay.* Happinesse and honour to my lord the King.

F

*Da.*

*Dauid and Bethsabe.*

*Dauid.* What happineffe or honor may betide  
His state that toiles in my extremities?

*Cuf.* O let my gracious foueraigne ceafe these greefes, 1140  
Vnleffe he with his feruant Cufayes death,  
Whofe life depends vpon my lords releefe,  
Then let my prefence with my fighs, perfume  
The pleafant clofet of my foueraignes foule.

*Da.* No Cufay no, thy prefence vnto me,  
Will be a burthen fince I tender thee,  
And cannot breake thy fighs for Dauids fake:  
But if thou turne to faire Ierufalem,  
And fay to Abfalon, as thou haft been 1150  
A trusty friend vnto his fathers feat,  
So thou wilt be to him, and call him King,  
Achitophels counfell may be brought to naught.  
Then hauing Sadoc and Abiathar,  
All three may learne the fecrets of my fonne,  
Sending the meffage by Ahimaas,  
And friendly Ionathan, who both are there,  
Then rife, referring the fucceffe to heauen.

*Da.* Cufay I rife, though with vnweldie bones,  
I carrie armes againft my Abfalon. *Exeunt.*

*Abfalon, Amafa, Achitophel, with the concubines of Dauid, and Sc. xi  
others in great state, Abfalon crowned.*

*Abf.* Now you that were my fathers concubines, 1162  
Liquor to his inchaft and luftfull fire,  
Haue feene his honour shaken in his houfe,  
Which I poffeffe in fight of all the world.  
I bring ye forth for foiles to my renoune,  
And to eclipse the glorie of your King,  
Whofe life is with his honour faft inclofd  
Within the entrailes of a Ieatie cloud,  
Whofe diffolution fhall powre downe in showers 1170  
The fubftance of his life and fwelling pride:

Then

## David and Bethsabe.

Then shall the stars light earth with rich aspects,  
And heauen shall burne in loue with Abfalon,  
Whose beautie will suffice to chaste all mists,  
And cloth the suns spheare with a triple fire,  
Sooner then his cleare eyes should suffer staine,  
Or be offended with a lowring day.

*Concub.* Thy fathers honour, gracelesse Abfalon,  
And ours thus beaten with thy violent armes,  
Will crie for vengeance to the host of heauen,  
Whose power is euer armed against the prowde,  
And will dart plagues at thy aspiring head,  
For doing this disgrace to Dauids throne.

1180

2. To Dauids throne, to Dauids holy throne,  
Whose scepter angels guard with swords of fire,  
And sit as Eagles on his conquering fist,  
Ready to prey vpon his enemies,  
Then thinke not thou the captaine of his foes,  
Wert thou much swifter then Azahell was,  
That could out-pace the nimble footed Roe,  
To scape the furie of their thumping beakes,  
Or dreadfull scope of their commanding wings.

1190

*Achip.* Let not my lord the King of Israel  
Be angrie with a fillie womans threats,  
But with the pleasure he hath erst enioied,  
Turne them into their cabinets againe,  
Till Dauids conquest be their ouerthrow.

*Abf.* Into your bowers ye daughters of Disdaine,  
Gotten by furie of vnbridled lust,  
And wash your couches with your mourning teares,  
For greefe that Dauids kingdome is decaied.

1200

1. No Abfalon, his kingdome is enchaind  
Fast to the finger of great Iacobs God,  
Which will not lose it for a rebels loue. *Exeunt.*

*Amasa.* If I might giue aduise vnto the King,  
These concubines should buy their taunts with bloud.

*Abf.* Amasa no, but let thy martiall sword

## David and Berſabe.

Empty the paines of Davids armed men,  
And let theſe fooliſh women ſcape our hands  
To recompence the ſhame they haue ſuſtaind.  
Firſt Abſolon was by the Trumpets found  
Proclaimd through Hebron King of Iſrael,  
And now is ſet in faire Ieruſalem  
With complete ſtate, and glorie of a crowne.  
Fiftie faire footmen by my chariot run,  
And to the aire whoſe rupture rings my fame,  
Where ere I ride they offer reuerence.  
Why ſhould not Abſolon, that in his face  
Carries the finall purpoſe of his God,  
That is, to worke him grace in Iſrael,  
Endeuour to atchieue with all his ſtrength,  
The ſtate that moſt may ſatiſfie his ioy,  
Keeping his ſtatutes and his couenants pure,  
His thunder is intangled in my haire,  
And with my beautie is his lightning quencht,  
I am the man he made to glorie in,  
When by the errors of my fathers finne,  
He loſt the path that led into the land,  
Wherewith our choſen anceſtors were bleſt.

1210

1220

### *Enter Cuſay.*

1230

*Cuſ.* Long may the beautious King of Iſrael liue,  
To whom the people doe by thouſands ſwarme.

*Abſ.* What meaneth Cuſay ſo to greet his foe,  
Is this the loue thou ſhewdſt to Davids ſoule,  
To whoſe aſſiſtance thou haſt vowed thy life,  
Why leaueſt thou him in this extremitic.

*Cuſ.* Becauſe the Lord and Iſrael chuſeth thee,  
And as before I ſerud thy fathers turne,  
With counſell acceptable in his fight,  
So likewise will I now obey his ſonne.

1240

*Abſ.* Then welcome Cuſay to king Abſalon,  
And now my lords and louing counſellors,  
I thinke it time to exerciſe our armes

Againſt



## David and Bersabe.

Against forsaken David and his host,  
Giue counsell first my good Achitophel,  
What times and orders we may best obserue,  
For prosperous manage of these high exploits.

*Achi.* Let me chuse out twelue thousand valiant men,  
And (while the night hides with her fable mists  
The close endeuors cunning souldiers vse) 1250  
I will assault thy discontented fire,  
And while with weakenesse of their wearie armes,  
Surchargd with toile to shun thy suddaine power,  
The people flie in huge disorderd troupes  
To saue their liues, and leaue the King alone,  
Then will I smite him with his latest wound,  
And bring the people to thy feet in peace.

*Abf.* Well hath Achitophel giuen his aduise,  
Yet let vs heare what Cusay counsels vs,  
Whose great experience is well worth the eare. 1260

*Cus.* Though wise Achitophel be much more meet  
To purchase hearing with my lord the King,  
For all his former counsels, then my ielse,  
Yet not offending Absolon or him,  
This time it is not good, nor worth pursute:  
For well thou knowest thy fathers men are strong,  
Chafing as shee beares robbed of their whelpes.  
Besides the King himselfe a valiant man,  
Traind vp in feats and stratagems of warre,  
And will not for preuention of the worst 1270  
Lodge with the common souldiers in the field:  
But now I know his wonted policies  
Haue taught him lurke within some secreet caue,  
Guarded with all his stoutest souldiers,  
Which if the forefront of his battell faint,  
Will yet giue out that Absalon doth flie,  
And so thy souldiers be discouraged.  
David himselfe withall, whose angry heart  
Is as a Lyons, letted of his walke,

## David and Bethsabe.

Will fight himselfe, and all his men to one,  
Before a few shall vanquish him by feare.  
My counsell therefore, is with Trumpets found  
To gather men from Dan to Bersabe,  
That they may march in number like sea sands,  
That nestle close in anothers necke:  
So shall we come vpon him in our strength,  
Like to the dew that falls in showers from heauen,  
And leaue him not a man to march withall.  
Besides if any citie succour him,

1280

The numbers of our men shall fetch vs ropes,  
And we will pull it downe the riuers streame,  
That not a stone be left to keepe vs out.

1290

*Abf.* What saies my lord to Cusaies counsell now?

*Ama.* I fancie Cusaies counsell better farre  
Then that is giuen vs from Achitophel,  
And so I thinke doth euery souldier here.

*All.* Cusaies counsell is better then Achitophels.

*Abf.* Then march we after Cusaies counsell all,  
Sound trumpets through the bounds of Israel,  
And muster all the men will serue the King,  
That Absalon may glut his longing soule  
With sole fruition of his fathers crowne. *Exeunt.*

1300

*Acb.* Ill shall they fare that follow thy attempts,  
That skornes the counsell of Achitophel.

*Restat Cusay.*

*Cusay.* Thus hath the power of Iacobs ialous God  
Fulfil'd his seruant Dauids drifts by me,  
And brought Achitophels aduise to scorne.

*Enter Sadoc, Abiathar, Abimaas, and Ionathan.*

*Sadoc.* God saue lord Cusay, and direct his zeale  
To purchase Dauids conquest gainst his sonne.

1310

*Abia.* What secrets hast thou gleande from Absalon.

*Cusay.* These sacred priests that beare the arke of God,  
Achitophel aduisd him in the night

To

*David and Bethsabe.*

To let him chuse twelue thousand fighting men,  
And he would come on Dauid at vnwares,  
While he was wearie with his violent toile :  
But I aduifd to get a greater host,  
And gather men from Dan to Bersabe,  
To come vpon him strongly in the fields.  
Then fend Ahimaas and Ionathan  
To signifie these secrets to the King,  
And will him not to stay this night abroad,  
But get him ouer Iordane presently,  
Least he and all his people kisse the sword.

1320

*Sadoc.* Then goe Ahimaas and Ionathan,  
And straight conuey this message to the King.

*Abim.* Father we will, if Absalons cheefe spies  
Preuent not this deuise, and stay vs here.

*Exeunt.*

*Semei solus.*

Sc. xii

*Semei.* The man of Israel, that hath rul'd as King,  
Or rather as the Tyrant of the land,  
Bolstering his hatefull head vpon the throne,  
That God vnworthily hath blest him with,  
Shall now I hope, lay it as low as hell,  
And be depos'd from his detested chaire.  
O that my bosome could by nature beare,  
A sea of poyson to be powr'd vpon  
His curst head that sacred baulme hath grac'd,  
And consecrated King of Israel :  
Or would my breath were made the smoke of hell,  
Infected with the sighs of damned soules,  
Or with the reeking of that serpents gorge,  
That feeds on adders, toads, and venomous roots,  
That as I opened my reuenging lips  
To curse the sheepeheard for his Tyrannie,  
My words might cast rancke poyson to his pores,  
And make his swolne and ranckling finewes cracke,  
Like to the combat blowes that breake the clouds,  
When Ioues stout champions fight with fire,

1332

1340

1350

See

## *Dauid and Bersabe.*

See where he commeth, that my foule abhors.  
I haue prepar'd my pocket full of stones  
To cast at him, mingled with earth and dust,  
Which bursting with disdain, I greet him with.

*Dauid, Ioab, Abyshai, Ithay, with others.*

*Semei.* Come forth thou murderer and wicked man,  
The Lord hath brought vpon thy curf'd head  
The guiltlesse blood of Saule and all his finnes,  
Whose royall throne thy basenesse hath vsurpt,  
And to reuenge it deeply on thy soule, 1360  
The Lord hath giuen the kingdome to thy sonne,  
And he shall wreake the traitrous wrongs of Saule,  
Euen as thy sinne hath still importund heauen,  
So shall thy murthers and adulterie  
Be punisht in the fight of Israel,  
As thou deseru'st with blood, with death, and hell.

*Hence murderer, hence, he threw at him.*

*Abis.* Why doth his dead dog curse my lord the King,  
Let me alone to take away his head.

*Da.* Why medleth thus the son of Zerua 1370  
To interrupt the action of our God?  
Semei vseth me with this reproch,  
Because the Lord hath sent him to reprove  
The finnes of Dauid, printed in his browes,  
With blood that blusseth for his conscience guilt,  
Who dares then aske him why he curseth me?

*Semei.* If then thy conscience tell thee thou hast find,  
And that thy life is odious to the world,  
Command thy followers to shun thy face,  
And by thy selfe here make away thy soule, 1380  
That I may stand and glorie in thy shame.

*Da.* I am not desperate Semei like thy selfe,  
But trust vnto the couenant of my God,  
Founded on mercie with repentance built,  
And finish't with the glorie of my soule.

*Semei.*

## David and Berſabe.

*Semei.* A murtherer, and hope for mercie in thy end  
Hate and destruction fit vpon thy browes  
To watch the iſſue of thy damned ghofit,  
Which with thy lateſt gaſpe theile take and teare,  
Hurling in euery paine of hell a peecc.  
Hence murtherer, thou ſhame to Iſrael,  
Foule letcher, drunkard, plague to heauen and earth.

1390

*He throwes at him.*

*Ioab.* What is it pietie in Dauids thoughts,  
So to abhorre from lawes of pollicie  
In this extremitie of his diſtreſſe,  
To giue his ſubiects cauſe of careleſneſſe,  
Send hence the dog with ſorrow to his graue.

*Dauid.* Why ſhould the ſons of Zerua ſeeke to checke  
His ſpirit which the Lord hath thus inſpir'd:  
Behold my ſonne which iſſued from my fleſh,  
With equall furie ſeekes to take my life.  
How much more then the ſonne of Iemini,  
Cheefely ſince he doth nought but Gods command,  
It may be he will looke on me this day  
With gracious eyes, and for his curſing bleſſe,  
The heart of Dauid in his bitterneſſe.

1400

*Semei.* What doeſt thou fret my ſoule with ſufferance?  
O that the ſoules of Iſboſeth and Abner,  
Which thou ſentſt ſwimming to their graues in bloud,  
With wounds freſh bleeding, gaſping for reuenge,  
Were here to execute my burning hate:  
But I will hunt thy foot with curſes ſtill,  
Hence Monſter, Murtherer, Mirror of Contempt.

1410

*He throwes duſt againe.*

*Enter Ahimaas and Ionathan.*

*Abim.* Long life to Dauid, to his enemies death.

*Da.* Welcome Ahimaas and Ionathan,  
What newes ſends Cuſay to thy lord the King.

*Abim.* Cuſay would wiſh my lord the King,

1420

G

To

## *Dauid and Bethsabe.*

To passe the riuer Iordane presently,  
Least he and all his people perish here.  
For wife Achitophel hath counfel'd Absalon  
To take aduantage of your wearie armes,  
And come this night vpon you in the fields.  
But yet the Lord hath made his counsell skorne,  
And Cufaies pollicie with praise preferd,  
Which was to number euery Israelite,  
And so assault you in their pride of strength.

*Ionat.* Abiathar besides intreats the King  
To send his men of warre against his sonne,  
And hazard not his person in the field.

1430

*Dauid.* Thankes to Abiathar, and to you both,  
And to my Cufay, whom the Lord requite,  
But tenne times treble thankes to his soft hand,  
Whose pleasant touch hath made my heart to dance,  
And play him praises in my zealous breast,  
That turnd the counsell of Achitophel  
After the praiers of his seruants lips.  
Now will we passe the riuer all this night,  
And in the morning found the voice of warre,  
The voice of bloudie and vnkindly warre.

1440

*Ioab.* Then tell vs how thou wilt deuide thy men,  
And who shall haue the speciall charge herein.

*Dau.* Ioab, thy selfe shall for thy charge conduct,  
The first third part of all my valiant men,  
The second shall Abifaies valour lead,  
The third faire Ithay, which I most should grace,  
For comfort he hath done to Dauids woes,  
And I my selfe will follow in the midst.

1450

*Ith.* That let not Dauid, for though we should flie,  
Tenne thousand of vs were not halfe so much  
Esteemd with Dauids enemies, as himselfe,  
Thy people louing thee, denie thee this.

*Da.* What seemes them best, then that will Dauid doe,  
But now my lords and captaines heare his voice

That

*Dauid and Bethsabe.*

That neuer yet pierst pittious heauen in vaine,  
Then let it not slip lightly through your eares,  
For my sake spare the young man Absalon.  
Ioab thy selfe didst once vse friendly words  
To reconcile my heart incenst to him,  
If then thy loue be to thy kinsman found,  
And thou wilt proue a perfit Israelite,  
Friend him with deeds, and touch no haire of him,  
Not that fair haire with which the wanton winds  
Delight to play, and loues to make it curle,  
Wherein the Nightingales would build their nests,  
And make sweet bowers in euery golden tresse,  
To sing their louer euery night asleepe.  
O spoile not Ioab, Ioues faire ornaments,  
Which he hath sent to solace Dauids soule.  
The best ye see (my lords) are swift to sinne,  
To sinne our feet are washt with milke of Roes,  
And dried againe with coales of lightening.  
O Lord thou feest the prowdest finnes, poore slaue,  
And with his bridle, pulst him to the graue,  
For my sake then spare louely Absalon.

1460

1470

*Itb.* Wee will my lord for thy sake fauour him.

*Exeunt.*

*Achitophel solus with a halter.*

*Achi.* Now hath Achitophel orderd his house,  
And taken leaue of euery pleasure there,  
Hereon depends Achitophels delights,  
And in this circle must his life be closde.  
The wife Achitophel, whose counsell prou'd  
Euer as found for fortunate successe,  
As if men askt the Oracle of God,  
Is now vsde like the foole of Israel,  
Then set thy angrie soule vpon her wings,  
And let her flie into the shade of death,  
And for my death, let heauen for euer weepe,

*Sc. xiii*

1482

1490

G ij

Making

*Dauid and Bersabe.*

Making huge fouds vpon the land I leaue,  
To rauish them, and all their fairest fruits.  
Let all the sighs I breath'd for this disgrace,  
Hang on my hedges like eternall mists,  
As monrning garments for their maisters death.  
Ope earth, and take thy miserable sonne  
Into the bowels of thy curfed wombe,  
Once in a surfet thou diddest spue him forth,  
Now for fell hunger sucke him in againe,  
And be his bodie poyson to thy vaines,  
And now thou hellish instrument of heauen,  
Once execute th'arrest of Ioues iust doome,  
And stop his breast that curseth Israel.

1500

*Exit.*

*Absalon, Amasa, with all his traine.*

*Sc. xii*

*Abf.* Now for the crowne and throne of Israel,  
To be confirmd with vertue of my sword,  
And writ with Dauids blood vpon the blade,  
Now Ioue let forth the golden firmament,  
And looke on him with all thy fierie eyes,  
Which thou hast made to giue their glories light,  
To shew thou louest the vertue of thy hand,  
Let fall a wreath of starres vpon my head,  
Whose influence may gouerne Israel,  
With state exceeding all her other Kings.  
Fight lords and captaines, that your soueraignes face  
May shine in honour brighter then the sunne,  
And with the vertue of my beautious raies,  
Make this faire land as fruitfull as the fields,  
That with sweet milke and hony ouerflow'd.  
God in the whiffing of a pleasant wind,  
Shall march vpon the tops of Mulberie trees,  
To coole all breasts that burne with any greefes,  
As whylome he was good to Moyfes men.  
By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,  
To guide your footsteps to the fields of ioy,

1510

1520

And



*Dauid and Bersabe.*

And in the night a piller bright as fire  
Shall goe before you like a second funne,  
Wherein the effence of his godhead is,  
That day and night you may be brought to peace, 1530  
And neuer swarue from that delightsome path,  
That leads your soules to perfect happinesse.  
This shall he doe for ioy when I am King :  
Then fight braue captaines that these ioies may flie  
Into your bosomes with sweet victorie. *Exeunt.*

*The battell, and Abfalon hangs by the haire.* Sc. xv

What angrie angel fitting in these shades,  
Hath laid his cruell hands vpon my haire,  
And holds my body thus twixt heauen and earth ?  
Hath Abfalon no souldier neere his hand, 1540  
That may vntwine me this vnpleasant curle,  
Or wound this tree that rauisheth his lord ?  
O God behold the glorie of thy hand,  
And choifest fruit of Natures workemanship,  
Hang like a rotten branch vpon this tree,  
Fit for the axe, and ready for the fire.  
Since thou withholdst all ordinarie helpe  
To lose my bodie from this bond of death,  
O let my beautie fill these fencelesse plants,  
With fence and power to lose me from this plague, 1550  
And worke some wonder to preuent his death,  
Whose life thou madst a speciall miracle.

*Ioab with another souldier.*

*Sould.* My lord I saw the young prince Abfalon  
Hang by the haire vpon a shadie oke,  
And could by no meanes get himselfe vnlosde,

*Ioab.* Why flewst thou not the wicked Abfalon,  
That rebell to his father and to heauen,  
That so I might haue giuen thee for thy paines

*Dauid and Bethsabe.*

Tenne filuer fickles, and a golden wast.

1560

*Sould.* Not for a thousand fickles would I slay  
The sonne of Dauid, whom his father chargd,  
Nor thou Abifay, nor the sonne of Gath,  
Should touch with stroke of deadly violence.  
The charge was giuen in hearing of vs all,  
And had I done it, then I know thy selfe,  
Before thou wouldst abide the Kings rebuke,  
Wouldst haue accus'd me as a man of death.

*Ioab.* I must not now stand trifling here with thee.

*Abf.* Helpe Ioab, helpe, O helpe thy Abfalon,  
Let not thy angrie thoughts be laid in bloud,  
In bloud of him, that sometimes nourisht thee,  
And softned thy sweet heart with friendly loue,  
O giue me once againe my fathers sight,  
My deereft father, and my princely soueraigne,  
That shedding teares of bloud before his face,  
The ground may witnesse, and the heauens record,  
My last submission sound and full of ruth.

1570

*Ioab.* Rebell to nature, hate to heauen and earth,  
Shall I giue helpe to him, that thirsts the soule  
Of his deere father, and my soueraigne lord?  
Now see the Lord hath tangled in a tree  
The health and glorie of thy stubborne heart,  
And made thy pride curbd with a fencelesse plant,  
Now Abfalon how doth the Lord regard  
The beautie wherevpon thy hope was built,  
And which thou thoughtst his grace did glorie in?  
Findst thou not now with feare of instant death,  
That God affects not any painted shape,  
Or goodly personage, when the vertuous soule  
Is stuf with naught but pride and stubbornnesse?  
But preach I to thee, while I should reuenge  
Thy curfed sinne that staineth Ifrael,  
And makes her fields blush with her childrens bloud?  
Take that as part of thy deserued plague,

1580

1590

Which

## David and Bethsabe.

Which worthily no torment can inflict.

*Abf.* O Ioab, Ioab, cruell ruthlesse Ioab,  
Herewith thou woundst thy Kingly soueraignes heart,  
Whose heauenly temper hates his childrens bloud,  
And will be sicke I know for Abfalon.

1600

O my deere father, that thy melting eyes  
Might pierce this thicket to behold thy sonne,  
Thy deereft sonne gor'de with a mortall dart:  
Yet Ioab pittie me, pittie my father, Ioab,  
Pittie his foules distresse that mournes my life,  
And will be dead I know to heare my death.

*Ioab.* If he were so remorsefull of thy state,  
Why sent he me against thee with the sword?  
All Ioab meanes to pleasure thee withall,  
Is to dispatch thee quickly of thy paine,  
Hold Abfalon, Ioabs pittie is in this,  
In this prowde Abfalon is Ioabs loue.

1610

*He goes out.*

*Abf.* Such loue, such pittie Israels God send thee,  
And for his loue to David pittie me,  
Ah my deere father, see thy bowels bleed,  
See death assault thy deereft Abfalon,  
See, pittie, pardon, pray for Abfalon.

*Enter five or sixe souldiors.*

See where the rebell in his glorie hangs,  
Where is the vertue of thy beautie Abfalon,  
Will any of vs here now feare thy lookes?  
Or be in loue with that thy golden haire,  
Wherein was wrapt rebellion gainst thy fire,  
And cords prepar'd to stop thy fathers breath?  
Our captaine Ioab hath begun to vs,  
And heres an end to thee, and all thy finnes.  
Come let vs take the beauteous rebell downe,  
And in some ditch amidst this darkefome wood,  
Burie his bulke beneath a heape of stones,  
Whose stonie heart did hunt his fathers death.

1620

1630

*Enter*

## David and Bersabe.

*Enter in triumph with drum and ensigne, Ioab, Abyshai,  
and souldiers to Abfalon.*

*Ioab.* Well done tall souldiers take the Traitor downe,  
And in this myerie ditch interre his bones,  
Covering his hatefull breast with heapes of stones,  
This shadie thicket of darke Ephrami  
Shall euer lower on his curfed graue.  
Night Rauens and Owles shall ring his fatall knell,  
And fit exclaiming on his damned foule, 1640  
There shall they heape their preyes of Carrion,  
Till all his graue be clad with stinking bones,  
That it may loth the fence of euery man,  
So shall his end breed horror to his name,  
And to his traitrous fact eternall flame. *Exit.*

*s. Chorus.*

Oh dreadfull president of his iust doome,  
Whose holy heart is neuer toucht with ruth  
Of fickle beautie, or of glorious shapes,  
Bur with the vertue of an vpriight foule, 1650  
Humble and zealous in his inward thoughts,  
Though in his person loathsome and deform'd.  
Now since this storie lends vs other store,  
To make a third discourse of Dauids life,  
Adding thereto his most renowned death,  
And all their deaths, that at his death he iudgd,  
Here end we this, and what here wants to please,  
We will supplie with treble willingesse.

*Abfalon with three or foure of his seruants or gentlemen.*

*misplaced  
fragment*

*Abf.* What boots it Abfalon, vnhappy Abfalon,  
Sighing I fay what boots it Abfalon,  
To haue disclof'd a farre more worthy wombe

1660

Then

## David and Bethsabe.

*Trumpets sound, enter Ioab, Abimaas, Cusay,  
Amasa, with all the rest.*

Sc. xvi

*Ioab.* Souldiers of Israel, and ye sonnes of Iuda,  
That haue contended in these irkefome broiles,  
And ript old Israels bowels with your swords:  
The godlesse generall of your stubborne armes  
Is brought by Israels helper to the graue:

1670

A graue of shame, and skorne of all the Tribes,  
Now then to saue your honours from the dust,  
And keepe your blouds in temper by your bones,  
Let Ioabs enigne shroud your manly heads,  
Direct your eies, your weapons, and your hearts  
To guard the life of Dauid from his foes.

Error hath maskt your much too forward minds,  
And you haue find against the chofen state,  
Against his life, for whom your liues are blest,  
And followed an vsurper to the field,

1680

In whose iust death your deaths are threatened,  
But Ioab pitties your disordered foules,  
And therefore offers pardon, peace, and loue,  
To all that will be friendly reconcil'de  
To Israels weale, to Dauid, and to heauen.

*Amasa,* thou art leader of the host,  
That vnder Abfalon haue raisde their armes:  
Then be a captaine wise and polliticke,  
Carefull and louing for thy souldiers liues,  
And lead them to this honourable league.

1690

*Amasa.* I will, at least Ile doe my best,  
And for the gracious offer thou hast made,  
I giue thee thankses as much as for my head.  
Then you deceiu'd poore foules of Israel,  
Since now ye see the errors you incurd,  
With thankses and due submission be appeasde,  
And as ye see your captaines president

H

Here

## Dauid and Bersabe.

Here cast we then our swords at Ioaes feet,  
Submitting with all zeale and reuerence  
Our goods and bodies to his gracious hands.

*All stand vp.*

1700

*Ioab.* Stand vp and take ye all your swords againe,  
Dauid and Ioab shall be blest herein.

*Abim.* Now let me go enforme my lord the King,  
How God hath freed him from his enemies.

*Ioab.* Another time Ahimaas, not now,  
But Cusay goe thy selfe, and tell the King  
The happie message of our good successe.

*Cus.* I will my lord, and thanke thee for thy grace.

*Exit Cusay.*

*Abim.* What if thy seruant should goe to my lord?

1710

*Ioab.* What newes hast thou to bring since he is gone?

*Abim.* Yet doe Ahimaas so much content,  
That he may run about so sweet a charge. *Exit.*

*Ioab.* Run if thou wilt, and peace be with thy steps:  
Now follow, that you may salute the King  
With humble hearts and reconciled soules.

*Ama.* We follow Ioab to our gracious King,  
And him our swords shall honour to our deaths.

*Exeunt.*

*Dauid, Bethsabe, Salomon, Nathan, Adonia, Chileab,  
with their traine.*

Sc. xviii

*Beth.* What meanes my lord, the lampe of Israel,  
From whose bright eyes all eyes receiue their light,  
To dim the glory of his sweet aspects,  
And paint his countenance with his hearts distresse?  
Why should his thoughts retaine a sad conceit,  
When euery pleasure kneeles before his throne,  
And fues for sweet acceptance with his grace,  
Take but your Lute, and make the mountaines dance,  
Retriue the sunnes sphere, and refraine the clouds,

1722

1730

Giue

*Dauid and Bersabe.*

Giue eares to trees, make sauage Lyons tame,  
Impose still silence to the loudest winds,  
And fill the fairest day with foulest stormes,  
Then why should passions of much meaner power,  
Beare head against the heart of Israel.

*Da.* Faire Bersabe, thou mightst increase the strength,  
Of these thy arguments, drawne from my skill,  
By vrging thy sweet sight to my conceits,  
Whose vertue euer seru'd for sacred baulme  
To cheere my pinings past all earthly ioies,  
But Bethsabe, the daughter of the highest,  
Whose beautie builds the towers of Israel,  
Shee that in chaines of pearle and vnicorne,  
Leads at her traine the ancient golden world,  
The world that Adam held in Paradise,  
Whose breath refineth all infectious aires,  
And makes the meddowes smile at her repaire.  
Shee, Shee, my dearest Bethsabe,  
Faire peace, the goddesse of our graces here,  
Is fled the streets of faire Ierusalem,  
The fields of Israel, and the heart of Dauid,  
Leading my comforts in her golden chaines,  
Linckt to the life and soule of Absalon.

1740

1750

*Beth.* Then is the pleasure of my soueraignes heart,  
So wrapt within the bosome of that sonne,  
That Salomon, whom Israels God affects,  
And gaue the name vnto him for his loue,  
Should be no salue to comfort Dauids soule?

*Dau.* Salomon (my loue) is Dauids lord,  
Our God hath nam'd him lord of Israel:  
In him (for that, and since he is thy sonne)  
Must Dauid needs be pleased at the heart,  
And he shall surely sit vpon my throne:  
But Absalon the beautie of my bones,  
Faire Absalon the counterfeit of loue,  
Sweet Absalon, the image of content,

1760

H ij

Must

*Dauid and Bethfabe.*

Must claime a portion in his fathers care,  
And be in life and death King Dauids sonne.

*Nat.* Yet as my lord hath said, let Salomon raigne,  
Whom God in naming, hath annointed King. 1770  
Now is he apt to learne th'eternall lawes,  
Whose knowledge being rooted in his youth,  
Will beautifie his age with glorious fruits,  
While Abfalon incenst with gracelesse pride,  
Vsurpes and stains the kingdom with his sinne,  
Let Salomon be made thy staffe of age,  
Faire Israels rest, and honour of thy race.

*Da.* Tell me my Salomon, wilt thou imbrace  
Thy fathers precepts graued in thy heart,  
And satisfie my zeale to thy renowne, 1780  
With practise of such sacred principles  
As shall concerne the state of Israel?

*Sal.* My royall father, if the heauenly zeale  
Which for my welfare feeds vpon your soule,  
Were not sustaind with vertue of mine owne,  
If the sweet accents of your cheerefull voice  
Should not each hower beat vpon mine eares  
As sweetly as the breath of heauen to him  
That gaspeth scorched with the Summers funne,  
I should be guiltie of vnpardoned sinne, 1790  
Fearing the plague of heauen, and shame of earth:  
But since I vow my selfe to learne the skill  
And holy secrets of his mightie hand  
Whose cunning tunes the musicke of my soule,  
It would content me (father) first to learne  
How th'eternall fram'd the firmament,  
Which bodies lead their influence by fire?  
And which are filld with hoarie Winters yfe?  
What signe is raignie, and what starre is faire?  
Why by the rules of true proportion 1800  
The yeare is still diuided into months,  
The months to daies, the daies to certaine howers?

What



*David and Bethsabe.*

What fruitfull race shall fill the future world?  
Or for what time shall this round building stand?  
What Magistrates, what Kings shall keepe in awe  
Mens minds with bridles of th'eternall law?

*Da.* Wade not too farre my boy in waues too deepe,  
The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts  
Behold things present, and record things past:  
But things to come, exceed our humane reach, 1810  
And are not painted yet in angels eyes:  
For those, submit thy fence, and say, Thou power  
That now art framing of the future world,  
Knowest all to come, not by the course of heauen,  
By fraile coniectures of inferiour signes,  
By monstrous fouds, by flights and flockes of birds,  
By bowels of a sacrificed beast,  
Or by the figures of some hidden art:  
But by a true and naturall preface,  
Laying the ground and perfect architect 1820  
Of all our actions now before thine eyes,  
From Adam to the end of Adams feed.  
O heauen protect my weakenesse with thy strength,  
So looke on me that I may view thy face,  
And see these secrets written in thy browes.  
O sun come dart thy raies vpon my moone,  
That now mine eyes eclipsed to the earth,  
May brightly be refin'd and shine to heauen.  
Transforme me from this flesh, that I may liue  
Before my death, regenerate with thee. 1830  
O thou great God, rauish my earthly sprite,  
That for the time a more then humane skill  
May feed the Organons of all my fence,  
That when I thinke, thy thoughts may be my guide,  
And when I speake, I may be made by choice  
The perfect eccho of thy heauenly voice.  
Thus say my sonne, and thou shalt learne them all.

*Salo.* A secret fury rauisheth my soule,

*David and Bersabe.*

Lifting my mind aboue her humane bounds,  
And as the Eagle roused from her stand,  
With violent hunger (towing in the aire)  
Seafeth her feathered prey, and thinkes to feed,  
But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,  
Lets fall the foule, and is emboldened  
With eies intentiue to bedare the sun,  
And stieth close vnto his stately sphere:  
So Salomon mounted on the burning wings  
Of zeale deuine, lets fall his mortall food,  
And cheeres his fences with celestially aire,  
Treads in the golden starrie Labyrinth,  
And holds his eyes fixt on Iehouaes browes,  
Good father teach me further what to doe.

1840

1850

*Nath.* See David how his haughtie spirit mounts  
Euen now of heighth to wield a diademe,  
Then make him promise, that he may succeed,  
And rest old Israels bones from broiles of warre.

*David.* Nathan thou Prophet, sprung from Iesses root,  
I promise thee, and louely Bethsabe,  
My Salomon shall gouerne after me.

*Beth.* He that hath toucht thee with this righteous thought  
Preferue the harbour of thy thoughts in peace. 1860

*Enter Mess.*

*Mess.* My lord, thy seruants of the watch haue seene  
One running hitherward from forth the warres.

*David.* If hee bee come alone, he bringeth newes.

*Mess.* Another hath thy seruant seene my lord,  
Whose running much resembles Sadocs sonne.

*Da.* He is a good man, and good tidings brings.

*Enter Ahimaas.*

*Abim.* Peace and content be with my lord the King,  
Whom Israels God hath blest with victory. 1870

*Da.* Tell me Ahimaas, liues my Absalon?

*Abim.* I saw a troupe of souldiours gathered,  
But know not what the tumult might import.

*David.*

## David and Bersabe.

*Dau.* Stand by, vntill some other may informe  
The heart of Dauid with a happie truth.

*Enter Cusay.*

*Cusay.* Happineffe and honour liue with Dauids foule,  
Whom God hath blest with conquest of his foes.

*Dauid.* But Cusay liues the yong man Absalon?

1880

*Cus.* The stubborne enemies to Dauids peace,  
And all that cast their darts against his crowne,  
Fare euer like the young man Absalon,  
For as he rid the woods of Ephraim  
(Which fought for thee as much as all thy men)  
His haire was tangled in a shade oake,  
And hanging there (by Ioab and his men)  
Sustained the stroke of well deserued death.

*Dauid.* Hath Absalon sustained the stroke of death?

Die Dauid for the death of Absalon,  
And make these cursed newes the bloody darts,  
That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast.  
Hence Dauid, walke the solitarie woods,  
And in some Cedars shade (the thunder flew,  
And fire from heauen hath made his branches blacke)  
Sit mourning the decease of Absalon,  
Against the body of that blasted plant  
In thousand shiuers breake thy yuorie Lute,  
Hanging thy stringlesse harpe vpon his boughs,  
And through the hollow saplesse sounding truncke,  
Bellow the torments that perplexe thy foule.  
There let the winds sit fighting till they burst,  
Let tempest muffled with a cloud of pitch,  
Threaten the Forrests with her hellish face,  
And (mounted fiercely on her yron wings)  
Rend vp the wretched engine by the roots  
That held my dearest Absalon to death.  
Then let them tossè my broken Lute to heauen,  
Euen to his hands that beats me with the strings,  
To shew how sadly his poore sheepeheard sings.

1890

1900

1910

*He*

## David and Bethsabe.

*He goes to his pauillion, and sits close a while.*

*Beth.* Die Bethsabe to see thy Dauid mourne,  
To heare his tunes of anguish and of hell,  
O helpe my Dauid, helpe thy Bethsabe,

*She kneeles downe.*

Whose heart is pierced with thy breathie fwords,  
And burfts with burthen of tenne thousand greefes.  
Now fits thy sorrowes sucking of my bloud,  
O that it might be poison to their powers,  
And that their lips might draw my bosome drie,  
So Dauids loue might ease him, though she die.

1920

*Nat.* These violent passions come not from aboue,  
Dauid and Bethsabe offend the highest,  
To mourne in this immeasurable fort.

*Dau.* O Absalon, Absalon, O my sonne, my sonne,  
Would God that I had died for Absalon:  
But he is dead, ah dead, Absalon is dead,  
And Dauid liues to die for Absalon.

*He lookes forth, and at the end sits close againe.*

*Enter Ioab, Abisay, Itbay, with their traine.*

1930

*Ioab.* Why lies the Queene so prostrate on the ground?  
Why is this companie so Tragicke hew'd?  
Why is the King now absent from his men?  
And marcheth not in triumph through the gates?

*He unfolds the pauillion.*

Dauid awake, if sleepe haue shut thine eies,  
Sleepe of affection, that thou canst not see  
The honour offerd to the victors head,  
Ioab brings conquest pierced on his speare,  
And ioy from all the Tribes of Israel.

1940

*Dauid.* Thou man of bloud, thou sepulchre of death,  
Whose marble breast intombe my bowels quicke,  
Did I not charge thee, nay intreat thy hand,  
Euen for my sake to spare my Absalon?  
And hast thou now in spight of Dauids health,

And

## *Dauid and Berfabe.*

And skorne to doe my heart some happineffe,  
Giuen him the sword, and spilt his purple soule ?

*Toab.* What ? irkes it Dauid, that he victor breaths,  
That Iuda and the fields of Israel,  
Should cleane their faces from their childrens blood ?  
What art thou wearie of thy royall rule ?

Is Israels throne a Serpent in thine eyes,  
And he that set thee there, so farre from thanks,  
That thou must curse his seruant for his sake ?

Hast thou not said, that as the morning light,  
The cloudlesse morning, so should be thine house,  
And not as flowers by the brightest raine,  
Which growes vp quickly, and as quickly fades ?

Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thornes,  
That cannot be preserued with the hand,  
And that the man shall touch them, must be armd  
With coats of yron, and garments made of steele,  
Or with the shaft of a defenced speare ?

And art thou angrie he is now cut off,  
That lead the guiltlesse swarming to their deaths,  
And was more wicked then an host of men ?

Aduance thee from thy melancholy denne,  
And decke thy bodie with thy blisfull robes,  
Or by the Lord that swaies the heauen, I sweare,  
Ile lead thine armies to another King,

Shall cheere them for their princely chiuallrie,  
And not sit daunted, frowning in the darke,  
When his faire lookes, with Oyle and Wine refreshd,  
Should dart into their bosomes gladfome beames,  
And fill their stomackes with triumphant feasts,  
That when elswhere sterne warre shall found his trumpe,  
And call another battaile to the field,  
Fame still may bring thy valiant souldiers home,  
And for their seruice happily confesse

She wanted worthy trumpes to found their prowesse,  
Take thou this course and liue, refuse, and die.

## David and Berſabe.

*Abiſay.* Come brother, let him ſit there till he ſincke,  
Some other ſhall aduance the name of Ioab.

*Offers to goe out.*

*Beth.* O ſtay my lords, ſtay, David mournes no more,  
But riſeth to giue honour to your acts.

*Stay.*

*He riſeth vp.*

*David.* Then happie art thou Davids faireſt ſonne,  
That freed from the yoke of earthly toiles,  
And ſequeſtred from ſence of humane finnes,  
Thy ſoule ſhall ioy the ſacred cabinet  
Of thoſe deuine Ideas, that preſent  
Thy changed ſpirit with a heauen of bliſſe.  
Then thou art gone, ah thou art gone my ſonne  
To heauen I hope my Abſalon is gone,  
Thy ſoule there plac'd in honour of the Saints  
Or angels clad with immortalitie,  
Shall reape a ſeuensfold grace, for all thy greefes,  
Thy eyes now no more eyes but ſhining ſtars,  
Shall decke the flaming heauens with nouell lampes.  
There ſhalt thou taſt the drinke of Seraphins,  
And cheere thy feelings with archangels food,  
Thy day of reſt, thy holy Sabboth day  
Shall be eternall, and the curtaine drawne,  
Thou ſhalt behold thy ſoueraigne face to face,  
With wonder knit in triple vnitie,  
Vnitie infinite and innumerable,  
Courage braue captaines, Ioabs tale hath ſtird,  
And made the ſuit of Iſrael preferd.

1990

2000

*Ioab.* Brauely reſolud and ſpoken like a King,  
Now may old Iſrael, and his daughters ſing.

2010

*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

















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