

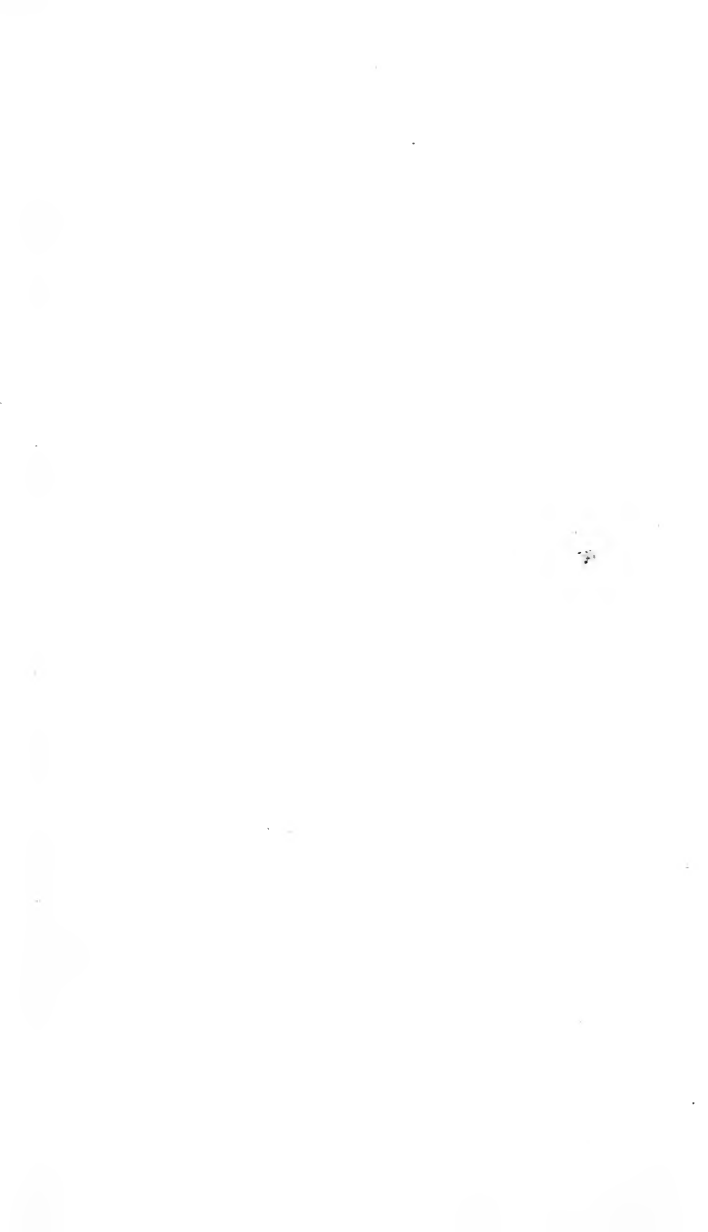


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T H E O R I G I N

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T H E E N G L I S H D R A M A ,

ILLUSTRATED IN ITS VARIOUS SPECIES,

V I Z .

MYSTERY, MORALITY, TRAGEDY,
AND COMEDY,

BY SPECIMENS FROM OUR EARLIEST WRITERS :

W I T H

EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY THOMAS HAWKINS, M. A.

OF MAGDALENE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

— *Res antiquæ laudis et artis*
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THE
SPANISH TRAGEDY,
CONTAINING
THE LAMENTABLE END OF
DON HORATIO,
AND
BEL-IMPERIA,
WITH THE PITIFUL DEATH OF
OLD HIERONIMO.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

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THE SPANISH TRAGEDY,

Or,

HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN,

— has ever been an admired play. Phillips and Winstanley ascribe it to William Smith, but erroneously: Heywood tells us in his Actor's Vindication, page 14 of book 2d, that it was written by Thomas Kyd; "Therefore," says he, (treating of the ancient dignity of Actors) "M. Kyd in The Spanish Tragedy, upon occasion presenting itself, writes thus:

*Why Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight
To make experience of their wits in plays."*

He is enumerated among the best tragick writers of his times by Fra. Meres. Ben Jonson ranks him with Lyly and Marloe; see his verses in memory of Shakespeare:

*And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine;
Or sporting Kyd, or Marloe's mighty line.*

And another writer, speaking of Kyd, says, "Cornelia's Tragedy, however not respected, was excellently well done by him." Polimanteia &c. by W. C. 4°. Camb. 1595.

Mr. Doddsley printed The Spanish Tragedy in the second volume of his collection; but from a very incorrect copy: of which there were many: viz. 1618, 23, 33. The present edition is given from the second impression, "printed by Edward Allde, amended of such gross blunders as passed in the first," compared with those of 1618, 23, and 33. Allde's edition has no date; we cannot therefore ascertain the year when it was printed: but it appears in the Induction to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair to have been acted before the year 1590.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE Ghost of ANDREA.

Revenge.

King of Spain.

Viceroy of Portingale.

DON CYPRIAN, *Duke of Castile.*

HIERONIMO, *Marshal of Portingale.*

BALTHAZAR, *the Viceroy's Son, in Love with*

BEL-IMPERIA.

LORENZO, *Duke of Castile's Son.*

HORATIO, *HIERONIMO's Son.*

ALEXANDRO

VILLUPPO.

PEDRINGANO.

SERBERINE.

Old Man.

Painter.

Page.

Hangman.

Citizens, Soldiers, Attendants.

ISABELLA, *HIERONIMO's Wife.*

BEL-IMPERIA, *LORENZO's Sister.*

THE

SPANISH TRAGEDY, &c.

ACT I.

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Revenge.

Ghost.

WHEN this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprison'd in my wanton ¹ flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the *Spanish* court:
My name was *Don Andrea*; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferiour far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth:
For there in prime and pride ² of all my years,
By duteous service, and deserving love,
In secret I possess'd a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet *Bel-imperia* by name.
But, in the harvest of my summer ³ joys,
Death's winter nip'd the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me;
For in the late conflict with *Portingale*,
My valour drew me into danger's mouth,

¹ *wanted* 1618, 23, 33.

² *There in the pride and prime* — ditto.

³ *summer's* 1623, 33.

6 THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

Till life to death made passage through my wounds.
 When I was slain, my soul descended straight
 To pass the flowing stream of *Acheron*;
 But churlish *Charon*, only boatman there,
 Said, that, my rites of burial not perform'd,
 I might not sit amongst his passengers.
 Ere *Sol* had slept three nights in *Thetis*' lap,
 And slak'd¹ his smoking chariot in her flood,
 By *Don Horatio*, our knight marshal's son,
 My funerals and obsequies were done:
 Then was the ferryman of hell content
 To pass me over to the slimy strand,
 That leads to fell *Avernus*' ugly waves;
 There, pleasing *Cerberus* with honied speech,
 I pass'd the perils of the foremost porch.
 Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
 Sat *Minos*, *Æacus*, and *Rhadamant*;
 To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
 To crave a passport for my wand'ring ghost,
 But *Minos*, in graven leaves of lottery,
 Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
 This knight, quoth he, both liv'd and dy'd in love;
 And, for his love, try'd fortune of the wars;
 And by war's fortune lost both love and life.
 Why then, said *Æacus*, convey him hence,
 To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
 And spend the course of everlasting time
 Under green myrtle trees, and cypress shades.
 No, no, said *Rhadamant*, it were not well,
 With loving souls to place a martialist:
 He dy'd in war, and must to martial fields,
 Where wounded *Hector* lives in lasting pain,
 And *Achilles*' myrmidons do scour the plain.
 Then *Minos*, mildest censor² of the three,
 Made this device, to end the difference:
 Send him, quoth he, to our infernal king,

¹ *slackt* 1618.

² *censurer* 1618, 23, 33.

To doom him as best seems his majesty:
 To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
 In keeping on my way to *Pluto's* court,
 Through dreadful shades ¹ of ever-glooming night,
 I saw more fights than thousand tongues can tell,
 Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
 Three ways there were; that on the right hand side
 Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields,²
 Where lovers live, and bloody martialists;
 But either fort contain'd within his bounds.
 The left hand path, declining fearfully,
 Was ready downfal ³ to the deepest hell,
 Where bloody furies shake their whips of steel,
 And poor *Ixion* turns an endless wheel,
 Where usurers are chok'd with melting gold,
 And wantons are embrac'd with ugly snakes;
 And murderers grone ⁴ with never-killing wounds,
 And perjurd wights, scalded in boiling lead,
 And all foul sins with torments overwhelm'd.
 Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
 Which brought me to the fair *Elysian* green;
 In midst whereof there stands a stately tower,
 The walls of brass, the gates of adamant:
 Here finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,
 I show'd my passport, humbled on my knee;
 Whereat fair *Proserpine* began to smile,⁵
 And begg'd that only she might give my doom:
Pluto was pleas'd, and seal'd it with a kiss.
 Forthwith, *Revenge*, she rounded thee in th' ear,
 And bade thee lead me through the gates of horn,*

¹ *shades of ever-blooming night*: 1618.

shades of ever-blooming night: 1623, 33.

² *field* 1618, 23, 33. ³ *fall down* ditto.

⁴ *murderers greeve* 1618. *murderers greene* 1623, 33.

⁵ — *smile*. | *I begg'd* 1618, 23, 33.

* of *Hor*: second edit. of *Horror*, 1618, 23, 33. For, — the gates of horn, see Virgil. B. vi. *Sunt geminae somni portae*: &c.

8 THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

Where dreams have passage in the silent night,
No sooner had she spoke, but we were here,
I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye.

Revenge.

Then know, *Andrea*, that thou art arriv'd
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the prince of *Portingale*,
Depriv'd of life by *Bel-imperia*.
Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for *Chorus* in this tragedy.

Enter Spanish King, General, Castile, and Hieronimo.

King.

Now say, lord *General*, how fares our camp?

General.

All well, my sovereign liege, except some few
That are deceas'd by fortune of the war.

King.

But what portends † thy cheerful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory?

General.

Victory, my liege, and that with little loss.

King.

Our *Portingals* will pay us tribute then?

General.

Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.

King.

Then blest be heav'n, and guider of the heavens,
From whose fair influence such justice flows.

Castile.

*O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat æther,
Et conjuratæ curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt: recti soror est victoria juris.*

† *pretends* 1618, 23, 33.

King.

King.

Thanks to my loving brother of *Castile*, —
 But, *General*, unfold in brief discourse
 Your form of battle, and your war's success;
 That, adding all the pleasure of thy news
 Unto the height of former happiness,
 With deeper wage, and greater dignity,
 We may reward thy blissful chivalry.

General.

Where *Spain* and *Portingale* do jointly knit
 Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,²
 There met our armies in their proud array;
 Both furnish'd well, both full of hope and fear,
 Both menacing alike with daring shows,
 Both vaunting fundry colours of device,
 Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,
 Both raising dreadful clamours to the skie,³
 That vallies, hills, and rivers made rebound,
 And heav'n itself was frighted with the sound.
 Our battles both were pitch'd in squadron form,
 Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of shot;
 But ere we join'd, and came to push of pike,
 I brought a squadron of our readiest shot,
 From out our rearward, to begin the fight:
 They brought another wing t' encounter us:
 Mean while, our ordnance play'd on either side,
 And captains strove to have their valours⁴ try'd.
Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colonel,
 Did, with his cornet,⁵ bravely make attempt
 To break the order of our battle ranks;
 But *Don Rogero*, worthy man of war,
 March'd forth against him with our musketeers,
 And stop'd the malice of his fell approach.
 While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
 Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows;

1 will 1633. 2 bounds 1623, 33. 3 skies 1633.
 4 valour 1618, 23, 33. 5 coronet, ditto.

Their violent shot resembling the ocean's rage,
 When, roaring loud and with a swelling tide,
 It beats upon the rampires of huge rocks,
 And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding lands.
 Now while ¹ *Bellona* rageth here and there,
 Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
 And shiver'd lances dark ² the troubled air.

*Pede pes, & cuspide cuspis,
 Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.*

On every side drop 3 captains to the ground,
 And soldiers some ill-maim'd, ⁴ some slain outright:
 Here falls a body, sunder'd from his head,
 There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
 Mingled with weapons, and unbowel'd ⁵ steeds,
 That scattering overspread the purple plain.
 In all this turmoil three long hours and more,
 The victory to neither part inclin'd;
 Till *Don Andrea*, with his brave lanciers,
 In their ⁶ main battle made so great a breach,
 That, half dismay'd, the multitude retir'd:
 But *Balthazar*, the *Portingale's* young prince,
 Brought rescue, and encourag'd them to stay.
 Here-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd,
 And in that conflict was *Andrea* slain;
 Brave man at arms, but weak to *Balthazar*:
 Yet while the prince, insulting over him,
 Breath'd out proud vaunts, founding to our reproach,
 Friendship and hardy valour join'd in one,
 Prick'd ⁷ forth *Horatio*, our knight marshal's son,
 To challenge forth that prince to single fight:
 Not long between these twain the fight endur'd,
 But straight the prince was beaten from his horse,
 And forc'd to yield him prisoner to his foe.

¹ when 1618, 23, 33.

² dark'd ditto.

³ dropt ditto.

⁴ And soldiers lie maim'd ditto.

⁵ unbowed ditto.

⁶ his 1618.

⁷ pickt ditto.

When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
 And our carbines purfu'd them to the death;
 Till *Phæbus* waving to the western deep,
 Our trumpeters were charg'd to sound retreat.

King.

Thanks, good lord *General*, for these good news;
 And for some argument of more to come,
 Take this, and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.

[*Gives him his chain.*]

But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?

General.

No peace, my liege, but peace conditional,
 That if, with homage, tribute be well pay'd,¹
 The fury of your ² forces will be stay'd:
 And to this ³ peace their viceroy hath subscrib'd,

[*Gives the King a paper.*]

And made a solemn vow, that during life
 His ⁴ tribute shall be truly pay'd to *Spain*.

King.

These words, these deeds, become thy person well.—
 But now, knight marshal, frolick with thy ⁵ king,
 For 'tis thy son that wins this ⁶ battle's prize.

Hieronimo.

Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,
 And soon decay, unless he serve my liege.

King.

Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward.

[*A tucket ⁷ afar off.*]

What means this warning of the trumpet's sound?

General.

This tells me, that your grace's men of war,
 Such as war's fortune hath reserv'd from death,
 Come marching on towards your royal seat,

1 *tribute may be paid*, 1618, 23, 33.

2 *our ditto.*

3 *that ditto.*

4 *this ditto.*

5 *the ditto.*

6 *that* 1618, 23.

7 *trumpet* 1618, 23, 33.

12 THE SPANISH TRAGEDY.

To show themselves before your majesty,
 For so I gave in charge at my depart;
 Whereby, by demonstration shall appear,
 That all, except three hundred, or few more,
 Are safe return'd, and by their foes enrich'd.

The army enters. ² Balthazar, between Lorenzo and
 Horatio, captive.

King.

A gladsome fight! I long to see them here.

[They enter, and pass by.]

Was that the warlike prince of Portingale,
 That by our nephew was in triumph led?

General.

It was, my liege, the prince of Portingale.

King.

But what was he, that on the other side
 Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize?

Hieronimo.

That was my son, my gracious sovereign;
 Of whom, though from his tender infancy
 My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
 He never pleas'd his father's eyes till now,
 Nor fill'd my heart with over-cloying joys.

King.

Go, let them march once more about these walls,
 That, staying them, we may confer and talk
 With our brave prisoner and his double guard.—

Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
 That in our victory thou have a share,
 By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.

[Enter again.]

Bring hither the young prince of Portingale.—
 The rest march on; but ere they be dismiss'd,
 We will bestow on every soldier two ducats,

¹ gave them charge 1618, 23, 33.

² meets ditto.
 And

And on every leader ten, that they may know
Our largests welcomes them. —

[*Exeunt all but Bal. Lor. and Hor.*]

Welcome *Don Baltazar*, — welcome, nephew; —
And thou, *Horatio*, thou art welcome too. —
Young prince, although thy father's hard misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil meafure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that *Spain* is honourable.

Baltazar.

The trespass, that my father made in peace,
Is now control'd by fortune of the wars;
And cards once dealt, it boots not ask why so:
His men are slain, a weak'ning to his ¹ realm;
His colours seiz'd, a blot unto his name;
His son distress'd, a cor'sive to his heart:
These punishments may clear his late offence.

King.

Ay, *Baltazar*, if he observe ² this truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these wars:
Mean while live thou, though ³ not in liberty,
Yet free ⁴ from bearing any servile yoke;
For, in our hearing, thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thyself art gracious.

Baltazar.

And I shall study to deserve this grace.

King.

But tell me, (for their holding makes me doubt)
To which of these twain art thou prisoner?

Lorenzo.

To me, my liege. ⁵

Horatio.

To me, my sovereign.

¹ the 1618, 23, 33.

² observes ditto.

³ as though 1618.

⁴ free omitted ditto.

⁵ lord. 1618, 23, 33.

Lorenzo.

This hand first took his courser by the reins.

Horatio.

But first my lance did put him from his horse.

Lorenzo.

I seiz'd his weapon, and enjoy'd it first.

Horatio.

But first I forc'd him lay his weapons down.

King.

Let go his arm, upon our privilege. —

[*They let him go.*

Say, ² worthy prince, to whether didst thou yield?

Balthazar.

To him in courtesy, to this perforce;
He spake me fair, this other gave me strokes;
He promis'd life, this other threaten'd death;
He won my love, this other conquer'd me:
And truth to say, I yield myself to both.

Hieronimo.

But that I know your grace for just and wise,
And might seem partial in this difference,
Enforc'd by nature, and by law of arms,
My tongue should plead for young *Horatio's* right.
He hunted well, that was a lion's death;
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:
So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

King.

Content thee, marshal, thou shalt have no wrong;
And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no right. —
Will both abide the censure of my doom?

Lorenzo.

I crave no better than your grace awards.

Horatio.

Nor I, although I fit beside my right.

King.

Then, by my judgment, thus your strife shall end:

You both deserve, and both shall have reward. —
Nephew, thou took'st his weapons and his horse;
His weapons and his horse are thy reward. —

Horatio, thou didst force him first to yield;
His ransom therefore is thy valour's fee:
Appoint the sum as you shall both agree. —
But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince in guard;
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.

Horatio's house were small for all his train;
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that just guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yield the armour of the prince. —
How likes *Don Baltazar* of this device?

Baltazar.

Right well, my liege, if this proviso were,
That *Don Horatio* bear us company,
Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

King.

Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so. —
Now let us hence to see our soldiers pay'd,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. [Exeunt.

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, and Villuppo.

Viceroy.

Is our ambassador despatch'd for Spain?

Alexandro.

Two days, my liege, are pass'd since his depart.

Viceroy.

And tribute payment gone along with him?

Alexandro.

Ay, my good lord.

Viceroy.

Then rest we here a while in our unrest,
And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs;
For deepest cares break never into tears.

But

But wherefore sit I in a ¹ regal throne?
This ² better fits a wretch's endless moan.

[Falls to the ground,

Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach,
And therefore better than my state deserves.
Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy,
Seeks him whom fates adjudge ³ to misery.
Here let me lie, now am I ⁴ at the lowest.

*Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:
Nil ⁵ superest ut jam possit obesse magis.*

Yes, fortune may bereave me of my crown:
Here, take it now; let fortune do her worst,
She will not rob me of this fable weed:
O no, she envies none but pleasant things;
Such is the folly of despightful chance!
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts:
So is she deaf, and hears not my laments:
And could she hear, yet is she wilful mad,
And therefore will not pity my distress.
Suppose that she could pity me; what then?
What help can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone,
And mind more mutable than fickle winds?
Why wail I then, where's hope of no redress?
O, yes; complaining makes my grief seem less.
My late ambition hath distain'd my faith;
My breach of faith occasion'd bloody wars;
Those ⁶ bloody wars have spent my treasure;
And with my treasure my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best belov'd,
My best belov'd, my sweet and only son.
O wherefore went I not to war myself?

1 *this* 1618, 23, 33.

2 *It* 1618.

3 *adjudged* 1618, 23, 33.

4 *I am* 1633.

5 *Nihil* 1633.

6 *These* 1623, 33.

The cause was mine; I might have died for both:
 My years were mellow, his but ¹ young and green;
 My death were natural, but his was forced.

Alexandro.

No doubt, my liege, but still the prince survives.

Viceroy.

Survives! ay, where? ²

Alexandro.

In *Spain*, a prisoner, by mischance of war.

Viceroy.

Then they have slain him for his father's fault.

Alexandro.

That were a breach to common law of arms.

Viceroy.

They reckon no laws that meditate revenge.

Alexandro.

His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.

Viceroy.

No; if he liv'd, the news would soon be here.

Alexandro.

Nay, evil news fly ³ faster still than good.

Viceroy.

Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.

Villuppo.

My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,
 And I'll bewray the fortune of thy son.

Viceroy.

Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be:
 Mine ear is ready to receive ill news;
 My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.
 Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Villuppo.

Then hear that ⁴ truth, which these mine eyes have
 seen:
 When both the armies were in battle join'd,

1 *but his* 1623, 33.

2 *but where?* 1618, 23, 33.

3 *will fly* ditto.

4 *the* ditto.

Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,
 To win renown, did wondrous feats of arms :
 Amongst the rest I saw him, hand to hand,
 In single fight with their lord general ;
 Till *Alexandro*, that here counterfeits
 Under the colour of a duteous friend,
 Discharg'd his pistol at the prince's back,
 As though he would have slain their general :
 But therewithal *Don Balthazar* fell down ;
 And when he fell, then we began to fly :
 But, had he liv'd, the day had sure been ours.

Alexandro.

O wicked forgery ! O trait'rous miscreant !

Viceroy.

Hold thou thy peace : — But now, *Villuppo*, say,
 Where then became the carcase of my son ?

Villuppo.

I saw them drag it to the *Spanish* tents.

Viceroy.

Ay, ay ; my nightly dreams have told me this. —
 Thou false, unkind, unthankful, trait'rous beast,
 Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,
 That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes ?
 Was't *Spanish* gold that bleared so thine eyes,
 That thou couldst see no part of our deserts ?
 Perchance, because thou art *Tersera's* lord,
 Thou hadst ¹ some hope to wear this diadem,
 If first my son, and then myself were slain ;
 But thy ambitious thought ² shall break thy neck :
 Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood.

[*He takes the crown, and puts it on again.*]

But I'll now ³ wear it, till thy blood be spilt.

Alexandro.

Vouchsafe, dread ⁴ sovereign, to hear me speak.

¹ *hast* 1623, 33.

² *thoughts* 1618, 23, 33.

³ *now* *Ile* ditto.

⁴ *deare* ditto.

Viceroy.

Away with him; his sight is second hell:
Keep him, till we determine of his death.
If *Balthazar* be dead, he shall not live. —
Villuppo, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exit Vice.*

Villuppo.

Thus have I, with an envious forged tale,
Deceiv'd the king, betray'd mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villany.

[*Exit.*

Enter Horatio, and Bel-imperia.

Bel-imperia.

Signior *Horatio*, this is the place and hour
Wherein I must entreat thee to relate
The circumstance of *Don Andrea's* death,
Who, living, was my garland's sweetest ¹ flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.

Horatio.

For love of him, and service to yourself,
I will refuse this heavy doleful ² charge;
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoin'd in ³ fight,
Your worthy chivalier amidst the thickest,
For glorious cause, still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young *Don Balthazar*
Encounter'd hand to hand: their fight was long;
Their hearts were great; their clamours menacing;
Their strength alike; their strokes both dangerous:
But wrathful *Nemesis*, that wicked power,
Envyng at *Andrea's* praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth:
She, she herself, disguis'd in armour's mask,
(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*)
Brought in a ⁴ fresh supply of halberdiers,

¹ *chiefest* 1623, 33.

² *Ile not refuse this doleful heavy* 1618, 23, 33.

³ *to ditto.* ⁴ *a omitted* 1618, 23.

Which

Which paunch'd his horse, and ding'd him to the ground;
 Then young *Don Baltazar*, with ruthless rage,
 Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
 Did finish what his halberdiers begun,
 And left not, till *Andrea's* life was done.
 Then, though too late, incens'd with just remorse,
 I, with my band, set forth against the prince,
 And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers.

Bel-imperia.

'Would thou hadst slain him that so ¹ flew my love!
 But then, was *Don Andrea's* carcase lost?

Horatio.

No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
 Nor step'd I back till I recover'd him:
 I took him up, and wound him in mine arms;
 And welding him unto my private tent,
 There lay'd him down, and dew'd him with my tears,
 And sigh'd and sorrow'd as became a friend:
 But neither friendly sorrow, ² sighs, nor tears,
 Could win pale death from his usurped right.
 Yet this I did, and less I could not do;
 I saw him honour'd with due funeral:
 This scarf I pluck'd from off ³ his lifeless arm,
 And wear it in remembrance of my friend.

Bel-imperia.

I know the scarf: 'would he had kept it still;
 For had he liv'd, he would have kept it still,
 And worn it for his *Bel-imperia's* sake:
 For 'twas my favour at his last depart.
 But now, wear thou ⁴ it, both for him and me;
 For, after him, thou hast deserv'd it best:
 But for thy kindness in his life and death,
 Be sure, while *Bel-imperia's* life endures,
 She will be *Don Horatio's* thankful friend.

¹ so omitted, 1618, 23, 33.

² sorrows ditto.

³ This scarf pluckt off from — ditto.

⁴ thou omitted, ditto.

Horatio.

Horatio.

And, madam, *Don Horatio* will not slack
Humbly to serve fair *Bel-imperia*.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince;
For so the duke your father gave me charge.

Bel-imperia.

Ay, go *Horatio*, leave me here alone;
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.

[*Exit Horatio.*

Yet, what avails to wail *Andrea's* death,
From whence *Horatio* proves my second love?
Had he not lov'd *Andrea* as he did,
He could not sit in *Bel-imperia's* thoughts.
But how can love find harbour in my breast,
Till I revenge the death of my belov'd?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge:
I'll love *Horatio*, my *Andrea's* friend,
The more to spite the prince that wrought his end.
And where *Don Balthazar* that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murd'rous deed;
For what wast else but murd'rous cowardise,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honour in the fight?
And here he comes that murder'd my delight.

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar.

Lorenzo.

Sister, what means this melancholy walk?

Bel-imperia.

That for a while I wish no company.

Lorenzo.

But here the prince is come to visit you.

*Bel-imperia.*That argues, that he lives in ¹ liberty.*Balthazar.*

No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.

Bel-imperia.

Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.

Balthazar.

Ay, by conceit my freedom is inthrall'd.

Bel-imperia.

Then with conceit enlarge yourself again.

Balthazar.

What if conceit have lay'd my heart to gage?

Bel-imperia.

Pay that you borrow'd, and recover it.

Balthazar.

I die, if it return from whence it lies.

*Bel-imperia.*A heartless man, and live? ² a miracle!*Balthazar.*

Ay, lady, love can work such miracles.

*Lorenzo.*Tush, tush! my lord, let go these ambages,
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.*Bel-imperia.*

What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?

*Balthazar.*Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,
In whose fair answer lies my remedy;
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend;
On whose aspect mine eyes find beauty's bower;
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodg'd.*Bel-imperia.*Alas, my lord, these are but words of course,
And but device ³ to drive me from this place.*[Sbe in going in, lets fall her glove, which Horatio,
coming out, takes up.]*¹ at 1618, 23, 33.² lives! ditto.³ devis'd ditto.*Horatio.*

Horatio.

Madam, your glove.

Bel-imperia.

Thanks, good *Horatio*; take it for thy pains.

Balthazar.

Signior *Horatio* stoop'd in happy time.

Horatio.

I reap'd more grace than I deserv'd, or hop'd.

Lorenzo.

My lord, be not dismay'd for what is past;
You know, that women oft are humorous:
These clouds will overblow with little wind;
Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself.
Mean while, let us devise to spend the time
In some delightful sports and revelling.²

Horatio.

The king, my lords,³ is coming hither straight,
To feast the *Portingale* ambassador:
Things were in readiness before I came.

Balthazar.

Then here it fits us to attend the king,
To welcome hither our ambassador,
And learn my father and my country's health.

Enter the Banquet, Trumpets, the King, and Ambassador.

King.

See, lord *Ambassador*, how *Spain* entreats
Their prisoner *Balthazar*, thy viceroy's son:
We pleasure more in kindnets than in wars.

Ambassador.

Sad is our king, and *Portingale* laments,
Supposing that *Don Balthazar* is slain.

Balthazar.

So am I slain by beauty's tyranny.—
You see, my lord, how *Balthazar* is slain:

1 *delightful* 1618, 12, 33.

3 *lord*, ditto.

2 *revellings*. ditto.

I frolick

I frolick with the duke of *Castile's* son,
 Wrap'd every hour in pleasures of the court,
 And grac'd with favours of his majesty.

King.

Put off your greetings till our feast be done;
 Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer.

[Sit to the banquet.]

Sit down, young prince, you are our second guest:
 Brother, sit down; — and, nephew, take your place: —
 Signior *Horatio*, wait thou upon our cup,
 For well thou hast deserved to be honour'd. —
 Now, lordings, fall to, *Spain* is *Portingale*,
 And *Portingale* is *Spain*; we both are friends;
 Tribute is pay'd, and we enjoy our right.
 But where is old *Hieronimo*, our marshal?
 He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,
 To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.

*Enter Hieronimo with a drum, three knights, each his
 'scutcheon: then he fetches three kings, they take their
 crowns and them captive.*

Hieronimo, this mask contents mine eye,
 Although I found not well the mystery.

Hieronimo.

The first arm'd knight, that hung his 'scutcheon up,
[He takes the 'scutcheon, and gives it to the King.]
 Was *English Robert*, earl of *Glocester*,
 Who, when king *Stephen* bore sway in *Albion*,
 Arriv'd with five and twenty thousand men
 In *Portingale*, and by success of war,
 Enforc'd the king, then but a *Saracen*,
 To bear the yoke of th' *English* monarchy.

King.

My lord of *Portingale*, by this you see,
 That which may comfort both your king and you,

And make your late discomfort seem the less. —
But say, *Hieronimo*, what was the next?

Hieronimo.

The second knight that hung his 'scutcheon up,
[*He doth as he did before.*

Was *Edmond* earl of *Kent* in *Albion*,
When *English Richard* wore the diadem:
He came likewise and razed *Lisbon* walls,
And took the king of *Portingale* in fight;
For which, and other such like service done,
He after was created duke of *York*.

King.

This is another special argument,
That *Portingale* may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little *England* hath been yok'd. —
But now, *Hieronimo*, what were the last?

Hieronimo.

The third and last, not least in our account,
[*Doing as he did before.*

Was, as the rest, a valiant *Englishman*,
Brave *John* of *Gaunt*, the duke of *Lancaster*,
As by his 'scutcheon plainly may appear:
He with a puissant army came to *Spain*,
And took our king of *Castile* prisoner.

Ambassador.

This is an argument for our viceroy,
That *Spain* may not insult for her success,
Since *English* warriors likewise conquer'd *Spain*,
And made them bow their knees to *Albion*.

King.

Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,
Which hath pleas'd both the ambassador and me:
Pledge me, *Hieronimo*, if thou love the king. —

[*Takes the cup of Horatio.*

My lord, I fear we sit but over-long,
Unless our dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the best we have.

Now

Now let us in, that you¹ may be despatch'd;
I think, our council is already set. [Exeunt omnes.

Andrea.

Come we for this from depth of under ground,
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?
These pleasant fights are sorrow to my soul;
Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting?

Revenge.

Be still, *Andrea*; ere we go from hence,
I'll turn their friendship into fell despite;
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night;
Their hope into despair, their peace to war;
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

A C T II.

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar.

Lorenzo.

MY lord, though *Bel-imperia* seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy:
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke;
In time all haggard hawks will stoop to lure;
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak;
In time the flint² is pierc'd with softest shower;
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue³ the sufferance of your friendly pain.

Balthazar.

No, she is wilder, and more hard withal,
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall:

¹ *we* 1618, 23, 33.

² *In time the hardest flint &c.* ditto.

³ *rule* ditto.

But wherefore blot I *Bel-imperia's* name?
 It is my fault, not she that merits blame.
 My feature is not to content her sight;
 My words are rude, and work her no delight:
 The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
 Such as do drop from *Pan* and *Marfia's* ¹ quill.
 My presents are not of sufficient cost,
 And being worthless, all my labour's lost.
 Yet might she love me for my valiancy:
 Ay, but that's slander'd by captivity.
 Yet might she love me to content her fire:
 Ay, but her reason masters his ² desire.
 Yet might she love me, as her brother's friend:
 Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.
 Yet might she love me to uprear her state:
 Ay, but perhaps she hopes ³ some nobler mate.
 Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
 Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.

Lorenzo.

My lord, for my sake leave these extasies,
 And doubt not but we'll find some remedy.
 Some cause there is, that lets you not be lov'd;
 First that must needs be known, and then remov'd.
 What if my sifter love some other knight?

Balthazar.

My summer's day will turn to winter's night,

Lorenzo.

I have already found a stratagem,
 To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
 My lord, for once you shall be rul'd by me;
 Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see:
 By force, or fair means, will I cast about,
 To find the truth of all this question out.
 Ho, *Pedringano*!

¹ *Marfes* 1618, 23, 33.

² *her* ditto.

³ *loves* 1623, 33.

Enter

Enter Pedringano.

Pedringano.

Signior!

Lorenzo.

Vien que presto.

Pedringano.

Hath your lordship any service to command me?

Lorenzo.

Ay, *Pedringano*, service of import;

And, not to spend the time in trifling words,
Thus stands the case: It is not long, thou know'st,
Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,
For thy conveyance in *Andrea's* love:
For which thou wert adjudg'd to punishment:
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment.
And since, thou know'st how I have favour'd thee.
Now to these favours will I add reward,
Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,
And lands and living¹ join'd with dignities,
If thou but satisfy my just demand:
Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

Pedringano.

Whate'er it be your lordship shall demand,
My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,
If case it lie in me² to tell the truth.

Lorenzo.

Then, *Pedringano*, this is my demand:
Whom loves my sister *Bel-imperia*?
For she reposes all her trust in thee;
Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward:
I mean, whom loves she in *Andrea's* place?

Pedringano.

Alas, my lord, since *Don Andrea's* death,
I have no credit with her as before;
And therefore know not if she love or no.

¹ *livings* 1618, 23, 33.

² *in me in lies* — ditto.

Lorenzo.

Lorenzo.

Nay if thou dally, then I am thy foe,

[*Draws his sword.*

And fear shall force what friendship cannot win :
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals ;
Thou dy'ft for more esteeming her than me.

Pedringano.

O, stay, my lord.

Lorenzo.

Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from whatever can ensue ;
And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee :
But if thou dally once again, thou dy'ft.

Pedringano.

If madam *Bel-imperia* be in love, —

Lorenzo.

What, villain ? ifs and ands ?

Pedringano.

O, stay, my lord ; she loves *Horatio*.

[*Balthazar starts back.*

Lorenzo.

What *Don Horatio*, our knight marshal's son ?

Pedringano.

Even him, my lord.

Lorenzo.

Now say but how know'ft thou he is her love,
And thou shalt find me kind and liberal :
Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

Pedringano.

She sent him letters, which myself perus'd,
Full fraught with lines, and arguments of love,
Preferring him before prince *Balthazar*.

Lorenzo.

Swear on this cross, * that what thou say'ft is true ;
And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

i how knowest thou that he — ditto.

* — the cross at the hilt of the sword : in times of chivalry a most sacred
ark. See *Hamlet*. A. 1. S. 9.

Pedringano.

Pedringano.

I swear to both, by him that made us all.

Lorenzo.

In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward !
But if I prove thee perjurd and unjust,
This very sword whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

Pedringano.

What I have said is true, and shall for me
Be still conceal'd from *Bel-imperia* :
Besides, your honour's liberality
Deserves my duteous service ev'n till death.

Lorenzo.

Let this be all that thou shalt do for me :
Be watchful when, and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort.

Pedringano.

I will, my lord.

Lorenzo.

Then shalt thou find that I am liberal :
Thou know'st, that I can more advance thy state
Than she ; be therefore wise, and fail me not :
Go and attend her, as thy custom is,
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss.

[*Exit Pedringano.*]

Why so : *tam armis, quam ingenio* :
Where words prevail not, violence prevails ;
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes prince *Balthazar* this stratagem ?

Balthazar.

Both well and ill ; it makes me glad and sad :
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love ;
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love ;
Glad, that I know on whom to be reveng'd ;
Sad, that she'll fly me if I take revenge ;
Yet must I take revenge, to die myself,
For love resisted, grows impatient.

I think, *Horatio* be my destin'd plague :
 First, in his hand he brandish'd a sword,
 And with that sword he fiercely waged war,
 And in that war, he gave me dang'rous wounds,
 And by those wounds, he forced me to yield,
 And by my yielding, I became his slave :
 Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
 Which pleasing words do harbour sweet conceits ;
 Which sweet conceits are lim'd with sly deceits, ¹
 Which sly deceits ² smooth *Bel-imperia's* ears ;
 And through her ears, dive down into her heart,
 And in her heart set ³ him, where I should stand.
 Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force,
 And now by slight would captivate my soul :
 But in his fall, I'll tempt the destinies,
 And either lose my life, or win my love.

Lorenzo.

Let's go, my lord, your ⁴ staying stays revenge :
 Do you but follow me, and gain your love,
 Her favour must be won by his remove. [Exeunt.

Enter Horatio, and Bel-imperia.

Horatio.

Now, madam, since by favour of your love,
 Our hidden smoke is turn'd to open flame,
 And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts,
 (Two chief contents) where more cannot be had ;
 Thus in the midst of love's fair blandishments,
 Why show you sign of inward languishments ?

[*Pedringano shows all to the prince and Lorenzo,
 placing them in secret.*

Bel-imperia.

My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea,
 She wisheth port ; where riding all at ease,

¹ this line omitted 1618, 23, 33.

² sweet ditto.

³ sets ditto.

⁴ our 1633.

She

She may repair what stormy times have worn :
 And leaning on the shore, may sing with joy,
 That pleasure follows pain ; and bliss, annoy.
 Possession of thy love is the only port,
 Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long tofs'd,
 Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
 There to repair ¹ the joys that it hath lost :
 And sitting safe, to sing in *Cupid's* quire,
 That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.

[*Balthazar, and Lorenzo aside.*

Balthazar.

O, sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profan'd ;
 Be deaf mine ears, hear not my discontent ;
 Die, heart, another 'joys what thou deserv'st.

Lorenzo.

Watch still, mine eyes, to see this ² love disjoin'd :
 Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament :
 Live, ³ heart, to joy at fond *Horatio's* fall.

Bel-imperia.

Why stands *Horatio* speechless all this while ?

Horatio.

The less I speak, the more I meditate.

Bel-imperia.

But whereon dost thou chiefly ⁴ meditate ?

Horatio.

On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Balthazar.

On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

Bel-imperia.

What dangers, and what pleasures dost thou mean ?

Horatio.

Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love.

Lorenzo.

Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

¹ *There on repair* 1618, 23, 33.

² *the ditto.* ³ *Leave ditto.*

⁴ *chiefly dost thou* 1618, 23, 33.

Bel-imperia.

Bel-imperia.

Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me :
 But such a warring, as breaks no bond of peace.
 Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words ;
 Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks :
 Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines ;
 Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kisses :
 Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war.

Horatio.

But, gracious madam, then appoint the field,
 Where trial of this war shall first be made.

Balthazar.

Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows !

Bel-imperia.

Then be ¹ thy father's pleasant bow'r, the field
 Where first we vow'd a ² mutual amity ;
 The court were dangerous, that place is safe :
 Our hour shall be, when *Vesper* 'gins to rise,
 That summons home distressful ³ travellers :
 There none shall hear us but the harmless birds ;
 Happily the gentle nightingale
 Shall carol us asleep ere we be ware,
 And singing with the prickle at her breast,
 Tell our delight and mirthful ⁴ dalliance :
 Till then, each hour will seem a year and more.

Horatio.

But, honey sweet, and honourable love,
 Return we now into your father's fight,
 Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.

Lorenzo.

Ay, danger mixed with jealous despite,
 Shall send thy soul into eternal night,

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ by 1618, 23, 33.

² our ditto.

³ distressed 1623, 33.

⁴ sportfull ditto.

*Enter king of Spain, Portingale Ambassador,
Don Cyprian, &c.*

King.

Brother of *Castile*, to the prince's love
What says your daughter *Bel-imperia*?

Cyprian.

Although she coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that she loves the prince;
I doubt not I, but she will stoop in time:
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my advice;
Which is to love him, or forego my love.

King.

Then, lord-ambassador of *Portingale*,
Advise thy king to make this marriage up,
For strength'ning of our late confirmed league;
I know no better means to make us friends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberal;
Besides that she is daughter and half heir
Unto our brother here, *Don Cyprian*,
And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift:
And this it is, (in case the match go forward)
The tribute which you pay, shall be releas'd:
And if by *Balthazar* she have a son,
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

Ambassador.

I'll make the motion to my¹ sovereign liege,
And work it, if my counsel may prevail.

King.

Do so, my lord, and if he give consent,
I hope his presence here will honour us,
In celebration of the nuptial day;
And let himself² determine of the time.

¹ our 1618.

² let him 1633.

Ambassador.

Will't please your grace command ¹ me aught beside?

King.

Commend me to the king; and so farewell.
But where's prince *Balthazar* to take his leave?

Ambassador.

That is perform'd already, my good lord.

King.

Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
The prince's ranfome must not be forgot;
That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner;
And well his forwardness deserves reward:
It was *Horatio*, our knight marshal's son,

Ambassador.

Between us there's a price already pitch'd,
And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

King.

Then once again farewell, my lord.

Ambassador.

Farewel, my lord of *Castile*, and the rest. [Exit.

King.

Now, brother, you must take some little pains, ²
To win fair *Bel-imperia* from her will;
Young virgins must be ruled by their friends:
The prince is amiable, and loves her well:
If she neglect him and forego his love,
She both will wrong her own estate and ours;
Therefore whiles I do entertain the prince,
With greatest pleasure ³ that our court affords,
Endeavour you to win your daughter's thought:
If she give back, all this will come to nought. [Exeunt.

Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.

Horatio.

Now that the night begins with fable wings,

¹ to command 1618.

² paine 1618, 23, 33.

³ pleasures ditto.

To over-cloud the brightness of the sun,
 And that in darkness pleasures may be done;
 Come, *Bel-imperia*, let us to the bower,
 And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

Bel-imperia.

I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
 Although my fainting heart controls my soul.

Horatio.

Why, make you doubt of *Pedringano's* faith?

Bel-imperia.

No, he is as trusty as my second self. —
 Go, *Pedringano*, watch without the gate,
 And let us know if any make approach.

Pedringano.

Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold,
 By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. [Exit *Peđ.*

Horatio.

What means my love?

Bel-imperia.

I know not what myself:
 And yet my heart foretels me some mischance.

Horatio.

Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend,
 And heav'n's have shut up day, to pleasure us.
 The stars, thou seest, hold back their twinkling shine,
 And *Luna* hides herself to pleasure us.

Bel-imperia.

Thou hast prevail'd, I'll conquer my misdoubt,
 And in thy love and counsel drown my fear:
 I fear no more, love now is all my thoughts.
 Why fit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

Horatio.

The more thou fit'st within these leafy bow'rs,
 The more will *Flora* deck it with her flow'rs.

Bel-imperia.

Ay, but if *Flora* spy *Horatio* here,
 Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.

Horatio.

Hark, madam, how the birds record by night,
For joy that *Bel-imperia* sits in fight.

Bel-imperia.

No, *Cupid* counterfeits the nightingale,
To frame sweet musick to *Horatio's* tale.

Horatio.

If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is not far:
Ay, thou art *Venus*, or some fairer star.

Bel-imperia.

If I be *Venus*, thou must needs be *Mars*;
And where *Mars* reigneth, there must needs be wars.

Horatio.

Then thus begin our wars; put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.

Bel-imperia.

Set forth thy foot, to try the push of mine.

Horatio.

But first my looks shall combat against thine.

Bel-imperia.

Then ward thyself, I dart this kiss at thee.

Horatio.

Thus I retort ¹ the dart thou threw'st at me.

Bel-imperia.

Nay, then to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke, and make thee yield.

Horatio.

Nay, then my arms are large and strong withal:
Thus elms by vines are compass'd till they fall.

Bel-imperia.

O let me go, for in my troubled eyes
Now may'st thou read, that life in passion dies.

Horatio.

O stay a while, and I will die with thee,
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquer'd me.

Bel-imperia.

Who's there, *Pedringano*? we are betray'd.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberine, and Pedringano, disguised.

Lorenzo.

My lord, away with her, take her aside. — †
O, fir, forbear, your valour is already try'd. —
Quickly despatch, my masters.

[They hang him in the arbour.

Horatio.

What, will ye murder me?

Lorenzo.

Ay thus, and thus; these are the fruits of love.

[They stab him.

Bel-imperia.

O save his life, and let me die for him:
O save him, brother, save him, *Balthazar*;
I lov'd *Horatio*, but he lov'd not me.

Balthazar.

But *Balthazar* loves *Bel-imperia*.

Lorenzo.

Although his life were still † ambitious, proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Bel-imperia.

Murder! murder! help, *Hieronimo*, help.

Lorenzo.

Come, stop her mouth, away with her. *[Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo in his spirt &c.

Hieronimo.

What outcries pluck² me from my naked bed,
And chill³ my throbbing heart with trembling fear,
Which never danger yet could daunt before?
Who calls *Hieronimo*? speak, here I am.

¹ *still* omitted 1618, 23, 33.

² *outcry calls* ditto. ³ *chills* ditto.

† *Take her aside* is printed as a marginal direction 1618, 23, 33.

I did not slumber; therefore 'twas no dream.
 No, no, it was some woman cry'd for help;
 And here within this ¹ garden did she cry;
 And in this garden must I rescue her.
 But stay, what murd'rous spectacle is this?
 A man hang'd up, and all the murderers gone!
 And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!
 This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

[*He cuts him down.*]

Those garments that he wears I oft have seen:
 Alas, it is *Horatio*, my sweet son!
 O no, but he that ² whilome was my son!
 O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?
 O speak, if any spark of life remain:
 I am thy father; who hath slain my son?
 What savage monster, not of human kind,
 Hath here ³ been glutted with thy harmless blood,
 And left thy bloody corps dishonour'd here,
 For me amidst these dark and deathful shades,
 To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
 O heav'ns, why made you night to cover sin?
 By day, this deed of darkness had not been.
 O earth, why didst thou not in time devour
 The vilde ⁴ profaner of this sacred bow'r?
 O poor *Horatio*! what hadst thou misdone,
 To lose thy life, ere life was new begun?
 O wicked butcher! whatsoe'er thou wert,
 How couldst thou strangle virtue and desert?
 Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,
 In seeing my *Horatio*, my sweet boy!

Enter Isabella.

Isabella.

My husband's absence makes my heart to throb: —
Hieronimo!

¹ *the* 1618, 23, 33.

² *that who whilome* 1618.

³ *Here hath* 1618, 23, 33.

⁴ *vile ditto.*

Hieronimo.

Hieronimo.

Here, *Isabella*, help me to lament;
For sighs are stop'd, and all my tears are spent.

Isabella.

What world of grief! my son *Horatio*!
O where's the author of this endless wo?

Hieronimo.

To know the author were some ease of grief,
For in revenge, my heart would find relief.

Isabella.

Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?
O gush out tears, fountains and floods of tears;
Blow sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;
For outrage fits our cursed wretchedness. * * *

Hieronimo.

* * * *The following scene seems to have been foisted in by the players, it being omitted in the second edition.*

Aye me, *Hieronimo*, sweet husband, speak!

Hieronimo.

He supp'd with us to-night, frolick and merry,
And said, he would go visit *Balthazar*,
At the duke's palace: there the prince doth lodge.
He had no custom to stay out so late,
He may be in his chamber; some go see — *Roderigo*, ho.

Enter Pedro, and Jaques.

Isabella.

Aye me, he raves! sweet *Hieronimo*!

Hieronimo.

True, all *Spain* takes note of it.
Besides, he is so generally below'd,
His majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup: these be favours,
Which do assure me that he cannot be short liv'd.

Isabella.

Sweet *Hieronimo*!

Hieronimo.

I wonder, how this fellow got his cloths:
Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all:
Jaques, run to the duke of *Castile*'s presently,
And bid my son *Horatio* to come home,

I, and

Hieronimo.

Sweet lovely rose, ill pluck'd before thy time,
Fair worthy son, not conquer'd, but betray'd,
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stay'd.

Isabella.

I, and his mother have had strange dreams to-night:
Do you hear me, sir?

Jaques.

Ay, sir,

Hieronimo.

Well, sir, be gone. — *Pedro*, come hither;
Know'st thou who this is!

Pedro.

Too well, sir.

Hieronimo.

Too well! who? who is it? Peace, *Isabella*.
Nay, blush not, man.

Pedro.

It is my lord *Horatio*.

Hieronimo.

Ha, ha, St. *James*; but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded than myself.

Pedro.

Deluded?

Hieronimo.

Ay, I would have sworn myself, within this hour,
That this had been my son *Horatio*,
His garments are so like: ha, are they not great persuasions?

Isabella.

O, would to God it were not so!

Hieronimo.

Were not, *Isabella*? dost thou dream it is?
Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought,
That such a black deed of mischief should be done
On one so pure and spotless as our son?
Away, I am ashamed.

Isabella.

Dear *Hieronimo*,

Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief,
Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.

Hieronimo.

It was a man, sure, that was hang'd up here,
A youth, as I remember: I cut him down.
If it should prove my son now after all,
Say you, say you: light, lend me a taper;

Let

Isabella.

And I'll close up the glasses of his sight,
For once these eyes were only ¹ my delight.

Hieronimo.

Seest thou this handkerchief besmear'd with blood?
It shall not from me, till I take revenge:
Seest thou those wounds, that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not intomb them till I have reveng'd: ²
Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
Till then, my sorrow ³ never shall be spent.

Isabella.

The heav'ns are just, murder cannot be hid:
Time is the author both of truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light.

Hieronimo.

Mean while, good *Isabella*, cease thy plaints,
Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner find the practise out,
And learn by whom all this was brought about.
Come, *Isabel*, now let us take him up,

[*They take him up.*]¹ chiefly 1623, 33.² revenge ditto.³ sorrows 1618, 23, 33.

And

Let me look again.

O God! confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,
That now is stiff with horror; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me, thou infective night,
And drop this deed of murder down on me;
Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
And let me not survive to see the light,
May put me in the mind I had a son.

*Isabella.*O sweet *Horatio*! O my dearest son!*Hieronimo.*

How strangely had I lost my way to grief!

And bear him in from out this curfed place :
I'll fay his dirge, finging fits not this cafe.

*O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,
[Hieronimo sets his breast unto his sword.*

*Misceat, et nostro detur medicina dolori :
Aut si qui faciunt annorum obliviam succos
Præbeat, ipse metam magnum quæcunque per orbem
Gramina sol pulchras ejecit lucis in oras ;
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid et irarum vi cæca nenia necit.
Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus :
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,
Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus ?
Emoriar tecum sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.
Attamen abfistam properato cedere letho,
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tum nulla sequatur.*

[Here he throws it from him, and bears the body away.

Andrea.

Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain ?
I look'd, that *Balthazar* should have been slain ;
But 'tis my friend *Horatio* that is slain :
And they abuse fair *Bel-imperia*,
On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she lov'd me more than all the world.

Revenge.

Thou talk'st of harvest ¹ when the corn is green ;
The end is crown ² of every work well done :
The sickle comes not till the corn be ripe.
Be still ; and ere I lead thee from this place,
I'll show thee *Balthazar* in heavy case.

¹ thee harvest 1618, 23, 33.

² growne ditto:

⁶ faciunt annum oblimia ⁷ metum magnum quicunque

⁸ pulchras effecit in luminis oras, ¹⁰ et iravi evecæca
menia Sic.

A C T

A C T III.

Enter the Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Villuppo.

Viceroy.

INfortunate condition of kings,
 Seated amidst ¹ so many helpless doubts!
First, we are plac'd upon extremest height,
 And oft supplanted with exceeding hate;
 But ever subject to the wheel of chance:
 And at our highest, never joy we so,
 As we both doubt and dread our overthrow.
 So striveth not the waves with sundry winds,
 As fortune toileth in th' affairs of kings,
 That would be fear'd, yet fear to be belov'd,
 Sith fear, or love, to kings is flattery:
 For instance, lordings, look upon your king,
 By hate deprived of his dearest son;
 The only hope of our successive line. ²

Nobles.

I had not thought, that *Alexandro's* heart
 Had been envenom'd with such extreme hate:
 But now I see, that words have several works,
 And there's no credit in the countenance.

Villuppo.

No; for, my lord, had you beheld the train,
 That fained love had colour'd in his looks,
 When he in camp consoled *Balthazar*,
 Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
 That hourly coasts the centre of the earth,
 Than *Alexandro's* purpose to the prince.

¹ among 1623, 33.

² lives. 1618, 23, 33.

Viceroy.

Viceroy.

No, more, *Villuppo*: thou hast said enough,
 And with thy words, thou slay'st our wounded thoughts;
 Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
 Procrastinating *Alexandro's* death:
 Go, some of you, and fetch the traitor forth,
 That as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter Alexandro, with a Nobleman, and halberts.

Nobleman.

In such extremes, will nought but patience serve.

Alexandro.

But in extremes, what patience shall I use?
 Nor discontents it me to leave the world,
 With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.

Nobleman.

Yet hope the best.

Alexandro.

'Tis heaven is my hope;
 As for the earth, it is too much infect,¹
 To yield me hope of any of her mould.

Viceroy.

Why linger ye? bring forth that daring fiend,
 And let him die for his accursed deed.

Alexandro.

Not that I fear the extremity of death,
 (For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)
 Do I, o king, thus discontented live.
 But this, o, this torments my labouring soul,
 That thus I die suspected of a sin,
 Whereof, as heav'n's have known my secret thoughts,
 So am I free from this suggestion.

Viceroy.

No more, I say; to the tortures, when?
 Bind him, and burn his body in those flames,

[*They bind him to the stake.*

¹ *infected* 1618, 23, 33.

That

That shall prefigure those unquenched fires
Of *Pblegethon*, prepared for his soul.

Alexandro.

My guiltless death will be aveng'd on thee.
On thee, *Villuppo*, that hath malic'd thus ;
Or for ¹ thy meed hast falsely me accus'd.

Villuppo.

Nay, *Alexandro*, if thou menace me,
I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake,
Where those thy words shall perish with thy works :
Injurious traitor ! monstrous homicide !

Enter Ambassador.

Ambassador.

Stay, hold a while ; and here (with pardon of
His majesty) lay hands upon *Villuppo*.

Viceroy.

Ambassador, what news hath urg'd this sudden entrance ?

Ambassador.

Know, sovereign lord, ² that *Baltbazar* doth live.

Viceroy.

What say'st thou ? liveth *Baltbazar* our son ?

Ambassador.

Your highness' son lord *Baltbazar* doth live ;

And, well entreated in the court of *Spain*,

Humbly commends him to your majesty :

These eyes beheld, and these my followers,

With these the letters of the king's commends, ³

[*Gives him letters.*

Are happy witness of his highness' health.

[*The king looks on the letters, and proceeds.*

¹ of 1618., 23, 33.

² Know sovereign : I that — 1618.

Know my sovereign, that — 1623, 33.

³ commend : 1618, 23, 33.

Viceroy.

*Thy son doth live, your tribute is receiv'd:
Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied:
The rest resolve upon as things propos'd
For both our honours, and thy benefit.*

Ambassador.

These are his highness' farther articles.

[*Gives him more letters.*]

Viceroy.

Accursed wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro!* — Come, my lord, unbind him:
Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quital for thy discontent. [*They unbind him.*]

Alexandro.

Dread lord, in kindness you could do no less,
Upon report of such a damned fact;
But, thus we see our innocence hath sav'd
The hopeless life which thou, *Villuppo*, fought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.

Viceroy.

Say, false *Villuppo*, wherefore didst thou thus
Falsely betray lord *Alexandro's* life?
Him, whom thou know'st that no unkindness else,
But ev'n the slaughter of our dearest son,
Could once have mov'd¹ us to have misconceiv'd.

Alexandro.

Say, treacherous *Villuppo*, tell the king:
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* us'd thee ill?

Villuppo.

Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,
My guilty soul² submits me to thy doom:
For, not for *Alexandro's* injuries,
But for reward, and hope to be prefer'd,
Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.

¹ *Could never once mov'd* — 1633.

² *guiltful* 1618, 23, 33.

Viceroy.

Viceroy.

Which, villain, shall be ransom'd with thy death;
And not so mean a torment as we here
Devis'd for him, who, thou said'st, slew our son:
But with the bitter'st torments and extremes,
They may be yet invented for thine end.

[*Alex. seems to entreat.*

Entreat me not; — go take the traitor hence: —

[*Exit Villuppo.*

And, *Alexandro*, let us honour thee
With publick notice of thy loyalty.
To end those things articulated here,
By our great lord, the mighty king of *Spain*,
We with our council will deliberate:
Come, *Alexandro*, keep us company.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hieronimo.

Hieronimo.

O eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears:
O life! no life, but lively form of death:
O world! no world, but mass of publick wrongs,
Confus'd and fill'd with murder and misdeeds:
O sacred heav'ns! if this unhallow'd deed,
If this inhuman, and barbarous attempt;
If this incomparable murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unreveal'd, and unrevenged pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just,
If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?
The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wake my vexed soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son,
Solicit me for notice of his death.
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents & records,

Early begins to register my dreams,
 And drive me forth to seek the murderer.
 Eyes, life, world, heav'ns, hell, night, and day,
 See, search, show, send some man,
 Some mean, that may — [A letter fall'eth.
 What's here? a letter? tush! it is not so:
 A letter written to *Hieronimo*. [Red ink.

*For want of ink, receive this bloody writ;
 Me hath my hapless brother bid from thee:
 Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him;
 For these were they that murdered thy son.
 Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,
 And better far than Bel-imperia doth.*

What means this unexpected miracle?
 My son slain by *Lorenzo*, and the prince!
 What cause had they *Horatio* to malign?
 Or what might move thee, *Bel-imperia*,
 To accuse thy brother, had he been the mean?
Hieronimo, beware, thou art betray'd,
 And to entrap thy life, this train is lay'd:
 Advise thee therefore, be not credulous;
 This is devised to endanger thee,
 That thou by this *Lorenzo* shouldst accuse;
 And he, for thy dishonour done, should draw
 Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.
 Dear was the life of my beloved son,
 And of his death behoves me be reveng'd:
 Then hazard not thine own, *Hieronimo*;
 But live to effect thy resolution.
 I therefore will by circumstances try,
 What I can gather to confirm this writ;
 And, heark'ning † near the duke of *Castile's* house,
 Close, if I can, with *Bel-imperia*,
 To listen more; but nothing to bewray.

† *hearken* 1618, 23, 33.

Enter Pedringano.

Hieronimo.

Now, *Pedringano!*

Pedringano.

Now, *Hieronimo!*

Hieronimo.

Where's thy lady?

Pedringano.

I know not: here's my lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lorenzo.

How now, who's this, *Hieronimo?*

Hieronimo.

My lord.

Pedringano.

He asketh for my lady *Bel-imperia.*

Lorenzo.

What to do, *Hieronimo?* the duke my father hath
Upon some disgrace, a while remov'd her hence;
But if it be aught I may inform her of,
Tell me, *Hieronimo*, and I'll let her know it.

Hieronimo.

Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you, it shall not need;
I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

*Lorenzo.*¹

Why so, *Hieronimo?* use me.

Hieronimo.

¹ *Lorenzo.*

Why so, *Hieronimo?* use me.

Hieronimo.

Who you, my lord?

*I reserve your favour for a greater honour:
This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.*

Lorenzo.

All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.

Hieronimo.

Hieronimo.

O, no, my lord; I dare not, it must not be:
I humbly thank your lordship.

Lorenzo.

Why then, farewell.

Hieronimo.

My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell.

Exit.

Lorenzo.

Come hither, *Pedringano*; see'st thou this?

Pedringano.

My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lorenzo.

This is that damned villain, *Serberine*,
That hath, I fear, reveal'd *Horatio's* death.

Pedringano.

My lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done;
And since, he hath not left my company.

Lorenzo.

Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flattering words may make him false.

I know his humour; and therewith repent,
That ere I us'd him in this enterprize.

But, *Pedringano*, to prevent the worst,

And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,

Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this,

[Gives him more gold.]

1 *thee* 1623, 33.

And

Hieronimo.

*I faith, my lord, 'tis an idle thing, I must confess,
I ha' been too slack, too tardy, too remiss unto your honour.*

Lorenzo.

How now, *Hieronimo*?

Hieronimo.

*In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing;
The murder of a sow, or so:
A thing of nothing, my lord.*

Lorenzo.

Why then farewell. 1618, 23, 33.

And hearken to me; thus it is devis'd,¹
 This night thou must, (and, pr'ythee, so resolve)
 Meet *Serberine* at *St. Liugis'* park:
 Thou know'st, 'tis here hard by behind the house;
 There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure:
 For die he must, if we do mean to live.

Pedringano.

But how shall *Serberine* be there, my lord?

Lorenzo.

Let me alone, I'll send to him to meet
 The prince and me, where thou must do this deed.

Pedringano.

It shall be done, my lord, it shall be done;
 And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.

Lorenzo.

When things shall alter, as I hope they will,
 Then shalt thou mount for this; thou know'st my mind.
Che le Jeron! [Exit *Pedringano.*

Enter Page.

Page.

My lord?

Lorenzo.

Go, firrah, to *Serberine*, and bid him forthwith
 Meet the prince and me at *St. Liugis'* park,
 Behind the house, this evening, boy.

Page.

I go, my lord.

Lorenzo.

But, firrah, let the hour be eight o'clock:
 Bid him not fail.

Page.

I fly, my lord.

[Exit.]

Lorenzo.

Now to confirm the complot thou hast cast,
 Of all these practises, I'll spread the watch,

¹ — thus it is: *disguis'd*, 1618, 23, 33.

Upon precise commandment from the king,
 Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*
 This night shall murder hapless *Serberine*.
 Thus must we work, that will avoid distrust,
 Thus must we practise to prevent mishap :
 And thus one ill another must expulse.
 This sly inquiry of *Hieronimo*
 For *Bel-imperia* breeds suspicion,
 And this suspicion bodes a further ill.
 As for myself, I know my secret fault,
 And so do they ; but I have dealt for them.
 They that for coin their souls endangered,
 To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs :
 And better 'tis, that base companions die,
 Than by their life to hazard our good haps ;
 Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith :
 I'll trust myself, myself shall be my friend ;
 For die they shall, slaves are ordain'd to no other end.
 [Exit.

Enter Pedringano, with a pistol.

Pedringano.

Now, *Pedringano*, bid thy pistol hold ;
 And hold on, fortune, once more favour me,
 Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
 And let me shift for taking of mine aim.
 Here is the gold, this is the gold propos'd,
 It is no dream that I adventure for,
 But *Pedringano* is possess'd thereof ;
 And he that would not strain his conscience
 For him, that thus his liberal purse hath stretch'd,
 Unworthy such a favour may he fail ;
 And, wishing, want, when such as I prevail :
 As for the fear of apprehension,
 I know, if need should be, my noble lord
 Will stand between me and ensuing harms :

Besides this place is free from all suspect.
Here therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

1 Watch.

I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expressly charg'd to watch.

2 Watch.

'Tis by commandment in the king's own name.

3 Watch.

But we were never wont to watch and ¹ ward
So near the duke his brother's ² house before.

2 Watch.

Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in't.

Enter Serberine.

Serberine.

Here, *Serberine*, attend and stay thy pace;
For here did *Don Lorenzo's* page appoint,
That thou by his command shouldst meet with him:
How fit a place, if one were so dispos'd,
Methinks this corner is to close with one.

Pedringano.

Here comes the bird that I must seize upon:
Now, *Pedringano*, or never, play the man.

Serberine.

I wonder, that his lordship stays so long,
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?

Pedringano.

For this, *Serberine*, and thou shalt ha't.

[Shoots the Dag.

So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd.

¹ *nor* 1618, 23, 33.

² *brother's* om. ditto.

1 *Watch.*

Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot.

2 *Watch.*

And here's one slain; stay the murderer.

Pedringano.

Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell,

[*He strives with the Watch.*]

Who first lays hand on me, I'll be his priest.

3 *Watch.*

Sirrah, confess, and therein play the priest,
Why hast thou thus unkindly kill'd the man?

Pedringano.

Why? because he walk'd abroad so late.

3 *Watch.*

Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.

2 *Watch.*

Come to the marshal's¹ with the murderer.

1 *Watch.*

On to *Hieronimo's*:² help me here
To bring the murder'd body with us too.

Pedringano.

Hieronimo? carry me before whom you will,
Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you;
And do your worst, for I defy you all.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar.

Balthazar.

How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?

Lorenzo.

Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.

Balthazar.

What mischief is it that we not mistrust?

1 *marshall* 1618, 23, 33.

2 *Hieronimo*: ditto.

Lorenzo.

Lorenzo.

Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my lord,
And unexpected harms do hurt us most.

Baltbazar.

Why, tell me, *Don Lorenzo*, tell me, man,
If aught concerns our honour, and your own?

Lorenzo.

Nor ' you, nor me, my lord, but both in one:
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,
That by those base confederates in our fault,
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*,
We are betray'd to old *Hieronimo*.

Baltbazar.

Betray'd, *Lorenzo*? tush! it cannot be.

Lorenzo.

A guilty conscience, urged with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err:
I am persuaded, and dissuade me not,
That all's revealed to *Hieronimo*,
And therefore know, that I have cast it thus.

Enter Page.

But here's the *Page*:— How now? what news with thee?

Page.

My lord, *Serberine* is slain.

Baltbazar.

Who, *Serberine* my man?

Page.

Your highness' man, my lord.

Lorenzo.

Speak, *Page*, who murder'd him?

Page.

He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lorenzo.

Who?

Page.

Pedringano.

1 Not 1618, 23, 33.

Baltbazar.

Balthazar.

Is *Serberine* slain; that lov'd his lord so well?
Injurious villain! murderer of his friend!

Lorenzo.

Hath *Pedringano* murder'd *Serberine*?
My lord, let me entreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge,
With your complaints unto my lord the king:
This their diffension breeds a greater doubt.

Balthazar.

Affure thee, *Don Lorenzo*, he shall die,
Or else his highness hardly shall deny.
Mean while I'll haite the marshal sessions:
For die he shall for this his damned deed.

[*Exit Balthazar.*]

Lorenzo.

Why so, this fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deal;
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point;
I set the trap, he breaks the worthless twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was lim'd.
Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends;
He runs to kill, whom I have help² to catch,
And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.
'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or any one, in mine opinion,
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.

Enter a Messenger, with a letter.

Boy, —

Page.

My lord?

¹ *I, Serberine* 1618, 23, 33.

² *hope* 1623, 33.

Lorenzo.

Lorenzo.

What's he ?

Messenger.

I have a letter to your lordship.

Lorenzo.

From whence ?

Messenger.

From *Pedringano*, that's imprison'd.

Lorenzo.

So, he is in prison¹ then ?

Messenger.

Ay, my good lord.

Lorenzo.

What would he with us ?

He writes us here, *To stand good L. and help him in distress.*

Tell him, I have his letters, know his mind ;

And what we may, let him assure him of.

Fellow, be gone ; my boy shall follow thee.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

This works like wax ; yet once more try thy wits.—

Boy, go, convey this purse to *Pedringano* ;

Thou know'st the prison, closely give it him,

And be advis'd that none be there about :

Bid him be merry still, but secret ;

And though the marshal² sessions be to day,

Bid him not doubt of his delivery ;

Tell him, his pardon is already sign'd :

And thereon bid him boldly be resolv'd ;

For were he ready to be turned off,

(As 'tis my will the uttermost be try'd)

Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still :

Show him this box, tell him his pardon's in't ;

But open't not, and if thou lov'st thy life :

But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown,

He shall not want while *Don Lorenzo* lives : away.

¹ *imprison'd* 1618, 23, 33.

² *marshals* ditto.

Page.

I go, my lord, I run.

[Exit Page.

Lorenzo.

But, firrah, see that this be cleanly done.
 Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,
 And now or never, ends *Lorenzo's* doubts:
 One only thing is uneffected yet,
 And that's to see the executioner;
 But to what end? I list not trust the air
 With utterance of our pretence therein;
 For fear the privy whispering of the wind
 Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,
 That lie too open to advantages.

*E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa,
 Intendo io quel mi bastara.*

Enter Boy, with the box.

Boy.

My master hath forbidden me to look in this box;
 and, by my troth, ² 'tis likely, if he had not warned me,
 I should not have had so much idle time: for we mens-
 kind ³ in our minority, are like women in their uncer-
 tainty; that they are most forbidden, they will soonest
 attempt: so I now. — By my bare honesty, ⁴ here's no-
 thing but the bare empty box: were it not sin against
 secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentleman-like
 knavery. I must go to *Pedringano*, and tell him his pardon
 is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not
 seen the contrary. I cannot choose but smile, to think
 how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience,
 and descant on the hangman; and all presuming of his
 pardon from hence. Will't not be an odd jest, for me to

¹ I om. 1618, 23, 33. ² honesty ditto.

³ men-kind ditto. ⁴ credit. ditto.

¹² *Et quel que voglio, Il nessun le sa,
 Intendo io quel mi bastara.* Sic

stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who would say, mock on, here's thy warrant? Is't not a scurvy jest, that a man should jest himself to death? Alas! poor *Pedringano*, I am in a fort sorry for thee; but if I should be hang'd with thee, I cannot ² weep. [Exit.

Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputy.

Hieronimo.

Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
That know not how to remedy our own;
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
But shall I never live to see the day,
That I may come, by justice of the heav'ns,
To know the cause that may my cares allay?
This toils my body, this consumeth age,
That only I, to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to me.

Deputy.

Worthy *Hieronimo*, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.

Hieronimo.

So is't my duty to regard his death,
Who, when he liv'd, deserv'd my dearest blood.
But come, for that we came for: let's begin,
For here lies that, which bids me to be gone.

Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano, with a letter in his hand, bound.

Deputy.

Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

Pedringano.

Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come;
For I had written to my lord anew,

1 *should* 1618, 23, 33.

2 *could not* ditto.

A nearer

A nearer matter that concerneth him,
 For fear his lordship had forgotten me :
 But sith he hath remember'd me so well, —
 Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear ?

Hieronimo.

Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,
 And here for satisfaction of the world,
 Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault ;
 For there's thy ¹ place of execution.

Pedringano.

This is short work : well, to your marshalship.
 First, I confess, nor fear I death therefore,
 I am the man, 'twas I slew *Serberine*.
 But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,
 Where we shall satisfy you for this gear ?

Deputy.

Ay, *Pedringano*.

Pedringano.

Now ², I think not so.

Hieronimo.

Peace, impudent ; for thou shalt find it so :
 For blood with blood, shall (while I sit as judge)
 Be satisfied, and the law discharg'd.
 And though myself cannot receive the like,
 Yet will I see that others have their right.
 Despatch, the fault's approved, and confess'd ;
 And by our law, he is condemn'd to die.

Enter Hangman.

Hangman.

Come on, sir ; are you ready ?

Pedringano.

To do what, my fine officious knave ?

Hangman.

To go to this gear.

¹ the 1618, 23, 33.

² No, ditto.

Pedringano.

Pedringano.

O fir, you are too forward; thou wouldst fain furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit:

So I should go out of this gear my raiment, into that gear the rope:

But, hangman, now I spy your knavery; I'll not change without boot, that's flat.

Hangman.

Come, fir.

Pedringano.

So then, I must up?

Hangman.

No remedy.

Pedringano.

Yes, but there shall be for my ¹ coming down.

Hangman.

Indeed here's a remedy for that.

Pedringano.

How? be turn'd off?

Hangman.

Ay, truly; come, are you ready?

I pray you, fir, despatch; the day goes away.

Pedringano.

What, do you hang by the hour? If you do, I may chance to break your old custom.

Hangman.

'Faith, you have ² reason; for I am like to break your young neck.

Pedringano.

Dost thou mock me, hangman? pray God, I be not preserv'd to break your knave's pate for this.

Hangman.

Alas! fir, you are a foot too low to reach it: and, I hope, you will never grow so high, while I am in the office.

¹ my omitted ditto.

² no reason 1618, 23, 33.

Pedringano.

Pedringano.

Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

Hangman.

What, he that points to it with his finger?

Pedringano.

Ay, that companion.

Hangman.

I know him not, but what of him?

Pedringano.

Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee a new-trufs?

Hangman.

Ay, and many a fair year after, to trufs up many an honefter man, than either thou, or he.

Pedringano.

What hath he in his box, as thou thinkest?

Hangman.

'Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly; Methinks, you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

Pedringano.

Why, sirrah hangman, I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the soul: and it may be, in that box is balm for both.

Hangman.

Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh, that ever groan'd at my office door.

Pedringano.

Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?

Hangman.

Ay, and that shall all they witness, that see you seal it with a thief's name.

Pedringano.

I pr'ythee, request this good company to pray with me.

Hangman.

Ay, marry, fir, this is a good motion. — My masters, you see here's a good fellow.

for 1618, 23, 33.

Pedringano.

Pedringano.

Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till
some other time; for now I have no great need.

Hieronimo.

I have not seen a wretch so impudent.
O monstrous times! where murder's set so light,
And where the foul, that should be shrin'd in heav'n,
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wand'ring in the thorny passages,
That intercepts itself of happiness.
Murder? o bloody monster! God forbid,
A fault so foul should 'scape unpunished.
Despatch, and see this ' execution done:
This makes me to remember thee, my son. [Exit Hier.]

Pedringano.

Nay, soft, no haste.

Deputy.

Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

Pedringano.

Why, ay.

Hangman.

As how?

Pedringano.

Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.

Hangman.

Stand you on that? then you shall off with this.
[He turns him off.]

Deputy.

So, executioner; convey him hence:
But let his body be unburied;
Let not the earth be choked or infect
With that which heaven contemns, and men neglect.
[Exeunt.]

*Enter Hieronimo.**Hieronimo.*

Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes,

My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth ?
 Or mine exclaims, that have furcharg'd the air
 With ceaseless plaints for my deceased son ?
 The blutt'ring winds, conspiring with my words,
 At my lament, have mov'd the leafless trees,
 Disrob'd the meadows of their flower'd green,
 Made mountains marsh, with spring-tides ¹ of my tears,
 And broken through the brazen gates of hell.
 Yet still tormented is my tortur'd soul
 With broken sighs and restless passions,
 That, winged, mount; and, hovering in the air,
 Beat ² at the windows of the brightest heavens,
 Soliciting for justice and revenge :
 But they are plac'd in those imperial heights,
 Where, countermur'd with walls of diamond,
 I find the place impregnable ; and they
 Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter Hangman, with a letter.

Hangman.

O lord, sir, God bless you, sir ; the man, sir, *Petergad*,
 sir, he that was so full of merry conceits —

Hieronimo.

Well, what of him ?

Hangman.

O lord, sir, he went the wrong way ; the fellow had a
 fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport ;
 I pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

Hieronimo.

I warrant thee, give it me.

Hangman.

You will stand between the gallows and me ?

Hieronimo.

Ay, ay.

Hangman.

I thank your lord worship.

[*Exit Hang.*

¹ *spring-tide* 1618, 23, 33.

² *But ditto.*

Hieronimo.

And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.

*My lord, I write as mine extremes require,
That you would labour my delivery:
If you neglect, my life is desperate;
And in my death, I shall reveal the truth.
You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confederate with the prince and you:
Won by rewards and hopeful promises,
I help to murder Don Horatio too.*

Help he to murder mine *Horatio*?
And actors in the accursed tragedy
Wast thou, *Lorenzo*, *Balthazar* and thou,
Of whom my son, my son deserv'd so well?
What have I heard? what have mine eyes beheld?
O sacred heavens! may it come to pass
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smother'd, and so long conceal'd,
Shall thus by this be revenged¹ or reveal'd?
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That *Bel-imperia's* letter was not feign'd;
Nor feigned she, though falsely they have wrong'd
Both her, myself, *Horatio*, and themselves.
Now may I make compare 'twixt her's and this,
Of every accident I ne'er could find
Till now, and now I feelingly perceive
They did what heaven unpunish'd would not leave.
O false *Lorenzo*! are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honour that thou didst my son?
And *Balthazar*, bane to thy soul and me,

¹ *shall thus be thus revenged*, 1618.

shall thus be thus revenged, 1623, 33.

² *should* 1618, 23, 33.

Was this the ransome he reserv'd thee for ?
 Wo to the cause of these constrained wars !
 Wo to thy baseness and captivity !
 Wo to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,
 Thy cursed father, and thy conquer'd self !
 And ban'd with bitter execrations be,
 The day and place where he did pity thee !
 But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
 When nought but blood will satisfy my woes ?
 I will go plain me to my lord the king,
 And cry aloud for justice through the court,
 Wearing the flints with these my wither'd feet ;
 And either purchase justice by entreats,
 Or tire them all with my revenging threats. [Exit.

† A C T IV.

Enter Isabella, and her maid.

Isabella.

SO that you say this herb will purge the eye, 2
 And this the head.—Ah, but none of them will purge
 the heart !

No, there's no medicine left for my disease,
 Nor any physick to recure the dead.— [She runs lunatick.

Horatio ! O where's Horatio ?

1 for thee 1618, 23, 33: 2 eyes ditto.

† *Hiberto this play has been made to consist of four acts ; but, surely, through mistake : the third act containing more pages than any two besides. The present editor has therefore ventured, against the authority of the printed copies, to divide the third into two ; and submits the propriety of the arrangement to the judgment of the reader.*

Maid.

Good madam, affright not thus yourself
With outrage for your son *Horatio*;
He sleeps in quiet in the *Elyfsan* fields.

Isabella.

Why, did I not give you gowns, and goodly things?
Bought you a whistle, and a whiptalk too,
To be revenged on their villanies?

Maid.

Madam, these humours do torment my soul.

Isabella.

My soul, poor soul; thou talk'st of things
Thou know'st not what: my soul hath silver wings,
That mount me up unto the highest heavens:
To heaven, ay, there sits my *Horatio*,
Back'd with a troop of fiery cherubims,
Dancing about his newly healed wounds,
Singing sweet hymns, and chanting heavenly notes:
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,¹
That died,² ay, died a mirror in our days.
But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
That slew *Horatio*? Whither shall I run,
To find them out that murdered my son? [Exeunt.

*Bel-imperia at a window.**Bel-imperia.*

What means this outrage that is offer'd me?
Why am I thus sequester'd from the court?
No notice! shall I not know the cause
Of these my secret and suspicious ills!
Accursed brother, unkind murderer,
Why bend'st thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
Hieronimo, why writ³ I of thy wrongs?
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?

¹ *innocency* 1618, 23, 33.

² *liv'd* ditto.

³ *write* ditto.

Andrea, O *Andrea*! that thou saw'st
 Me for thy friend *Horatio* handled thus;
 And him for me, thus causeless murdered!
 Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself
 To patience, and apply me to the time,
 Till heav'n, as I have hop'd, shall set me free.

Enter Christophil.

Christophil.

Come, madam *Bel-imperia*, this may not be. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.

Lorenzo.

Boy, talk no further. Thus far things go well.
 Thou art assured that thou saw'st him dead?

Page.

Or else, my lord, I live not.

Lorenzo.

That's enough.

As for his resolution in his end,
 Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.

Here, take my ring, and give it *Christophil*,

And bid him let my sister be enlarg'd,

And bring her hither straight. — *Exit Page.*

This that I did was for a policy,

To smooth and keep the murder secret,

Which, as a nine-days wonder, being o'er-blown,

My gentle sister will I now enlarge.

Balthazar.

And time, *Lorenzo*; for my lord the duke;

You heard, inquired for her yester-night,

Lorenzo.

Why, and my lord, I hope, you heard me say,

1 *must* 1618, 23, 33.

2 *Exit Page.* omitted ditto.

Sufficient reason why she kept away:
But that's all one, My lord, you love her?

Balthazar.

Ay.

Lorenzo.

Then in your love beware; deal cunningly;
Salve all suspicions, only sooth me up;
And if she hap to stand on terms with us,
As for her sweetheart, and concealment so,
Jest with her gently: under feigned jest
Are things conceal'd, that else would breed unrest.
But here she comes.

Enter Bel-imperia.

Lorenzo.

Now, sister?

Bel-imperia.

Sister! no, thou art no brother, but an enemy;
Else wouldst thou not have us'd thy sister so:
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn,
And with extremes abuse my company;
And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates,
And clap me up where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wits?
Or wherein is't that I offended thee?

Lorenzo.

Advise you better, *Bel-imperia*,
For I have done you no disparagement;
Unless, by more discretion than deserv'd,
I fought to save your honour and mine own.

Bel-imperia.

Mine honour! why, *Lorenzo*, wherein is't
That I neglect my reputation so,
As you or any need to rescue it?

Lorenzo.

His highness, and my father, were resolv'd
To come confer with old *Hieronimo*,
Concerning certain matters of estate,
That by the viceroy was determined.

Bel-imperia.

And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?

Balthazar.

Have patience, *Bel-imperia*, hear the rest.

Lorenzo.

Me (next in fight) as messenger they sent,
To give him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consorted with the prince,
And, unexpected, in an arbour there,
Found *Bel-imperia* with *Horatio*.

Bel-imperia.

How then?

Lorenzo.

Why then, remembering that old disgrace
Which you for *Don Andrea* had endur'd,
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,
Thought rather, for I knew no readier mean,
To thrust *Horatio* forth my father's way.

Balthazar.

And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Lest that his highness should have found you there.

Bel-imperia.

Even so, my lord? and you are witness
That this is true which he entreateth of? —
You, gentle brother, forg'd this for my sake;
And you, my lord, were made his instrument:
A work of worth, worthy the noting too!
But what's the cause that you conceal'd me since?

Lorenzo.

Your melancholy, sister, since the news

Of your first favourite *Don Andrea's* death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate.

Balthazar.

And better was't for you, being in disgrace,
To absent yourself, and give his fury place.

Bel-imperia.

But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lorenzo.

That were to add more fuel to your¹ fire,
Who burnt like *Ætna* for *Andrea's* loss.

Bel-imperia.

Hath not my father then inquir'd for me?

Lorenzo.

Sister, he hath, and thus excus'd I thee.

[*He whispereth in her ear.*

But, *Bel-imperia*, see the gentle prince,
Look on thy love, behold young *Balthazar*,
Whose passions by thy presence are increas'd;
And in whose melancholy thou may'st see
Thy hate, his² love, thy flight, his following thee.

Bel-imperia.

Brother, you are become an orator,
I know not I, by what experience,
Too politick for me past all compare,
Since last I saw you; but content yourself,
The prince is meditating higher things.

Balthazar.

'Tis of thy beauty then, that conquers kings;
Of those thy tresses, *Ariadne's* twines,³
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surpriz'd:
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.

Bel-imperia.

To love, and fear, and both at once, my lord,
In my conceit are things of more import

¹ *the* 1618, 23, 33.

² *Thy hate is love:* 1618.

³ *twinnnes* 1618, 23, 33.

Than women's wits are to be bufied with.

Balthazar.

'Tis I that love.

Bel-imperia.

Whom?

Balthazar.

Bel-imperia.

Bel-imperia.

But I, that fear.

Balthazar.

Whom?

Bel-imperia.

Bel-imperia.

Lorenzo.

Fear yourself?

Bel-imperia.

Ay, brother.

Lorenzo.

How?

Bel-imperia.

As those that, what they love, are loath and fear to lose.

Balthazar.

Then, fair, let *Balthazar* your keeper be.

Bel-imperia.

No, ² *Balthazar* doth fear as well as we:

Et tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem,

Et vanum stolidæ proditionis opus.

[*Exit.*

Lorenzo.

Nay, an' you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at court.

Balthazar.

Led by the loadstar of her heavenly looks,
Wends poor oppressed *Balthazar*,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Uncertain to effect his pilgrimage.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ when 1618, 23, 33.

² No, omitted ditto.

Enter

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meets them.

1 Portingale.

By your leave, sir. * *

Hieronimo.

* * See note, page 40.

Hieronimo.

'Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,
 Nor as you think: you are wide all:
 These slippers are not mine, they were my son *Horatio's*.
 My son! and what's a son?
 A thing begot within a pair of minutes, thereabout:
 A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
 To balance those light creatures we call women;
 And, at nine months end, creeps forth to light.
 What is there yet in a son,
 To make a father dote, rave, or run mad?
 Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
 What is there yet in a son?
 He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak:
 Ay, or yet; why might not a man love a calf as well?
 Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, as for a son?
 Methinks, a young bacon,
 Or a fine little smooth horse colt,
 Should move a man as much as doth a son;
 For one of these, in very little time,
 Will grow to some good use; whereas a son,
 The more he grows in stature and in years,
 The more unshar'd, unbeveled he appears,
 Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
 Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots,
 Makes them look old before they meet with age:
 This is a son; and what a loss were this, consider'd truly?
 O, but my *Horatio* grew out of reach of those
 Infatiate humours: he lov'd his loving parents;
 He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
 The very arm that did hold up our house:
 Our hopes were stored up in him.
 None but a damned murderer could hate him:
 He had not seen the back of nineteen years,
 When his strong arm withors'd the proud prince *Balthazar*;
 And his great mind, too full of honour,
 Took him us to mercy that valiant but ignoble *Portingale*.

Hieronimo.

Good leave have you; nay, I pray you, go,
For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so.

2 Portingale.

Pray you, which is the next ¹ way to my lord the duke's?

Hieronimo.

The next way from me.

2 Portingale.

To his house, we mean.

Hieronimo.

O, hard by; 'tis yon house that you see.

2 Portingale.

You could not tell us if his son were there?

Hieronimo.

Who, my lord Lorenzo?

1 Portingale.

Ay, sir.

[*He goes in at one door, and comes out at another.*]

Hieronimo.

O forbear, for other talk for us far fitter were;
But if you be importunate ² to know
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt:
There is a path upon your left-hand side,

¹ next omitt. 1618, 23, 33.

² importune 1618, 23.

That

Well, heaven is heaven still!
And there is *Nemesis*, and furies,
And things call'd whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always 'scape, that's some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, and steals, and steals,
Till violence leaps forth, like thunder
Wrap'd in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.
Good leave have you: I pray you go,
For I'll leave, if you can leave me so.

That leadeth from a guilty conscience
 Unto a forest of distrust and fear;
 A darksome place, and dangerous to pass;
 There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
 Whose baleful humours if you but uphold,¹
 It will conduct you to despair and death;
 Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld,
 Within a huge dale of fasting night,
 That, ² kindled with the world's iniquities,
 Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes:
 Not far from thence, where murderers have built
 An habitation for their cursed souls,
 There in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by *Jove*
 In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,
 Yourselves shall find *Lorenzo* bathing him
 In boiling lead and blood of innocents.

1 Portingale.

Ha, ha, ha.

Hieronimo.

Ha, ha, ha! Why, ha, ha, ha? Farewel, good ha,
 ha, ha. [Exit.]

2 Portingale.

Doubtless this man is passing lunatick,
 Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.
 Come, let's away, to seek my lord the duke. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Hieronimo, with a poniard in one hand, and a rope
 in the other.*

Hieronimo.

Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the king;
 The king sees me, and fain would hear my suit.
 Why is not this a strange and seld seen thing,
 That standers by, with toys should strike me mute?
 Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more.

1 Whose palefull humours if you but behold 1618, 23, 33.

2 That's ditto.

Hieronimo,

Hieronimo, 'tis time for thee to trudge:
 Down by the dale that flows with purple gore,
 Standeth a fiery tow'r; there sits a judge
 Upon a seat of steel, and molten brass,
 And 'twixt his teeth he holds a firebrand,
 That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand:
 Away, *Hieronimo*, to him be gone;
 He'll do thee justice for *Horatio's* death.
 Turn down this path, thou shalt be with him straight;
 Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath,
 This way, or that way: soft and fair, not so;
 For if I hang or kill myself, let's know,
 Who will revenge *Horatio's* murder then?
 No, no, fie, no; pardon me, I'll none of that.

[*He flings away the dagger and halber.*

This way I'll take, and this way comes the king.

[*He takes them up again.*

And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;
 And, *Balthazar*, I'll be with thee to bring,
 And thee, *Lorenzo*: here's the king, nay, stay;
 And here, ay here: there goes the hare away.

Enter King, Ambassador, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King.

Now show, ambassador, what our viceroy saith:
 Hath he receiv'd the articles we sent?

Hieronimo.

Justice! O, justice to *Hieronimo*!

Lorenzo.

Back, see'st thou not the king is busy?

Hieronimo.

O, is he so?

King.

Who is he that interrupts our business?

Hieronimo.

Not I: *Hieronimo*, beware; go by, go by.

Ambassador.

Ambassador.

Renowned king, he hath receiv'd and read
 Thy kingly proffers, and thy promis'd league:
 And as a man extremely overjoy'd,
 To hear his son so princely entertain'd,
 Whose death he had so solemnly bewail'd;
 This for thy further satisfaction
 And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know:
 First, for the marriage of his princely son
 With *Bel-imperia*, thy beloved niece,
 The news are more delightful to his soul,
 Than myrrh or incense to th'offended heavens:
 In person therefore will he come himself,
 To see the marriage rites solemnized:
 And in the presence of the court of *Spain*,
 To knit a sure inextricable band
 Of kingly love, and everlasting league,
 Betwixt the crowns of *Spain* and *Portingale*;
 There will he give his crown to *Balthazar*,
 And make a queen of *Bel-imperia*.

King.

Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love?

Castile.

No doubt, my lord, it is an argument
 Of honourable care to keep his friend,
 And wondrous zeal to *Balthazar* his son;
 Nor am I least indebted to his grace,
 That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

Ambassador.

Now last, dread lord, here hath his highness sent,
 (Although he send not that his son return)
 His ransom due to *Don Horatio*.

Hieronimo.

Horatio! who calls *Horatio*?

King.

And well remember'd, thank his majesty:
 Here, see it given to *Horatio*.

inextercable second edit.

inexplicable 1618, 22, 33.

Hieronimo.

Hieronimo.

Justice! O justice! justice! gentle king.

King.

Who is that? *Hieronimo?*

Hieronimo.

Justice! O justice! O my son, my son,
My son, whom nought can ransom or redeem.

Lorenzo.

Hieronimo, you are not well advis'd.

Hieronimo.

Away, *Lorenzo*, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss;
Give me my son, you shall not ransom him.
Away, I'll rip the bowels of the earth,

[*He diggeth with his dagger.*

And ferry over to the *Elysian* plains,
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me, I'll make a pickaxe of my poniard,
And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avenged on you all for this.

King.

What means this outrage?
Will none of you restrain his fury?

Hieronimo.

Nay, soft and fair, you shall not need to strive:
Needs must he go that the devils drive. [Exit.

King.

What accident hath hap'd, *Hieronimo?* —
I have not seen him to demean him so.

Lorenzo.

My gracious lord, he is, with extreme pride,
Conceiv'd of young *Horatio* his son,
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young prince *Balkazar*,
Distract, and in a manner lunatick.

1 my 1618, 23, 33.

2 bapt to ditto.

King.

King.

Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for't,
This is the love that fathers bear their sons: —
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The prince's ransome; let him have his due.
For what he hath, *Horatio* shall not want,
Happily *Hieronimo* hath need thereof.

Lorenzo.

But if he be thus helplessly ¹ distract,
'Tis requisite his office be resign'd,
And given to one of more discretion.

King.

We shall increase his melancholy so;
'Tis best that ² we see farther in it first:
Till when, ourself will exempt the place.
And, brother, now bring in the ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match,
'Twixt *Baltazar* and *Bel-imperia*;
And that we may prefix a certain time,
Wherein the marriage shall be solemniz'd,
That we may have thy lord the viceroy here.

Ambassador.

Therein your highness highly shall content
His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.

King.

On then, and hear you, ³ lord ambassador. * * * [*Exeunt.*

¹ *haplessly* 1618, 23, 33. ² *that* omitted ditto.

³ *your* ditto. *Enter*

* * * See note, page 40.

Enter Jaques, and Pedro.

Jaques.

I wonder, *Pedro*, why our master thus,
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

Pedro.

O *Jaques*, know thou that our master's mind

Enter Hieronimo, with a book in his hand.

Hieronimo.

Vindicta mihi.

Ay, heaven will be reveng'd of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder un-repay'd:

Then

Is much diftraught since his *Horatio* died:
And now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet, like a desperate man,
Grows lunatick and childish, for his son:
Sometimes as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if *Horatio* stood by him;
Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
Cries out *Horatio*, where is my *Horatio*?
So that with extreme grief, and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of man:
See, here he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hieronimo.

I pry through every crevise of each wall,
Look at each tree, and search through every brake,
Beat on the bushes, stamp our grand-dame earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven:
Yet cannot I behold my son *Horatio*.
How now, who's there, sprights, sprights?

Pedro.

We are your servants that attend you, sir.

Hieronimo.

What make you with your torches in the dark?

Pedro.

You bid us light them, and attend you here.

Hieronimo.

No, no, you are deceiv'd, not I, you are deceiv'd:
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
When as the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then.

Pedro.

Then we burn day-light,

Then stay, *Hieronimo*, attend their will ;
 For mortal men may not appoint their time. 1

Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.

1 a time 1618, 23, 33.

Strike

Hieronimo.

Let it be burnt, night is a murd'rous slut,
 That would not have her treasons to be seen :
 And yonder pale-fac'd *Hecate* there, the moon,
 Doth give consent to that is done in darkness :
 And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
 Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train ;
 And those that should be powerful and divine,
 Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.

Pedro.

Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words,
 The heavens are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow
 Make you speak you know not what.

Hieronimo.

Villain, thou ly'st, and thou dost neight
 But tell me I am mad : thou ly'st, I am not mad :
 I know thee to be *Pedro*, and he *Jagues* ;
 I'll prove it to thee ; and, were I mad, how could I ?
 Where was she the same night, when my *Horatio* was murder'd ?
 She should have shone : search thou the book :
 Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind of grace,
 That I know, nay I do know had the murd'rer seen him,
 His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth ;
 Had he been fram'd of nought but blood and death :
 Alack, when mischief doth it knows not what,
 What shall we say to mischief ?

Enter Isabella.

Isabella.

Dear *Hieronimo*, come in a-doors,
 O seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.

Hieronimo.

Indeed, *Isabella*, we do nothing here ;
 I do not cry, ask *Pedro* and *Jagues* :
 Not I indeed, we are very merry, very merry.

Isabella.

How ? be merry here, be merry here ?

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offer'd thee;
 For evils unto ill conductors be,
 And death's the worst of resolution;

For

Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
 Where my *Horatio* died, where he was murder'd?

Hieronimo.

Was, do not say what: let her weep it out;
 This was the tree, I set it of a kernel:
 And when our hot *Spain* could not let it grow,
 But that the infant and the humane sap
 Began to wither, duly twice a morning,
 Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water:
 At last it grew, and grew, and bore, and bore;
 Till at the length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son:
 It bore thy fruit and mine: O wicked, wicked plant!

[*One knocks within at the door.*]

See who knocks there?

Pedro.

It is a painter, sir.

Hieronimo.

Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
 For surely there's none lives but painted comfort:
 Let him come in, one knows not what may chance:
 God's will, that I should set this tree.
 But even so masters, ungrateful servants, rear'd from nought,
 And then they hate them that did bring them up.

Enter the Painter.

Painter.

God bless you, sir.

Hieronimo.

Wherefore? why, thou scornful villain?
 How, where, or by what means should I be blest?

Isabella.

What wouldst thou have, good fellow?

Painter.

Justice, madam.

Hieronimo.

O ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that,
 That lives not in the world?
 Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
 An ounce of justice. 'tis a jewel so inestimable.

For he that thinks with patience to contend,
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

*Fata si miseros juvant, babes salutem;
Fata si vitam negant, babes sepulchrum.*

If

I tell thee, God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.

Painter.

O then I see, that God must right me for my murder'd son.

Hieronimo.

How? was thy son murder'd?

Painter.

Ay, sir, no man did hold a son so dear.

Hieronimo.

What, not as thine? that's a lie,
As massy as the earth: I had a son,
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons, and he was murder'd.

Painter.

Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

Hieronimo.

Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine,
Was worth a legion. But all is one.

Pedro, Jaques: go in a doors *Ifabella,* go,
And this good fellow here, and I,
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like to two lions reaved of their young.
Go in a doors, I say.

[*Exeunt.*

[*The painter and he sits down.*

Come, let's talk wisely now.
Was thy son murder'd?

Painter.

Ay, sir,

Hieronimo.

So was mine.
How dost thou take it? art thou not sometime mad?
Is there no tricks that comes before thine eyes?

Painter.

O lord, yes, sir.

Hieronimo.

Art a painter? canst paint me a tear, or a wound?
A groan, or a sigh? canst paint me such a tree as this?

Painter.

If destiny thy miseries do ease,
 Then hast thou health; and happy shalt thou be:
 If destiny deny thee life, *Hieronimo*,
 Yet shalt thou be assured of a tomb:

I thou shalt 1623, 33.

If

Painter.

Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting;
 My name's *Bazardo*.

Hieronimo.

Bazardo! 'fore God an excellent fellow. Look you, fir,
 Do you see? I'd have you paint me my gallery,
 In your oil colours matted, and draw me five
 Years younger than I am: do you see, fir? let five
 Years go: let them go like the marshal of *Spain*,
 My wife *Isabella* standing by me,
 With a speaking look to my son *Heratio*,
 Which should intend to this, or some such like purpose:
 God bless thee, my sweet son; and my hand leaning upon his head thus,
 fir; do you see? may it be done?

Painter.

Very well, fir.

Hieronimo.

Nay, I pray, mark me, fir:
 Then, fir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree:
 Canst paint a doleful cry?

Painter.

Seemingly, fir.

Hieronimo.

Nay, it should cry; but all is one.
 Well, fir, paint me a youth run through and through with villains swords,
 hanging upon this tree.
 Canst thou draw a murd'rer?

Painter.

I'll warrant you, fir;
 I have the pattern of the most notorious villains,
 That ever liv'd in all *Spain*.

Hieronimo.

O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art,
 And let their beards be of *Judas* his own colour,
 And let their eye-brows jutting over: in any case observe that;
 Then, fir, after some violent noise,

F 3

Bring

If neither; yet let this thy comfort be,
 Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.
 And to conclude, I will revenge his death:
 But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,
 With open, but inevitable ills,
 As by a secret, yet a certain mean,

Which

Bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arm,
 With my torch in my hand, and my sword rear'd up thus:
 And with these words:

What noise is this? who calls Hieronimo?

May it be done?

Painter.

Yes, sir.

Hieronimo.

Well, sir, then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still
 with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my
 night-cap.

Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds
 blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the
 minutes jarring, and the clock striking twelve.

And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tottering, and
 tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to
 cut him down.

And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my
 son *Horatio*.

There you may a passion, there you may show a passion.

Draw me like old *Priam* of *Troy*,

Crying the house is o' fire, the house is o' fire.

As the torch over thy head; make me curse,

Make me rave, make me cry, make me mad,

Make me well again, make me curse hell,

Invoke, and in the end leave me

In a trance, and so forth.

Painter.

And is this the end?

Hieronimo.

O no, there is no end: the end is death and madness;

As I am never better than when I am mad;

Then methinks I am a brave fellow;

Then I do wonders, but reason abuseth me;

And there's the torment, there's the hell:

At the last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers;

Were he as strong as *Hector*, thus would I

Tear and drag him up and down.

[He beats the painter in, then comes out again, with a book in his hand.]

Which under kindship will be cloaked best.
 Wise men will take their opportunity,
 Clofely, and safely, fitting things to time.
 But in extrémés advantage hath no time :
 And therefore all times fit not for revenge.
 Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
 Dissembling quiet in unquietness ;
 Not seeming that I know their villanies,
 That my simplicity may make them think,
 That ignorantly I will let all slip ;
 For ignorance I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum mors est.

Nor aught avails it me to menace them,
 Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
 Will bear me down with their nobility.
 No, no, *Hieronimo*, thou must enjoin
 Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
 To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,²
 Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
 Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
 Till to revenge thou know, when, where, and how.
 [A noise within.
 How now, what noise ? what coil is that you keep ?

Enter a Servant.

Servant.

Here are a sort of poor petitioners,
 That are importunate, and it shall please you, sir,
 That you should plead their cases³ to the king.

Hieronimo.

That I should plead their several actions ?
 Why let them enter, and let me see them.

1 it 1618, 23, 33.

2 spirits afford ditto.

3 causes 1623, 33.

Enter

Enter three Citizens, and an Old Man.

1 *Citizen.*

So, I tell you this, for learning, and for law,
There is not any advocate in *Spain*
That can prevail, or will take half the pain,
That he will, in pursuit of equity.

Hieronimo.

Come near, you men, that thus importune me; —
Now must I bear a face of gravity,
For thus I us'd before my marshalship,
To plead in causes as corrigidor. —
Come on, firs, what's the matter?

2 *Citizen.*

Sir, an action.

Hieronimo.

Of battery?

1 *Citizen.*

Mine of debt.

Hieronimo.

Give place.

2 *Citizen.*

No, fir, mine is an action of the case.

3 *Citizen.*

Mine an *Ejectione firma* by a lease.

Hieronimo.

Content you, firs, are you determin'd
That I should plead your several actions?

1 *Citizen.*

Ay, fir, and here's my declaration.

2 *Citizen.*

And here's my band.

3 *Citizen.*

And here is my lease.

[They give him papers.]

1 *this* 1618, 23, 33.

Hieronimo.

Hieronimo.

But wherefore stands yon ¹ silly man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven uprear'd? —
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

Senex.

O worthy fir, my cause but flightly known,
May move the hearts of warlike *Myrmidons*,
And melt the corfick rocks with ruthful ² tears.

Hieronimo.

Say, father, tell me what's thy suit?

Senex.

No, fir, could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words,
Then should I not in paper (as you see)
With ink bewray, what blood began in me.

Hieronimo.

What's here? *The humble supplication of Don Bazulto,
for his murdered son.*

Senex.

Ay, fir.

Hieronimo.

No, fir, it was my murdered son: O my son,
O my son, o my son *Horatio!*
But mine, or thine, *Bazulto*, be content.
Here take my handkerchief, and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I, in thy mishaps may see
The lively portrait of my dying self.

[*He draweth out a bloody napkin.*

O no, not this, *Horatio*, this was thine;
And when I dy'd it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,
That of thy death revenged I should be.
But here, take this, and this — what, my purse?
Ay this, and that, and all of them are thine;
For all as one are our extremities.

¹ *Citizen.*

O, see the kindness of *Hieronimo!*

¹ *stand you* 1618, 23, 33.

³ *rueful* ditto.

² *Citizen.*

2 *Citizen.*

This gentleness shows him a gentleman.

Hieronimo.

See, see, o-see thy shame, *Hieronimo* ;
 See here a loving father to his son ;
 Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,
 That he delivereth ¹ for his son's decease.
 If love's ² effects so strive in lesser things,
 If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
 If love expresse ³ such power in poor estates :
Hieronimo, when as a raging sea,
 Toss'd with the wind and tide, o'erturneth then
 The upper billows, course of waves to keep,
 Whilst lesser waters labour in the deep :
 Then shamest thou not, *Hieronimo*, to neglect
 The sweet ⁴ revenge of thy *Heratio* ?
 Though on this earth justice will not be found,
 I'll down to hell, and in this passion,
 Knock at the dismal gates of *Pluto's* court ;
 Getting by force (as once *Alcides* did) ⁵
 A troop of furies, and tormenting hags,
 To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest.
 Yet lest the triple-headed porter should
 Deny my passage to the slimy strond,
 The *Thracian* poet thou shalt counterfeit : —
 Come on, ⁶ old father, be my *Orpheus* ;
 And if thou canst † no notes upon the harp,
 Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief
 Till we do gain, that *Proserpine* may grant
 Revenge on them that murdered my son.
 Then will I rent and tear them thus, and thus,
 Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth.

[Tears the papers.

1 delivered 1618, 23, 33.

2 love 1618.

3 enforce 1611, 23, 33.

4 swift ditto.

5 did omitted 1618.

6 on omitted 1618, 23, 33.

† canst no notes, i. e. understandest not, hast no knowledge of, or power in. So *Spenser*, and others.

1 *Citizen.*

1 Citizen.

O fir, my declaration!

[Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Citizen.

Save my bond.

Reenter Hieronimo.

2 Citizen.

Save my bond.

3 Citizen.

Alas! my lease, it cost me ten pound,
And you, my lord, have torn the same.

Hieronimo.

That cannot be, I gave it¹ never a wound;
Show me one drop of blood fall from the same:
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush, no; run after, catch me if you can.

[Exeunt all but the Old Man.

Bazulto remains till Hieronimo enters again, who staring
him in the face speaks.

Hieronimo.

And art thou come, *Horatio*, from the depth,
To ask for justice in this upper earth,
To tell thy father thou art unreveng'd,
To wring more tears from *Isabella's* eyes,
Whose lights are dim'd with overlong laments?
Go back, my son, complain to *Æacus*,
For here's no justice; gentle boy, be gone,
For justice is exiled from the earth:
Hieronimo will bear thee company.
Thy mother cries on righteous *Rhadamant*,
For just revenge against the murderers.

Senex.

Alas, my lord, whence springs this troubled speech?

¹ them 1618, 23, 33.

Hieronimo.

Hieronimo.

But let me look on my *Horatio*.

Sweet boy, how ¹ art thou ² chang'd in death's black shade!

Had *Proserpine* no pity on thy youth,
But suffer'd thy fair crimson-colour'd spring,
With withered winter to be blasted thus?

Horatio, thou art older ³ than thy father:

Ah ruthless father, that favour thus transforms!

Bazulto.

Ah, my good lord, I am not your young son.

Hieronimo.

What, not my son? thou then ⁴ a fury art,
Sent from the empty kingdom of black night,
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim *Minos* and just *Rhadamant*,
To plague *Hieronimo* that is remiss,
And seeks not vengeance for *Horatio's* death.

Bazulto.

I am a griev'd man and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murder'd son.

Hieronimo.

Ay, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy son:
Thou art the lively image of my grief;
Within thy face, my sorrows I may see:
Thy eyes are gum'd ⁵ with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windy fits thy spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son:
And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son.
Come in, old man, thou shalt to *Isabel*:
Lean on my arm: I thee, thou me shalt stay,
And thou and I and she will sing a song.

¹ *how* omitted 1618.

³ *elder* 1618, 23, 33.

⁵ *dim'd* 1618, 23, 33.

² *thou art* 1623, 33.

⁴ *then thou* 1633.

Three parts in one; but all of discords fram'd:
 Talk not of cords, but let us now be gone,
 For with a cord *Horatio* was slain. [Exeunt.

*Enter King of Spain, the Duke, Viceroy, and Lorenzo,
 Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Bel-imperia.*

King.

Go, brother, 'tis the duke of *Castile's* cause,
 Salute the viceroy in our name.

Castile.

I go.

Viceroy.

Go forth, *Don Pedro*, for thy nephew's sake,
 And greet the duke of *Castile*.

Pedro.

It shall be so. 1

King.

And now to meet these 2 *Portingales*:
 For as we now are, so sometimes were these,
 Kings and commanders of the western *Indies*. —
 Welcome, brave viceroy, to the court of *Spain*,
 And welcome all his honourable train.
 'Tis not unknown to us, for why you come,
 Or have so kingly cross'd the raging seas:
 Sufficeth 3 it in this, we note the troth,
 And more than common love you lend to us.
 So is it that mine honourable niece,
 For it befeems us now that it be known,
 Already is betroth'd to *Baltazar*:
 And by appointment and our condescent,
 To morrow are they 4 to be married.
 To this intent we entertain thyself,
 Thy followers, their pleasure, 5 and our peace.

1 *be fir.* 1618. *be done fir,* 1623.

2 *the* 1618, 23, 33.

3 *sufficed* ditto.

4 *they are* 1633.

5 *pleasures* 1623, 33.

Speak

Speak, men of *Portingale*, shall it be so?
If ay, say so: if not, say flatly no.

Viceroy.

Renowned king, I come not as thou think'st,
With doubtful followers, unresolv'd men,
But such as have upon thine articles,
Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me.
Know, sovereign, I come to solemnize
The marriage of thy beloved niece,
Fair *Bel-imperia*, with my *Balthazar*,
With thee, my son; whom sith I live so see,
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee:
And let me live a solitary life,
In ceaseless prayers,
To think how strangely heav'n hath thee preserv'd.

King.

See, brother, see, how nature strives in him!
Come, worthy viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend, with thine extremities:
A place more private fits this princely mood.

Viceroy.

Or here, or where your highness thinks it good.

[*Exeunt all but Cast. and Lorenzo.*
Castile.

Nay, stay, *Lorenzo*, let me talk with you:
See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?

Lorenzo.

I do, my lord, and joy to see the same.

Castile.

And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lorenzo.

For her, my lord, whom *Balthazar* doth love,
And to confirm the promis'd marriage.

Castile.

She is thy sister.

Lorenzo.

Who, *Bel-imperia*? Ay, my gracious lord;
And this is the day that I have long'd so happily to see.

Castile.

Castile.

Thou wouldst be loath that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happiness.

Lorenzo.

Heav'ns will not let *Lorenzo* err so much.

Castile.

Why then, *Lorenzo*, listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou, *Lorenzo*, wrong'st *Hieronimo*;
And in his suits towards his majesty
Still keep'st him back, and seek'st to cross his suit.

Lorenzo.

That I, my lord?

Castile.

I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I have been ashamed
To answer for thee, though thou art ¹ my son.

Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love
And kindness that *Hieronimo* hath won
By his deserts, within the court of *Spain*?
Or see'st thou not the king my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health?

Lorenzo, should'st thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaim against thee to the king,
What honour were't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were't among the kings,
'To hear *Hieronimo* exclaim on thee?
Tell me, and look thou tell me truly too, ²
Whence grows the ground of this report in court?

Lorenzo.

My lord, it lies not in *Lorenzo's* power
To stop the vulgar, liberal of their tongues:
A small advantage makes a water-breach,
And no man lives, that long contenteth all.

Castile.

Myself have seen thee busy to keep back

¹ wert 1618, 23, 33.

² too omitted ditto.

Him and his supplications from the king.

Lorenzo.

Yourself, my lord, have seen his passions,
That ill-beseem'd the presence of a king:
And for I pitied him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,
As to my soul, my lord.

Castile.

Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.

Lorenzo.

My gracious father, believe me, so he doth;
But what's a silly man distract in mind,
To think upon the murder of his son?
Alas! how easy is it for him to err?
But for his satisfaction, and the world's,
'Twere good, my lord, that *Hieronimo* and I
Were reconcil'd, if he misconstrue me.

Castile.

Lorenzo, thou hast said, it shall be so:—
Go one of you, and call *Hieronimo*.

Enter Balthazar, and Bel-imperia.

Balthazar.

Come *Bel-imperia*, *Balthazar's* content,
My sorrow's ease, and sovereign of my bliss,
Sith heaven hath ordain'd thee ² to be mine:
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,
And clear ³ them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies.

Bel-imperia.

My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love;
Which new begun, can show no brighter yet.

1 that omitted 1623, 33.

2 heav'n hath thee ordained 1623, 33.

3 cheare 1618, 23, 33.

Balthazar.

New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.

Bel-imperia.

But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.

I see my lord, my father.

Balthazar.

Truce, my love, I will go salute him.

Castile.

Welcome, *Balthazar*, welcome, brave prince,
The pledge of *Castile's* peace; —

And welcome, *Bel-imperia*: how now, girl?

Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?

Content thyself, for I am satisfied;

It is not now as when *Andrea* liv'd,

We have forgotten, and forgiven that,

And thou art graced with a happier love: —

But, *Balthazar*, here comes *Hieronimo*;

I'll have a word with him.

Enter Hieronimo, and a Servant.

Hieronimo.

And where's the duke?

Servant.

Yonder.

Hieronimo.

Even so: what new device have they devised trow?

Pocas palabras, mild as the lamb;

Is't I will be reveng'd? No, I am not the man.

Castile.

Welcome, *Hieronimo*.

Lorenzo.

Welcome, *Hieronimo*.

Balthazar.

Welcome, *Hieronimo*.

1 *Hist, I will be reveng'd: 1633.*

*Hieronimo.*My lords, I thank you for *Horatio*.*Castile.**Hieronimo*, the reason that I sent
To speak with you, is this.*Hieronimo.*

What, so short?

Then I'll be gone, I thank you for't.

*Castile.*Nay, stay, *Hieronimo*: — go call him, son.*Lorenzo.**Hieronimo*, my father craves a word with you.*Hieronimo.*

With me, sir? why, my lord, I thought you had done.

Lorenzo.

No; 'would he had!

*Castile.**Hieronimo*, I hearYou find yourself aggrieved at my son,
Because you have not access unto the king;
And say, 'tis he that intercepts your suits.*Hieronimo.*

Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?

*Castile.**Hieronimo*, I hope you have no cause,
And would be loath that one of your deserts
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Considering how I think of you myself.*Hieronimo.*Your son *Lorenzo*! whom, my noble lord?
The hope of *Spain*, mine honourable friend?
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare:[*Draws out his sword.*]I'll meet him face to face to tell me so.
'These be the scandalous reports of such,
As love not me, and hate my lord too much;
Should I suspect *Lorenzo* would prevent,
Or cross my suit, that lov'd my son so well?
My lord, I am asham'd it should be said.*Lorenzo.*

Lorenzo.

Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.

Hieronimo.

My good lord, I know you did not.

Castile.

There pause;

And for the satisfaction of the world,

Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,

The duke of *Castile*, *Cyprian's* ancient seat;

And when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it:

But here before prince *Balthazar* and me,

Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hieronimo.

Ay, marry, my lord, and shall;

Friends, quoth he? see, I'll be friends with you all:

Especially with you, my lovely lord;

For divers causes it is fit for us,

That we be friends, the world is suspicious,

And men may think what we imagine not.

Balthazar.

Why this is friendly done, *Hieronimo*.

Lorenzo.

And that, I hope, old grudges are forgot,

Hieronimo.

What else? it were a shame it should not be so.

Castile.

Come on, *Hieronimo*, at my request,

Let us entreat your company to day.

[*Exeunt.*

Hieronimo.

Your lordship's to command.—*Pha!*—Keep your way.

† *Mi! chi mi fa piu carrezze che non suole,*

Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole.

Enter Ghost, and Revenge.

Ghost.

Awake, *Eriſtho*, *Cerberus*, awake,

† *Me. Chi mi fa? Pui Correzza Che non sule*

Tradito viha otrade vule. Quartos,

Solicit

Solicit *Pluto*, gentle *Proserpine*,
 To combat *Acheron*, and *Erebus* in hell;
 For ne'er by *Styx* and *Phelethon*,
 Nor ferried *Cbaron* to the fiery lakes,
 Such fearful fights, as poor *Andrea* see.
Revenge, awake.

Revenge.

Awake, for why? ¹

Ghost.

Awake, *Revenge*, for thou art ill advis'd
 To sleep, awake: what, thou ² art warn'd to watch.

Revenge.

Content thyself, and do not trouble me.

Ghost.

Awake, *Revenge*; if love, as love hath had,
 Have yet the power or prevalence in hell:
Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is join'd in league,
 And intercepts our passage to revenge:
 Awake, *Revenge*, or we are wobegone.

Revenge.

Thus wordlings ground what they have dream'd upon.
 Content thyself, *Andrea*, though I sleep,
 Yet is ³ my mood soliciting their souls:
 Sufficeth thee that poor *Hieronimo*
 Cannot forget his son *Horatio*;
 Nor dies *Revenge*, although he sleep a while:
 For in unquiet, quietness is feign'd, ⁴
 And slumb'ring is a common worldly wile.
 Behold, *Andrea*, for an instance, how
Revenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
 What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

¹ *Rev. Awake, for why?* omitted 1618, 23, 33.

² *thou* omitted ditto. ³ *in* ditto.

⁴ *found* ditto.

Enter

Enter a dumb show.

Ghost.

Awake, *Revenge*, reveal this mystery.

Revenge.

The two first the nuptial torches bore
As brightly ¹ burning as the mid-day's sun:
But after them doth *Hymen* hie as fast,
Clothed in fable, and a saffron robe,
And blows them out, and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost.

Sufficeth me thy meaning's understood,
And thanks to ² thee, and those infernal powers,
That will not tolerate a lover's wo:
Rest thee, for I will sit to ³ see the rest.

Revenge.

Then ⁴ argue not, for thou hast thy request. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

Enter Bel-imperia, and Hieronimo.

Bel-imperia.

IS this the love thou bear'st *Horatio*?
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeit'st?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears?
Hieronimo, are these thy passions,
Thy protestations, and thy deep laments,
That thou wert wont to weary men withal?

¹ *bright* 1618, 23, 33.

² *unto* ditto.

³ *and* ditto,

⁴ *Thus* 1618.

O unkind father! o deceitful world!
 With what excuses canst thou show thyself?
 With what dishonour, and the hate of men,
 From this dishonour, and the hate of men;
 Thus to neglect the loss and life¹ of him,
 Whom both my letters, and thine own belief,
 Assures thee to be causeless slaughtered?
Hieronimo, for shame, *Hieronimo*,
 Be not a history to after times
 Of such ingratitude unto thy son:
 Unhappy mothers of such children then,
 But monstrous fathers to forget so soon
 The death of those, whom they with care and cost
 Have tender'd so, thus careless should be lost.
 Myself, a stranger in respect of thee,
 So lov'd his life, as still I wish their deaths.
 Nor shall his death be unreveng'd by me,
 Although I bear it out for fashion's² sake:
 For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
 Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain,
 And give it over, and devise no more,
 Myself should send their hateful souls to hell,
 That wrought his downfall, with extremest death.

Hieronimo.

But may it be, that *Bel-imperia*
 Vows such revenge as she hath deign'd to say?
 Why then I see, that heav'n applies our drift,
 And all the saints do sit soliciting
 For vengeance on those cursed murderers.
 Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so:
 I found a letter, written in your name,
 And in that letter, how *Horatio* dy'd.
 Pardon, o pardon, *Bel-imperia*,
 My fear and care in not believing it;
 Nor think, I thoughtless think upon a mean,
 To let his death be unreveng'd at full:

¹ *life and loss* 1618, 23, 33.

² *fashion* 1623, 33.

And here I vow, so you but give consent,
 And will conceal my resolution,
 I will ere long determine of their deaths,
 That causeless thus have murdered my son.

Bel-imperia.

Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal,
 And aught that ¹ may effect for thine avail;
 Join with thee to revenge *Horatio's* death.

Hieronimo.

On, ² then; whatsoever I devise,
 Let me entreat you, grace my practises:
 For why, the plot's already in mine head.
 Here they are.

Enter Balthazar, and Lorenzo.

Balthazar.

How now, *Hieronimo*? what, courting *Bel-imperia*?

Hieronimo.

Ay, my lord, such courting as, I promise you,
 She hath my heart; but you, my lord, have hers.

Lorenzo.

But now, *Hieronimo*, or never, we are to entreat your
 help.

Hieronimo.

My help? why, my good lords, assure yourselves of me;
 For you have given me cause, ay, by my faith ³ have you.

Balthazar.

It pleas'd you at th' entertainment of the ambassador,
 To grace the king so much as with a show:
 Now were your study so well furnished,
 As for the passing of the first night's sport,
 To entertain my father with the like,
 Or any such like pleasing motion,
 Assure yourself it would content them well.

Hieronimo.

Is this all?

¹ what 1633.

² O then 1618, 23, 33.

³ by mine honour ditto.

Lorenzo.

Lorenzo.

Ay, this is all.

Hieronimo.

Why then, I'll fit you; say no more:
When I was young, I gave my mind,
And ply'd myself to fruitless poetry;
Which though it profit the professor nought,
Yet is it passing & pleasing to the world.

Lorenzo.

And how for that?

Hieronimo.

Marry, my good lord, thus:
And yet, methinks, you are too quick with us.
When in *Toledo*, there I studied,
It was my chance to write a tragedy,
See here, my lords, [Shows them a book.]
Which, long forgot, I found this other day:
Now would your lordships favour me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it,
I mean, each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

Balthazar.

What, would you have us play a tragedy?

Hieronimo.

Why, *Nero* thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight,
To make experience of their wits in plays.

Lorenzo.

Nay, be not angry, good *Hieronimo*;
The prince but asked a question.

Balthazar.

In faith, *Hieronimo*, and you be in earnest,
I'll make one.

Lorenzo.

And I another.

Hieronimo.

Now, my good lord, could you entreat
Your sister *Bel-imperia* to make one,
For what's a play without a woman in't?

Bel-imperia.

Little entreaty shall serve me, *Hieronimo*;
For I must needs be employed in your play.

Hieronimo.

Why, this is well: I tell you, lordings,
It was determin'd to have been acted
By gentlemen and scholars too;
Such as could tell what to speak.

Balthazar.

And now it shall be play'd ¹ by princes and courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speak;
If, as it is our country manner,
You will but let us know the argument.

Hieronimo.

That shall I roundly. The chronicles of *Spain*,
Record this written of a knight of ² *Rhodes*:
He was betroth'd, and wedded at the length,
To one *Perfeda* an *Italian* dame,
Whose beauty ravish'd all that her beheld;
Especially the soul of *Solyman*,
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
By sundry means fought *Solyman* to win
Perfeda's love, and could not gain the same:
Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend,
One of his bashaws, whom he held full dear;
Her had this bashaw long sollicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,
But by her husband's death, this knight of *Rhodes*;
Whom presently by treachery he slew:
She, stirr'd with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this slew *Solyman*:
And, to escape the bashaw's tyranny,

¹ said 1618, 23, 33.

² of the *Rhodes*: 1618.

Did stab herself: and this ¹ the tragedy.

Ay, fir.

Lorenzo.

Bel-imperia.

But say, *Hieronimo*, what then became of him,
That was the bathaw?

Hieronimo.

Marry, thus; mov'd with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountain top, and hung ¹ himself.

Balthazar.

But which of us is to perform that part?

Hieronimo.

O, that will I, my lords, make no doubt of it:
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you;
For I already have conceited that.

Balthazar.

And what shall I?

Hieronimo.

Great *Solyman*, the ³ *Turkish* emperor.

Lorenzo.

And I?

Hieronimo.

Eraustus, the knight of *Rhodes*.

Bel-imperia.

And I?

Hieronimo.

Perfeda, chaste, and resolute. —

And here, my lords, are several abstracts drawn,
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it as occasion's offered you.
You must provide a *Turkish* cap,
A black mustachio, and a falchin.

[Gives a paper to Balthazar.

You with a cross, like to ⁴ a knight of *Rhodes*.

[Gives another to Lorenzo.

And, madam, you must attire yourself

[Gives *Bel-imperia* another.

¹ this is 1618, 23, 33. ³ hang'd ditto.

³ that 1618. ⁴ to omitt. ditto.

Like

Like *Phœbe*, *Flora*, or the huntress, †
 Which to your discretion shall seem best.
 And as for me, my lords, I'll look to one,
 And with the ransome that the viceroy sent,
 So furnish and perform this tragedy,
 As † all the world shall say, *Hieronimo*
 Was liberal in gracing of it so.

Balthazar.

Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.

Hieronimo.

A comedy! fie! comedies are fit for common wits:
 But to present a kingly troop withal,
 Give me a stately written tragedy;
Tragœdia cotburnata, fitting kings,
 Containing matter, and not common things.
 My lords, all this must be perform'd,
 As fitting for the first night's revelling.
 The *Italian* tragedians were so sharp of wit,
 That in one hour's meditation,
 They would perform any thing in action.

Lorenzo.

And well it may, for I have seen the like
 In *Paris*'mongst the *French* tragedians.

Hieronimo.

In *Paris*? mas, and well remember'd,
 There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

Balthazar.

What's that, *Hieronimo*? forget not any thing.

Hieronimo.

Each one of us must act his part
 In unknown languages,
 That it may breed the 2 more variety:—
 As you, my lord, in *Latin*,—I in *Greek*,—
 You in *Italian*,—and for because I know
 That *Bel-imperia* hath practised the *French*,

† That 1623, 33.

2 the omitted 1618, 23, 33.

† i. e. *Diana*.

In courtly *French* shall all her phrases be.

Bel-imperia.

You mean to try my cunning then, *Hieronimo*?

Balthazar.

But this will be a mere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be understood.

Hieronimo.

It must be so; for the conclusion
Shall prove the invention, and all was good:
And I myself in an oration,
And with a strange and wondrous show besides,
That I will have there behind a curtain,
Assure thyself shall make the matter known:
And all shall be concluded in one scene,
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness,

Balthazar.

How like you this?

Lorenzo.

Why thus, my lord, we must resolve
To sooth his humours up.

Balthazar.

On't then, *Hieronimo*, farewell till soon.

Hieronimo.

You'll ply this gear?

Lorenzo.

I warrant you.

[*Exeunt all but Hieronimo.*

Hieronimo.

Why so: now shall I see the fall of *Babylon*,
Wrought by the heav'ns in this confusion.
And if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old *Hieronimo*.

[*Exit.*

Enter Isabella, with a weapon.

Isabella.

Tell me no more: O monstrous homicides!
Since neither piety, nor pity moves
The king to justice or compassion,

I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murder'd ¹ my beloved son.

[*She cuts down the arbour.*

Down with these branches, and these loathsome boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine:

Down with them, *Isabella*, rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung.

I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden plot.

Accursed complot of my misery!
Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless ² whosoever
Imagines not to keep it unmanur'd!

An eastern wind commix'd with noisome airs
Shall blast the plants, and the young saplings:

The earth with serpents shall be pestered,
And passengers for fear to be infect,

Shall stand aloof; and, looking at it, tell,
There, murder'd, died the son of *Isabell*.

Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace.

See where his ghost sollicites with his wounds, ³
Revenge on her that should revenge his death.

Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son;

For sorrow and despair hath cited me,

To hear *Horatio* plead with *Rhadamant*:

Make haste, *Hieronimo*; to hold excus'd ⁴

Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths,

Whose hateful wrath bereav'd him of his breath, —

Ah nay, ⁵ thou dost delay their deaths,

Forgiv'st the murder'ers of thy noble son,

And none but I bestir me to no end:

1 *Where they murdered* 1618, 23.

Where they have murder'd 1633.

2 *blessless* 1618, 23, 33.

3 *solicited with his wounds*, ditto.

4 *to hold exclude* ditto. 5 *ha* ditto.

And as I curse this tree from further fruit,
 So shall my womb be curf'd for his sake;
 And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
 The haplefs breast that gave *Horatio* fuck.

[*She stabs herself.*]

Enter Hieronimo, he knocks up the curtain.

Enter the duke of Castile.

Castile.

How now, *Hieronimo*, where's your 1 fellows,
 That you take all this pain?

Hieronimo.

O, fir, it is for the author's credit,
 To look that all things may go well:
 But, good my lord, let me entreat your grace,
 To give the king the copy of the play:
 This is the argument of what we show.

Castile.

I will, *Hieronimo*.

Hieronimo.

One thing more, my good 2 lord.

Castile.

What's that?

Hieronimo,

Let me entreat your grace,
 That, when the train are 3 pass'd into the gallery,
 You would vouchsafe to throw me down the key.

Castile.

I will, *Hieronimo*.

[*Exit Cast.*]

Hieronimo.

What, are you ready *Balthazar*?
 Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.

1 *thy* 1618, 23, 33.
 is 1618, 23, 33.

2 *good my* 1633.

Enter

Enter Balthazar, with a chair.

Well done, *Balthazar*, hang up the title:
Our scene is *Rhodes*: what, is your beard on?

Balthazar.

Half on, the other is in my hand.

Hieronimo.

Despatch for shame, are you so long? [*Exit Bal.*

Bethink thyself, *Hieronimo*,

Recall thy wits, recount thy former wrongs,

Thou hast receiv'd by murder of thy son.

And lastly, not least, how *Isabell*,

Once his mother, and thy ¹ dearest wife,

All wobegone for him, hath slain herself.

Behoves thee then, *Hieronimo*, to be reveng'd:

The plot is lay'd of dire revenge;

On, ² then, *Hieronimo*, pursue revenge:

For nothing wants, but acting of revenge. [*Exit.*

*Enter Spanish King, Viceroy, Duke of Castile, and
their train*

King.

Now, *Viceroy*, shall we see the tragedy

Of *Solyman* the *Turkish* emperor,

Perform'd of pleasure by your ³ son the prince,

My nephew, *Don Lorenzo*, and my niece?

Viceroy.

Who, *Bel-imperia*?

King.

Ay, and *Hieronimo* our marshal,

At whose request they deign ⁴ to do't themselves:

These be our pastimes in the court of *Spain*.

Here, brother, you shall be the book-keeper,

This is the argument of that they show.

[*Gives him a book.*

¹ my 1623, 33.

² On them 1618, 23, 33.

³ our ditto.

⁴ denie 1618.

Gentlemen, this play of Hieronimo, in sundry Languages, was thought good to be set down in English, more largely, for the easier understanding to every publick reader.

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Hieronimo.

Balthazar.

B Ashaw, that *Rhodes* is ours, yield heav'ns the honour,
 And holy *Mahomet* our sacred prophet:
 And be thou grac'd with every excellence,
 That *Solyman* can give, or thou desire.
 But thy desert in conquering *Rhodes* is less,
 Than in reserving this fair christian¹ nymph
Perseda, blisful lamp of excellence,
 Whose eyes compel like powerful adamant,
 The warlike heart of *Solyman* to wait.

King.

See, *Viceroy*, that is *Balthazar* your son,
 That represents the emperor *Solyman*:
 How well he acts his amorous passion!

Viceroy.

Ay, *Bel-imperia* hath taught him that.

Castile.

That's because his mind runs all on *Bel-imperia*.

Hieronimo.

Whatever joy earth yields, betide² your majesty.

Balthazar.

Earth yields no joy without *Perseda's* love.

Hieronimo.

Let then³ *Perseda* on your grace attend.

Balthazar.

She shall not wait on me, but I on her,
 Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield:
 But let my friend the *Rhodian* knight come forth,
Erastus, dearer than my life to me,
 That he may see *Perseda* my belov'd.

¹ *christian* omitted 1633.

² *betinde* 1618.

³ *Then let* 1618, 23, 33.

Enter

Enter Erastus.

King.

Here comes *Lorenzo*: — Look upon the plot,
And tell me, brother, what part plays he?

Bel-imperia.

Ah, my *Erastus*, welcome to *Perseda*.

Lorenzo.

Thrice happy is *Erastus*, that thou liv'st:
Rhodes' loss is nothing to *Erastus'* joy,
Sith his *Perseda* lives, his life survives.

Balthazar.

Ah, bawhaw, here is love between *Erastus*
And fair *Perseda*, sovereign of my soul.

Hieronimo.

Remove *Erastus*, mighty *Solyman*,
And then *Perseda* will be quickly won.

Balthazar.

Erastus is my friend; and, while he lives,
Perseda never will remove her love.

Hieronimo.

Let not *Erastus* live to grieve great *Solyman*.

Balthazar.

Dear is *Erastus* in our princely eye.

Hieronimo.

But if he be your rival, let him die.

Balthazar.

Why, let him die; so love commandeth me:
Yet grieve I, that *Erastus* should so die.

Hieronimo.

Erastus, *Solyman* saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will,
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employed.

[*Stabs him.*

Bel-imperia.

Ay me, *Erastus*! — See, *Solyman*, *Erastus* slain.

Balthazar.

Yet liveth *Solyman* to comfort thee:
Fair queen of beauty, let not favour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief,
That with *Perfeda's* beauty is increas'd,
If by *Perfeda's* grief be not releas'd.

Bel-imperia.

Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits;
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
Which seiz'd on my *Erastus*, harmless knight:
Yet by thy pow'r thou thinkest to command;
And to thy power *Perfeda* doth obey:
But, were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince: [Stabs him.
And on herself she would be thus reveng'd.

[Stabs herself.

King.

Well said, old marshal, this was bravely done.

Hieronimo.

But *Bel-imperia* plays *Perfeda* well.

Viceroy.

Were this in earnest, *Bel-imperia*,
You would be better to my son than so.

King.

But now what follows for ¹ *Hieronimo*?

Hieronimo.

Marry, this follows for *Hieronimo*:
Here break we off our sundry languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.
Happily you think (but bootless are ² your thoughts)
That this is fabulously counterfeit;
And that we do as all tragedians do,
To die to-day (for fashioning our scene,
The death of *Ajax*, or some *Roman* peer)
And in a minute starting up again,

¹ for omitted 1618, 23, 33.

² be ditto.

Revive to please to-morrow's audience :

No, princes ; know, I am *Hieronimo*,

The hopeless father of a hapless son,

Whose tongue is tun'd ² to tell his latest tale,

Not to excuse gross errors in the play.

I see, your looks urge instance of these words ;

Behold the reason urging me to this :

[*He shows his dead son.*]

See here my show, look on this spectacle ;

Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end :

Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain :

Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost :

Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft :

But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,

All fled, fail'd, died ; yea, all decay'd with this.

From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life ;

They murder'd me, that made these fatal marks :

The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate ;

The hate, *Lorenzo* and young *Balthazar*,

The love, my son to *Bel-imperia* :

But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,

With pitchy silence hush'd these traitors ² harms,

And lent them leave, for they had sort'd leisure,

To take advantage in my garden plot,

Upon my son, my dear *Horatio* :

There merciless they butcher'd up my boy,

In black dark night, to pale dim cruel death.

He shrieks, I heard ; and yet, methinks, I hear

His dismal outcry echo in the air :

With soonest speed I hasted to the noise ;

Where hanging on a tree I found my son,

Through girt with wounds, and slaughter'd as you see :

And griev'd I, think you, at this spectacle ?¹

Speak, *Portingale*, whose loss resembles ³ mine,

If thou can'st weep upon thy *Balthazar*,

¹ turn'd 1618.

² the trait'rous 1623, 23. 33.

³ resemble 1618, 23.

'Tis like, I wail'd,¹ for my *Horatio*. —
 And you, my lord, whose reconciled son
 March'd in a net, and thought himself unseen,
 And rated me for brainfick lunacy,
 With,² — God, amend that mad *Hieronimo*;
 How can you brook our play's catastrophe?
 And here behold this bloody handkerchief,
 Which at *Horatio's* death I, weeping, dip'd
 Within the river of his bleeding wounds:
 It as propitious, see, I have reserv'd,³
 And never hath it left my⁴ bloody heart,
 Soliciting rememb'rance of my vow,
 With these, o these accursed murderers;
 Which now perform'd, my heart is satisfy'd.
 And to this end the bashaw I became,
 That might revenge me on *Lorenzo's* life;
 Who therefore was appointed to the part,
 And was to represent the knight of *Rhodes*,
 That I might kill him more conveniently: —
 So, *Viceroy*, was this *Balthazar* thy son,
 That *Solyman*, which *Bel-imperia*,
 In person of *Perseda*, murdered,
 Solely appointed to that tragick part,
 That she might slay him that offended her.
 Poor *Bel-imperia* mis'd her part in this;
 For though the story faith, she should have died,
 Yet I of kindness, and of care to her,
 Did otherwise determine of her end;
 But love of him, whom they did hate too⁵ much,
 Did urge her resolution to be such. —
 And, princes, now behold *Hieronimo*,
 Author and actor in this tragedy,
 Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;

1 waile 1633. 2 Which 1618, 23, 33.

3 preserv'd ditto. 4 bleeding 1623, 33.

5 so 1623, 33.

And will as resolute conclude his part,
 As any of the actors gone before.—
 And, gentles, † thus I end my play:
 Urge no more words, I have no more to say.

[He runs to hang himself.

King.

O hearken, *Viceroy*, — hold *Hieronimo*, —
 Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain.

Viceroy.

We are betray'd, my *Balthazar* is slain:
 Break ope the doors; run, save *Hieronimo*.

[They run in and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, do but inform the king of these events,
 Upon mine honour, thou shalt have no harm.

Hieronimo.

Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
 Which I this day have offer'd to my son. —
 Accursed wretch, why stay'st ‡ thou him that was resolv'd
 to die?

King.

Speak, traitor! damned bloody murderer, speak!
 For now I have thee, I will make thee speak:
 Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

Viceroy.

Why hast thou murdered my *Balthazar*?

Castile.

Why hast thou butcher'd both my children thus? ***

1 gentlies 1623, 33.

2 staidst. atto.

Hieronimo.

*** See note, page 40.

Hieronimo.

But are you sure, that they are dead?

Castile.

Ay, slain too sure.

Hieronimo.

What, and yours too?

H 2

Viceroy.

Hieronimo.

O, good words: as dear to me was my *Horatio*,
 As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
 My guiltless son was by *Lorenzo* slain,
 And by *Lorenzo* and that *Balthazar*
 Am I at last revenged thoroughly;
 Upon whose souls may heav'ns be yet aveng'd
 With greater far than these afflictions. * * *

I revenged 1618, 23, 33.

*Castile.**Viceroy.*

Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive.

Hieronimo.

Nay, then I care not: come, and we shall be friends:
 Let us lay our heads together.
 See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.

Viceroy.

O damned devil, how secure he is!

Hieronimo.

Secure? why dost thou wonder at it?

All thee, *Viceroy*, this day I have seen reveng'd,

That in that fight am gown a prouder monarch,

Had I as many lives as there be stars,

As many avens to go to as those lives,

I'd give thee all, ay, and my soul to boot,

But I would see thee ride in this red pool.

Castile.

Speak, who we thy confederates in this?

*Viceroy.*That was thy daughter, *Bel-imperia*;For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slain:

I saw her stab him.

* * * See note, page 40.

Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge,
 I cannot look with scorn enough on death.

King.

What, dost thou mock us, slave? — Bring tortures forth.

I thou omitted 1623, 33.

Hieronimo.

Castile.

But who were thy confederates in this?

Viceroy.

That was thy daughter, *Bel-imperia*;
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slain:
I saw her stab him.

King.

Why speak'st thou not?

Hieronimo.

What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? then, afford it me:
Sufficeth, I may not, nor I will not tell thee.

King.

Fetch forth the tortures. —
Traitor as thou art, I'll make thee tell.

*Hieronimo.**Hieronimo.*

Do, do, do; and mean time I'll torture you:
You had a son, as I take it, and your son
Should have been married to your daughter: ha, was't not so?
You had a son too, he was my liege's nephew:
He was proud and politick: had he liv'd,
He might ha' come to wear the crown of *Spain*:
I think 'twas so; 'twas I that kill'd him,
Look you, this same hand was it that stab'd
His heart, do you see this hand,
For one *Horatio*, if you ever knew him?
A youth, one that they hang'd up in his father's garden,
One that did force your valiant son to yield,
While your valiant son did take him prisoner.

Viceroy.

Be deaf, my senses, I can hear no more.

King.

Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruins.

Castile.

Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

Hieronimo.

Now do I applaud what I have acted.

Nunc mors; cæde, manus. †

Now to express the rupture of my part,
First take my tongue, and afterward my heart.

† *Nunc mors † cæde manus. 1618.*

† *mens 1623, 33.*

Hieronimo.

Indeed, thou may'st torment me as his wretched son
Hath done in mur'dring my *Horatio* ;
But never shalt thou force me, to reveal
The thing which I have vow'd inviolate :
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
Pleas'd with their deaths, and eas'd with their revenge,
First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.

[*He bites out his tongue,*

King.

O monstrous resolution of a wretch ! —
See, viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,
Rather than to reveal what we requir'd,

Castile.

Yet can he write.

King.

And if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise th' extremest kind of death
That ever was invented for a wretch.

[*He makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.*

Castile.

O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.

Viceroy.

Here ; and advise thee, that thou write the troth. —
Look to my brother, save *Hieronimo*.

[*He with the knife stabs the duke and himself.*

King.

What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds ?
My brother, and the whole succeeding hope
That *Spain* expected after my decease !
Go bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our beloved brother's death,
That he may be intomb'd whate'er befall :
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.

Viceroy.

And thou, *Don Pedro*, do the like for us :

Take up our hapless son, untimely slain;
 Set me with him, and he with woful me,
 Upon the main mast of a ship unman'd,
 And let the wind and tide hale me along
 To *Sylla's* barking and untamed gulph;
 Or to the loathsome pool of *Acheron*,
 To weep my want for my sweet *Balthazar*:
 Spain hath no refuge for a *Portingale*. . . [Exeunt.]

The trumpets sound a dead march: the King of Spain mourning after his brother's body; and the King of Portingale bearing the body of his son.

Enter Ghost, and Revenge.

Ghost.

Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
 When blood and sorrow finish my desires:
Horatio murder'd in his father's bower;
Vilde Serberine by *Pedringano* slain;
Falfe Pedringano hang'd by quaint device;
Fair Isabella by herself misdome;
Prince Balthazar by *Bel-imperia* stab'd;
 The duke of *Castile*, and his wicked son,
 Both done to death by old *Hieronimo*.
 My *Bel-imperia* fall'n, as *Dido* fell;
 And good *Hieronimo* slain by himself.
 Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul.
 Now will I beg at lovely *Proserpine*,
 That, by the virtue of her princely doom,
 I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
 And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
 I'll lead my friend *Horatio* through those fields,
 Where never-dying wars are still inur'd:

I'll lead fair *Isabella* to that train
 Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain :
 I'll lead my *Bel-imperia* to those joys
 That vestal virgins and fair queens possess :
 I'll lead *Hieronimo* where *Orpheus* plays,
 Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
 But say, *Revenge*, (for thou must help, or none)
 Against the rest how shall my hate be shown ?

Revenge.

This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
 Where none ¹ but furies, bugs, and tortures dwell,

Ghost.

Then, sweet *Revenge*, do this at my request :
 Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest.
 Let loose poor *Titius* from the vulture's gripe,
 And let *Don Cyprian* supply his room ;
 Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixion's* wheel,
 And let the lover's endless pains surcease ;
Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease ;
 Hang *Balthazar* about *Chimera's* neck,
 And let him there bewail his bloody love,
 Ripining at our joys that are above :
 Let *Serberine* go roll the fatal stone,
 And take from *Sisphus* his endless moan :
 False *Pedringano*, for his treachery,
 Let him be drag'd through boiling *Acheron*,
 And there live, dying still in endless flames,
 Blaspheming Gods and all their holy names.

Revenge.

Then haste we down to meet thy friends and foes ;
 To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes :
 For here, though death hath ² end their misery,
 I'll there begin their endless tragedy. [Exeunt,

¹ *nought* 1618, 23, 33.

² *doth* 1623, 33.

THE LOVE OF
KING DAVID
AND
FAIR BETHSABE:
WITH THE
TRAGEDY OF ABSALON.

THE LOVE OF KING DAVID AND FAIR BETHSABÉ: &c.

—was written by the ingenious George Peele, formerly student of Christ-Church, Oxford, and master of arts in the year 1579. He was city poet, and had the ordering of the pageants; lived on the bank side over against Black Friars; left a wife and daughter behind him, and died before or in the year 1598. He was almost as famous for his tricks and merry pranks as Scoggan or Tarleton: and as there are books of others in print, so there are of his; especially one, entitled *Merrie conceited jests of Geo. Peele, gentleman, sometime student in Oxford: wherein is shewed the course of his life how he lived. A man very well known in the city of London and elsewhere.* London, printed for Hen. Bell. 4^{to}. 1627." pages 21. black letter. Though they are not so properly jests as tales or tricks of a sharper. Geo. Peele's *Christian pen* (as it is called) is said to have put an end to the famous Tragedy of Mahomet and Irene the fair Greek in the pamphlet above of Peele's jests. p. 14. A tragedy that Langbaine seems never to have heard of. See Cha. Goring's *Irene the fair Greek*, 4^{to}. 1708. [Oldys' MS. notes on Langbaine.

Nash in his epistle to the gentlemen students of both universities, prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia*, 4^{to}. black letter, recommends his friend, Peele, "as the chief supporter of pleasure now living, the Atlas of poetrie, and primus verborum artifex: whose first increase, *The Arraignment of Paris*, might plead to their opinions his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of invention." He wrote, besides the plays already mentioned, "The character of Edward the first, surnamed Edward Longshanks, with his return from the Holy Land: also the *Life of Llewellyn rebel in Wales: Lastly, the sinking of Queen Elinor at Charing-cross, and rising again at Potters Hithe, now named Queen Hithe.* 1593." Peele wrote likewise *The Honour of the Garter, a Poem Gratulatorie*; and dedicated it to the Earl of Northumberland, calling it the *Firfling consecrated to his noble name.*

The

The play here presented to the reader, and founded on Scriptural History, abounds with the most masterly strokes of a fine genius; and a genuine spirit of poetry runs through the whole. It is printed from the edition of 1599, undivided into acts, with all its peculiarities of stage directions. For a further account of this excellent poet, see Athen. Oxon. Vol. I. p. 300. and the ingenious Mr. Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING DAVID.

King HANON.

King MACHAAS.

ABSALON,

AMMON,

ANONIA,

SALOMON,

CHILEAB,

} **DAVID'S Sons.**

JOAB, *Captain of the host to DAVID.*

AMASA, *Captain of the host to ABSALON.*

URIAS, *Husband to BETHSABE.*

NATHAN, *a Prophet.*

ABIATHAR, *High-priest.*

JONATHAN, *his Son.*

SADOC, *a Priest.*

AHIMEAS, *his Son.*

CUSAY,

ITHAY,

} *Friends to DAVID.*

ACHITOPHEL, *Friend to ABSALON;*

JONADAB, *Friend to AMMON.*

ABISAI, *Nephew to DAVID.*

SEMEI, *DAVID'S enemy.*

JETHRAY, *Servant to AMMON.*

BETHSABE, *Wife to URIAS.*

THAMAR, *DAVID'S daughter.*

Widow of THECOA.

Handmaid to BETHSABE.

DAVID'S Concubines.

Messenger, Soldiers, Train, Shepherds, Servants, &c.

P R O L O G U E.

O F Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose muse was dip'd in that inspiring dew,
Arch-angels stilled from the breath of Jove,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers,
Heav'ns rain'd on tops of Sion and mount Sinai.
Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubins and angels lay'd their breasts;
And, when his consecrated fingers struck
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
That, wing'd with light'ning, brake the clouds, and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet poet Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I please to sing. —
Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct
Upon the wings of my well temper'd verse
The hearers minds above the towers of heaven,
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 iron pen doth use.

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DAVID AND BETHSABE.

He draws a curtain and discovers Bethsabe with her maid bathing over a spring: she sings, and David sits above viewing her.

THE SONG.

HOT sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
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 beauty's fire
Inflame unitay'd desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wand'reth lightly.

Bethsabe.

Come, gentle *Zephyr*, trick'd with those perfumes
That erst in *Eden* sweeten'd *Adam's* love,
And stroke my bosom with the filken fan:
This shade, sun-proof, is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce:
Thou, and thy sister, soft and sacred air,
Goddeſs of life, and governeſs of health,
Keeps ev'ry fountain fresh and arbour sweet;

No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
 Nor bushy † thicket bar thy subtle breath:
 Then deck thee with thy loose delightful robes,
 And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
 To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

David.

What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders,
 pierce

My soul, incens'd with a sudden fire?
 What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
 Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
 Fair *Eva*, plac'd in perfect happiness,
 Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
 Struck with the accents of arch-angels tunes,
 Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts,
 Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
 May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
 Be still enamel'd with discolour'd flowers;
 That precious fount, bear sand of purest gold;
 And, for the pebble, let the silver streams
 That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
 Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
 The brims let be embrac'd with golden curls
 Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make,
 For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
 Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
 Bear manna ev'ry morn instead of dew,
 Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
 That hangs, like chains of pearl, on *Hermon* hill,
 Or balm which trickled from old *Aaron's* beard. —
Cusay, come up, and serve thy lord the king.

Enter Cusay.

Cusay.

What service doth my lord the king command?

† *bushy*

David.

David.

See, *Cusay*, see, the flower of *Israel*,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king,
In all the land the lord subdu'd to me;
Fairer than *Isaac's* lover at the well,
Brighter than inside bark of new-hew'n cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh,
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On *Zephyr's* wings before the king of heaven.

Cusay.

Is it not *Bethsabe* the *Hethite's* wife,
Urias, now at *Rabath's* siege with *Joab*?

David.

Go know, and bring her quickly to the king;
Tell her, her graces have found grace with him.

Cusay.

I will, my lord.

[*Exit Cusay to Bethsabe.*]

David.

Bright *Bethsabe* shall wash in *David's* bower
In water mix'd with purest almond flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids;
Bright *Bethsabe* gives earth to my desires;
Verdure to earth; and to that verdure flowers;
To flowers sweet odours; and to odours wings,
That carry pleasures to the hearts of kings.

[*Cusay to Bethsabe, she starting as something affright.*]

Cusay.

Fair *Bethsabe*, the king of *Israel*
From forth his princely tower hath seen thee bathe;
And thy sweet graces have found grace with him:
Come then, and kneel unto him where he stands;
The king is gracious, and hath liberal hands.

Bethsabe.

Ah! what is *Bethsabe* to please the king?
Or what is *David*, that he should desire
For fickle beauty's sake his servant's wife?

[*Exit Cusay.*]

Cusay.

David, thou know'st, fair dame, is wife and just,
 Elected to the heart of *Israel's* God;
 Then do not thou expostulate with him
 For any action that contents his soul.

Bethsabe.

My lord the king, elect to God's own heart,
 Should not his gracious jealousy incense,
 Whose thoughts are chaste; I hate incontinence.

Cusay.

Woman, thou wrong'st the king, and doubt'st his
 honour,
 Whose truth maintains the crown of *Israel*,
 Making him stay that bad me bring thee straight.

Bethsabe.

The king's poor handmaid will obey my lord.

Cusay.

Then come, and do thy duty to his grace;
 And do what seemeth favour in his sight.

[*Exeunt.*]*David.*

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
 And brings my longings tangled in her hair:
 To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
 Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
 That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
 Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
 In oblique turnings, wind the nimble waves
 About the circles of her curious walks;
 And with their murmur summon easeful sleep,
 To lay his golden sceptre on her brows. —
 Open the doors, and entertain my love;
 Open, I say; and, as you open, sing,
 Welcome, fair *Bethsabe*, king *David's* darling.

*Enter Cusay, with Bethsabe.**David.*

Welcome, fair *Bethsabe*, king *David's* darling;

Thy

Thy bones fair covering, erst discover'd fair,
 And all mine eyes with all thy beauties pierc'd :
 As heav'n's bright eye burns most, when most he climbs
 The crooked *Zodiack* with his fiery sphere,
 And shineth farthest from this earthly globe ;
 So, since thy beauty scorch'd my conquer'd soul,
 I call'd thee nearer for my nearer cure.

Bethsabe.

Too near, my lord, was your unarmed heart,
 When farthest off my hapless beauty pierc'd ;
 And, 'would this dreary day had turn'd to night,
 Or that some pitchy cloud had cloak'd the sun,
 Before their lights had caus'd my lord to see
 His name disparag'd, and my chastity !

David.

My love, if want of love have left thy soul
 A sharper sense of honour than thy king,
 (For love leads princes sometimes from their seats,)
 As erst my heart was hurt, displeasing thee,
 So come and taste thy ease with easing me.

Bethsabe.

One med'cine cannot heal our diff'rent harms ;
 But, rather, make both rankle at the bone :
 Then, let the king be cunning in his cure,
 Lest, flatt'ring both, both perish in his hand.

David.

Leave it to me, my dearest *Bethsabe*,
 Whose skill is conversant in deeper cures : —
 And, *Cusay*, halte thou to my servant *Joab*,
 Commanding him to send *Urias* home
 With all the speed can possibly be us'd.

Cusay.

Cusay will fly about the king's desire.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Joab, Abifai, Urias, and others,
with drum and ensign.*

Joab.

Courage, ye mighty men of *Israel*,
And charge your fatal instruments of war
Upon the bosom of proud *Ammon's* sons,
That have disguis'd your king's ambassadors,
Cut half their beards, and half their garments off,
In spite of *Israel*, and his daughters sons;
Ye fight the holy battles of *Jehovah*,
King *David's* God, and ours, and *Jacob's* God,
That guides your weapons to their conquering strokes,
Orders your footsteps, and directs your thoughts
To stratagems that harbour victory:
He casts his sacred eyesight from on high,
And sees your foes run seeking for their deaths,
Laughing their labours, and their hopes, to scorn;
Whilst 'twixt your bodies, and their blunted swords,
He puts on armour of his honour's proof,
And makes their weapons wound the senseless winds.

Abifai.

Before this city *Rabath* we will lie,
And shoot forth shafts as thick and dangerous
As was the hail that *Moses* mix'd with fire,
And threw with fury round about the fields,
Devouring *Pharaoh's* friends, and *Egypt's* fruits.

Urias

First, mighty captains, *Joab*, and *Abifai*,
Let us assault, and scale this kingly tower,
Where all their conduits, and their fountains are;
Then we may easily take the city too.

Joab.

Well hath *Urias* counsell'd our attempts;
And as he spake us, so assault the tower:
And *Hanon* now, the king of *Ammon's* son,
Repulse our conquering passage if he dare.

Hanon *with king Machaas, and others,*
upon the walls.

Hanon.

What would the shepherd's dogs of *Israel*
Snatch from the mighty issue of king *Ammon*,
The valiant *Ammonites*, and haughty *Syrians*?
'Tis not your late successive victories
Can make us yield, or quail our courages;
But if ye dare assay to scale this tower,
Our angry swords shall smite ye to the ground,
And venge our losses on your hateful lives.

Joab.

Hanon, thy father *Nabas* gave relief
To holy *David* in his hapless exile,
Lived his fixed date, and died in peace;
But thou, instead of reaping his reward,
Hast trod it under foot, and scorn'd our king:
Therefore thy days shall end with violence,
And to our swords thy vital blood shall cleave.

Machaas.

Hence, thou that bear'st poor *Israel's* shepherd's hook,
The proud lieutenant of that base-born king,
And keep within the compass of his fold;
For, if ye seek to feed on *Ammon's* fruits,
And stray into the *Syrians* fruitful *Medes*,
The mastiffs of our land shall worry you,
And pull the wezands¹ from your greedy throats.

Abisai.

Who can endure these *Pagans* blasphemies?

Urias.

My soul repines at this disparagement.

Joab.

Assault, ye valiant men of *David's* host,
And beat these railing dastards from their doors.

¹ weefels

*Assault, and they win the tower,
and Joab speaks above.*

Thus have we won the tower, which we will keep,
Maugre the sons of *Ammon* and of *Syria*.

Enter Cusay, beneath.

Cusay.

Where is lord *Joab*, leader of the host?

Joab.

Here is lord *Joab*, leader of the host. —

Cusay, come up, for we have won the hold. [*He comes.*]

Cusay.

In happy hour then is *Cusay* come.

Joab.

What news then brings lord *Cusay* from the king?

Cusay.

His majesty commands thee out of hand
To send him home *Urias* from the wars,
For matter of some service he shall do.

Urias.

'Tis for no choler hath surpris'd the king,
I hope, lord *Cusay*, 'gainst his servant's truth?

Cusay.

No; rather, to prefer *Urias'* truth.

Joab.

Here, take him with thee then, and go in peace;
And tell my lord the king that I have fought
Against the city *Rabath* with success,
And scaled where the royal palace is,
The conduit heads, and all their sweetest springs:
Then let him come in person to these walls,
With all the soldiers he can bring besides,
And take the city as his own exploit:
Lest I surprize it, and the people give
The glory of the conquest to my name.

Cusay.

We will, lord *Joab*; and, great *Israel's* God

Bless

Bless in thy hands the battles of our king!

Joab.

Farewel, *Urias*; haste away the king.

Urias.

As sure as *Joab* breathes a victor here,
Urias will haste him, and his own return.

[*Exeunt.*]

Abisai.

Let us descend, and ope the palace' gate,
Taking our soldiers in to keep the hold.

Joab.

Let us, *Abisai*: — and, ye sons of *Judab*,
Be valiant, and maintain your victory.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ammon, Jonadab, Jethray and Ammon's Page.

Jonadab.

What means my lord, the king's beloved son,
That wears upon his right triumphant arm,
The power of *Israel* for a royal favour,
That holds upon the tables of his hands
Banquets of honour, and all thought's content,
To suffer pale and grisly abstinence
To sit and feed upon his fainting cheeks,
And suck away the blood that cheers his looks?

Ammon.

Ah, *Jonadab*, it is my sister's looks,
On whose sweet beauty I bestow my blood;
That makes me look so amourously lean;
Her beauty having seiz'd upon my heart,
So merrily consecrate to her content,
Sets now such guard about his vital blood,
And views the passage with such piercing eyes,
That none can scape to cheer my pining cheeks,
But all is thought too little for her love.

Jonadab.

Then from her heart thy looks shall be releaved,
And thou shalt joy her as thy soul desires.

Ammon.

Ammon.

How can it be, my sweet friend *Jonadab*,
Since *Thamar* is a virgin and my sister?

Jonadab.

Thus it shall be: lie down upon thy bed,
Feigning thee fever-sick, and ill at ease;
And, when the king shall come to visit thee,
Desire thy sister *Thamar* may be sent
To dress some dainties for thy malady:
Then when thou hast her solely with thyself,
Enforce some favour to thy manly love.—
See, where she comes; entreat her in with thee.

Enter Thamar.

Thamar.

What aileth *Ammon* with such sickly looks,
To daunt the favour of his lovely face?

Ammon.

Sweet *Thamar*, sick, and wish some wholesome cates,
Dress'd with the cunning of thy dainty hands.

Thamar.

That hath the king commanded at my hands;
Then, come, and rest thee, while I make thee ready
Some dainties, easeful to thy cras'd soul.

Ammon.

I go, sweet sister, eas'd with thy sight.

Exeunt. Restat Jonadab.

Jonadab.

Why should a prince, whose power may command,
Obey the rebel passions of his love,
When they contend but 'gainst his conscience,
And may be govern'd, or suppress'd, by will?
Now, *Ammon*, loose those loving knots of blood,
That soak'd the courage from thy kingly heart,
And give it passage to thy wither'd cheeks.
Now, *Thamar*, ripen'd are the holy fruits
That grew on plants of thy virginity;

And

And rotten is thy name in *Israel*:
 Poor *Thamar*, little did thy lovely hands
 Foretel an action of such violence,
 As to contend with *Ammon's* lusty arms,
 Sinew'd with vigour of his kindless love:
 Fair *Thamar*, now dishonour hunts thy foot,
 And follows thee through ev'ry covert shade,
 Discovering thy shame and nakedness,
 Even from the valleys of *Jebosaphat*
 Up to the lofty mounts of *Lebanon*;
 Where cedars, stir'd with anger of the winds,
 Sounding in storms the tale of thy disgrace,
 Tremble with fury, and with murmur shake
 Earth with their feet, and with their heads the heavens,
 Beating the clouds into their swiftest rack,
 To bear this wonder round about the world. [Exit.

Ammon thrusting out Thamar.

Ammon.

Hence from my bed, whose sight offends my soul,
 As doth the parbreak of disgorged bears.

Thamar.

Unkind, unprincely, and unmanly *Ammon*,
 To force, and then refuse thy sister's love;
 Adding unto the fright of thy offence
 The baneful torment of my publish'd shame!
 O, do not this dishonour to thy love,
 Nor clog thy soul with such increasing sin;
 This second evil far exceeds the first.

Ammon.

Jethray, come, thrust this woman from my sight,
 And bolt the door upon her if she strive.

Jethray.

Go, madam, go, away, you must be gone;
 My lord hath done with you: I pray, depart.

[He shuts her out.

Thamar.

Thamar.

Whither, alas! ah, whither shall I fly
 With folded arms, and all-amazed soul,
 Cast as was *Eva* from that glorious soil,
 (Where all delights sat bating wing'd with thoughts,
 Ready to nestle in her naked breasts)
 To bare and barren vales with floods made waste,
 To desert woods, and hills with light'ning scorch'd,
 With death, with shame, with hell, with horreur fit;
 There will I wander from my father's face,
 There *Absalon*, my brother *Absalon*,
 Sweet *Absalon* shall hear his sister mourn,
 There will I live with my windy sighs,
 Night ravens and owls to rend my bloody side,
 Which with a rusty weapon I will wound,
 And make them passage to my panting heart.
 Why talk'st thou, wretch, and leav'st the deed undone?

Enter Absalon.

Rend hair, and garments, as thy heart is rent
 With inward fury of a thousand griefs,
 And scatter them by these unhallow'd doors,
 To figure *Ammon's* resting cruelty,
 And tragick spoil of *Thamar's* chastity.

Absalon.

What causeth *Thamar* to exclaim so much?

Thamar.

The cause that *Thamar* shameth to disclose.

Absalon.

Say, I thy brother will revenge that cause.

Thamar.

Ammon, our father's son, hath forced me,
 And thrust me from him as the scorn of *Israel*.

Absalon.

Hath *Ammon* forced thee? by *David's* hand,
 And by the covenant God hath made with him,
Ammon shall bear his violence to hell;

Traitor

Traitor to heav'n, traitor to *David's* throne,
 Traitor to *Absalon* and *Israel*.
 This fact hath *Jacob's* ruler seen from heaven,
 And through a cloud of smoke, and tower of fire,
 (As he rides vaunting him upon the greens)
 Shall tear his chariot wheels with violent winds,
 And throw his body in the bloody sea;
 At him the thunder shall discharge his bolt;
 And his fair spouse, with bright and fiery wings,
 Sit ever burning on his hateful bones:
 Myself, as swift as thunder, or his spouse,
 Will hunt occasion with a secret hate,
 To work false *Ammon* an ungracious end.—
 Go in, my sister; rest thee in my house;
 And God, in time, shall take this shame from thee.

Thamar.

Nor God, nor time, will do that good for me.

[*Exit Thamar. Restat Absalon.*]

Enter David, with his train.

David.

My *Absalon*, what mak'st thou here alone,
 And bear'st such discontentment in thy brows?

Absalon.

Great cause hath *Absalon* to be displeas'd,
 And in his heart to shroud the wounds of wrath.

David.

'Gainst whom should *Absalon* be thus displeas'd?

Absalon.

'Gainst wicked *Ammon* thy ungracious son,
 My brother and fair *Thamar's* by the king,
 My step-brother, by mother, and by kind;
 He hath dishonour'd *David's* holiness,
 And fix'd a blot of lightness on his throne,
 Forcing my sister *Thamar* when he feign'd
 A sickness, sprung from root of heinous lust.

DAVID.

David.

Hath *Ammon* brought this evil on my house,
 And suffer'd sin to smite his father's bones?
 Smite, *David*, deadlier than the voice of heaven,
 And let hate's fire be kindled in thy heart;
 Frame in the arches of thy angry brows,
 Making thy forehead, like a comet, shine,
 To force false *Ammon* tremble at thy looks.
 Sin with his sev'nfold crown, and purple robe,
 Begins his triumphs in my guilty throne;
 There sits he watching with his hundred eyes
 Our idle minutes, and our wanton thoughts;
 And with his baits, made of our frail desires,
 Gives us the hook that hales our souls to hell:
 But with the spirit of my kingdom's God
 I'll thrust the flattering tyrant from his throne,
 And scourge his bondslaves from my hallow'd court
 With rods of iron, and thorns of sharpen'd steel. —
 Then, *Absalon*, revenge not thou this sin;
 Leave it to me, and I will chasten him.

Absalon.

I am content; then, grant, my lord the king,
 Himself with all his other lords would come
 Up to my sheep-feast on the plain of *Hazor*.

David.

Nay, my fair son, myself, with all my lords,
 Will bring thee too much charge; yet some shall go.

Absalon.

But let my lord the king himself take pains;
 The time of year is pleasant for your grace,
 And gladsome summer in her shady robes,
 Crowned with roses and with planted flowers,
 With all her nymphs shall entertain my lord,
 That from the thicket of my verdant groves,
 Will sprinkle honey dews about his breast,
 And cast sweet balm upon his kingly head:
 Then grant thy servant's boon, and go, my lord.

David.

David.

Let it content my sweet son *Absalon*,
That I may stay, and take my other lords.

Absalon.

But shall thy best beloved *Ammon* go ?

David.

What needeth it, that *Ammon* go with thee ?

Absalon.

Yet do thy son and servant so much grace.

David.

Ammon shall go, and all my other lords,
Because I will give grace to *Absalon*.

Enter Cusay, and Urias, with others.

Cusay.

Pleaseth my lord the king, his servant *Joab*
Hath sent *Urias* from the *Syrian* wars.

David.

Welcome, *Urias*, from the *Syrian* wars,
Welcome to *David* as his dearest lord.

Urias

Thanks be to *Israel's* God, and *David's* grace,
Urias finds such greeting with the king.

David.

No other greeting shall *Urias* find
As long as *David* sways th' elected seat,
And consecrated throne of *Israel*.
Tell me, *Urias*, of my servant *Joab*;
Fights he with truth the battles of our God,
And for the honour of the Lord's anointed ?

Urias.

Thy servant *Joab* fights the chosen wars
With truth, with honour, and with high success;
And 'gainst the wicked king of *Ammon's* sons,
Hath by the finger of our sovereign's God,
Besieg'd the city *Rabath*, and atchiev'd
The court of waters, where the conduits run,

And

And all the *Ammonites* delightfome fprings :
 Therefore he wifheth *David's* mightinefs
 Should number out the hoft of *Israel*,
 And come in perfon to the city *Rabath*,
 That fo her conquelts may be made the king's,
 And *Joab* fight as his inferiour.

David.

This hath not God, and *Joab's* prowefs done,
 Without *Urias'* valour, I am fure,
 Who, fince his true converfion from a *Hetbite*,
 To an adopted fon of *Israel*,
 Hath fought like one whose arms were lift by heaven,
 And whose bright fword was edg'd with *Israel's* wrath :
 Go therefore home, *Urias*, take thy reft ;
 Vifit thy wife, and houfehold, with the joys
 A victor and a favourite of the king's
 Should exercife with honour after arms.

Urias.

Thy fervant's bones are yet not half fo craz'd,
 Nor conftitute on fuch a fickly mould,
 That for fo little fervice he fhould faint,
 And feek, as cowards, refuge of his home :
 Nor are his thoughts fo fenfually ftir'd,
 To ftay the arms with which the lord would fmite
 And fill their circle with his conquer'd foes,
 For wanton bofom of a flattering wife.

David.

Urias hath a beauteous sober wife,
 Yet young, and fram'd of tempting flefh and blood ;
 Then, when the king hath fummon'd thee from arms,
 If thou unkindly fhouldft refrain her bed,
 Sin might be lay'd upon *Urias'* foul,
 If *Bethfabe* by frailty hurt her fame :
 Then go, *Urias*, folace in her love ;
 Whom God hath knit to thee, tremble to lofe.

Urias.

The king is much too tender of my eafe ;
 The ark, and *Israel*, and *Judah*, dwell

In palaces, and rich pavilions,
 But *Joab*, and his brother in the fields,
 Suffering the wrath of winter and the sun :
 And shall *Urias* (of more shame than they)
 Banquet and loiter in the work of heaven ?
 As sure as thy soul doth live, my lord,
 Mine ears shall never lean to such delight,
 When holy labour calls me forth to fight.

David.

Then, be it with *Urias*' manly heart
 As best his fame may shine in *Israel*.

Urias.

Thus shall *Urias*' heart be best content,
 Till thou dismiss me back to *Joab*'s bands ;
 'This ground before the king my master's doors,

[*He lies down.*]

Shall be my couch, and this unwearied arm,
 'The proper pillar of a soldier's head ;
 For never will I lodge within my house,
 Till *Joab* triumph in my secret vows.

David.

Then fetch some flagons of our purest wine,
 That we may welcome home our hardy friend
 With full carouses to his fortunes past,
 And to the honours of his future arms ;
 Then will I send him back to *Rabath*' siege,
 And follow with the strength of *Israel*.

Enter one with the flagons of wine.

Arise, *Urias* ; come, and pledge the king.

Urias.

If *David* think me worthy such a grace,
 I will be bold, and pledge my lord the king.

[*He riseth.*]

David.

Absalon, and *Cusay*, both shall drink
 To good *Urias*, and his happiness.

Abſalon.

We will, my lord, to pleaſe *Urias*'s ſoul.

David.

I will begin, *Urias*, to thyſelf,
And all the treaſure of the *Ammonites*,
Which here I promiſe to impart to thee,
And bind that promiſe with a full carouſe.

Urias.

What ſeemeth pleaſant in my ſov'reign's eyes,
That ſhall *Urias* do till he be dead.

David.

Fill him the cup; follow, ye lords, that love
Your ſovereign's health, and do as he hath done.

Abſalon.

Ill may he thrive, or live in *Iſrael*,
That loves not *David*, or denies his charge. —

Urias, here is to *Abiſai*'s health,
Lord *Joab*'s brother, and thy loving friend.

Urias.

I pledge lord *Abſalon*, and *Abiſai*'s health. [*He drinks.*]

Cuſay.

Here now, *Urias*, to the health of *Joab*,
And to the pleaſant journey we ſhall have,
When we return to mighty *Rabat*'s ſiege.

Urias.

Cuſay, I pledge thee all with all my heart. —
Give me ſome drink, ye ſervants of the king;
Give me my drink. [*He drinks.*]

David.

Well done, my good *Urias*; drink thy fill,
That in thy fulneſs *David* may rejoice.

Urias.

I will, my lord.

Abſalon.

Now, lord *Urias*, one carouſe to me.

Urias.

No, ſir, I'll drink to the king;
Your father is a better man than you.

David.

David.

Do so, *Urias*; I will pledge thee straight.

Urias.

I will, indeed, my lord, and sovereign;
I'll once in my days be so bold.

David.

Fill him his glafs.

Urias.

Fill me my glafs. [*He gives him the glafs.*]

David.

Quickly, I say, *Urias*; quickly, I say.

Urias.

Here, my lord, by your favour now I drink to you.

David.

I pledge thee, good *Urias*, presently. [*He drinks.*]

Absalon.

Here then, *Urias*, once again for me,
And to the health of *David's* children.

Urias.

David's children?

Absalon.

Ay, *David's* children; wilt thou pledge me, man?

Urias.

Pledge me, man!

Absalon.

Pledge me, I say, or else thou lov'st us not.

Urias.

What, do you talk? do you talk?
I'll no more, I'll lie down here.

David.

Rather, *Urias*, go thou home and sleep.

Urias.

O, ho, fir; would you make me break my sentence?
[*He lies down.*]

Home, fir! no, indeed, fir: I'll sleep upon mine arm,
Like a soldier, sleep like a man as long as I live in *Israel*.

David.

If nought will serve to save his wife's renown,
I'll send him with a letter unto *Joab*
To put him in the forefront of the wars,
That so my purposes may take effect. —
Help him in, sirs. [Exit *Dav. and Abf.*

Cusay.

Come, rise, *Urias*; get thee in and sleep.

Urias.

I will not go home, sir; that's flat.

Cusay.

Then come, and rest thee upon *David's* bed.

Urias.

On, afore, my lords; on, afore.

[*Exeunt.*

C H O R U S.

O proud revolt of a presumptuous man,
Laying his bridle in the neck of sin,
Ready to bear him past his grave to hell.
Like as the fatal raven, that in his voice
Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths,
Flies by the fair *Arabian* spiceries,
Her pleasant gardens, and delightful parks,
Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclams,
And yet doth stoop with hungry violence
Upon a piece of hateful carrion:
So wretched man, displeas'd with those delights
Would yield a quick'ning favour to his soul,
Pursues with eager and unstanched thirst
The greedy longings of his loathsome flesh.
If holy *David* so shook hands with sin,
What shall our baser spirits glory in?
This kingly giving lust her rein
Pursues the sequel with a greater ill.
Urias in the forefront of the wars
Is murder'd by the hateful heathens sword,

And

And *David* joys his too dear *Bethsabe*.
 Suppose this past, and that the child is born,
 Whose death the prophet solemnly doth mourn.

Enter Bethsabe, with her handmaid.

Bethsabe.

Mourn, *Bethsabe*, bewail thy foolishness,
 Thy sin, thy shame, the sorrow of thy soul :
 Sin, shame, and sorrow swarm about thy soul ;
 And in the gates, and entrance of thy heart,
 Sadness, with wreathed arms, hangs her complaint.
 No comfort from the ten-string'd instrument,
 The tinkling cymbal, or the ivory lute ;
 Nor doth the sound of *David's* kingly harp,
 Make glad the broken heart of *Bethsabe* :
Jerusalem is fill'd with thy complaint,
 And in the streets of *Sion* sits thy grief.
 The babe is sick, sick to the death, I fear,
 The fruit that sprung from thee to *David's* house :
 Nor may the pot of honey and of oil,
 Glad *David*, or his handmaid's countenance.
Urias, — wo is me to think hereon !
 For who is it among the sons of men,
 That faith not to my soul, the king hath sin'd ;
David hath done amiss, and *Bethsabe*
 Lay'd snares of death unto *Urias's* life ? —
 My sweet *Urias*, fall'n into the pit
 Art thou, and gone ev'n to the gates of hell
 For *Bethsabe*, that wouldst not shroud her shame.
 O, what is it to serve the lust of kings !
 How lion-like thy rage, when we resist !
 But, *Bethsabe*, in humbleness attend
 The grace that God will to his handmaid send. [Exit.

David in his gown walking sadly.

To him Nathan.

David.

The babe is sick, and sad is *David's* heart,
To see the guiltless bear the guilty's pain.
David, hang up thy harp; hang down thy head;
And dash thy ivory lute against the stones.
The dew, that on the hill of *Hermon* falls,
Rains not on *Sion's* tops, and lofty towers;
And *David's* thoughts are spent in pensiveness:
The plains of *Gath* and *Ascalon* rejoice.
The babe is sick, sweet babe, that *Bethsabe*
With woman's pain brought forth to *Israel*.

Enter Nathan.

But what faith *Nathan* to his lord the king?

Nathan.

Thus *Nathan* faith unto his lord the king:
There were two men both dwellers in one town,
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,
Which he had bought and nourish'd by the hand;
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And eat and drank, as he and his were wont,
And in his bosom slept, and was to live
As was his daughter or his dearest child.
There came a stranger to this wealthy man;
And he refus'd, and spar'd to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make him meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store,
And dress'd it for this stranger in his house.
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?

David.

David.

Now as the lord doth live, this wicked man
Is judg'd, and shall become the child of death;
Fourfold to the poor man shall he restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.

Nathan.

Thou art the man; and thou hast judg'd thyself.

David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me:

I thee anointed king in *Israel*,

And sav'd thee from the tyranny of *Saul*;

Thy master's house I gave thee to possess;

His wives into thy bosom did I give,

And *Judah*, and *Jerusalem* withal;

And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
Have given thee more:

Wherefore then hast thou gone so far astray,

And hast done evil, and sinned in my sight?

Urias thou hast killed with the sword;

Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcised

Thou hast him slain: wherefore, from this day forth,

The sword shall never go from thee and thine;

For thou hast ta'en this *Hetbite's* wife to thee:

Wherefore behold, I will, saith *Jacob's* God,

In thine own house stir evil up to thee;

Yea, I before thy face, will take thy wives,

And give them to thy neighbour to possess:

This shall be done to *David* in the day,

That *Israel* openly may see thy shame.

David.

Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have

Sinned; o, sinned grievously: and, lo!

From heaven's throne doth *David* throw himself,

And groan and grovel to the gates of hell.

[*He falls down.*]

Nathan.

David, stand up; thus saith the Lord by me:

David the king shall live, for he hath seen

The true repentant sorrow of thy heart;

But,

But, for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
 Stir'd up the enemies of *Israel*
 To triumph, and blaspheme the God of hosts,
 And say, He set a wicked man to reign
 Over his loved people and his tribes;
 The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
 His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.

[Exit Nathan.

David.

How just is *Jacob's* God in all his works!
 But must it die, that *David* loveth so?
 O, that the mighty one of *Israel*,
 Nill change his doom, and save the babe must die.
 Mourn, *Israel*, and weep in *Sion* gates;
 Wither, ye cedar trees of *Lebanon*;
 Ye sprouting almonds with your flow'ring tops,
 Droop, drown, and drench in *Hebron's* fearful streams:
 The babe must die that was to *David* born,
 His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.

[David sits sadly.

Enter Cusay to David and his train.

Servus.

What tidings bringeth *Cusay* to the king?

Cusay.

To thee, the servant of king *David's* court,
 This bringeth *Cusay*, as the prophet spake:
 The Lord hath surely stricken to the death
 The child new born by that *Urias's* wife,
 That by the sons of *Ammon* erst was slain.

Servus.

Cusay, be still; the king is vexed fore:
 How shall he speed that brings these tidings first,
 When, while the child was yet alive, we spake,
 And *David's* heart would not be comforted?

David.

Yea, *David's* heart will not be comforted?

What

What murmur ye, the fervants of the king?
 What tidings telleth *Cusay* to the king? —
 Say, *Cusay*, lives the child, or is he dead?

Cusay.

The child is dead, that of *Urias'* wife
David begat.

David.

Urias' wife, say'st thou?

The child is dead, then ceaseth *David's* shame:
 Fetch me to eat, and give me wine to drink;
 Water to wash, and oil to clear my looks;
 Bring down your shalms, your cymbals, and your pipes;
 Let *David's* harp and lute, his hand and voice,
 Give laud to him that loveth *Israel*,
 And sing his praise, that shendeth *David's* fame,
 That put away his sin from out his sight,
 And sent his shame into the streets of *Gath*. —
 Bring ye to me the mother of the babe,
 That I may wipe the tears from off her face,
 And give her comfort with this hand of mine,
 And deck fair *Bethsabe* with ornaments,
 That she may bear to me another son,
 That may be loved of the Lord of host;
 For where he is, of force must *David* go,
 But never may he come where *David* is.

*They bring in water, wine, and oil,
 musick, and a banquet.*

Fair *Bethsabe*, sit thou, and sigh no more;
 And sing and play, you fervants of the king:
 Now sleepeth *David's* sorrow with the dead,
 And *Bethsabe* liveth to *Israel*.

They use all solemnities together and sing, &c.

David.

Now arms, and warlike engins for assault,
 Prepare at once, ye men of *Israel*,

Ye

Ye men of *Judab* and *Jerusalem*,
 That *Rabba* may be taken by the king,
 Lest it be called after *Joab's* name,
 Nor *David's* glory shine in *Sion's* streets;
 To *Rabba* marcheth *David*, and his men,
 To chastise *Ammon* and the wicked ones. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Absalon, with two or three.

Absalon.

Set up your mules, and give them well to eat,
 And let us meet our brothers at the feast;
 Accursed is the master of this feast,
 Dishonour of the house of *Israel*,
 His sister's slander, and his mother's shame.
 Shame be his share that could such ill contrive,
 To ravish *Thamar*; and, without a pause,
 To drive her shamefully from out his house:
 But, may his wickedness find just reward!
 Therefore doth *Absalon* conspire with you,
 That *Ammon* die what time he sits to eat;
 For in the holy temple have I sworn
 Wreak of his villany in *Thamar's* rape.
 And here he comes; bespeak him gently, all,
 Whose death is deeply graved in my heart.

*Enter Ammon, with Adonia and Jonadab,
 to Absalon and his company.*

Ammon.

Our shearers are not far from hence, I wot;
 And *Ammon* to you all his brethren
 Giveth such welcome as our fathers erst
 Were wont in *Judab* and *Jerusalem*: —
 But, specially, lord *Absalon*, to thee,
 The honour of thy house and progeny;

Sit down, and dine with me, king *David's* son,
Thou fair young man, whose hairs shine in mine eye,
Like golden wires of *David's* ivory lute.

Absalon.

Ammon, where be thy shearers, and thy men,
That we may pour in plenty of thy wines,
And eat thy goats milk, and rejoice with thee?

Ammon.

Here cometh *Ammon's* shearers, and his men;—
Absalon, sit and rejoice with me.

*Here enter a company of shepherds,
and dance and sing.*

Ammon.

Drink, *Absalon*, in praise of *Israel*;
Welcome to *Ammon's* fields from *David's* court.

Absalon.

Die with thy draught; perish, and die accurs'd;
Dishonour to the honour of us all;
Die for the villany to *Thamar* done,
Unworthy thou to be king *David's* son. [Exit *Abf.*

Jonadab.

O, what hath *Absalon* for *Thamar* done,
Murder'd his brother, great king's *David's* son!

Adonia.

Run, *Jonadab*, away, and make it known,
What cruelty this *Absalon* hath shown.—

Ammon, thy brother *Adonia* shall
Bury thy body among the dead men's bones;
And we will make complaint to *Israel*
Of *Ammon's* death, and pride of *Absalon*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter

*Enter David with Joab, Abisai, Cusay, with drum
and ensign against Rabba.*

David.

This is the town of the uncircumcised,
The city of the kingdom, this is it,
Rabba, where wicked *Hannon* sitteth king:
Despoil this king, this *Hannon* of his crown;
Unpeople *Rabba*, and the streets thereof;
For in their blood, and slaughter of the slain,
Lieth the honour of king *David's* line. —
Joab, — *Abisai*, — and the rest of you,
Fight ye this day for great *Jerusalem*.

Joab.

And see, where *Hannon* shows him on the walls;
Why then do we forbear to give assault,
That *Israel* may, as it is promised,
Subdue the daughters of the *Gentiles* tribes;
All this must be perform'd by *David's* hand.

David.

Hark to me, *Hannon*, and remember well:
As sure as he doth live that kept my host,
What time our young men by the pool of *Gibeon*,
Went forth against the strength of *Ishobeth*,
And twelve to twelve did with their weapons play,
So sure art thou, and thy men of war,
To feel the sword of *Israel* this day;
Because thou hast defied *Jacob's* God,
And suffer'd *Rabba* with the *Philistine*,
To rail upon the tribe of *Benjamin*.

Hannon.

Hark, man: as sure as *Saul* thy master fell,
And gor'd his sides upon the mountain tops
And *Jonathan*, *Abinadab*, and *Melchisua*,
Water'd the dales and deeps of *Ascalon*
With bloody streams, that from *Gilboa* ran
In channels through the wilderness of *Ziph*,
What time the sword of the uncircumcised

Was drunken with the blood of *Israel*;
So sure shall David perish with his men,
Under the walls of *Rabba*, *Hannon's* town.

Joab.

Hannon, the God of *Israel* hath said,
David the king shall wear that crown of thine,
That weighs a talent of the finest gold,
And triumph in the spoil of *Hannon's* town,
When *Israel* shall hale thy people hence,
And turn them to the tile-kiln, man and child,
And put them under harrows made of iron,
And hew their bones with axes, and their limbs
With iron swords divide and tear in twain.

Hannon, this shall be done to thee and thine,
Because thou hast defied *Israel*.—

To arms, to arms, that *Rabba* feel revenge,
And *Hannon's* town become king *David's* spoil.

[*Alarum, excursions, assault, exeunt omnes.*]

Then the trumpets, and David with Hannon's crown.

David.

Now clattering arms, and wrathful storms of war,
Have thunder'd over *Rabba's* rased towers;
The wreakful ire of great *Jehova's* arm,
That for his people made the gates to rend,
And cloth'd the *Cherubins* in fiery coats,
To fight against the wicked *Hannon's* town,
Pay thanks, ye men of *Juda*, to the king,
The God of *Sion* and *Jerusalem*,
That hath exalted *Israel* to this,
And crowned *David* with this diadem.

Joab.

Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes;
As when the sun attir'd in glist'ring robe,
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And bridegroom-like hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams, such doth king *David* show,

Crown'd

Crown'd with the honour of his enemies town,
 Shining in riches like the firmament,
 The starry vault that overhangs the earth :
 So looketh *David* king of *Israel*.

Abisai.

Joab, why doth not *David* mount his throne,
 Whom heav'n hath beautified with *Hannon's* crown ?
 Sound trumpets, shalms, and instruments of praise,
 To *Jacob's* God for *David's* victory.

Enter *Jonadab*.

Jonadab.

Why doth the king of *Israel* rejoice ?
 Why fitteth *David* crown'd with *Rabba's* rule ?
 Behold, there hath great heaviness befall'n
 In *Ammon's* fields by *Absalon's* misdeed !
 And *Ammon's* shearers, and their feast of mirth
Absalon hath overturned with his sword ;
 Nor liveth any of king *David's* sons
 To bring this bitter tidings to the king.

David.

Ay me, how soon are *David's* triumphs dash'd !
 How suddenly declineth *David's* pride !
 As doth the daylight settle in the west,
 So dim is *David's* glory, and his gite.
 Die, *David* ; for to thee is left no seed
 That may revive thy name in *Israel*.

Jonadab.

In *Israel* is left of *David's* seed.

Enter *Adonia*, with other sons.

Comfort your lord, you servants of the king. —
 Behold, thy sons return in mourning weeds,
 And only *Ammon Absalon* hath slain.

David.

Welcome, my sons ; dearer to me you are

Than

Than is this golden crown, or *Hannon's* spoil :
 O tell me then, tell me my sons, I say,
 How cometh it to pass, that *Absalon*
 Hath slain his brother *Ammon* with the sword ?
Adonia.

Thy sons, o king, went up to *Ammon's* fields
 To feast with him, and eat his bread and oil ;
 And *Absalon* upon his mule doth come,
 And to his men he saith, when *Ammon's* heart
 Is merry and secure, then strike him dead,
 Because he forced *Thamar* shamefully,
 And hated her, and threw her forth his doors :
 And this did he ; and they with him conspire,
 And kill thy son in wreak of *Thamar's* wrong.

David.

How long shall *Judah* and *Jerusalem*
 Complain, and water *Sion* with their tears ?
 How long shall *Israel* lament in vain,
 And not a man among the mighty ones
 Will hear the sorrows of king *David's* heart ? —
Ammon, thy life was pleasing to thy lord,
 As to mine ears the musick of my lute,
 Or songs that *David* tuneth to his harp ;
 And *Absalon* hath ta'en from me away
 The gladness of my sad distressed soul.

[*Ex. omnes. Manet David.*

Enter widow of Thecoa.

Widow.

God save king *David*, king of *Israel*,
 And bless the gates of *Sion* for his sake !

David.

Woman, why mournest thou ? rise from the earth ;
 Tell me what sorrow hath befall'n thy soul.

Widow.

Thy servant's soul, o king, is troubled sore,
 And grievous is the anguish of her heart ;
 And from *Thecoa* doth thy handmaid come.

David.

David.

Tell me, and say, thou woman of *Thecoa*,
What aileth thee, or what is come to pass.

Widow.

Thy servant is a widow in *Thecoa* :
Two sons 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 lo, behold, the kindred doth arise,
And cry on him that smote his brother,
That he therefore may be the child of death ;
For we will follow and destroy the heir.
So will they quench that sparkle that is left,
And leave nor name, nor issue on the earth
To me or to thy handmaid's husband dead.

David.

Woman, return ; go home unto thy house :
I will take order that thy son be safe.
If any man say otherwise than well,
Bring him to me, and I shall chastise him :
For, as the lord doth live, shall not a hair
Shed from thy son, or fall upon the earth.
Woman, to God alone belongs revenge ;
Shall then the kindred slay him for his sin ?

Widow.

Well hath king *David* 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 revenge ?
Assuredly thou say'st against thyself ;
Therefore, call home again the banished ;
Call home the banished that he may live,
And raise to thee some fruit in *Israel*.

David.

Thou woman of *Thecoa*, answer me,
Answer me one thing I shall ask of thee :
Is not the hand of *Joab* in this work ?

Tell

Tell me, is not his finger in this fact?

Widow.

It is, my lord; his hand is in this work:
 Assure thee, *Joab*, captain of thy host,
 Hath put these words into thy handmaid's mouth;
 And thou art as an angel from on high,
 To understand the meaning of my heart:
 Lo, where he cometh to his lord the king.

Enter Joab.

David.

Say, *Joab*, didst thou send this woman in
 To put this parable for *Absalon*?

Joab.

Joab, my lord, did bid this woman speak,
 And she hath said; and thou hast understood.

David.

I have, and am content to do the thing;
 Go, fetch my son, that he may live with me.

[*Joab kneels.*

Joab.

Now God be blessed for king *David's* life;
 Thy servant *Joab* hath found grace with thee,
 In that thou sparest *Absalon* thy child:
 A beautiful and fair young man is he,
 In all his body is no blemish seen;
 His hair is like the wire of *David's* harp,
 That twines about his bright and ivory neck:
 In *Israel* is not such a goodly man;
 And here I bring him to entreat for grace.

Enter Absalon, with Joab.

David.

Hast thou slain in the fields of *Hazer*—

Ah, *Absalon*, my son! ah, my son *Absalon*!
 But wherefore do I vex thy spirit so?
 Live, and return from *Gesur* to thy house;
 Return from *Gesur* to *Jerusalem*:
 What boots it to be bitter to thy soul?
Ammon is dead, and *Absalon* survives.

Absalon.

Father, I have offended *Israel*;
 I have offended *David*, and his house;
 For *Thamar's* wrong hath *Absalon* misdona:
 But *David's* heart is free from sharp revenge,
 And *Joab* hath got grace for *Absalon*.

David.

Depart with me, you men of *Israel*,
 You that have follow'd *Rabba* with the sword;
 And ransack *Ammon's* richest treasuries. —
 Live, *Absalon*, my son, live once in peace:
 Peace be with thee, and with *Jerusalem*.

[*Exeunt omnes. Manet Abs.*

Absalon.

David is gone, and *Absalon* remains,
 Flow'ring in pleasant spring-time of his youth:
 Why liveth *Absalon*, and is not honoured
 Of tribes and elders, and the mightiest ones,
 That round about his temples he may wear
 Garlands and wreaths set on with reverence;
 That every one that hath a cause to plead
 Might come to *Absalon*, and call for right?
 Then in the gates of *Sion* would I sit,
 And publish laws in great *Jerusalem*;
 And not a man should live in all the land,
 But *Absalon* would do him reason's due;
 Therefore, I shall address me as I may,
 To love the men, and tribes of *Israel*.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter David, Ithay, Sadoc, Ahimaas, Jonathan, with others, David barefoot, with some loose covering over his head, and all mourning.

David.

Proud lust, the bloodiest traitor to our souls,
 Whose greedy throat, nor earth, air, sea, or heaven,
 Can glut or satisfy with any store,
 Thou art the cause these torments suck my blood,
 Piercing with venom of thy poison'd eyes
 The strength and marrow of my tainted bones:
 To punish *Pharaoh*, and his cursed host,
 The waters shrunk at great *Adonai's* voice,
 And sandy bottom of the sea appear'd,
 Off'ring his service at his servant's feet;
 And, to inflict a plague on *David's* sin,
 He makes his bowels traitors to his breast,
 Winding about his heart with mortal gripes.
 Ah, *Absalon*, the wrath of heav'n inflames
 Thy scorched bosom with ambitious heat,
 And *Satan* sets thee on a lusty tower,
 Showing thy thoughts the pride of *Israel*,
 Of choice to cast thee on her ruthless stones, —
 Weep with me then, ye sons of *Israel*,

[He lies down, and all the rest after him.]

Lie down with *David*, and with *David* mourn
 Before the holy one that sees our hearts;
 Season this heavy soil with showers of tears,
 And fill the face of ev'ry flower with dew;
 Weep, *Israel*, for *David's* soul dissolves,
 Lading the fountains of his drowned eyes,
 And pours her substance on the senseless earth.

Sadoc.

Weep, *Israel*; o, weep for *David's* soul,
 Strewing the ground with hair and garments torn,
 For tragick witness of your hearty woes.

Ahimaas.

O, 'would our eyes were conduits to our hearts,

And that our hearts were seas of liquid blood,
To pour in streams upon this holy mount,
For witness we would die for *David's* woes.

Jonadab.

Then should this mount of olives seem a plain,
Drown'd with a sea, that with our sighs should roar,
And in the murmur of his mounting waves,
Report our bleeding sorrows to the heavens,
For witness we would die for *David's* woes.

Ithay.

Earth cannot weep enough for *David's* woes ;
Then weep, you heavens, and all you clouds, dissolve,
That piteous stars may see our miseries,
And drop their golden tears upon the ground,
For witness how they weep for *David's* woes.

Sadoc.

Now let my sovereign raise his prostrate bones,
And mourn not as a faithless man would do ;
But be assur'd, that *Jacob's* righteous God,
That promis'd never to forsake your throne,
Will still be just, and pure in his vows.

David.

Sadoc, high-priest, preserver of the ark,
Whose sacred virtue keeps the chosen crown,
I know, my God is spotless in his vows,
And that these hairs shall greet my grave in peace ;
But that my son should wrong his tender'd soul,
And fight against his father's happiness,
Turns all my hopes into despair of him,
And that despair feeds all my veins with grief.

Ithay.

Think of it, *David*, as a fatal plague
Which grief preserveth, but preventeth not ;
And turn thy drooping eyes upon the troops,
That, of affection to thy worthiness,
Do swarm about the person of the king :
Cherish their valours, and their zealous loves,
With pleasant looks, and sweet encouragements.

David.

David.

Methinks, the voice of *Ithay*, fills mine ears.

Ithay.

Let not the voice of *Ithay* loath thine ears,
Whose heart would balm thy bosom with his tears.

David.

But wherefore goest thou to the wars with us?
Thou art a stranger here in *Israel*,
And son to *Achis*, mighty king of *Gath*;
Therefore return, and with thy father stay:
Thou cam'st but yesterday; and should I now
Let thee partake these troubles here with us?
Keep both thyself, and all thy soldiers safe;
Let me abide the hazards of these arms,
And God requite the friendship thou hast show'd.

Ithay.

As sure as *Israel's* God gives *David* life,
What place or peril shall contain the king,
The same will *Ithay* share in life and death.

David.

Then, gentle *Ithay*, be thou still with us,
A joy to *David*, and a grace to *Israel*. —
Go, *Sadoc*, now, and bear the ark of God
Into the great *Jerusalem* again:
If I find favour in his gracious eyes,
Then will he lay his hand upon my heart
Yet once again before I visit death;
Giving it strength, and virtue to mine eyes,
To taste the comforts, and behold the form
Of his fair ark, and holy tabernacle:
But, if he say, my wonted love is worn,
And I have no delight in *David* now,
Here lie I armed with an humble heart
T' embrace the pains that anger shall impose,
And kiss the sword my lord shall kill me with.
Then, *Sadoc*, take *Abimaas* thy son,
With *Jonathan* son to *Abiathar*;

And in these fields will I repose myself,
Till they return from you some certain news.

Sadoc.

Thy servants will with joy obey the king,
And hope to cheer his heart with happy news.

[*Ex. Sadoc, Ahim. and Jonathan.*

Itay.

Now that it be no grief unto the king,
Let me for good inform his majesty,
That with unkind and graceless *Abfalon*,
Achitophel your ancient counsellor
Directs the state of this rebellion.

David.

Then doth it aim with danger at my crown. —
O thou, that hold'st his raging bloody bound
Within the circle of the silver moon,
That girds earth's centre with his watry scarf,
Limit the counsel of *Achitophel*,
No bounds extending to my soul's distress,
But turn his wisdom into foolishness.

*Enter Cufay, with his coat turned,
and head covered.*

Cufay.

Happiness and honour to my lord the king.

David.

What happiness or honour may betide
His state that toils in my extremities?

Cufay.

O, let my gracious sov'reign cease these griefs,
Unless he wish his servant *Cufay's* death;
Whose life depends upon my lord's relief:
Then, let my presence with my sighs, perfume
The pleasant closet of my sov'reign's soul.

David.

No, *Cufay*, no; thy presence unto me
Will be a burden, since I tender thee,

And

And cannot brook : thy sighs for *David's* sake :
 But if thou turn to fair *Jerusalem*,
 And say to *Absalon*, as thou hast been
 A trusty friend unto his father's seat,
 So thou wilt be to him, and call him king,
Achitophel's counsel may be brought to nought.
 Then having *Sadoc* and *Abiathar*,
 All three may learn the secrets of my son,
 Sending the message by *Abimaas*;
 And friendly *Jonathan*, who both are there.

Cusay.

Then rise, referring the success to heaven.

David.

Cusay, I rise ; though with unwieldy bones
 I carry arms against my *Absalon*.

[*Exeunt.*

Absalon, *Amasa*, *Achitophel*, with the concubines of
David, and others in great state ; *Absalon* crowned.

Absalon.

Now you that were my father's concubines,
 Liquor to his inchaſte and luſtful fire,
 Have ſeen his honour ſhaken in his houſe,
 Which I poſſeſs in ſight of all the world :
 I bring you forth for foils to my renown,
 And to eclipse the glory of your king,
 Whoſe life is with his honour faſt incloſ'd
 Within the entrails of a jetty cloud,
 Whoſe diſſolution ſhall pour down in ſhowers
 The ſubſtance of his life and ſwelling pride ;
 Then ſhall the ſtars light earth with rich aſpects,
 And heav'n ſhall burn in love with *Absalon*,
 Whoſe beauty will ſuffice to chaſe all miſts,
 And clothe the ſun's ſphere with a triple fire,
 Sooner than his clear eyes ſhould ſuffer ſtain,
 Or be offended with a low'ring day.

1 *break*

1 *Concubines.*

1 Concubine.

Thy father's honour, graceless *Absalon*,
 And ours thus beaten with thy violent arms,
 Will cry for vengeance to the host of heaven,
 Whose power is ever arm'd against the proud,
 And will dart plagues at thy aspiring head,
 For doing this disgrace to *David's* throne.

2 Concubine.

To *David's* throne, to *David's* holy throne,
 Whose sceptre angels guard with swords of fire,
 And sit as eagles on his conquering fist,
 Ready to prey upon his enemies:
 Then think not thou, the captain of his foes,
 Wert thou much swifter than *Azabell* was,
 That could outpace the nimble-footed roe,
 To scape the fury of their thumping beaks,
 Or dreadful scope of their commanding wings.

Achitophel.

Let not my lord the king of *Israel*
 Be angry with a silly woman's threats;
 But with the pleasure he hath erst enjoy'd,
 Turn them into their cabinets again,
 Till *David's* conquest be their overthrow.

Absalon.

Into your bowers, ye daughters of disdain,
 Gotten by fury of unbridled lust,
 And wash your couches with your mourning tears,
 For grief that *David's* kingdom is decay'd.

1 Concubine.

No, *Absalon*, his kingdom is chain'd
 Fast to the finger of great *Jacob's* God,
 Which will not lose it for a rebel's love.

[*Exeunt.*]*Amasa.*

If I might give advice unto the king,
 These concubines should buy their taunts with blood,

Absalon.

Amasa, no; but let thy martial sword

Empty

Empty the veins ¹ of *David's* armed men,
 And let these foolish women scape our hands
 To recompense the shame they have sustain'd.
 First, *Absalon* was by the trumpet's found
 Proclaim'd through *Hebron* king of *Israel*;
 And now is set in fair *Jerusalem*
 With complete state, and glory of a crown.
 Fifty fair footmen by my chariot run,
 And to the air whose rupture rings my fame,
 Where'er I ride they offer reverence.
 Why should not *Absalon*, that in his face
 Carries the final purpose of his God,
 That is, to work him grace in *Israel*,
 Endeavour to atchieve with all his strength,
 The state that most may satisfy his joy,
 Keeping his statutes and his covenants pure?
 His thunder is entangled in my hair,
 And with my beauty is his lightning quench'd;
 I am the man he made to glory in,
 When by the errours of my father's sin
 He lost the path that led him into the land
 Wherewith our chosen ancestors were bless'd.

Enter Cusay.

Cusay.

Long may the beauteous king of *Israel* live!
 To whom the people do by thousands swarm.

Absalon.

What meaneth, *Cusay*, so to greet his foe?
 Is this the love thou show'd'st to *David's* soul,
 To whose assistance thou hast vow'd thy life?
 Why leav'st thou him in this extremity?

Cusay.

Because the Lord, and *Israel* chooseth thee;
 And as before I serv'd thy father's turn,
 With counsel acceptable in his fight,
 So likewise will I now obey his son.

¹ *pains*

Absalon.

Absalon.

Then welcome, *Cusay*, to king *Absalon*. —
 And now, my lords, and loving counsellors,
 I think it time to exercise our arms
 Against forsaken *David* and his host. —
 Give counsel first, my good *Achitophel*,
 What times and orders we may best observe,
 For prosp'rous manage of these high exploits.

Achitophel.

Let me choose out twelve thousand valiant men;
 And, while the night hides with her fable mists
 The close endeavours cunning soldiers use,
 I will assault thy discontented fire;
 And, while with weakness of their weary arms,
 Surcharg'd with toil to shun thy sudden power,
 The people fly in huge disorder'd troops
 To save their lives, and leave the king alone,
 Then will I smite him with his latest wound,
 And bring the people to thy feet in peace.

Absalon.

Well hath *Achitophel* given his advice. —
 Yet let us hear what *Cusay* counsels us,
 Whose great experience is well worth the ear.

Cusay.

Though wise *Achitophel* be much more meet
 To purchase hearing with my lord the king,
 For all his former counsels, than myself,
 Yet, not offending *Absalon* or him,
 This time it is not good, nor worth pursuit;
 For, well thou know'st, thy father's men are strong,
 Chafing as she-bears robbed of their whelps,
 Besides the king himself a valiant man,
 Train'd up in feats and stratagems of war;
 And will not, for prevention of the worst,
 Lodge with the common soldiers in the field:
 But now, I know, his wonted policies
 Have taught him lurk within some secret cave,
 Guarded with all his stoutest soldiers;
 Which, if the forefront of his battle faint,

Will

Will yet give out that *Absalon* doth fly,
 And so thy soldiers be discouraged :
David himself withal, whose angry heart
 Is as a lion's, letted of his walk,
 Will fight himself, and all his men to one,
 Before a few shall vanquish him by fear.
 My counsel therefore is, with trumpet's sound
 To gather men from *Dan* to *Bersabe*,
 That they may march in number like sea sands,
 That nestle close in one another's neck :
 So shall we come upon him in our strength,
 Like to the dew that falls in showers from heaven,
 And leave him not a man to march withal.
 Besides, if any city succour him,
 The numbers of our men shall fetch us ropes,
 And we will pull it down the river's stream,
 That not a stone be left to keep us out.

Absalon.

What says my lord to *Cusay's* counsel now ?

Amasa.

I fancy *Cusay's* counsel better far
 Than that is given us from *Achitophel* ;
 And so, I think, doth ev'ry soldier here.

All.

Cusay's counsel is better than *Achitophel's*.

Absalon.

Then march we after *Cusay's* counsel all ;
 Sound trumpets through the bounds of *Israel*,
 And muster all the men will serve the king,
 That *Absalon* may glut his longing soul
 With sole fruition of his father's crown.

[*Exeunt.*

Achitophel.

Ill shall they fare that follow thy attempts,
 That scorn't the counsel of *Achitophel.* *Restat Cusay.*

1 one omitted.

Cusay.

Cusay.

Thus hath the power of *Jacob's* jealous God
Fulfill'd his servant *David's* drifts by me,
And brought *Achitophel's* advice to scorn.

Enter Sadoc, Abiathar, Ahimaas, and Jonathan.

Sadoc.

God save lord *Cusay*, and direct his zeal
To purchase *David's* conquest, gainst his son.

Abiathar.

What secrets hast thou glean'd from *Abshalon*?

Cusay.

These, sacred priests, that bear the ark of God:
Achitophel advis'd him in the night
To let him choose twelve thousand fighting men,
And he would come on *David* at unwares,
While he was weary with his violent toil:
But I advis'd to get a greater host,
And gather men from *Dan* to *Bersabe*,
To come upon him strongly in the fields.
Then send *Ahimaas* and *Jonathan*
To signify these secrets to the king,
And will him not to stay this night abroad;
But get him over *Jordan* presently,
Lest he and all his people kiss the sword.

Sadoc.

Then go, *Ahimaas*, and *Jonathan*,
And straight convey this message to the king.

Ahimaas.

Father, we will, if *Abshalon's* chief spies
Prevent not this device, and stay us here. [*Exeunt.*

Semei solus.

The man of *Israel*, that hath rul'd as king,
Or, rather, as the tyrant of the land,
Bolstering his hateful head upon the throne,

That

That God unworthily hath bless'd him with,
 Shall now, I hope, lay it as low as hell,
 And be depos'd from his detested chair.
 O, that my bosom could by nature bear
 A sea of poison, to be pour'd upon
 His curst head that sacred balm hath grac'd,
 And consecrated king of *Israel!*
 Or, 'would my breath were made the smoke of hell,
 Infected with the sighs of damned souls,
 Or with the reeking of that serpent's gorge,
 That feeds on adders, toads, and venomous roots,
 'That, as I open'd my revenging lips
 To curse the shepherd for his tyranny,
 My words might cast rank poison to his pores,
 And make his swoln and rankling sinews crack,
 Like to the combat blows that break the clouds,
 When *Jove's* stout champions fight with fire:
 See, where he cometh that my soul abhors:
 I have prepar'd my pocket full of stones
 To cast at him, mingled with earth and dust,
 Which, bursting with disdain, I greet him with.

David, Joab, Abysai, Ithay,
with others.

Come forth, thou murderer, and wicked man:
 The lord hath brought upon thy curst head
 The guiltless blood of *Saul* and all his sons,
 Whose royal throne thy baseness hath usurp'd;
 And, to revenge it deeply on thy soul,
 The Lord hath giv'n the kingdom to thy son,
 And he shall wreak the trait'rous wrongs of *Saul*:
 Even as thy sin hath still importun'd heaven,
 So shall thy murders and adultery
 Be punish'd in the fight of *Israel*,
 As thou deserv'st with blood, with death, and hell.
 Hence, murderer, hence. [throws at him.]

Abisai

Abisai.

Why doth this dead dog curse my lord the king?
Let me alone to take away his head.

David.

Why medleth thus the son of *Zeruia*
To interrupt the action of our God?
Semei useth me with this reproach,
Because the lord hath sent him to reprove
The sins of *David*, printed in his brows
With blood, that blusseth for his conscience guilt;
Who dares then ask him, why he curseth me?

Semei.

If then thy conscience tell thee thou hast sin'd,
And that thy life is odious to the world,
Command thy followers to shun thy face;
And by thyself here make away thy soul,
That I may stand and glory in thy shame.

David.

I am not desp'rate, *Semei*, like thyself,
But trust unto the covenant of my God,
Founded on mercy with repentance built,
And finish'd with the glory of my soul.

Semei.

A murd'rer, and hope for mercy in thy end!
Hate and destruction fit upon thy brows,
To watch the issue of thy damned ghost,
Which with thy latest gasp they'll take and tear,
Hurling in ev'ry pain of hell a piece.
Hence, murderer, thou shame to *Israel*,
Foul lecher, drunkard, plague to heav'n and earth.'

[*He throws at him.*]*Joab.*

What, is it piety in *David's* thoughts,
So to abhor from laws of policy
In this extremity of his distress,
To give his subjects cause of carelessness!
Send hence the dog with sorrow to his grave!

David.

David.

Why should the sons of *Zerua* seek to check
His spirit, which the Lord hath thus inspir'd?
Behold, my son which issued from my flesh,
With equal fury seeks to take my life;
How much more then the son of *Jemini*,
Chiefly, since he doth nought but God's command?
It may be, he will look on me this day
With gracious eyes, and for his cursing bless
The heart of *David* in his bitterness.

Semei.

What, dost thou fret my soul with sufferance?
O, that the souls of *Ishobeth* and *Abner*,
Which thou sent'st swimming to their graves in blood,
With wounds fresh bleeding, gasping for revenge,
Were here to execute my burning hate!
But I will hunt thy foot with curses still;
Hence, monster, murderer, mirror of contempt.
[*He throws dust again.*]

Enter Ahimaas and Jonathan.

Ahimaas.

Long life to *David*, to his enemies death.

David.

Welcome, *Ahimaas*, and *Jonathan*:
What news sends *Cusay* to thy lord the king?

Ahimaas.

Cusay would wish my lord the king,
To pass the river *Jordan* presently,
Lest he and all his people perish here;
For wise *Achitophel* hath counsell'd *Absalom*
To take advantage of your weary arms,
And come this night upon you in the fields.
But yet the Lord hath made his counsel scorn,
And *Cusay's* policy with praise preferr'd;
Which was to number every *Israelite*,
And so assault you in their pride of strength.

Jonathan.

Jonathan.

Abiathar besides entreats the king
To send his men of war against his son,
And hazard not his person in the field.

David.

Thanks to *Abiathar*, and to you both,
And to my *Cusay*, whom the Lord requite;
But ten times treble thanks to his soft hand,
Whose pleasant touch hath made my heart to dance,
And play him praises in my zealous breast,
That turn'd the counsel of *Achitophel*
After the prayers of his servant's lips.
Now will we pass the river all this night,
And in the morning sound the voice of war,
The voice of bloody and unkindly war.

Joab.

Then tell us how thou wilt divide thy men,
And who shall have the special charge herein.

David.

Joab, thyself shall for thy charge conduct
The first third part of all my valiant men;
The second shall *Abisai's* valour lead;
The third fair *Ithay*, which I most should grace,
For comfort he hath done to *David's* woes;
And I myself will follow in the midst.

Ithay.

That let not *David*; for, though we should fly,
Ten thousand of us were not half so much
Esteem'd with *David's* enemies, as himself;
Thy people, loving thee, deny thee this.

David.

What seems them best, then that will *David* do: —
But now, my lords, and captains, hear his voice,
That never yet pierc'd piteous heav'n in vain;
Then let it not slip lightly through your ears;
For my sake spare the young man *Abshalon*. —
Joab, thyself didst once use friendly words
To reconcile my heart incens'd to him;

If then thy love be to thy kinsman found,
 And thou wilt prove a perfect *Israelite*,
 Friend him with deeds, and touch no hair of him,
 Not that fair hair with which the wanton winds
 Delight to play, and loves to make it curl,
 Wherein the nightingales would build their nests;
 And make sweet bow'rs in ev'ry golden tress,
 To sing their lover every night asleep.
 O, spoil not, *Joab*, *Jove's* fair ornaments,
 Which he hath sent to solace *David's* soul. —
 The best, ye see, my lords, are swift to sin;
 To sin our feet are wash'd with milk of roes,
 And dried again with coals of lightening. —
 O Lord, thou see'st, the proudest sins, poor slave,
 And with his bridle pull'st him to the grave;
 For my sake then, spare lovely *Abfalon*.

Itbay.

We will, my lord, for thy sake favour him. [*Exeunt.*]

Achitophel solus, with a halter.

Achitophel.

Now hath *Achitophel* order'd his house,
 And taken leave of every pleasure there;
 Hereon depends *Achitophel's* delights,
 And in this circle must his life be clos'd.
 The wise *Achitophel*, whose counsel prov'd
 Ever as sound for fortunate success,
 As if men ask'd the oracle of God,
 Is now us'd like the fool of *Israel*:
 Then set thy angry soul upon her wings,
 And let her fly into the shade of death;
 And for my death let heaven for ever weep,
 Making huge floods upon the land I leave,
 To ravish them, and all their fairest fruits.
 Let all the sighs I breath'd for this disgrace,
 Hang on my hedges like eternal mists,

As mourning garments for their master's death.
 Ope, earth, and take thy miserable son
 Into the bowels of thy curst womb;
 Once in a surfeit thou didst spew him forth,
 Now for fell hunger suck him in again;
 And be his body poison to thy veins:
 And now thou hellish instrument of heaven,
 Once execute th' arrest of *Jove's* just doom,
 And stop his breast that curseth *Israel*.

[Exit

Enter Absalon, Amasa, with all his train.

Absalon.

Now for the crown and throne of *Israel*,
 To be confirm'd with virtue of my sword,
 And writ with *David's* blood upon the blade;
 Now, *Jove*, let forth the golden firmament,
 And look on him with all thy fiery eyes,
 Which thou hast made to give their glories light;
 To show thou lov'st the virtue of thy hand,
 Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head,
 Whose influence may govern *Israel*,
 With state exceeding all her other kings. —
 Fight, lords, and captains, that your sov'reign's face
 May shine in honour brighter than the sun;
 And with the virtue of my beauteous rays
 Make this fair land as fruitful as the fields,
 That with sweet milk and honey overflow'd.
 God, in the whizzing of a pleasant wind,
 Shall march upon the tops of mulberry trees,
 To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs,
 As whilom he was good to *Moyse's* men.
 By day the lord shall sit within a cloud,
 To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy;
 And in the night a pillar, bright as fire,
 Shall go before you, like a second sun,
 Wherein the essence of his godhead is;
 That, day and night, you may be brought to peace,

And

And never swerve from that delightful path,
 That leads your souls to perfect happiness:
 This shall he do for joy when I am king. —
 Then fight, brave captains, that these joys may fly
 Into your bosoms with sweet victory. [Exeunt.]

The battle, and Absalon hangs by the hair.

Absalon.

What angry angel, sitting in these shades,
 Hath lay'd his cruel hands upon my hair,
 And holds my body thus 'twixt heaven and earth?
 Hath *Absalon* no soldier near his hand
 That may untwine me this unpleasant curl,
 Or wound this tree that ravisheth his lord?
 O God, behold the glory of thy hand,
 And choicest fruit of nature's workmanship,
 Hang, like a rotten branch, upon this tree,
 Fit for the axe, and ready for the fire.
 Since thou withhold'st all ordinary help,
 To loose my body from this bond of death,
 O, let my beauty fill these senseless plants
 With sense and pow'r to loose me from this plague,
 And work some wonder to prevent his death,
 Whose life thou mad'st a special miracle.

Enter Joab, with another Soldier.

Soldier.

My lord, I saw the young prince *Absalon*
 Hang by the hair upon a shady oak,
 And could by no means get himself unloos'd.

Joab.

Why slew'st thou not the wicked *Absalon*,
 That rebel to his father and to heaven,
 That so I might have giv'n thee for thy pains,
 Ten silver shekles and a golden waist.

Soldier.

Not for a thousand shekles would I slay
 The son of *David*, whom, his father charg'd,
 Nor thou, *Abisai*, nor the son of *Gath*,
 Should touch with stroke of deadly violence.
 The charge was giv'n in hearing of us all;
 And, had I done it, then, I know, thyself,
 Before thou wouldst abide the king's rebuke,
 Wouldst have accus'd me as a man of death.

Joab.

I must not now stand trifling here with thee.

Absalon.

Help, *Joab*, help; o, help thy *Absalon*;
 Let not thy angry thoughts be lay'd in blood,
 In blood of him, that sometimes nourish'd thee,
 And soften'd thy sweet heart with friendly love:
 O, give me once again my father's fight,
 My dearest father, and my princely sovereign;
 That, shedding tears of blood before his face,
 The ground may witness, and the heavens record,
 My last submission sound and full of ruth.

Joab.

Rebel to nature, hate to heav'n and earth,
 Shall I give help to him that thirsts the soul
 Of his dear father, and my sov'reign lord!
 Now see, the Lord hath tangled in a tree
 The health and glory of thy stubborn heart,
 And made thy pride curb'd with a senseless plant;
 Now, *Absalon*, how doth the Lord regard
 The beauty, whereupon thy hope was built,
 And which thou thought'st his grace did glory in?
 Find'st thou not now, with fear of instant death,
 That God affects not any painted shape,
 Or goodly personage, when the virtuous soul
 Is stuff'd with nought but pride and stubbornness?
 But, preach I to thee, while I should revenge
 Thy cursed sin that staineth *Israel*,
 And makes her fields blush with her children's blood?

Tab

Take that as part of thy deserved plague,
Which worthily no torment can inflict.

Absalon.

O *Joab*, *Joab*, cruel, ruthless *Joab*!
Herewith thou wound'st thy kingly sov'reign's heart,
Whose heav'nly temper hates his children's blood,
And will be sick, I know, for *Absalon*. —
O my dear father, that thy melting eyes
Might pierce this thicket to behold thy son,
Thy dearest son, gor'd with a mortal dart! —
Yet, *Joab*, pity me; pity my father, *Joab*;
Pity his soul's distress that mourns my life,
And will be dead, I know, to hear my death.

Joab.

If he were so remorseful of thy state,
Why sent he me against thee with the sword?
All *Joab* means to pleasure thee withal
Is, to despatch thee quickly of thy pain:
Hold, *Absalon*, *Joab's* pity is in this;
In this, proud *Absalon*, is *Joab's* love.

[*He goes out.*

Absalon.

Such love, such pity *Israel's* God send thee,
And for his love to *David* pity me.
Ah, my dear father! see, thy bowels bleed;
See death assault thy dearest *Absalon*;
See, pity, pardon, pray for *Absalon*.

Enter five or six Soldiers.

Soldier.

See, where the rebel in his glory hangs: —
Where is the virtue of thy beauty, *Absalon*?
Will any of us here now fear thy looks?
Or be in love with that thy golden hair,
Wherein was wrap'd rebellion 'gainst thy sire,
And cords prepar'd to stop thy father's breath?
Our captain *Joab* hath begun to us;
And here's an end to thee and all thy sins. —

M 2

Come,

Come, let us take the beauteous rebel down,
 And in some ditch amidst this darksome wood,
 Bury his bulk beneath a heap of stones,
 Whose stony heart did hunt his father's death.

*Enter in triumph with drum and ensign,
 Joab, Abifai, and Soldiers to Abfalon.*

Joab.

Well done, tall foldiers; take the traitor down,
 And in this miry ditch inter his bones,
 Covering his hateful breast with heaps of stones.
 This shady thicket of dark *Ephraim*
 Shall ever lower on his cursed grave;
 Night ravens and owls shall ring his fatal knell,
 And sit exclaiming on his damned soul;
 There shall they heap their preys of carrion,
 Till all his grave be clad with stinking bones,
 That it may loath the sense of every man:
 So shall his end breed horreur to his name,
 And to his trait'rous fact eternal shame. [*Exeunt.*

C H O R U S.

O dreadful precedent of his just doom,
 Whose holy heart is never touch'd with ruth
 Of fickle beauty, or of glorious shapes,
 But with the virtue of an upright soul,
 Humble and zealous in his inward thoughts,
 Though in his person loathsome and deformed,
 Now, since this story lends us other store,
 To make a third discourse of *David's* life,
 Adding thereto his most renowned death,
 And all their deaths, that at his death he judged,
 Here end we this, and what here wants to please,
 We will supply with treble willingness.

Trumpets

*Trumpets sound: Enter Joab, Ahimaas, Cufay,
Amasa, with all the rest.*

Joab.

Soldiers of *Israel*, and ye sons of *Juda*,
That have contended in these irksome broils,
And rip'd old *Israel's* bowels with your swords;
The godless general of your stubborn arms
Is brought by *Israel's* helper to the grave,
A grave of shame, and scorn of all the tribes:
Now then, to save your honours from the dust,
And keep your bloods in temper by your bones,
Let *Joab's* ensign shrowd your manly heads,
Direct your eyes, your weapons, and your hearts,
To guard the life of *David* from his foes.
Errour hath mask'd your much too forward minds,
And you have sin'd against the chosen state,
Against his life, for whom your lives are bless'd,
And follow'd an usurper to the field;
In whose just death your deaths are threatened,
But *Joab* pities your disorder'd souls,
And therefore offers pardon, peace, and love,
To all that will be friendly reconcil'd
To *Israel's* weal, to *David*, and to heaven.—
Amasa, thou art leader of the host,
That under *Absalon* have rais'd their arms;
Then be a captain wise and politick,
Careful and loving for thy soldiers lives,
And lead them to this honourable league.

Amasa.

I will; at least, I'll do my best:
And for the gracious offer thou hast made
I give thee thanks, as much as for my head.—
Then, you deceiv'd poor souls of *Israel*,
Since now ye see the errors you incur'd,
With thanks and due submission be appeas'd;

And

And as ye see your captain's precedent,
 Here cast we then our swords at *Joab's* feet,
 Submitting with all zeal and reverence
 Our goods and bodies to his gracious hands.

[*All stand up.*]

Joab.

Stand up, and take ye all your swords again ;
David, and *Joab*, shall be blest herein.

Abimaas.

Now let me go inform my lord the king
 How God hath freed him from his enemies.

Joab.

Another time, *Abimaas*, not now : —
 But, *Cusay*, go thyself, and tell the king
 The happy message of our good success.

Cusay.

I will, my lord, and thank thee for thy grace.

[*Ex. Cus.*]

Abimaas.

What if thy servant should go too, my lord ?

Joab.

What news hast thou to bring since he is gone ?

Abimaas.

Yet do *Abimaas* so much content,
 That he may run about so sweet a charge.

Joab.

Run, if thou wilt ; and peace be with thy steps : —

[*Ex. Ahim.*]

Now follow, that you may salute the king
 With humble hearts, and reconciled souls.

Amasa.

We follow, *Joab*, to our gracious king ;
 And him our swords shall honour to our deaths.

[*Exeunt.*]

David, Bethsabe, Salomon, Nathan, Adonia,
Chileah, *with their train.*

Bethsabe.

What means my lord, the lamp of *Israel*,
From whose bright eyes all eyes receive their light,
To dim the glory of his sweet aspects,
And paint his countenance with his heart's distress?
Why should his thoughts retain a sad conceit,
When every pleasure kneels before his throne,
And sues for sweet acceptance with his grace?
Take but your lute, and make the mountains dance,
Retrieve the sun's sphere, and restrain the clouds,
Give ears to trees, make savage lions tame,
Impose still silence to the loudest winds,
And fill the fairest day with foulest storms;
Then why should passions of much meaner power,
Bear head against the heart of *Israel*?

David.

Fair *Bethsabe*, thou mightst increase the strength
Of these thy arguments, drawn from my skill,
By urging thy sweet sight to my conceits,
Whose virtue ever serv'd for sacred balm
'To cheer my pinings past all earthly joys:
But, *Bethsabe*, the daughter of the highest,
Whose beauty builds the towers of *Israel*,
She, that in chains of pearl and unicorn,
Leads at her train the ancient golden world,
The world that *Adam* held in paradise,
Whose breath refineth all infectious airs,
And makes the meadows smile at her repair;
She, she, my dearest *Bethsabe*,
Fair peace, the goddess of our graces here,
Is fled the streets of fair *Jerusalem*,
The fields of *Israel*, and the heart of *David*,
Leading my comforts in her golden chains,
Link'd to the life, and soul of *Absalon*.

Bethsabe.

Bethsabe.

Then is the pleasure of my sov'reign's heart
So wrap'd within the bosom of that son,
That *Salomon*, whom *Israel's* God affects,
And gave the name unto him for his love,
Should be no falve to comfort *David's* soul?

David.

Salomon, my love, is *David's* lord;
Our God hath nam'd him lord of *Israel*:
In him (for that, and since he is thy son,)
Must *David* needs be pleas'd at the heart;
And he shall surely sit upon my throne:
But *Absalon*, the beauty of my bones,
Fair *Absalon*, the counterfeit of love,
Sweet *Absalon*, the image of content,
Must claim a portion in his father's care,
And be in life and death king *David's* son.

Nathan.

Yet as my lord hath said, let *Salomon* reign,
Whom God in naming hath anointed king.
Now is he apt to learn th' eternal laws,
Whose knowledge being rooted in his youth
Will beautify his age with glorious fruits;
While *Absalon*, incens'd with graceless pride,
Ufurps and stains the kingdom with his sin:
Let *Salomon* be made thy staff of age,
Fair *Israel's* rest, and honour of thy race.

David.

Tell me, my *Salomon*, wilt thou embrace
Thy father's precepts grav'd in thy heart,
And satisfy my zeal to thy renown,
With practice of such sacred principles
As shall concern the state of *Israel*?

Salomon.

My royal father, if the heav'nly zeal,
Which for my welfare feeds upon your soul,
Were not sustain'd with virtue of mine own,
If the sweet accents of your cheerful voice

Should

Should not each hour beat upon mine ears
 As sweetly as the breath of heaven to him
 That gaspeth scorched with the summer's sun;
 I should be guilty of unpardoned sin,
 Fearing the plague of heav'n, and shame of earth:
 But since I vow myself to learn the skill
 And holy secrets of his mighty hand
 Whose cunning tunes the musick of my soul,
 It would content me, father, first to learn
 How the eternal fram'd the firmament;
 Which bodies lead their influence by fire;
 And which are fill'd with hoary winter's use;
 What sign is rainy; and what star is fair;
 Why by the rules of true proportion
 The year is still divided into months,
 The months to days, the days to certain hours;
 What fruitful race shall fill the future world;
 Or for what time shall this round building stand;
 What magistrates, what kings shall keep in awe
 Men's minds with bridles of th' eternal law.

David.

Wade not too far, my boy, in waves too deep:
 The feeble eyes of our aspiring thoughts
 Behold things present, and record things past;
 But things to come exceed our human reach,
 And are not painted yet in angels eyes:
 For those, submit thy sense, and say — Thou power,
 That now art framing of the future world,
 Know'st all to come, not by the course of heaven,
 By frail conjectures of inferiour signs,
 By monstrous floods, by flights and flocks of birds,
 By bowels of a sacrificed beast,
 Or by the figures of some hidden art;
 But by a true and natural presage,
 Laying the ground and perfect architect
 Of all our actions now before thine eyes,
 From *Adam* to the end of *Adam's* seed. —
 O heav'n, protect my weakness with thy strength;

So look on me that I may view thy face,
 And see these secrets written in thy brows. —
 O sun, come dart thy rays upon my moon,
 That now mine eyes, eclipsed to the earth,
 May brightly be refin'd and shine to heaven :
 Transform me from this flesh, that I may live
 Before my death, regenerate with thee. —
 O thou great God, ravish my earthly sprite,
 That for the time a more than human skill
 May feed the organons of all my sense ;
 That, when I think, thy thoughts may be my guide,
 And, when I speak, I may be made by choice
 The perfect echo of thy heav'nly voice.
 Thus say, my son, and thou shalt learn them all.

Salomon.

A secret fury ravisheth my soul,
 Lifting my mind above her human bounds ;
 And, as the eagle, roused from her stand
 With violent hunger tow'ring in the air,
 Seizeth her feather'd prey, and thinks to feed,
 But seeing then a cloud beneath her feet,
 Lets fall the fowl, and is emboldened
 With eyes intentive to bedare the sun,
 And styeth close unto his stately sphere ;
 So *Salomon* mounted on the burning wings
 Of zeal divine, lets fall his mortal food,
 And cheers his senses with celestial air,
 Treads in the golden starry labyrinth,
 And holds his eyes fix'd on *Jehova's* brows.
 Good father, teach me further what to do.

Nathan.

See, *David*, how his haughty spirit mounts,
 Even now of height to wield a diadem ;
 Then make him promise, that he may succeed,
 And rest old *Israel's* bones from broils of war.

David.

Nathan, thou prophet, sprung from *Jesse's* root,
 I promise thee, and lovely *Bethsabe*,
 My *Salomon* shall govern after me.

Bethsabe.

Bethsabe.

He that hath touch'd thee with this righteous thought
Preserve the harbour of thy thoughts in peace.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger.

My lord, thy servants of the watch have seen
One running hitherward from forth the wars.

David.

If he be come alone, he bringeth news.

Messenger.

Another hath thy servant seen, my lord,
Whose running much resembles *Sadoc's* son.

David.

He is a good man, and good tidings brings.

Enter Ahimaas.

Ahimaas.

Peace and content be with my lord the king,
Whom *Israel's* God hath bless'd with victory.

David.

Tell me, *Ahimaas*, lives my *Abfalon*?

Ahimaas.

I saw a troop of soldiers gathered,
But know not what the tumult might import.

David.

Stand by, until some other may inform
The heart of *David* with a happy truth.

Enter Cufay.

Cufay.

Happiness and honour live with *David's* soul,
Whom God hath bless'd with conquest of his foes.

David.

But, *Cufay*, lives the young man *Abfalon*?

Cufay.

Cusay.

The stubborn enemies to *David's* peace,
 And all that cast their darts against his crown,
 Fare ever, like the young man *Absalon!*
 For as he rid the woods of *Ephraim*,
 Which fought for thee as much as all thy men,
 His hair was tangled in a shady oak;
 And hanging there, by *Joab* and his men,
 Sustain'd the stroke of well deserved death.

David.

Hath *Absalon* sustain'd the stroke of death?
 Die, *David*, for the death of *Absalon*,
 And make these cursed news the bloody darts,
 That through his bowels rip thy wretched breast.
 Hence, *David*, walk the solitary woods,
 And in some cedar's shade, the thunder flew,
 And fire from heav'n hath made his branches black,
 Sit mourning the decease of *Absalon*;
 Against the body of that blasted plant
 In thousand shivers break thy ivory lute,
 Hanging thy stringless harp upon his boughs,
 And through the hollow sapless founding-trunk
 Bellow the torments that perplex thy soul.
 There let the winds sit fighting till they burst;
 Let tempest, muffled with a cloud of pitch,
 Threaten the forests with her hellish face,
 And, mounted fiercely on her iron wings,
 Rend up the wretched engine by the roots
 That held my dearest *Absalon* to death.
 Then let them toss my broken lute to heaven,
 Even to his hands that beats me with the strings,
 To show how sadly his poor shepherd sings.

[*He goes to his pavilion and sits close awhile.*

Bethsabe.

Die, *Bethsabe*, to see thy *David* mourn,
 To hear his tunes of anguish and of hell;
 O, help my *David*, help thy *Bethsabe*,

[*She kneels down.*

Whose

Whose heart is pierced with thy breathy swords,
 And bursts with burden of ten thousand griefs.
 Now fit thy sorrows sucking of my blood;
 O, that it might be poison to their powers,
 And that their lips might draw my bosom dry,
 So *David's* love might ease him, though she die.

Nathan.

These violent passions come not from above;
David and *Bethsabe* offend the Highest,
 To mourn in this immeasurable sort.

David.

O *Abfalon*, *Abfalon*, o my son, my son!
 'Would God that I had died for *Abfalon*!
 But he is dead; ah, dead; *Abfalon* is dead:
 And *David* lives to die for *Abfalon*.

[*He looks forth, and at the end sits close again.*]

Enter Joab, Abifai, Ithay, with their train.

Joab.

Why lies the queen so prostrate on the ground?
 Why is this company so tragick hued?
 Why is the king now absent from his men,
 And marcheth not in triumph through the gates? —

[*He unfolds the pavilion.*]

David, awake; if sleep have shut thine eyes,
 Sleep of affection, that thou canst not see
 The honour offer'd to the victor's head:
Joab brings conquest, pierced on his spear,
 And joy from all the tribes of *Israel*.

David.

Thou man of blood, thou sepulchre of death,
 Whose marble breast intombs my bowels quick,
 Did I not charge thee, nay entreat thy hand
 Even for my sake to spare my *Abfalon*?
 And hast thou now in spite of *David's* health,
 And scorn to do my heart some happiness,
 Giv'n him the sword, and spilt his purple soul?

Joab.

Joab.

What, irks it *David*, that he victor breathes,
 That *Juda*, and the fields of *Israel*,
 Should cleanse their faces from their children's blood ?
 What, art thou weary of thy royal rule ?
 Is *Israel's* throne a serpent in thine eyes,
 And he that set thee there, so far from thanks,
 That thou must curse his servant for his sake ?
 Hast thou not said, that, as the morning light,
 The cloudless morning, so should be thine house,
 And not as flowers by the brightest rain,
 Which grow up quickly, and as quickly fade ?
 Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thorns,
 That cannot be preserved with the hand,
 And that the man shall touch them, must be arm'd
 With coats of iron, and garments made of steel,
 Or with the shaft of a defended spear ?
 And art thou angry he is now cut off,
 That led the guiltless swarming to their deaths,
 And was more wicked than an host of men ?
 Advance thee from thy melancholy den,
 And deck thy body with thy blissful robes,
 Or, by the Lord that sways the heav'n I swear,
 I'll lead thine armies to another king,
 Shall cheer them for their princely chivalry ;
 And not sit daunted, frowning in the dark,
 When his fair looks, with oil and wine refresh'd,
 Should dart into their bosoms glad some beams,
 And fill their stomachs with triumphant feasts,
 That when elsewhere stern war shall sound his trump,
 And call another battle to the field,
 Fame still may bring thy valiant soldiers home,
 And for their service happily confess
 She wanted worthy trumps to sound their prowess :
 'Take thou this course and live, refuse and die.

Abisai.

Come, brother, let him sit there till he sink ;
 Some other shall advance the name of *Joab*.

[Offers to go out.
Bethsabe.

Bethsabe.

O, stay, my lords, stay; *David* mourns no more,
 But riseth to give honour to your acts. [Stay.
 [He riseth up.

David.

Then happy art thou, *David's* fairest son,
 That, freed from the yoke of earthly toils,
 And sequester'd from sense of human sins,
 Thy soul shall joy the sacred cabinet
 Of those divine ideas, that present
 Thy changed spirit with a heav'n of bliss.
 Then thou art gone; ay, thou art gone, my son;
 To heaven, I hope, my *Absalon* is gone:
 Thy soul there plac'd in honour of the faints,
 Or angels clad with immortality,
 Shall reap a sevenfold grace for all thy griefs;
 Thy eyes, now no more eyes, but shining stars,
 Shall deck the flaming heav'ns with novel lamps;
 There shalt thou taste the drink of *Seraphins*,
 And cheer thy feelings with archangels food;
 Thy day of rest, thy holy sabbath day
 Shall be eternal; and, the curtain drawn,
 Thou shalt behold thy sov'reign face to face,
 With wonder knit in triple unity,
 Unity infinite and innumerable. —
 Courage, brave captains; *Joab's* tale hath stir'd,
 And made the suit of *Israel* prefer'd.

Joab.

Bravely resolv'd, and spoken like a king:
 Now may old *Israel*, and his daughters sing. [Exeunt.





THE
TRAGEDY
OF
SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA:
WHEREIN IS LAY'D OPEN,
LOVE'S CONSTANCY,
FORTUNE'S INCONSTANCY,
AND
DEATH'S TRIUMPH.



THE

THE ACADEMY

OF THE ARTS AND LETTERS

OF THE CITY OF PARIS

OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

THE TRAGEDY OF SOLIMAN
AND PERSEDA,

— is given from Mr. Garrick's copy, printed by Edward Alde, 1599. The author having concealed his name, we cannot pronounce by whom it was written. Though, might the editor be allowed to indulge a conjecture, he would ascribe it to Kyd, as it carries with it many internal marks of that author's manner of composition: the plan is similar to that of The Spanish Tragedy, and the same phrases frequently occur in both. It is farther observable, that in The Spanish Tragedy the story of Erastus and Perseda is introduced by Hieronimo; in order, it should seem, to bespeak the attention of the audience to a more regular, and a more perfect representation of their tragical catastrophe. Shakespeare has frequently quoted passages out of this play, as the reader will occasionally observe. It is not divided into acts; at least, they are not particularly marked: but there is no doubt, that the author intended, each act should close with the chorus; and it is therefore divided accordingly.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLIMAN, *Emperor of the Turks.*

HALEB,
AMURATH, } *his brothers.*

BRUSOR, *his general.*

Janisaries.

Lord Marshall.

PHILIPPO, *Governour of Rhodes.*

*Prince of CYPRUS.*¹

ERASTUS, *in love with PERSEDA.*

GUELPIO, } *his friends.*

JULIO,

PISTON, *his servant.*

FERDINANDO, *in love with LUCINA.*

BASILISCO, *a vainglorious knight.*

A captain.

Knights.

Witnesses.

A Messenger.

PERSEDA, *beloved of ERASTUS.*

LUCINA, *beloved of FERDINANDO.*

Ladies.

CHORUS: *Love, Fortune, Death.*

¹ *Cipris, passim.*

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

ACT I.

Enter Love, Fortune, Death.

Love.

WHAT, *Death*, and *Fortune* cross the way of *Love*?

Fortune.

Why, what is *Love*, but *Fortune's* tennis-ball?

Death.

Nay, what are you both, but subjects unto *Death*?

And I command you to forbear this place;

For here the mouth of sad *Melpomene*

Is wholly bent to tragedy's discourse:

And what are tragedies, but acts of death?

Here means the wrathful muse, in seas of tears,

And loud laments, to tell a dismal tale;

A tale, wherein she lately hath bestow'd

The husky humour of her bloody quill,

And now for tables takes her to her tongue.

Love.

Love.

Why thinks *Death*, *Love* knows not the history
Of brave *Erastus*, and his *Rhodian* dame?

'Twas I that made their hearts consent to love;
And therefore come I now as fittest person
To serve for chorus to this tragedy:
Had I not been, they had not dy'd so soon.

Death.

Had I not been, they had not dy'd so soon.

Fortune.

Nay then, it seems, you both do miss the mark:
Did not I change long love to sudden hate;
And then rechange their hatred into love;
And then from love deliver them to death?
Fortune is chorus; *Love*, and *Death*, be gone.

Death.

I tell thee, *Fortune*, and thee, wanton *Love*,
I will not down to everlasting night,
Till I have moraliz'd this tragedy,
Whose chiefest actor was my fable dart.

Love.

Nor will I up unto the brightsome sphere
From whence I sprung, till in the chorus' place
I make it known to you and to the world,
What interest *Love* hath in tragedies.

Fortune.

Nay then, though *Fortune* have delight in change,
I'll stay my flight, and cease to turn my wheel,
Till I have shown by demonstration,
What int'rest I have in a tragedy:
Tush! *Fortune* can do more than *Love*, or *Death*.

Love.

Why stay we then? let's give the actors leave;
And, as occasion serves, make our return. [Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter Eraſtus, and Perſeda.

Eraſtus.

Why when, *Perſeda*? wilt thou not aſſure me,
 But ſhall I, like a mattleſs ſhip at ſea,
 Go ev'ry way, and not the way I would?
 My love hath laſted from mine infancy,
 And ſtill increaſed, as I grew myſelf.
 When did *Perſeda* paſtime in the ſtreets,
 But her *Eraſtus* over-ey'd her ſport?
 When didſt thou, with thy ſampler in the ſun,
 Sit ſewing with thy ſeres, but I was by,
 Marking thy lily hand's dexterity;
 Comparing it to twenty gracious things?
 When didſt thou ſing a note that I could hear,
 But I have fram'd a ditty to the tune,
 Figuring *Perſeda* twenty kind of ways?
 When didſt thou go to church on holydays,
 But I have waited on thee to and fro,
 Marking my times, as falcons watch their flight?
 When I have miſs'd thee, how I have lamented,
 As if my thoughts had been aſſured true.
 Thus in my youth: now ſince I grew a man,
 I have perſevered to let thee know
 The meaning of my true heart's conſtancy.
 Then be not nice, *Perſeda*, as women wont
 To haſty lovers whoſe fancy ſoon is fled;
 My love is of a long continuance,
 And merits not a ſtranger's recompence.

Perſeda.

Enough, *Eraſtus*, thy *Perſeda* knows;
 She whom thou wouldſt have thine, *Eraſtus*, knows.

Eraſtus.

Nay, my *Perſeda* knows, and then 'tis well.

Perſeda.

Ay, watch you vantages? thine be it then,
 I have forgot the reſt, but that's the effect;
 Which to effect, accept this carcanet:

My grandam on her death-bed gave it me,
 And there, ev'n there I vow'd unto myself,
 To keep the same, until my wand'ring eye
 Should find a harbour for my heart to dwell.
 Ev'n in thy breast do I elect my rest;
 Let in my heart to keep thine company.

Erastus.

And, sweet *Perfeda*, accept this ring
 To equal it, receive my heart to boot;
 It is no boot, for that was thine before:
 And far more welcome is this change to me,
 Than sunny days to naked savages,
 Or news of pardon to a wretch condemn'd,
 That waiteth for the fearful stroke of death:
 As careful will I be to keep this chain,
 As doth the mother keep her children
 From water-pits, or falling in the fire.
 Over mine armour will I hang this chain;
 And, when long combat makes my body faint,
 The sight of this shall show *Perfeda's* name,
 And add fresh courage to my fainting limbs.
 This day the eager *Turk* of *Tripolis*,
 The knight of *Malta*, honour'd for his worth,
 And he that's titled by the golden spur,
 The *Moor* upon his hot *Barbarian* horse,
 The fiery *Spaniard*, bearing in his face
 The impress of a noble warrior,
 The sudden *Frenchman*, and the big-bon'd *Dane*,
 And *English* archers, hardy men at arms,
 'Yclepped lions of the western world;
 Each one of these approved combatants,
 Assembled from sev'ral corners of the world,
 Are hither come to try their force in arms,
 In honour of the prince of *Cyprus's* nuptials.
 Amongst these worthies will *Erastus* troop,
 Though like a gnat amongst a hive of bees:
 Know me by this thy precious carcanet;

And,

And, if I thrive in valour as the glafs,
That takes the sunbeams burning with his force,
I'll be the glafs, and thou that heav'nly sun,
From whence I'll borrow what I do atchieve:
And, sweet *Perfeda*, unnoted though I be,
Thy beauty yet shall make me known ere night.

Perfeda.

Young slips are never graff'd in windy days;
Young scholars never enter'd with the rod.
Ah, my *Erastus*, there are *Europe's* knights,
That carry honour graven in their helms,
And they must win it dear that win it thence:
Let not my beauty prick thee to thy bane,
Better sit still than rise and overta'en.

Erastus.

Counsel me not, for my intent is sworn,
And be my fortune as my love deserves.

Perfeda.

So be thy fortune as thy features serve,
And then *Erastus* lives without compare.

Enter a Messenger.

Here comes a *Messenger* to haste me hence. —
I know your message, hath the princess sent for me?

Messenger.

She hath, and desires you to consort her to the triumphs.

Enter Piston.

Piston.

Who saw my master? — O, sir, are you here?
The prince, and all the outlandish gentlemen,
Are ready to go to the triumphs; they stay for you.

Erastus.

Go, firrah, bid my men bring my horse, and a dozen
staves.

Piston.

Piston.

You shall have your horses, and two dozen of staves.
[*Exit Piston.*]

Erastus.

Wish me good hap, *Perseda*, and I'll win
Such glory, as no time shall ere rase out,
Or end the period of my youth in blood.

Perseda.

Such fortune as the good *Andromache*
Wish'd valiant *Hector* wounded † with the *Greeks*,
I wish *Erastus* in his maiden wars :
O'ercome with valour these high-minded knights,
As with thy virtue thou hast conquer'd me.
Heav'ns hear my hearty prayer, and it effect. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Philippo, the Prince of Ciprus, Basilisco,
and all the Knights.

Philippo.

Brave knights of *Christendom*, and *Turkish* both,
Assembled here in thirty honour's cause,
To be enrolled in the brass-leav'd book
Of never wasting perpetuity,
Put lamb-like mildness to your lions strength,
And be our tilting like two brothers sports,
That exercise their war with friendly blows. —
Brave prince of *Ciprus*, and our son-in-law,
Welcome these worthies by their sev'ral countries ;
For in thy honour hither are they come,
To grace thy nuptials with their deeds at arms.

Ciprus.

First, welcome, thrice renowned *Englishmen*,
Graced by thy country, but ten times more
By thy approved valour in the field ;
Upon the onset of the enemy,
What is thy motto. when thou spur'st thy horse ?

† wounded perhaps for wound, the preterite of *wind* :
i. e. encircled. In the margin of *Qo.* is written, "rounded."
L. T. *Englishman.*

Englishman.

In *Scotland* was I made a knight at arms,
 Where for my country's cause I charg'd my lance :
 In *France* I took the standard from the king,
 And give the flower of *Gallia* in my crest :
 Against the lightfoot *Irisb* have I serv'd,
 And in my skin bear tokens of their kerns. †
 Our word of courage all the world hath heard,
Saint GEORGE for ENGLAND, and saint GEORGE for me!

Ciprus.

Like welcome unto thee, fair knight of *France*,
 Well fam'd thou art for discipline in war :
 Upon th' encounter of thine enemy,
 What is thy mot, renowned knight of *France*?

Frenchman.

In *Italy* I put my knighthood on,
 Where in my shirt but with a single rapier,
 I combated a *Roman* much renown'd,
 His weapon's point empoison'd for my bane,
 And yet my stars did bode my victory.
Saint DENNIS is for FRANCE, and that for me.

Ciprus.

Welcome, *Castilian*, too amongst the rest ;
 For fame doth sound thy valour with the rest :
 Upon the first encounter of thy foe,
 What is thy word of courage, brave man of *Spain*?

Spaniard.

At fourteen years of age was I made knight,
 When twenty thousand *Spaniards* were in field,
 What time a daring *Rutter* made a challenge,
 To change a bullet with our swift-flight shot ;
 And I with single heed and level hit
 The haughty challenger, and struck him dead :
 The golden fleece is that we cry upon,
And JAQUES, JAQUES, is the SPANIARD'S choice.

† Skenes.

Ciprus.

Next, welcome unto thee, renowned *Turk*,
Not for thy lay, but for thy worth in arms:
Upon the first brave of thine enemy,
What is thy noted word of charge, brave *Turk*?

Brusor.

Against the *Sopby* in three pitched fields,
Under the conduct of great *Soliman*,
Have I been chief commander of an host,
And put the flint-heart *Persians* to the sword;
The desert plains of *Africk* have I stain'd
With blood of *Moors*, and there in three set battles fought,
March'd conqueror through *Asia*,
Along the coasts held by the *Pontinguize*;
Ev'n to the verge of gold, aboarding † *Spain*,
Hath *Brusor* led a valiant troop of *Turks*,
And made some *Christians* kneel to *Mahomet*:
Him we adore, and in his name I cry,
MAHOMET for me and SOLIMAN!

Ciprus.

Now, signior *Basilisco*, you we know,
And therefore give not you a stranger's welcome;
You are a *Rutter* born in *Germany*:
Upon the first encounter of your foe,
What is your brave upon the enemy?

Basilisco.

I fight not with my tongue; this is my oratrix.

[Laying his hand upon his sword.

Ciprus.

Why, signior *Basilisco*, is it a she sword?

Basilisco.

Ay, and so are all blades with me: behold my instance;
Perdie, each female is the weaker vessel,
And the vigour of this arm infringeth
The temper of any blade, quoth my assertion,
And thereby gather, that this blade,

† *golde, aboarding* — *aboarding*, coming to the coast. Fr.
Aboarder. Being

Being approved weaker than this limb,
 May very well bear a feminine epitheton.

Ciprus.

'Tis well prov'd; but what's the word that glories your
 country?

Basilisco.

Sooth to say, the earth is my country,
 As the air to the fowl, or the marine moisture
 To the red-gill'd fish: I repute myself no coward;
 For humility shall mount: I keep no table
 To character my fore-passed conflicts.
 As I remember, there happened a fore drought
 In some part of *Belgia*, that the juicy grafs
 Was fear'd with the Sun-God's element:
 I held it policy to put the men-children
 Of that climate to the sword,
 That the mothers tears might relieve the parched earth.
 The men dy'd, the women wept, and the grafs grew;
 Else had my *Friesland* horse perished,
 Whose loss would have more grieved me,
 Than the ruin of that whole country.
 Upon a time in *Ireland* I fought
 On horseback with an hundred kerns,
 From *Titan's* eastern uprising to his western downfall;
 Inasmuch that my steed began to faint:
 I, conjecturing the cause to be want of water, dismounted,
 In which place there was no such element;
 Enraged therefore, with this scimitar,
 All on foot, like an *Herculean* offspring,
 Endured some three or four hours combat,
 In which process, my body distill'd such dewy showers of
 sweat,
 That from the warlike wrinckles of my front
 My palfrey cool'd his thirt.
 My mercy in conquest is equal with my manhood in
 fight,
 The tear of an infant hath been the ranfome of a con-
 quer'd city;

Whereby

Whereby I purchased the surname of *Pitiez a domant*.
 Rough words blow my choler,
 As the wind doth *Mulciber's* workhouse:
 I have no word, because no country,
 Each place is my habitation;
 Therefore each country's word mine to pronounce. —
 Princes, what would you? I have seen much, heard more,
 But done most: to be brief, he that will try me,
 Let him waft me with his arm; I am his for some five
 lances:
 Although it go against my stars to jest,
 Yet to gratulate this benign prince,
 I will suppress my condition.

Philippo.

He is beholding to you greatly, sir: —
 Mount, ye brave lordings, forwards to the tilt;
 Myself will censure of your chivalry,
 And with impartial eyes behold your deeds: —
 Forward, brave ladies, place you to behold
 The fair demeanor of these warlike knights. [Exeunt.

Manet Basilisco.

Basilisco.

I am melancholy: an humour of *Venus* beleaguereth me.
 I have rejected with contemptible frowns
 The sweet glances of many amorous girls; or, rather,
 ladies:
 But, certes, I am now captivated with the reflecting eye
 Of that admirable comet *Perseda*.
 I will place her to behold my triumphs,
 And do wonders in her sight:
 O heav'ns! she comes, accompanied with a child,
 Whose chin bears no impression of manhood,
 Not an hair, not an excrement.

Enter

Enter Eraftus, Perfeda, and Pifton.

Eraftus.

My sweet *Perfeda*! [*Exeunt Eraft. and Perf.*]

Bafilifco.

Peace, infant; thou blaſphemest.

Pifton.

You are deceived, fir; he ſwore not.

Bafilifco.

I tell thee, jester, he did worſe; he call'd that lady, his.

Pifton.

Jester! *O extempore, o flores.*

Bafilifco.

O haſh, uneducate, illiterate peaſant!

Thou abuſeſt the phraſe of the *Latin*.

Pifton.

By gods fiſh, friend, take you the *Latins* part, I'll abuſe you too.

Bafilifco.

What, *ſaunce* dread of our indignation?

Pifton.

Saunce? what language is that?

I think, thou art a word-maker by thine occupation,

Bafilifco.

Ay? termeſt thou me of an occupation?

Nay then, this fiery humour of choler is ſuppreſs'd

By the thought of love. — Fair lady, —

Pifton.

Now, by my troth, ſhe is gone.

Bafilifco.

Ay? hath the infant transported her hence?

He ſaw my anger figured in my brow,

And at his beſt advantage ſtole away;

But I will follow for revenge.

Pifton.

Nay, but hear you, fir;

I muſt talk with you before you go.

[*Pifton gets on his back, and pulls him down.*]

Basilisco.

O, if thou be'st magnanimous, come before me.

Piston.

Nay, if thou be'st a right warrior, get from under me.

Basilisco.

What, wouldst thou have me a *Typhon*,
To bear up *Pelion*, or *Ossa*?

Piston.

Typhon me no *Typhons*,
But swear upon my dudgeon dagger,*
Not to go till I give thee leave;
But stay with me, and look upon the tilters.

Basilisco.

O, thou seekest thereby to dim my glory.

Piston.

I care not for that; wilt thou not swear?

Basilisco.

O, I swear, I swear.

[*He sweareth him on his dagger.*

Piston.

By the contents of this blade, —

Basilisco.

By the contents of this blade, —

Piston.

I the aforefaid *Basilisco*, —

Basilisco.

I the aforefaid *Basilisco*, —

Knight, good fellow; knight, knight.

Piston.

Knave, good fellow, knave, knave:

Will not offer to go from the side of *Piston*, —

Basilisco.

Will not offer to go from the side of *Piston*, —

Piston.

Without the leave of the said *Piston* obtained.

Basilisco.

Without the leave of the said *Piston* licensed,
Obtain'd, and granted.

* See note, page 29.

Piston.

Piston.

Enjoy thy life, and live; I give it thee.

Basilisco.

I enjoy my life at thy hands, I confests it:
I am up; but that I am religious in mine oath, —

Piston.

What would you do, fir? what would you do?
Will you up the ladder, fir, and see the tilting?

*[Then they go up the ladders, and they sound within
to the first course.]*

Basilisco.

Better a dog fawn on me than bark.

Piston.

Now, fir, how lik'ft thou this course?

Basilisco.

Their lances were couch'd too high,
And their steeds ill-born.

Piston.

It may be so, it may be so:

[Sound to the second course.]

Now, fir, how like you this course?

Basilisco.

Pretty, pretty, but not famous;
Well for a learner, but not for a warrior.

Piston.

By my faith, methought it was excellent.

Basilisco.

Ay, in the eye of an infant a peacock's tail is glorious.

[Sound to the third course.]

Piston.

O, well ran; the bay horse with the blue tail
And the silver knight are both down:

By cock and pie, and mouse foot,

The *Englishman* is a fine knight.

Basilisco.

Now, by the marble face of the welkin,
He is a brave warrior.

Piston.

What an oath is there! fie upon thee, extortioner.

Bafilisco.

Now comes in the infant that courts my mistress.

[Sound to the fourth course.]

O that my lance were in my rest,
And my beaver clos'd for this encounter.

Piston.

O, well ran; my master hath overthrown the *Turk*.

Bafilisco.

Now fie upon the *Turk*;
To be dismounted by a child, it vexeth me.

[Sound to the fifth course.]

Piston.

O, well ran master; he hath overthrown the *Frenchman*.

Bafilisco.

It is the fury of his horse, not the strength of his arm.
I would thou wouldst remit my oath,
That I might assail thy master.

Piston.

I give thee leave, go to thy destruction:
But, firra, where's thy horse?

Bafilisco.

Why my page stands holding him by the bridle.

Piston.

Well, go mount thee, go.

Bafilisco.

I go, and fortune guide my lance. *[Exit Bafilisco.]*

Piston.

Take the bragging knave in *Christendom* with thee. —
Truly, I am sorry for him:

He just like a knight! he'll just like a jade.
It is a world to hear the fool prate and brag;
He will jet as if it were a goose on a green:
He goes many times supperless to bed,
And yet he takes physick to make him lean.
Last night he was bidden to a gentlewoman's to supper,
And, because he would not be put to carve,

He

He wore his hand in a scarf, and said, — he was wounded:
 He wears a colour'd lath in his scabbard,
 And, when 'twas found upon him, he said, — he was
 wrathful,

He might not wear iron: he wears civet,
 And, when it was ask'd him where he had that musk,
 He said, — all his kindred smelt so.
 Is not this a counterfeit fool?
 Well; I'll up, and see how he speeds.

[Sound the sixth course.]

Now, by the faith of a 'squire, he is a very faint knight;
 Why, my master hath overthrown him
 And his curtal both to the ground:
 I shall have old laughing,
 It will be better than the fox in the hole for me.

*Sound. Enter Philippo, Prince of Ciprus, Eraftus,
 Ferdinando, Lucina, and all the Knights.*

Ciprus.

Brave gentlemen, by all your free consents,
 This knight unknown hath best demean'd himself:
 According to the proclamation made,
 The prize, and honour of the day is his; —
 But now unmask thyself, that we may see,
 What warlike wrinkles time hath character'd,
 With age's print upon thy warlike face.

Englishman.

Accord to his request, brave man at arms,
 And let me see the face that vanquish'd me.

Frenchman.

Unmask thyself, thou well approved knight.

Turk.

I long to see thy face, brave warrior.

Lucina.

Nay, valiant fir, we may not be deny'd;
 Fair ladies should be coy to show their faces,
 Lest that the sun should tan them with his beams:
 I'll be your page this once for to disarm you.

Pistons.

Piston.

That's the reason, that he shall help
Your husband to arm his head.

O, the policy of this age is wonderful.

Philippo.

What, young *Erastus*? is it possible?

Ciprus.

Erastus, be thou honour'd for this deed.

Englishman.

So young, and of such good accomplishment!
Thrive, fair beginner, as this time doth promise,
In virtue, valour, and all worthiness:
Give me thy hand, I vow myself thy friend.

Erastus.

Thanks, worthy sir, whose favourable hand
Hath enter'd such a youngling in the war; —
And thanks unto you all, brave worthy sirs;
Impose me task, how I may do you good;
Erastus will be dutiful in all.

Philippo.

Leave protestations now, and let us hie
To tread *lavolta*, that is womens walk;
There spend we the remainder of the day.

[*Exeunt. Manet Ferd.*

Ferdinando.

Though over-born, and foiled in my course,
Yet have I partners in mine infamy.
'Tis wondrous, that so young a toward warrior,
Should bide the shock of such approved knights,
As he this day hath match'd, and mated too:
But virtue should not envy good desert,
Therefore, *Erastus*, happy; laud thy fortune:
But my *Lucina*, how she chang'd her colour,
When at th' encounter I did lose a stirrop;
Hanging her head, as partner of my shame.
Therefore now will I go visit her,
And please her with this carcanet of worth,
Which by good fortune I have found to-day;
When valour fails, then must gold make the way. [Exit.

Enter Basilisco riding of a mule.

Basilisco.

O curfd fortune, enemy to fame,
Thus to disgrace thy honoured name,
By overthrowing him that far hath spread thy praise,
Beyond the course of *Titan's* burning rays. —

Enter Piston.

Page, set aside the gesture of my enemy ;
Give him a fidler's fee, and send him packing.

Piston.

Ho, God save you, sir ; have you burst your shin ?

Basilisco.

Ay, villain ; I have broken my shin bone,
My back bone, my channel bone, and my thigh bone,
Beside two dozen of small inferiour bones.

Piston.

A shrewd loss, by my faith, sir :
But where's your courser's tail ?

Basilisco.

He lost the same in service.

Piston.

There was a hot piece of service where he lost his tail ;
But how chance, his nose is slit ?

Basilisco.

For presumption, for covering the emperor's mare.

Piston.

Marry, a foul fault ; but why are his ears cut ?

Basilisco.

For neighing in the emperor's court.

Piston.

Why then, thy horse hath been a colt in his time.

Basilisco.

True, thou hast said.

O, touch not the cheek of my palfrey,
Lest he disinount me while my wounds are green ;

Page, run, bid the surgeon bring his incision:
Yet stay, I'll ride along with thee myself.

[Exit,

Piston.

And I'll bear you company.

[*Piston getteth up on his ass, and rideth with him
to the door, and meeteth the Crier.*

Enter the Crier.

Come, firra, let me see how finely you'll cry this chain.

Crier.

Why, what was it worth?

Piston.

It was worth more than thou and all thy kin are worth.

Crier.

It may be so; but what must he have that finds it?

Piston.

Why, a hundred crowns.

Crier.

Why then, I'll have ten for the crying of it.

Piston.

Ten crowns! and had but sixpence

For crying a little wench of thirty years old and upwards,
That had lost herself betwixt a tavern and a bawdy house.

Crier.

Ay, that was a wench, and this is gold,
She was poor, but this is rich.

Piston.

Why then, by this reck'ning, a hackney-man
Should have ten shillings for horsing a gentlewoman,
Where he hath but ten pence of a beggar.

Crier.

Why, and reason good;
Let them pay, that best may,
As the lawyers use their rich clients,
When they let the poor go under *forma pauperis*.

Piston.

Piston.

Why then, I pray thee, cry the chain for me
Sub forma pauperis:
 For money goes very low with me at this time.

Crier.

Ay, sir, but your master is, though you be not.

Piston.

Ay, but he must not know, that thou cry'st the chain
 for me:

I do but use thee to save me a labour,
 That am to make inquiry after it.

Crier.

Well, sir, you'll see me consider'd, will you not?

Piston.

Ay, marry, will I; why, what lighter payment
 Can there be, than consideration?

Crier.

O yes.

Enter Erastus.

Erastus.

How now, firra? what are you crying?

Crier.

A chain, sir, a chain, that your man bad me cry.

Erastus.

Get you away, firra, I advise you,
 Meddle with no chains of mine. — *[Exit Crier.*
 You paltry knave, how durst thou be so bold
 To cry the chain, when I bid thou shouldst not?
 Did I not bid thee only underhand,
 Make privy inquiry for it through the town,
 Left publick rumour might advertise her,
 Whose knowledge were to me a second death?

Piston.

Why, would you have me run up and down the town,
 And my shoes are done?

Erastus.

What you want in shoes, I'll give you in blows.

Piston.

Piston.

I pray you, fir, hold your hands,
And as I am an honest man,
I'll do the best I can to find your chain. [Exit Piston,

Erastus.

Ah treacherous *Fortune*, enemy to *Love*,
Didst thou advance me for my greater fall?
In dallying war I lost my chiefest peace;
In hunting after praise I lost my love,
And in love's shipwreck will my life miscarry:
Take thou the honour, and give me the chain,
Wherein was link'd the sum of my delight.
When she deliver'd me the carcanet,
Keep it, quoth she, as thou wouldst keep myself.
I kept it not, and therefore she is lost;
And lost with her is all my happiness;
And loss of happiness is worse than death.
Come therefore, gentle *Death*, and ease my grief,
Cut short what malice *Fortune* misintends;
But stay awhile, good *Death*, and let me live;
Time may restore what *Fortune* took from me:
Ah, no; great losses seldom are restored.
What, if my chain shall never be restored?
My innocence shall clear my negligence.
Ah, but my love is ceremonious,
And looks for justice at her lover's hand:
Within forc'd furrows of her clouding brow,
As storms that fall amid a sunshine day,
I read her just desires, and my decay. [Exit.

Enter Soliman, Haleb, Amurath, and Janisaries.

Soliman.

I long, till *Brusor* be return'd from *Rhodes*,
To know how he hath born him 'gainst the *Christians*,
That are assembled there to try their valour;
But more, to be well assured by him,
How *Rhodes* is fenc'd, and how I best may lay
My never failing siege to win that plot: For,

For, by the holy alcoran I swear,
 I'll call my soldiers home from *Persia*,
 And let the sophy breathe, and from the *Russian* broils
 Call home my hardy dauntless janifaries,
 And from the other skirts of christendom,
 Call home my bashaws, and my men of war,
 And so beleaguer *Rhodes* by sea and land.
 That key will serve to open all the gates;
 Through which our passage cannot find a stop,
 Till it have prick'd the heart of christendom,
 Which now that paltry island keeps from scath. —
 Say, brother *Amurath*, — and, *Haleb*, say,
 What think you of our resolution?

Amurath.

Great *Soliman*, heav'n's only substitute,
 And earth's commander under *Mahomet*,
 So counsel I, as thou thyself hast said.

Haleb.

Pardon me, dread sov'reign, I hold it not
 Good policy, to call your forces home
 From *Persia* and *Polonia*, bending them
 Upon a paltry isle of small defence:
 A common press of base superfluous *Turks*
 May soon be levied for so slight a task.
 Ah, *Soliman*, whose name hath shak'd thy foes,
 As wither'd leaves with autumn thrown down,
 Fog not thy glory with so foul eclipse;
 Let not thy soldiers found a base retire,
 Till *Persia* stoop and thou be conqueror.
 What scandal were it to thy mightiness,
 After so many valiant bashaws slain,
 Whose blood hath been manured to their earth,
 Whose bones hath made their deep ways passable,
 To found a homeward, dull, and harsh retreat,
 Without a conquest, or a mean revenge?
 Strive not for *Rhodes*, by letting *Persia* slip;
 The one's a lion almost brought to death,
 Whose skin will countervail the hunter's toil:

The

The other is a wasp with threat'ning sting,
Whose honey is not worth the taking up.

Amurath.

Why, *Haleb*, didst thou not hear our brother swear
Upon the alcoran religiously,
That he would make an universal camp
Of all his scatter'd legions? and darest thou
Infer a reason, why it is not meet,
After his highness swears it shall be so?
Were it not, thou art my father's son,
And striving kindness wrestled not with ire,
I would not hence, till I had let thee know,
What 'twere to thwart a monarch's holy oath.

Haleb.

Why, his highness gave me leave to speak my will;
And, far from flattery, I spoke my mind,
And did discharge a faithful subject's love:
Thou, *Aristippus* like, didst flatter him,
Not like my brother, or a man of worth.
And for his highness' vow, I cross'd it not;
But gave my censure, as his highness bad.
Now for thy chastisement know, *Amurath*,
I scorn them, as a reckless lion scorns
The humming of a gnat in summer's night.

Amurath.

I take it, *Haleb*, thou art friend to *Rhodes*.

Haleb.

Not half so much am I a friend to *Rhodes*,
As thou art enemy to thy sovereign.

Amurath.

I charge thee, say wherein; or else, by *Mahomet*,
I'll hazard duty in my sovereign's presence.

Haleb.

Not for thy threats, but for myself I say,
It is not meet, that one so base as thou
Shouldst come about the person of a king.

Soliman.

Must I give aim to this presumption?

Amurath.

Amurath.

Your highness knows, I spake in duteous love.

*Haleb.*Your highness knows, I spake at your command,
And to the purpose, far from flattery.*Amurath.*

Think'st thou, I flatter? now I flatter not.

[*He kills Haleb.*]*Soliman.*What dismal planet guides this fatal hour?
Villain, thy brother's groans do call for thee,
[*Soliman kills Amurath,*
To wander with them through eternal night.*Amurath.*O *Soliman*, for loving thee I die.*Soliman.*No, *Amurath*, for murdering him thou die'st.O *Haleb*, how shall I begin to mourn,
Or how shall I begin to shed salt tears,
For whom no words, nor tears, can well suffice?
Ah, that my rich imperial diadem
Could satisfy thy cruel destiny!
Or that a thousand of our *Turkish* souls,
Or twenty thousand millions of our foes,
Could ransom thee from fell death's tyranny!
To win thy life would *Soliman* be poor,
And live in servile bondage all my days.
Accursed *Amurath*, that for a worthless cause
In blood hath shorten'd our sweet *Haleb's* days!
Ah, what is dearer bond than brotherhood?
Yet, *Amurath*, thou wert my brother too,
If wilful folly did not blind mine eyes;
Ay, ay, and thou as virtuous as *Haleb*,
And I as dear to thee as unto *Haleb*,
And thou as near to me as *Haleb* was.
Ah, *Amurath*, why wert thou so unkind to him,
For uttering but a thwarting word?
And, *Haleb*, why did not thy heart's counsel

Bridg

Bridle the fond intemperance of thy tongue?
 Nay, wretched *Soliman*, why didst not thou
 Withhold thy hand from heaping blood on blood?
 Might I not better spare one joy than both?
 If love of *Haleb* forc'd me on to wrath,
 Curs'd be that wrath that is the way to death!
 If justice forc'd me on, curs'd be that justice
 That makes the brother, butcher of his brother! —
 Come, *Janisaries*, and help me to lament,
 And bear my joys on either side of me;
 Ay, late my joys, but now my lasting sorrow.
 Thus, thus, let *Soliman* pass on his way,
 Bearing in either hand his heart's decay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Love.

Now, *Death*, and *Fortune*, which of all us three,
 Hath in the actors shown the greatest power?
 Have not I taught *Erastus* and *Perfeda*,
 By mutual tokens to seal up their loves?

Fortune.

Ay, but those tokens the ring and carcanet,
 Were *Fortune's* gifts; *Love* gives no gold, or jewels.

Love.

Why, what is jewels; or what is gold but earth;
 An humour knit together by compression,
 And by the world's bright eye, first brought to light,
 Only to feed men's eyes with vain delight?
Love's works are more than of a mortal temper,
 I couple minds together by consent:
 Who gave *Rhodes'* princess to the *Cyprian* prince,
 But *Love*?

Fortune.

Fortune, that first by chance brought them together;
 For till by *Fortune* persons meet each other,
 Thou canst not teach their eyes to wound their hearts!

Love,

Love.

I made those knights of several sect and countries,
Each one by arms to honour his beloved.

Fortune.

Nay, one alone to honour his beloved,
The rest by turning of my tickle wheel,
Came short in reaching of fair honour's mark :
I gave *Eraſtus* only that day's prize,
A sweet renown, but mix'd with bitter sorrow ;
For, in conclusion of his happiness,
I made him lose the precious carcanet,
Whereon depended all his hope and joy.

Death.

And more than so ; for he that found the chain,
Even for that chain shall be depriv'd of life.

Love.

Besides, *Love* hath enforc'd a fool,
The fond braggardo to presume to arms.

Fortune.

Ay, but thou see'st how he was overthrown
By *Fortune's* high displeasure.

Death.

Ay, and by *Death* had been surpriz'd,
If fates had giv'n me leave ;
But what I miss'd in him, and in the rest,
I did accomplish on *Haleb* and *Amurath*,
The worthy brethren of great *Soliman* :
But wherefore stay we ? let the sequel prove,
Who is the greatest, *Fortune*, *Death*, or *Love*. [Exeunt.

A C T II.

Enter Ferdinando, and Lucina.

Ferdinando.

AS fits the time, so now well fits the place,
To cool affection with our words and looks,
If in our thoughts be semblance sympathy.

Lucina.

My words, my looks, my thoughts, are all on thee:
Ferdinando is *Lucina's* only joy.

Ferdinando.

What pledge thereof?

Lucina.

An oath, a hand, a kifs.

Ferdinando.

O holy oath, fair hand, and sugar'd kifs!
O, never may *Ferdinando* lack such blifs!
But say, my dear, when shall the gates of heaven
Stand all wide open for celestial gods,
With gladfome looks to gaze at *Hymen's* robes?
When shall the graces, or *Lucina's* hand,
With rosy chaplets deck my golden tresses;
And *Cupid* bring me to thy nuptial bed,
Where thou in joy and pleasure must attend
A blifsful war with me thy chiefest friend?

Lucina.

Full fraught with love, and burning with desire,
I long have long'd for light of *Hymen's* lights.

Ferdinando.

Then that same day, whose warm and pleasant sight,
Brings in the spring with many gladfome flowers,
Be our first day of joy, and perfect peace:
Till when, receive this precious carcanet,

In sign, that as the links are interlaced,
So both our hearts are still combin'd in one,
Which never can be parted but by death.

Enter Basilisco, and Perseda.

Lucina.

And if I live, this shall not be forgot :
But see, *Ferdinando*, where *Perseda* comes,
Whom women love for virtue, men for beauty ;
All the world loves, none hates but envy.

Basilisco.

All hail, brave cavalier : — Good morrow, madam,
The fairest shine that shall this day be seen,
Except *Perseda's* beauteous excellence,
Shame to love's queen, and empress of my thoughts.

Ferdinando.

Marry, thrice happy is *Perseda's* chance,
To have so brave a champion to her 'squire.

Basilisco.

Her 'squire ! her knight : and who so else denies
Shall feel the rigour of my sword and lance.

Ferdinando.

O, sir, not I.

Lucina.

Here is none but friends ; yet let me challenge you,
For gracing me with a malignant style,
That I was fairest, and yet *Perseda* fairer :
We ladies stand upon our beauties much.

Perseda.

Herein, *Lucina*, let me buckler him.

Basilisco.

Not *Mars* himself had e'er so fair a buckler.

Perseda.

Love makes him blind ; and blind can judge no colour.

Lucina.

Why then, the mends is made, and we still friends.

Perfeda.

Still friends! still foes: she wears my carcanet.
 Ah, false *Erastus*, how am I betray'd!

[*aside.*]*Lucina.*

What ails you, madam, that your colour changes?

Perfeda.

A sudden qualm; I therefore take my leave.

Lucina.

We'll bring you home.

Perfeda.

No; I shall soon get home.

Lucina.

Why then, farewell: — *Ferdinando*, let's away.

[*Exeunt Ferdinando and Lucina.*]*Basilisco.*

Say, world's bright star, whence springs this sudden
 change;

Is it unkindness at the little praise

I gave *Lucina* with my glosing style?

Perfeda.

No, no; her beauty far surpasseth mine,
 And from my neck her neck hath won the praise.

Basilisco.

What is it then? if love of this my person,
 By favour and by justice of the heavens,
 At last have pierc'd through thy translucent breast,
 And thou misdoubst, perhaps, that I'll prove coy;
 O, be assur'd, 'tis far from noble thoughts
 To tyrannize over a yielding foe.
 Therefore be blithe, sweet love, abandon fear,
 I will forget thy former cruelty.

Perfeda.

Ah, false *Erastus*, full of treachery.

Basilisco.

I always told you, that such coward knights
 Were faithless swains, and worthy no respect.
 But tell me, sweet love, what is his offence?

That

That I with words and stripes may chastise him,
And bring him bound for thee to tread upon.

Perfeda.

Now must I find the means to rid him hence. —
Go thou forthwith, arm thee from top to toe,
And come an hour hence unto my lodging;
Then will I tell thee this offence at large,
And thou in my behalf shalt work revenge.

Bafilisco.

Ay, thus should men of valour be employ'd;
This is good argument of thy true love:
I go; make reck'ning, that *Erastus* dies,
Unless, forewarn'd, the weakling coward flies.

[*Exit Bafilisco.*

Perfeda.

Thou foolish coward! flies? *Erastus* lives,
The fairest shape, but foulest minded man,
That ere sun saw within our hemisphere:
My tongue, to tell my woes is all too weak,
I must unclasp me, or my heart will break;
But inward cares are most pent in with grief,
Unclasping therefore yields me no relief.
Ah, that my moist and cloud-compacted brain,
Could spend my cares in showers of weeping rain!
But scalding sighs, like blasts of boist'rous winds,
Hinder my tears from falling on the ground,
And I must die by closure of my wound.
Ah, false *Erastus*, how had I misdona,
That thou shouldst quit my love with such a scorn!

Enter Erastus.

Here comes the *Sinon* of my heart:
I'll frame myself to his dissembling art.

Erastus.

Desire persuades me on, fear pulls me back:
Tush! I will to her; innocence is bold. —
How fares *Perfeda*, my sweet second self?

Perfeda.

Well, now *Erastus*, my heart's only joy,
Is come to join both hearts in union.

Erastus.

And till I came whereas my love did dwell,
My pleasure was but pain, my solace wo.

Perfeda.

What love means my *Erastus*? pray thee, tell.

Erastus.

Matchless *Perfeda*, she that gave me strength,
To win late conquests from many victors hands,
Thy name was conqueror, not my chivalry;
Thy looks did arm me, not my coat of steel;
Thy beauty did defend me, not my force;
Thy favours bore me, not my light-foot steed;
Therefore to thee I owe both love and life:
But wherefore makes *Perfeda* such a doubt,
As if *Erastus* could forget himself;
Which if I do, all vengeance light on me!

Perfeda.

Aye me, how graceless are these wicked men!
I can no longer hold my patience.
Ah, how thine eyes can forge alluring looks,
And feign deep oaths, to wound poor silly maids!
Are there no honest drops in all thy cheeks,
To check thy fraudulent countenance with a blush?
Call'it thou me love, and lov'st another better?
If heav'ns were just, thy teeth would tear thy tongue,
For this thy perjur'd false disloyalty:
If heav'ns were just, men should have open breasts,
That we therein might read their guileful thoughts:
If heav'ns were just, that power that forceth love,
Would never couple wolves and lambs together:
Yes, heav'ns are just, but thou art so corrupt,
That in thee all their influence doth change,
As in the spider, good things turn to poison.
Ah, false *Erastus*, how had I misdona,
That thou shouldst pawn my true affection's pledge
To her whose worth will never equal mine? What

What, is *Lucina's* wealth exceeding mine?
 Yet mine sufficient to encounter thine.
 Is she more fair than I? that's not my fault,
 Nor her desert: what's beauty but a blast,
 Soon crop'd with age, or with infirmities?
 Is she more wise? her years are more than mine:
 Whate'er she be, my love was more than hers;
 And for her chastity let others judge.
 But what talk I of her? the fault is thine:
 If I were so disgracious in thine eye,
 That she must needs enjoy my interest,
 Why didst thou deck her with my ornament?
 Could nothing serve her but the carcanet,
 Which, as my life, I gave to thee in charge?
 Couldst thou abuse my true simplicity,
 Whose greatest fault was, overloving thee?
 I'll keep no tokens of thy perjury:
 Here, give her this; *Perseida* now is free,
 And all my former love is turn'd to hate.

Erastus.

Ah, stay, my sweet *Perseida*; hear me speak.

Perseida.

What are thy words, but *Sirens* guileful songs,
 That please the ear, but seek to spoil the heart.

Erastus.

Then view my tears that plead for innocence.

Perseida.

What are thy tears? but *Circe's* magick seas,
 Where none scape wreck'd, but blindfold mariners.

Erastus.

If words and tears displease, then view my looks,
 That plead for mercy at thy rigorous hands.

Perseida.

What are thy looks? but like the cockatrice
 That seeks to wound poor silly passengers.

Erastus.

If words, nor tears, nor looks, may win remorse,
 What then remains? for my perplexed heart,
 Hath no interpreters but words, or tears, or looks,

Perseda.

And they are all as false, as thou thyself.

*Exit.**Eraustus.*

Hard doom of death, before my case be known;
 My judge unjust, and yet I cannot blame her,
 Since love and jealousy misled her thus,
 Myself in fault, and yet not worthy blame,
 Because that fortune made the fault, not love.
 The ground of her unkindness grows, because I lost
 The precious carcanet she gave to me:
Lucina hath it, as her words import;
 But how she got it, heav'n knows, not I:
 Yet this is some allevement to my sorrow,
 That, if I can but get the chain again,
 I boldly then shall let *Perseda* know,
 That she hath wrong'd *Eraustus*, and her friend.
 Ah, love, and if thou be'st of heav'nly power,
 Inspire me with some present stratagem:
 It must be so; *Lucina's* a frank gamester,
 And, like it is, in play she'll hazard it;
 For if report but blazon her aright,
 She's a frank gamester, and inclin'd to play.—
 Ho! *Piston!*

*Enter Piston.**Piston.*

Here, sir, what would you with me?

Eraustus.

Desire *Guelpio*, and signior *Julio*, come speak with me,
 And bid them bring some store of crowns with them:
 And, sirra, provide me four vizards,
 Four gowns, a box, and a drum;
 For I intend to go in mummery.

Piston.

I will, sir.

*[Exit Piston.]**Eraustus.*

Ah, virtuous lamps of ever-turning heavens,
 Incline her mind to play, and mine to win!
 Nor do I covet but what is mine own:

Then

Then shall I let *Perfeda* understand,
 How jealousy had arm'd her tongue with malice.
 Ah, were she not *Perfeda*, whom my heart
 No more can fly, than iron can adamant,
 Her late unkindness would have chang'd my mind.

Enter Guelpio, and Julio, with Piston.

Guelpio.

How now, *Erastus*? wherein may we pleasure thee?

Erastus.

Sirs, thus it is: we must in mummery
 Unto *Lucina*, neither for love nor hate;
 But, if we can, to win the chain she wears:
 For, though I have some interest therein,
 Fortune may make me master of mine own,
 Rather than I'll seek justice 'gainst the dame.
 But this assure yourselves, it must be mine,
 By game, or change, by one devise or other:
 The rest I'll tell you, when our sport is done.

Julio.

Why then, let's make us ready, and about it.

Erastus.

What store of crowns have you brought?

Guelpio.

Fear not for money, man, I'll bear the box.

Julio.

I have some little reply, if need require.

Piston.

Ay, but hear you, master, was not he a fool
 That went to shoot, and left his arrows behind him?

Erastus.

Yes, but what of that?

Piston.

Marry, that you may lose your money,
 And go without the chain, unless you carry false dice.

Guelpio.

'Mafs, the fool says true; let's have some got.

Piston.

Piston.

Nay, I use not to go without a pair of false dice;
Here are tall men, and little men.

Julio.

High men, and low men,* thou wouldst say.

Eraſtus.

Come, ſirs, let's go: — Drumſler, pray for me,
And I'll reward thee: — And, ſirra, *Piſton*;
Mar not our ſport with your foolery.

Piſton.

I warrant you, ſir, they get not one wiſe word of me.
[*Sound up the drum to Lucina's door.*]

Enter Lucina.

Lucina.

Ay, marry, this ſhows that *Charleman* is come:
What, ſhall we play here? content,
Since ſignior *Ferdinand* will have it ſo.

[*Then they play; and, when ſhe hath loſt her gold,
Eraſtus pointeth to her chain, and then
ſhe ſays:*

Ay, were it *Cleopatra's* union.

[*Then Eraſtus winneth the chain, and loſeth his
gold.*

Lucina.

Signior *Ferdinando*, I am ſure, 'tis you: —
And, gentlemen, unmask ere you depart,
That I may know to whom my thanks are due
For this ſo courteous, and unlook'd-for ſport.
No? will't not be? then ſup with me to-morrow:
Well, then I'll look for you; till then, farewel.

[*Exit Lucina.*]

Eraſtus.

Gentlemen, each thing hath ſorted to our wiſh;
She took me for *Ferdinando*, mark'd you that?
Your gold ſhall be repair'd with double thanks: —
And, fellow drumſler, I'll reward you well.

* So Shakeſ. *Mer. Wiv. of Wind.* A. I. S. 8. *Piſt.* — And *high* and *low* beguiles the rich and poor, i. e. *High and low men*, false dice ſo called.

Piston.

But is there no reward for my false dice?

Erastus.

Yes, sir, a garded fuit, from top to toe.

Enter Ferdinando.

Dazzle mine eyes, or is't *Lucina's* chain? —
False treacher, lay down the chain that thou hast stole.

Erastus.

He lewdly lies that calls me treacherous.

Ferdinando.

That lie my weapon shall put down thy throat.

[*Then Erastus slays Ferdinando.*

Julio.

Fly, *Erastus*, ere the governor have any news,
Whose near ally he was and chief delight.

Erastus.

Nay, gentlemen, fly you and save yourselves,
Lest you partake the hardness of my fortune.

[*Exeunt Guelpio, and Julio.*

Ah, fickle and blind guidrefs of the world,
What pleasure hast thou in my misery?
Was't not enough, when I had lost the chain,
Thou didst bereave me of my dearest love;
But now, when I should repossess the same,
To cross me with this hapless accident?
Ah, if but time and place would give me leave,
Great ease it were for me to purge myself,
And to accuse fell *Fortune, Love, and Death*;
For all these three conspire my tragedy:
But danger waits upon my words and steps;
I dare not stay, for if the governor
Surprize me here, I die my marshal law,
Therefore I go: but whither shall I go?
If into any stay adjoining *Rhodes*,
They will betray me to *Philippo's* hands,
For love, or gain, or flattery.

To *Turkey* must I go; the passage short,
The people warlike, and the king renown'd
For all heroical and kingly virtues.

Ah, hard attempt, to tempt a foe for aid!
Necessity yet says, it must be so,

Or suffer death for *Ferdinando's* death;
Whom honour's title forc'd me to misdo,
By checking his outrageous insolence. —

Piston, here take this chain, and give it to *Perfeda*;
And let her know what hath befallen me:

When thou'lt deliver'd it, take ship and follow me,
I will be in *Constantinople*. —

Farewel, my country, dearer than my life;

Farewel, dear friends, dearer than country soil;

Farewel, *Perfeda*, dearest of them all,

Dearer to me than all the world besides. [*Exit* *Eraustus*.

Piston.

Now am I growing into a doubtful agony,

What I were best to do; to run away with this chain,

Or deliver it, and follow my master:

If I deliver it, and follow my master, I shall have thanks;

But they will make me never the fatter:

If I run away with it, I may live upon credit,

All the while I wear this chain;

Or domineer with the money, when I have sold it:

Hitherto all goes well; but, if I be taken, —

Ay, marry, sir, then the case is alter'd; ay, and halter'd
top:

Of all things I do not love to preach

With a halter about my neck:

Therefore, for this once, I'll be honest against my will;

Perfeda shall have it: but, before I go, I'll be so bold

As to dive into the gentleman's pocket, for good luck sake,

If he deny me not: — How say you, sir? are you con-
tent? —

A plain case: *Qui tacet confitiri* * *videtur*.

* He means to say, *confentiri*.

Enter

Enter Philippo, and Julio.

See, where his body lies.

Philippo.

Ay, ay; I see his body all too soon:
 What barb'rous villain is't that rifles him?
 Ah, *Ferdinando*, the stay of my old age,
 And chief remainder of our progeny!
 Ah, loving cousin, how art thou misdone!
 By false *Erastus*? ah, no; by treachery:
 For well thy valour hath been often tried.
 But whilst I stand, and weep, and spend the time
 In fruitless plaints, the murd'rer will escape
 Without revenge, sole salve for such a sore.—
 Say, villain, wherefore didst thou rifle him?

Piston.

'Faith, sir, for pure good will;
 Seeing he was going towards heaven,
 I thought to see, if he had a passport to saint *Nicholas*,
 or no.

Philippo.

Some sot he seems to be, 'twere pity to hurt him.—
 Sirra, canst thou tell who slew this man?

Piston.

Ay, sir, very well; it was my master *Erastus*.

Philippo.

Thy master? and whither is he gone now?

Piston.

To fetch the sexton to bury him, I think.

Philippo.

'Twere pity to imprison such a sot.

Piston.

Now it fits my wisdom to counterfeit the fool. [*aside*]

Philippo.

Come hither, sirra; thou knowest me
 For the governor of the city, dost thou not?

Piston.

Ay, forsooth, sir.

Philippo.

Philippo.

Thou art a bondman, and wouldst fain be free?

Piston.

Ay, forfooth, fir,

Philippo.

Then do but this, and I will make thee free,
And rich withal; learn where *Erastus* is,
And bring me word, and I'll reward thee well.

Piston.

That I will, fir; I shall find you at the castle, shall
I not?

Philippo.

Yes.

Piston.

Why, I'll be here, as soon as ever I come again.

[*Exit Piston.*]*Philippo.*

But for assurance that he may not scape,
We'll lay the ports, and havens round about;
And let proclamation straight be made,
That he that can bring forth the murderer,
Shall have three thousand ducats for his pain:
Myself will see the body born from hence,
And honoured with balm and funeral.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter Piston.*

God sends fortune to fools;
Did you ever see wise men escape, as I have done?
I must betray my master! Ay, but when? can you tell?

Enter Perfeda.

See, where *Perfeda* comes, to save me a labour.—
After my most hearty commendations,
This is to let you understand, that my master
Was in good health at the sending hereof:

Yours

Yours for ever, and ever, and ever,
In most humble wise, *Piston*.

[Then he delivers her the chain.

Perfeda.

This makes me think, that I have been too cruel:—
How got he this from off *Lucina's* arm?

Piston.

'Faith, in a mummerly, and a pair of false dice;
I was one of the mummers myself, simple as I stand here.

Perfeda.

I rather think, it cost him very dear.

Piston.

Ay, so it did; for it cost *Ferdinando* his life.

Perfeda.

How so?

Piston.

After we had got the chain in mummerly,
And lost our box in counter cambio,
My master wore the chain about his neck;
Then *Ferdinando* met us on the way,
And revil'd my master, saying, he stole the chain:
With that they drew; and there *Ferdinando* had the
prickado.

Perfeda.

And whither fled my poor *Eraflus* then?

Piston.

To *Constantinople*, whither I must follow him:
But ere he went, with many sighs and tears,
He deliver'd me the chain; and bad me give it you,
For perfect argument that he was true,
And you too credulous.

Perfeda.

Ah, stay, no more; for I can hear no more.

Piston.

And I can sing no more.

Perfeda.

My heart had arm'd my tongue with injury,

To wrong my friend whose thoughts were ever true.
 Ah, poor *Erastus*, how thy stars malign!—
 Thou great commander of the swift-wing'd winds,
 And dreadful *Neptune*, bring him back again:
 But, *Æolus*, and *Neptune*, let him go;
 For here is nothing but revenge and death:
 Then, let him go; I'll shortly follow him,
 Not with slow sails, but with love's golden wings:
 My ship shall be born with tears, and blown with sighs;
 So will I soar about the *Turkish* land,
 Until I meet *Erastus*, my sweet friend:
 And then and there fall down amid his arms,
 And in his bosom there pour forth my soul,
 For satisfaction of my trespass past.

Enter Basilisco armed.

Basilisco.

Fair love, according unto thy command,
 I seek *Erastus*, and will combat him.

Perfeda.

Ay, seek him, find him, bring him to my fight;
 For till we meet, my heart shall want delight.

[*Exit Perfeda.*]

Basilisco.

My pretty fellow, where hast thou hid thy master?

Piston.

Marry, sir, in an armourer's shop,
 Where you had not best go to him.

Basilisco.

Why so? I am in honour bound to combat him.

Piston.

Ay, sir; but he, knowing your fierce conditions,
 Hath planted a double cannon in the door,
 Ready to discharge it upon you, when you go by:
 I tell you, for pure good will.

Basilisco.

Basilisco.

In knightly courtesy, I thank thee :
 But hopes the coystrel to escape me so ?
 Thinks he, bare cannon-shot can keep me back ?
 Why, wherefore serves my targe of proof, but for the
 bullet,

That, once put by, I roughly come upon him,
 Like to the wings of lightning from above ;
 I with a martial look astonish him,
 Then falls he down poor wretch ! upon his knee,
 And all too late repents his furquedry :
 Then do I take him on my finger's point,
 And thus I bear him thorough every street,
 To be a laughing-stock to all the town :
 That done, I lay him at my mistress' feet,
 For her to give him doom of life or death.

Piston.

Ay, but hear you, sir ; I am bound,
 In pain of my master's displeasure,
 To have a bout at cuffs, afore you and I part.

Basilisco.

Ha, ha, ha ! Eagles are calleng'd by paltry flies :
 Thy folly gives thee privilege ; be gone, be gone.

Piston.

No, no, sir : I must have a bout with you sir, that's flat ;
 Lest my master turn me out of service.

Basilisco.

Why, art thou weary of thy life ?

Piston.

No, by my faith, sir.

Basilisco.

Then fetch thy weapons ; and with my single fist
 I'll combat thee, my body all unarm'd.

Piston.

Why, lend me thine, and save me a labour.

Basilisco.

I tell thee, if *Alcides* liv'd this day,
 He could not wield my weapons.

Piston.

Piston.

Why, wilt thou stay till I come again?

Basilisco.

Ay, upon my honour.

Piston.

That shall be, when I come from *Turkey*.

[Exit *Piston*.]*Basilisco.*

Is this little desperate fellow gone?

Doubtless, he is a very tall fellow;

And yet it were a disgrace to all my chivalry,

To combat one so base:

I'll send some crane to combat with the pigmy;

Not that I fear, but that I scorn to fight.

[Exit *Basilisco*.]*Enter Chorus.**Love.*

Fortune, thou madest *Ferdinando* find the chain;

But yet by *Love's* instruction he was taught,

To make a present of it to his mistress.

Fortune.

But *Fortune* would not let her keep it long.

Love.

Nay, rather, *Love*, by whose suggested power

Erastus us'd such dice, as, being false,

Ran not by *Fortune*, but necessity.

Fortune.

Meantime, I brought *Ferdinando* on the way,

To see and challenge what *Lucina* lost.

Death.

And by that challenge I abridg'd his life,

And forc'd *Erastus* into banishment,

Parting him from his love, in spite of *Love*.

Love.

But with my golden wings I'll follow him,

And give him aid and succour in distress.

Fortune.

Fortune.

And doubt not too, but *Fortune* will be there,
 And cros him too, and sometimes flatter him,
 And lift him up, and throw him down again.

Death.

And here and there in ambush *Death* will stand,
 To mar what *Love*, or *Fortune* takes in hand. [Exeunt.]

A C T III.

*Enter Soliman, and Brusor, with Janisaries.**Soliman.*

HOW long shall *Soliman* spend his time,
 And waste his days in fruitless obsequies?
 Perhaps, my grief, and long continual moan,
 Adds but a trouble to my brother's ghost;
 Which, but for me, would now have took their rest:
 Then, farewell, sorrow; and now, revenge, draw near.
 In controversy touching the isle of *Rhodes*,
 My brothers died; on *Rhodes* I'll be reveng'd:—
 Now tell me, *Brusor*, what's the news at *Rhodes*?
 Hath the young prince of *Ciprus* married
Cornelia, daughter to the governour?

Brusor.

He hath, my lord, with the greatest pomp
 That ere I saw at such a festival.

Soliman.

What, greater than at our coronation?

Brusor.

Inferiour to that only.

Soliman.

At tilt, who won the honour of the day?

Brusor.

A worthy knight of *Rhodes*, a matchless man,
His name *Eraustus*, not twenty years of age,
Not tall, but well proportion'd in his limbs:
I never saw, except your excellence,
A man whose presence more delighted me;
And, had he worship'd *Mahomet* for *Christ*,
He might have born me throughout all the world:
So well I lov'd, and honoured the man.

Soliman.

These praises, *Brusor*, touch me to the heart;
And make me wish, that I had been at *Rhodes*,
Under the habit of some errant knight,
Both to have seen and try'd his valour.

Brusor.

You should have seen him foil, and overthrow
All the knights that there encountered him.

Soliman.

Whate'er he be, ev'n for his virtue's sake,
I wish, that fortune of our holy wars
Would yield him prisoner unto *Soliman*;
That for retaining one so virtuous
We may ourselves be fam'd for virtues.
But let him pass; and, *Brusor*, tell me now,
How did the *Christians* use our knights?

Brusor.

As if that we and they had been one sect.

Soliman.

What think'st thou of their valour and demeanour?

Brusor.

Brave men at arms, and friendly out of arms;
Courteous in peace, in battle dangerous;
Kind to their foes, and liberal to their friends;
And, all in all, their deeds heroical.

Soliman.

Then tell me, *Brusor*, how is *Rhodes* fenced?
For either *Rhodes* shall be brave *Soliman's*,
Or cost me more brave soldiers
Than all that isle will bear.

Brusor.

Brusor.

Their fleet is weak;
Their horse, I deem them fifty thousand strong;
Their footmen more, well exercis'd in war;
And, as it seems, they want no needful victual.

Soliman.

However *Rhodes* be fenc'd by sea or land,
It either shall be mine or bury me.

Enter Erastus.

What's he that thus boldly enters in?
His habit argues him a *Christian*.

Erastus.

Ay, worthy lord, a forlorn *Christian*.

Soliman.

Tell me, man, what madness brought thee hither?

Erastus.

Thy virtuous fame, and mine own misery.

Soliman.

What misery? speak; for though you *Christians*
Account our *Turkish* race but barbarous,
Yet have we ears to hear a just complaint,
And justice to defend the innocent,
And pity to such as are in poverty,
And liberal hands to such as merit bounty.

Brusor.

My gracious sov'reign, as this knight
Seems by grief tied to silence,
So his deserts bind me to speak for him:
This is *Erastus*, the *Rhodian* worthy,
The flow'r of chivalry and courtesy.

Soliman.

Is this the man that thou hast so described?
Stand up, fair knight, that what my heart desires
Mine eyes may view with pleasure and delight:
This face of thine should harbour no deceit.
Erastus, I'll not yet urge to know the cause

Q 2

That

That brought thee hither, left
 With the discourse thou shouldst afflict thyself,
 And cross the fulness of my joyful passion.
 But that we are assur'd,
 Heav'n's brought thee hither for our benefit,
 Know thou, that *Rhodes*, nor all that *Rhodes* contains,
 Shall win thee from the side of *Soliman*,
 If we but find thee well inclin'd to us.

Eraustus.

If any ignoble, or dishonourable thoughts,
 Should dare attempt, or but creep near my heart,
 Honour should force disdain to root it out:
 As air-bred eagles, * if they once perceive,
 That any of their brood but close their fight,
 When they should gaze against the glorious sun,
 They straightway seize upon him with their talents,
 That on the earth it may untimely die,
 For looking but askew at heav'n's bright eye.

Soliman.

Eraustus, to make thee well assured,
 How well thy speech, and presence liketh us,
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be granted thee.

Eraustus

Then this, my gracious lord, is all I crave,
 That, being banish'd from my native soil,
 I may have liberty to live a *Christian*.

Soliman.

Ay, that, or any thing thou shalt desire;
 Thou shalt be captain of our janisaries,
 And in our council shalt thou sit with us,
 And be great *Soliman's* adopted friend.

Eraustus.

The least of these surpasss my best desert,
 Unless true loyalty may seem desert.

* Naturalists tell us, the eagle holds up its brood, as soon as 'tis hatch'd, to the sun, to prove whether they are genuine or not. To this Shakespeare alludes, *Hen. 6. 3d pt. Act. II. S. 1.*

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
 Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun.

Soliman.

Soliman.

Erastus, now thou hast obtain'd thy boon,
Deny not *Soliman* this one request;
A virtuous envy pricks me with desire,
To try thy valour: say, art thou content?

Erastus.

Ay, if my sov'reign say, content, I yield.

Soliman.

Then give us swords and targets:
And now, *Erastus*, think thee mine enemy,
But ever after, thy continual friend;
And spare me not, for then thou wrong'st my honour.

[*Then they fight, and Erastus overcomes Soliman.*]

Nay, nay, *Erastus*, throw not down thy weapons,
As if thy force did fail; it is enough,
That thou hast conquer'd *Soliman* by strength:
By courtesy let *Soliman* conquer thee.
And now from arms, to council sit thee down;
Before thy coming, I vow'd to conquer *Rhodes*:
Say, wilt thou be our lieutenant there,
And further us in manage of these wars?

Erastus.

My gracious sovereign, without presumption,
If poor *Erastus* may once more entreat,
Let not great *Soliman's* command,
To whose behest I vow obedience,
Enforce me sheathe my slaught'ring blade
In the dear bowels of my countrymen:
And, were it not that *Soliman* hath sworn,
My tears should plead for pardon in that place.
I speak not this, to shrink away for fear,
Or hide my head in time of dangerous storms;
Employ me elsewhere in thy foreign wars,
Against the *Persians*, or the barbarous *Moor*,
Erastus will be foremost in the battle.

Soliman.

Why favour'st thou thy countrymen so much,
By whose cruelty thou art exil'd?

Q 3

Erastus.

Erastus.

'Tis not my country, but *Philippo's* wrath,
(It must be told,) for *Ferdinando's* death,
Whom I in honour's cause have rest of life.

Soliman.

Nor suffer this or that to trouble thee :
Thou shalt not need *Philippo*, nor his isle ;
Nor shalt thou war against thy countrymen :
I like thy virtue in refusing it. —
But, that our oath may have his current course,
Brusor, go levy men ;
Prepare a fleet, t' assault and conquer *Rhodes*.
Meantime, *Erastus* and I will strive
By mutual kindness to excel each other.
Brusor, be gone ; and see not *Soliman*,
Till thou hast brought *Rhodes* in subjection. —

[*Exit Brusor.*

And now, *Erastus*, come and follow me,
Where thou shalt see what pleasures and what sports
My minions, and my eunuchs, can devise,
To drive away this melancholy mood. [*Exit Soliman.*

Enter Piston.

Piston.

O master, see where I am.

Erastus.

Say, *Piston*, what's the news at *Rhodes* ?

Piston.

Cold, and comfortless for you :
Will you have them all at once ?

Erastus.

Ay.

Piston.

Why the governour will hang you, and he catch you :
Ferdinando is buried ; your friends commend them to you ;
Perseda hath the chain, and is like to die for sorrow.

Erastus.

Erastus.

Ay, that's the grief, that we are parted thus:
Come follow me, and I will hear the rest;
For now I must attend the emperour.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Perseida, Lucina, and Basilisco.

Perseida.

Accursed chain! unfortunate *Perseida!*

Lucina.

Accursed chain! unfortunate *Lucina!*
My friend is gone, and I am desolate.

Perseida.

My friend is gone, and I am desolate:—
Return him back, fair stars, or let me die.

Lucina.

Return him back, fair heav'ns, or let me die;
For, what was he but comfort of my life?

Perseida.

For, what was he but comfort of my life?
But why was I so careful of the chain?

Lucina.

But why was I so careless of the chain?
Had I not lost it, my friend had not been slain.

Perseida.

Had I not ask'd it, my friend had not departed;
His parting is my death.

Lucina.

His death's my life's departing;
And here my tongue doth stay, with swoln heart's grief.

Perseida.

And here my swoln heart's grief doth stay my tongue.

Basilisco.

For whom weep you?

Lucina.

Ah, for *Ferdinando's* dying.

Basilisco.

For whom mourn you?

Perseida.

Perseda.

Ah, for *Erastus*' flying.

Basilisco.

Why, lady, is not *Basilisco* here?

Why, lady, doth not *Basilisco* live?

Am not I worth both these for whom you mourn?

Then take each one half of me, and cease to weep;

Or if you gladly would enjoy me both,

I'll serve the one by day, the other by night:

And I will pay you both your sound delight.

Lucina.

Ah, how unpleasant is mirth to melancholy!

Perseda.

My heart is full, I cannot laugh at folly.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Basilisco.

See, see; *Lucina* hates me, like a toad,

Because that when *Erastus* spake my name,

Her love *Ferdinando* died at the same:

So dreadful is our name to cowardise.

On the other side, *Perseda* takes it unkindly,

That, ere he went, I brought not bound unto her
Erastus, that faint-hearted runaway.

Alas! how could I? for his man no sooner

Inform'd him, that I fought him up and down,

But he was gone in twinkling of an eye:

But I will after my delicious love;

For, well I wot, though she dissemble thus,

And cloak affection with her modesty,

With love of me her thoughts are over-gone,

More than was *Pbillis* with her *Demophon*.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

*Enter Philippo, the Prince of Cyprus,
with other soldiers.*

Philippo.

Brave prince of *Ciprus*, and our son-in-law,
Now there is little time to stand and talk;
The *Turks* have pass'd our gallies, and are landed:
You with some men at arms shall take the tower;
I with the rest will down unto the strand: †
If we be beaten back, we'll come to you;
And here, in spite of damned *Turks*, we'll gain
A glorious death, or famous victory.

Ciprus.

About it then.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Brusor, and his soldiers.

Brusor.

Drum, sound a parley to the citizens.

[*The Prince of Cyprus on the walls.*

Ciprus.

What parley craves the *Turkish* at our hands?

Brusor.

We come with mighty *Soliman's* command,
Monarch, and mighty emperor of the world,
From east to west, from south to septentrion;
If you resist, expect what war affords,
Mischief, murder, blood, and extremity:
What, wilt thou yield, and try our clemency?
Say ay, or no; for we are peremptory.

Ciprus.

Your lord usurps in all that he possesseth;
And that great God which we do truly worship,
Shall strengthen us against your insolence.

† *frane.*

*Brusor.**

Brusor.

Now if you plead for mercy, 'tis too late. —
Come, fellow soldiers, let us to the breach,
That's made already on the other side.

[*Exeunt to the battle. Philippo, and Ciprus are both slain.*]

Enter Brusor, with soldiers, having Guelpio and Julio, and Basifisco, with Perfeda, and Lucina, prisoners.

Brusor.

Now, *Rhodes* is yok'd, and stoops to *Soliman*;
There lies the governour, and there his son:
Now let their souls tell sorry tidings to their ancestors,
What millions of men oppress'd with ruin and scath,
The *Turkish* armies did in *Christendom*. —
What say these pris'ners? will they turn *Turk*, or no?

Julio.

First, *Julio* will die ten thousand deaths.

Guelpio.

And *Guelpio*, rather than deny his *Christ*.

Brusor.

Then stab the slaves, and send their souls to hell.

[*They stab Julio, and Guelpio.*]

Basifisco.

I turn, I turn; o, save my life, I turn.

Brusor.

Forbear to hurt him: when we land in *Turkey*,
He shall be circumcis'd and have his rites.

Basifisco.

Think you, I turn *Turk*, for fear of servile death?
That's but a sport: i'faith, sir, no;
'Tis for *Perfeda*, whom I love so well,
That I would follow her though she went to hell.

Brusor.

Now for these ladies: their lives privilege
Hangs on their beauty; they shall be preserv'd
To be presented to great *Soliman*,
The greatest honour fortune could afford,

Perfeda.

Perfeda.

The most dishonour that could e'er befall, [Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

*Love.*Now, *Fortune*, what hast thou done in this latter
Passage?*Fortune.*I plac'd *Eraustus* in the favour
Of *Soliman* the *Turkish* emperour.*Love.*Nay, that was *Love*, for I couched myself
In poor *Eraustus*' eye, and with a look,
O'erspread with tears, bewitched *Soliman*:
Beside, I sat on valiant *Brusor*'s tongue,
To guide the praises of the *Rhodian* † knight;
Then in the ladies passions I show'd my power:
And lastly, *Love* made *Basilisco*'s tongue,
To countercheck his heart by turning *Turk*,
And save his life, in spite of *Death*'s despite.*Death.*How chance it then, that *Love*, and *Fortune*'s power,
Could neither save *Philippo*, nor his son,
Nor *Guelpio*, nor signior *Julio*,
Nor rescue *Rhodes*, from out the hands of *Death*?*Fortune.*Why, *Brusor*'s victory was *Fortune*'s gift.*Death.*

But had I slept, his conquest had been small.

*Love.*Wherefore stay we? there's more behind which proves,
That, though *Love* wink, *Love*'s not stark blind.

[Exeunt.

† *herodian.*

A C T IV.

Enter Eraſtus, and Piſton.

Piſton.

'FAITH, maſter, methinks you are unwiſe,
That you wear not the high ſugar-loaf hat,
And the gilded gown the emperour gave you.

Eraſtus.

Peace, fool! a ſable weed fits diſcontent:
Away, be gone.

Piſton.

I'll go provide your ſupper,
A ſhoulder of mutton and never a ſallad. [*Exit Piſton.*

Eraſtus.

I muſt confeſs, that *Soliman* is kind,
Paſt all compare, and more than my deſert:
But what helps gay garments, when the mind's oppreſs'd?
What pleaſeth the eye, when the ſenſe is alter'd?
My heart is overwhelm'd with thouſand woes,
And melancholy leads my ſoul in triumph;
No marvel then, if I have little mind
Of rich embroidery, or coſtly ornaments,
Of honour's titles, or of wealth, or gain,
Of muſick, viands, or of dainty dames.
No, no; my hope full long ago was loſt,
And *Rhodes* itſelf is loſt, or elſe deſtroy'd:
If not deſtroy'd, yet bound and captivate;
If captivate, then forc'd from holy faith;
If forc'd from faith, for ever miſerable:
For what is miſery, but want of God?
And God is loſt, if faith be overthrow'n.

Enter

Enter Soliman.

Soliman.

Why how now, *Erastus*, always in thy dumps?
 Still in black habit, fitting funeral?
 Cannot my love persuade thee from this mood,
 Nor all my fair entreats and blandishments?
 Wert thou my friend, thy mind would jump with mine;
 For what are friends, but one mind in two bodies?
 Perhaps, thou doubt'st my friendship's constancy;
 Then dost thou wrong the measure of my love,
 Which hath no measure, and shall never end.
 Come, *Erastus*, sit thee down by me,
 And I'll impart to thee our *Brusor's* news;
 News to our honour, and to thy content:
 The governour is slain that sought thy death.

Erastus.

A worthy man, though not *Erastus's* friend.

Soliman.

The prince of *Ciprus* too is likewise slain.

Erastus.

Fair blossom, likely to have prov'd good fruit.

Soliman.

Rhodes is taken, and all the men are slain,
 Except some few that turn to *Mahomet*.

Erastus.

Ay, there it is; now all my friends are slain,
 And fair *Perfeda*, murder'd or deflowr'd:
 Ah, gracious *Soliman*, now show thy love
 In not denying thy poor suppliant;
 Suffer me not to stay here in thy presence,
 But by myself lament me once for all:
 Here if I stay, I must suppress my tears,
 And tears suppress'd, will but increase my sorrow.

Soliman.

Go then, go spend thy mournings all at once,
 That in thy presence *Soliman* may joy;
 For hitherto have I reap'd little pleasure.

[*Exit Erastus.*]

Well, well, *Eraftus*, *Rhodes* may blefs thy birth :
 For his fake only will I spare them more,
 From spoil, pillage, and oppreffion,
 Than *Alexander* spared warlike *Thebes*
 For *Pindarus*; or than *Augustus*
 Spared rich *Alexander* for *Arias*' fake.

Enter Brusor, Perfeda, and Lucina.

Brusor.

My gracious lord, rejoice in happinefs :
 All *Rhodes* is yok'd, and stoops to *Soliman*.

Soliman.

First, thanks to heav'n; and next, to *Brusor's* valour,
 Which I'll not guerdon with large promifes ;
 But ftraight reward thee with a bounteous larges :
 But what two *Chriftian* virgins have we here ?

Brusor.

Part of the spoil of *Rhodes*, which were preferved
 To be prefented to your mightinefs.

Soliman.

This present pleafeth more than all the reft ;
 And, were their garments turn'd from black to white,
 I fhould have deem'd them *Juno's* goodly fwans,
 Or *Venus'* milkwhite doves : fo mild they are,
 And fo adorn'd with beauty's miracle. —
 Here, *Brusor*, this kind turtle fhall be thine ;
 Take her, and ufe her at thy pleasure :
 But this kind turtle is for *Soliman*,
 That her captivity may turn to blifs.
 Fair looks, refembling *Phæbus'* radiant beams,
 Smooth forehead, like the table of high *Jove*,
 Small penfil'd eyebrows, like two glorious rainbows,
 Quick lamplike eyes, like heav'n's two brighteft orbs,
 Lips of pure coral, breathing ambrofie,

Cheeks, where the rose and lily are in combat,
 Neck, whiter than the snowy *Apenines*,
 Breasts, like two overflowing fountains,
 'Twixt which a vale leads to th' *Elyfian* shades,
 Where under covert lies the fount of pleasure,
 Which thoughts may guess, but tongue must not profane;
 A sweeter creature nature never made:
 Love never tainted *Soliman* till now. —
 Now, fair virgin, let me hear thee speak.

Perfeda.

What can my tongue utter, but grief and death?

Soliman.

The sound is honey, but the sense is gall:
 Then, sweetening, bless me with a cheerful look.

Perfeda.

How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look,
 When they are stop'd with floods of flowing tears?

Soliman.

If tongue with grief, and eyes with tears be fill'd,
 Say, virgin, how doth thy heart admit,
 The pure affection of great *Soliman*?

Perfeda.

My thoughts are like pillars of adamant,
 Too hard to take an new impression.

Soliman.

Nay, then, I see, my stooping makes her proud;
 She is my vassal, and I will command: —
 Coy virgin, know'st thou what offence it is,
 To thwart the will, and pleasure of a king?
 Why, thy life is done, if I but say the word.

Perfeda.

Why, that's the period that my heart desires.

Soliman.

And die thou shalt unless thou change thy mind.

Perfeda.

Nay then, *Perfeda* grows resolute:
Soliman's thoughts and mine resemble

Lines parallel, ¹ that never can be join'd.

Soliman.

Then kneel thee down,
And at my hands receive the stroke of death
Doom'd to thyself by thine own wilfulness.

Perfeda.

Strike, strike; thy words pierce deeper than thy blows.

Soliman.

Brusor, hide her; for her looks withhold me.

[*Then Brusor hides her with a lawn.*]

O *Brusor*, thou hast not hid her lips;
For there sits *Venus* with *Cupid* on her knee,
And all the *Graces* smiling round about her,
So craving pardon, that I cannot strike.

Brusor.

Her face is cover'd over quite, my lord.

Soliman.

Why, so: O *Brusor*, see'st thou not
Her milkwhite neck, that alabaster tower?
'Twill break the edge of my keen scimitar,
And pieces, flying back, will wound myself.

Brusor.

Now she is all covered, my lord.

Soliman.

Why now at last she dies.

Perfeda.

O *Christ*, receive my soul.

Soliman.

Hark, *Brusor*; she calls on *Christ*:

I will not send her to him. Her words are musick;
The selfsame musick that in ancient days
Brought *Alexander* from war to banqueting,
And made him fall from skirmishing to kissing. —
No, my dear love would not let me kill thee,
Though majesty would turn desire to wrath:
There lies my sword, humbled at thy feet;
And I myself, that govern many kings,
Entreat a pardon for my rash misdeed.

Perfeda.

Now *Soliman* wrongs his imperial state ;
But if thou love me, and have hope to win,
Grant me one boon that I shall crave of thee.

Soliman.

Whate'er it be, *Perfeda*, I grant it thee.

Perfeda.

Then let me live a *Christian* virgin still,
Unless my state shall alter by my will.

Soliman.

My word is past, and I recall my passions :
What should he do with crowns and empery,
That cannot govern private fond affections ?
Yet give me leave, in honest fort to court thee,
To ease, though not to cure, my malady :
Come, sit thee down upon my right hand here ;
This seat I keep void for another friend. —
Go, *Janisaries*, call in your governour ;
So shall I joy between two captive friends,
And yet myself be captive to them both,
If friendship's yoke were not at liberty : —
See where he comes my other best beloved.

Enter Erastus.

Perfeda.

My sweet, and best beloved.

Erastus.

My sweet, and best beloved.

Perfeda.

For thee, my dear *Erastus*, have I liv'd.

Erastus.

And I for thee, or else I had not liv'd.

Soliman.

What words in affection do I see ?

Erastus.

Ah, pardon me, great *Soliman* ; for this is she,

For whom I mourn'd more than for all *Rhodes*,
And from whose absence I deriv'd my sorrow.

Perfeda.

And pardon me, my lord; for this is he,
For whom I thwarted *Soliman's* entreats,
And for whose exile I lamented thus.

Eraſtus.

Ev'n from my childhood have I tender'd thee;
Witness the heavens, of my unfeigned love.

Soliman.

By this one accident I well perceive,
That heav'ns, and heav'nly powers do manage love.
I love them both, I know not which the better:
They love each other best, what then should follow;
But that I conquer both by my deserts,
And join their hands whose hearts are knit already? —

Eraſtus, and Perfeda, come you hither,

And both give me your hands. —

Eraſtus, none but thou couldst win Perfeda: —

Perfeda, none but thou couldst win Eraſtus,

From great *Soliman*; so well I love you both.

And now, to turn late promises to good effect,

Be thou, *Eraſtus*, governour of *Rhodes*:

By this thou shalt dismiss my garrison.

Brusor.

Must he reap that, for which I took the toil?

Come, envy, then, and sit in friendship's seat;

How can I love him that enjoys my right?

[*Aside.*

Soliman.

Give me a crown, to crown the bride withal. —

[*Then he crowns Perfeda.*

Perfeda, for my sake, wear this crown. —

Now is she fairer than she was before;

This title so augments her beauty, as the fire

That lay with honour's hand rak'd up in ashes

Revives again to flames, the force is such:

Remove the cause, and then the effect will die;

They must depart, or I shall not be quiet. —

Eraſtus,

Erastus, and *Perseda*, marvel not,
That all in haste I wish you to depart;
There is an urgent cause, but privy to myself:
Command my shipping for to waft you over.

Erastus.

My gracious lord, when *Erastus* doth forget
This favour, then let him live abandon'd and forlorn.

Perseda.

Nor will *Perseda* slack, ev'n in her prayers;
But still solicit God for *Soliman*,
Whose mind hath prov'd so good and gracious.

[*Exeunt.*

Soliman.

Farewel, *Erastus*; — *Perseda*, farewel too. —
Methinks, I should not part with two such friends,
The one so renown'd for arms, and courtesy,
The other so adorn'd with grace and modesty:
Yet of the two *Perseda* moves me most,
Ay, and so moves me, that I now repent
That e'er I gave away my heart's desire;
What was it, but abuse of fortune's gift?
And therefore fortune now will be reveng'd:
What was it, but abuse of love's command?
And therefore mighty love will be reveng'd:
What was it but abuse of heav'ns that gave her me?
And therefore angry heav'ns will be reveng'd:
Heav'ns, love, and fortune, all three have decreed
That I shall love her still, and lack her still;
Like ever-thirsting wretched *Tantalus*.
Foolish *Soliman*, why did I strive
To do him kindness, and undo myself?
Well govern'd friends do first regard themselves.

Brusor.

Ay, now occasion serves to stumble him,
That thrust his sickle in my harvest corn: —
Pleaseth your majesty, to hear *Brusor* speak?

[*Alto.*

Soliman.

To one past cure good counsel comes too late;
Yet say thy mind.

Brusor.

With secret letters woo her, and with gifts.

Soliman.

My lines and gifts will but return my shame.

Lucina.

Hear me, my lord; let me go over to *Rhodes*,
That I may plead in your affection's cause:
One woman may do much to win another.

Soliman.

Indeed, *Lucina*, were her husband from her,
She happily might be won by thy persuades;
But, whilst he lives, there is no hope in her.

Brusor.

Why lives he then to grieve great *Soliman*?
This only remains, that you consider
In two extremes the least is to be chosen:
If so your life depend upon her love,
And that her love depends upon his life,
Is it not better, that *Eraſtus* die
Ten thousand deaths, than *Soliman* should perish?

Soliman.

Ay, say'st thou so? why then, it shall be so:
But by what means shall poor *Eraſtus* die?

Brusor.

This shall be the means: I'll fetch him back again,
Under colour of great consequence;
No sooner shall he land upon our shore,
But witness shall be ready to accuse him
Of treason done against your mightiness,
And then he shall be doom'd by marshal law.

Soliman.

O, fine device! *Brusor*, get thee gone:
Come thou again; but let the lady stay
To win *Perſeda* to my will: meanwhile,

Will I prepare the judge and witnesses;
 And if this take effect, thou shalt be viceroy,
 And fair *Lucina* queen of *Tripoli*:

Brusor, be gone; for till thou come I languish.

[*Exeunt Brusor, and Lucina.*]

And now, to ease my troubled thoughts at last,
 I will go sit among my learned eunuchs,
 And hear them play, and see my minions dance;
 For till that *Brusor* bring me my desire,
 I may assuage, but never quench love's fire.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Basilisco.

Basilisco.

Since the expugnation of the *Rhodian* isle,
 Methinks, a thousand years are overpass'd,
 More for the lack of my *Perseida's* presence,
 Than for the loss of *Rhodes*, that paltry isle,
 Or for my friends that there were murdered:
 My valour every where shall purchase friends;
 And where a man lives well, there is his country.
 Alas! the *Christians* are but very shallow
 In giving judgment of a man at arms,
 A man of my desert and excellence:
 The *Turks*, whom they account for barbarous,
 Having foreheard of *Basilisco's* worth,
 A number underprop me with their shoulders,
 And in procession bare me to the church,
 As I had been a second *Mabomet*;
 I, fearing they would adore me for a God,
 Wisely inform'd them that I was but man,
 Although in time, perhaps, I might aspire,
 To purchase godhead as did *Hercules*;
 I mean, by doing wonders in the world.
 Amidst their church they bound me to a pillar,
 And to make trial of my valiancy,
 They lop'd a collop of my tenderest member;

But think you *Basilisco* squicht for that
 Ev'n as a cow for tickling in the horn?
 That done, they set me on a milkwhite ass,
 Compassing me with goodly ceremonies:
 That day, methought, I sat in *Pompey's* chair,
 And view'd the capitol, and was *Rome's* greatest glory.

Enter Piston.

Piston.

I would, my master had left
 Some other to be his agent here:
 'Faith, I am weary of the office already. —
 What, signior *Tremomundo*,
 That rid a pilgrimage to beg cake-bread?

Basilisco.

O, take me not unprovided; let me fetch my weapon.

Piston.

Why, I meant nothing but a *basolus manus*.*

Basilisco.

No? didst thou not mean to give me the privy stab?

Piston.

No, by my troth, sir.

Basilisco.

Nay, if thou hadst, I had not fear'd thee, I;
 I tell thee, my skin holds out pistol-proof.

Piston.

Pistol-proof? I'll try, if it will hold out pin-proof.

[*Then he pricks him with a pin.*]

Basilisco.

O, shoot no more; great god, I yield to thee.

Piston.

I see, his skin is but pistol-proof from
 The girdle upward: — What sudden agony was that?

Basilisco.

Why, saw'st thou not, how *Cupid* god of love,
 Not daring look me in the marshal face,

* He means to say, *baisses les mains*.

Came like a coward, stealing after me,
And with his pointed dart prick'd my posteriors?

Piston.

Then hear my opinion concerning that point:
The ladies of *Rhodes*, hearing that you have lost
A capital part of your lady-ware,
Have made their petition to *Cupid*,
To plague you above all other,
As one prejudicial to their muliebrity:
Now, sir, *Cupid*, seeing you already hurt before,
Thinks it a greater punishment to hurt you behind;
Therefore I would wish you to have an eye to the back
door.

Bafilisco.

'Sooth, thou say'st, I must be fenc'd behind;
I'll hang my target there.

Piston.

Indeed, that will serve to bear off some blows,
When you run away in a fray.

Bafilisco.

Sirra, firra; what art thou,
That thus encroachest upon my familiarity,
Without special admittance?

Piston.

Why, do you not know me? I am *Erastus'* man.

Bafilisco.

What, art thou that petty pigmy,
That challeng'd me at *Rhodes*,
Whom I refus'd to combat for his minority?
Where is *Erastus*? I owe him chastisement in *Perseda's*
quarrel.

Piston.

Do not you know, that they are all friends,
And *Erastus* married to *Perseda*,
And *Erastus* made governour of *Rhodes*,
And I left here to be their agent?

Bafilisco.

Bafilisco.

O *cœlum, o terra, o maria, Neptune!*
Did I turn *Turk* to follow her so far?

Piston.

The more shame for you.

Bafilisco.

And is she link'd in liking with my foe?

Piston.

That's because you were out of the way.

Bafilisco.

O wicked *Turk* for to steal her hence.

Piston.

O wicked turn-coat that would have her stay.

Bafilisco.

The truth is, I will be a *Turk* no more.

Piston.

And, I fear, thou wilt never prove good *Christian*.

Bafilisco.

I will after to take revenge.

Piston.

And I'll stay here about my master's business.

Bafilisco.

Farewel, *Constantinople*; I will to *Rhodes*.

[*Exit.*]

Piston.

Farewel, counterfeit fool! —

God send him good shipping: 'tis nois'd about, that

Brusor

Is sent to fetch my master back again;

I cannot be well, till I hear the rest of the news,

Therefore I'll about it straight.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Chorus.

Love.

Now, *Fortune*, what hast thou done in this latter act?

Fortune.

I brought *Perfeda* to the presence
Of *Soliman*, the *Turkish* emperour,
And gave *Lucina* into *Brusor's* hands.

Love.

And first I stung them with consenting love;
And made great *Soliman*, sweet beauty's thrall,
Humble himself at fair *Perfeda's* feet,
And made him praise love, and captive's beauty:
Again I made him to recall his passions,
And give *Perfeda* to *Erastus's* hands,
And, after, make repentance of the deed.

Fortune.

Meantime, I fill'd *Erastus's* sails with wind,
And brought him home unto his native land.

Death.

And I suborn'd *Brusor*, with envious rage,
To counsel *Soliman* to slay his friend:
Brusor is sent to fetch him back again:
Mark well what follows; for the history,
Proves me chief actor in this tragedy.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Erastus, and Perseida.

Erastus.

PERSEDA, these days are our days of joy :
 What could I more desire than thee to wife ?
 And that I have : or than to govern *Rhodes* ?
 And that I do, thanks to great *Soliman*.

Perseida.

And thanks to gracious heav'ns, that so
 Brought *Soliman* from worse to better ;
 For though I never told it thee till now,
 His heart was purpos'd once to do thee wrong.

Erastus.

Ay, that was before he knew thee to be mine ;
 But now, *Perseida*, let's forget old griefs,
 And let our studies wholly be employ'd
 To work each other's blifs and heart's delight.

Perseida.

Our present joys will be so much the greater,
 When as we call to mind forepass'd griefs :
 So sings the mariner upon the shore,
 When he hath pass'd the dangerous time of storms ;
 But if my love will have old griefs forgot,
 They shall lay buried in *Perseida's* breast.

Enter Brusor, and Lucina.

Erastus.

Welcome, lord *Brusor*.

Perseida.

And, *Lucina* too.

Brusor.

Brusor.

Thanks, lord governour.

Lucina.

And thanks to you, madam.

Erastus.

What hasty news brings you so soon to *Rhodes*?
Although to me you never come too soon.

Brusor.

So it is, my lord, that upon great affairs,
Importuning health and wealth of *Soliman*,
His highness by me entreateth you,
As ever you respect his future love,
Or have regard unto his courtesy,
To come yourself in person, and visit him,
Without inquiry what should be the cause.

Erastus.

Were there no ships to cross the seas withal,
My arms should frame mine oars to cross the seas;
And, should the seas turn tide to force me back,
Desire should frame me wings to fly to him:
I go, *Perfeda*, thou must give me leave.

Perfeda.

Though loath, yet *Soliman's* command prevails.

Lucina.

And, sweet *Perfeda*, I will stay with you,
From *Brusor* my beloved; and I'll want him,
Till he bring back *Erastus* unto you.

Erastus.

Lord *Brusor*, come; 'tis time that we were gone.

Brusor.

Perfeda, farewell; be not angry,
For that I carry thy beloved from thee,
We will return with all speed possible: —
And thou, *Lucina*, use *Perfeda* so,
That for my carrying of *Erastus* hence,
She curse me not; and so farewell to both.

Perfeda.

Come, *Lucina*, let's in; my heart is full.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

*Enter Soliman, Lord marshal, the two Witnesses,
and Janisaries.*

Soliman.

Lord marshal, see you handle it cunningly :
And, when *Erastus* comes, our perjur'd friend,
See he be condemn'd by marshal law ;
Here will I stand to see, and not be seen.

Marshal.

Come, fellows, see when this matter comes in question,
You stagger not : — and, *Janisaries*,
See that your strangling cords be ready.

Soliman.

Ah, that *Perfeda* were not half so fair,
Or that *Soliman* were not so fond,
Or that *Perfeda* had some other love,
Whose death might save my poor *Erastus*' life.

Enter Brusor, and Erastus.

See where he comes, whom though I dearly love,
Yet must his blood be spilt for my behoof :
Such is the force of marrow-burning¹ love.

Marshal.

Erastus, lord governour of *Rhodes*,
I arrest you in the king's name.

Erastus.

What thinks lord *Brusor* of this strange arrest ?
Hast thou entrap'd me to this treachery ?
Intended, well I wot, without the leave
Or licence of my lord, great *Soliman*.

Brusor.

Why then appeal to him, where thou shalt know,
And be assur'd, that I betray thee not.

Soliman.

Yes, thou, and I, and all of us betray him.

¹ morroco burning

Marshal.

No, no; in this case no appeal shall serve.

Erastus.

Why, then, to thee, or unto any else:
I here protest by heav'ns unto you all,
That never was there man more true or just;
Or in his deeds more loyal and upright;
Or more loving, or more innocent,
Than I have been to gracious *Soliman*,
Since first I set my feet on *Turkish* land.

Soliman.

Myself would be his witness, if I durst;
But bright *Perfeda's* beauty stops my tongue.

Marshal.

Why, sirs, why face to face express you not
The treasons you reveal'd to *Soliman*?

Witness.

That very day *Erastus* went from hence,
He sent for me into his cabinet,
And for that man that is of my profession.

Erastus.

I never saw them I until this day.

Witness.

His cabin door fast shut, he first began
To question us of all sorts of fireworks;
Wherein when we had fully resolv'd him,
What might be done, he, spreading on the board
A huge heap of our imperial coin;
All this is yours, quoth he, if you consent,
To leave great *Soliman* and serve in *Rhodes*.

Marshal.

Why, that was treason; but onward with the rest.

Enter

Enter Piston.

Piston.

What have we here? my master before the marshal?

1 Witness.

We said not, ay, nor durst we say him, nay,
Because we were already in his gallies;
But seem'd content to fly with him to *Rhodes*:
With that he purs'd the gold, and gave it us.
The rest I dare not speak it is so bad.

Eraustus.

Heav'ns, hear you this, and drops not vengeance on
them?

2 Witnesses.

The rest, and worse will I discourse in brief:
Will you consent, quoth he, to fire the fleet,
That lies hard by us here in *Bosphoron*?
For be it spoke in secret here, quoth he,
Rhodes must no longer bear the *Turkish* yoke:
We said, the task might easily be perform'd,
But that we lack'd such drugs to mix with powder,
As were not in his gallies to be got:
At this he leap'd for joy, swearing and promising,
That our reward should be redoubled:
We came aland not minding to return,
And as our duty, and allegiance bound us,
We made all known unto great *Soliman*;
But ere we could summon him aland,
His ships were past a kenning from the shore:
Belike, he thought we had betray'd his treasons.

Marshal.

That all is true, that here you have declar'd,
Both lay your hands upon the alcoran.

1 Witness.

Foul death betide me, if I swear not true.

2 Witnesses.

And mischief light on me, if I swear false.

Soliman.

Soliman.

Mischief and death shall light upon you both.

Marshal.

Erastus, thou see'st what witness hath produc'd against thee :

What answer'st thou unto their accusation ?

Erastus.

That these are *Sinons*, and myself poor *Troy*.

Marshal.

Now it resteth, I appoint thy death ;
Wherein thou shalt confess, I'll favour thee,
For that thou wert belov'd of *Soliman* :
Thou shalt forthwith be bound unto that post,
And strangled as our *Turkish* order is.

Piston.

Such favour send all *Turks*, I pray God.

Erastus.

I see, this train was plotted ere I came :
What boots complaining where's no remedy ?
Yet give me leave, before my life shall end,
To moan *Perfeda*, and accuse my friend.

Soliman.

O unjust *Soliman* ! o wicked time !
Where filthy lust must murder honest love.

Marshal.

Despatch, for our time limited is past.

Erastus.

Alas, how can he but be short, whose tongue
Is fast ty'd with galling sorrow ? —
Farewel, *Perfeda* ; no more but that for her : —
Inconstant *Soliman*, no more but that for him : —
Unfortunate *Erastus*, no more but that for me :
Lo, this is all ; and thus I leave to speak.

[Then they strangle him.]

Piston.

Marry, sir, this is a fair warning for me to get me gone.

[Exit Piston.]

Soliman.

Soliman.

O, save his life, if it be possible;
 I will not lose him for my kingdom's worth. —
 Ah, poor *Erastus*, art thou dead already?
 What bold presumer durst be so resolved,
 For to bereave *Erastus'* life from him,
 Whose life to me was dearer than mine own?
 Was't thou? — and thou? — Lord marshal, bring them
 hither;

And at *Erastus'* hand let them receive
 The stroke of death, whom they have spoil'd of life. —
 What, is thy hand too weak? then mine shall help
 To send them down to everlasting night,
 To wait upon thee through eternal shade;
 Thy soul shall not go mourning hence alone: —
 Thus die, and thus; for thus you murder'd him.

[*Then he kills the two Janisaries, that kill'd Erastus.*

But, soft; methinks, he is not satisfied:
 'The breath doth murmur softly from his lips,
 And bids me kill those bloody witnesses,
 By whose treachery *Erastus* died: —
 Lord marshal, hale them to the tower's top,
 And throw them headlong down into the valley;
 So let their treasons with their lives have end.

1 *Witness.*

Yourself procur'd us.

2 *Witness.*

Is this our hire?

[*Then the Marshal bears them to the tower top.*

Soliman.

Speak not a word; lest, in my wrathful fury,
 I doom you to ten thousand direful torments: —
 And, *Brusor*, see *Erastus* be inter'd
 With honour in a kingly sepulchre: —
 Why, when, lord *Marshal*? great *Hector's* son,
 Although his age did plead for innocence,
 Was sooner tumbled from the fatal tower,

Than

Than are those perjur'd wicked witnesses.

[Then they are both tumbled down.]

Why now *Erastus*' ghost is satisfied :

Ay, but yet the wicked judge survives,

By whom *Erastus* was condemn'd to die. —

Brusor, as thou lov'st me stab in the *Marshal*,

Lest he detect us unto the world,

By making known our bloody practices ;

And then will thou and I hoist sail to *Rhodes*,

Where thy *Lucina*, and my *Perseda* lives.

Brusor.

I will, my lord : — Lord *Marshal*, it is his highness'
pleasure,

That you commend him to *Erastus*' soul.

[Then he kills the Marshal.]

Soliman.

Here ends my dear *Erastus*' tragedy,

And now begins my pleasant comedy :

But if *Perseda* understand these news,

Our scene will prove but tragicomical.

Brusor.

Fear not, my lord, *Lucina* plays her part,

And woos apace in *Soliman*'s behalf.

Soliman.

Then, *Brusor*, come ; and with some few men

Let's sail to *Rhodes* with all convenient speed :

For, till I fold *Perseda* in mine arms,

My troubled ears are deaf'd with love's alarms. [Exeunt.]

Enter Perseda, Lucina, and Basilisco.

Perseda.

Now, signior *Basilisco*, which like you,

The *Turkish*, or our nation best ?

Basilisco.

That which your ladyship will have me like.

Lucina.

I am deceiv'd, but you were circumcised.

VOL. II.

S

Basilisco.

Basilisco.

Indeed, I was a little cut in the porpuse.†

Perseda.

What means made you to steal back to *Rhodes*?

Basilisco.

The mighty pinck-an-ey'd, brand-bearing god,
To whom I am so long true servitour,
When he espy'd my weeping floods of tears
For your depart, he bad me follow him:
I follow'd him; he with his firebrand
Parted the seas, and we came over dryshod.

Lucina.

A matter not unlikely: but how chance,
Your *Turkish* bonnet is not on your head?

Basilisco.

Because I now am *Christian* again,
And that by natural means; for, as
The old canon says very prettily,
Nibil est tam naturale, quod eo modo colligatum est,
And so forth: so I became a *Turk* to follow her,
To follow her, am now return'd a *Christian*.

Enter Piston.

Piston.

O lady, and mistress, weep and lament,
And wring your hands; for my master
Is condemn'd, and executed.

Lucina.

Be patient, sweet *Perseda*; the fool but jests.

Perseda.

Ah, no; my nightly dreams foretold me this,
Which, foolish woman! fondly I neglected.—
But say, what death died my poor *Erastus*?

Piston.

Nay, God be prais'd, his death was reasonable;
He was but strangled.

† *porpuse. sic.*

Perseda.

Perfeda.

But strangled! ah, double death to me:
But say, wherefore was he condemn'd to die?

Piston.

For nothing but high treason.

Perfeda.

What treason, or by whom was he condemn'd?

Piston.

'Faith, two great knights of the post swore upon
The alcoran that he would have fir'd the *Turks* fleet.

Perfeda.

Was *Brusor* by?

Piston.

Ay.

Perfeda.

And *Soliman*?

Piston.

No; but I saw where he stood,
To hear, and see the matter well convey'd.

Perfeda.

Accursed *Soliman*! profane alcoran! —
Lucina, came thy husband to this end,
To lead a lamb unto the slaughter-house?
Hast thou for this in *Soliman's* behalf,
With cunning words tempted my chastity?
Thou shalt abide for both your treacheries. —
It must be so, — *Basilisco*, dost thou love me? speak.

Basilisco.

Ay, more than I love either life or soul:
What, shall I stab the emperour for thy sake?

Perfeda.

No, but *Lucina*; if thou lov'st me, kill her.

[*Then Basilisco takes a dagger, and feels upon the
point of it.*]

Basilisco.

The point will mar her skin.

Perfeda.

What, dar'st thou not? give me the dagger then.
There's a reward for all thy treasons past.

[Then *Perfeda* kills *Lucina*.]

Basilisco.

Yet dare I bear her hence, to do thee good.

Perfeda.

No; let her lie, a prey to rav'ning birds;
Nor shall her death alone suffice for his,
Rhodes now shall be no longer *Soliman's*:
We'll fortify our walls, and keep the town,
In spite of proud, insulting *Soliman*.
I know the lecher hopes to have my love;
And first, *Perfeda* shall with this hand die,
Than yield to him, and live in infamy.

[*Exeunt. Manet Basilisco*

Basilisco.

I will ruminat: Death, which the poets
Feign to be pale and meagre, hath depriv'd
Eraſtus' trunk from breathing vitality,
A brave cavalier, but my approved foeman.
Let me ſee: where is that *Alcides*, ſurnam'd *Hercules*,
The only club-man of his time? dead.
Where is the eldeſt ſon of *Priam*,
That *Abraham-colour'd Trojan*? dead.
Where is the leader of the myrmidons,
That well-knit *Achilles*? dead.
Where is that furious *Ajax*, the ſon of *Telamon*,
Or that fraudulent ſquire of *Ithaca*, 'yclep'd *Ulyſſes*? dead,
Where is tipſy *Alexander*, that great cup-conquerour,
Or *Pompey*, that brave warrior? dead.
I am myſelf ſtrong, but, I confeſs
Death to be ſtronger: I am valiant, but mortal;
I am adorned with nature's gifts,
A giddy goddeſs, that now giveth and anon taketh;
I am wiſe, but quiddits will not answer death:
To conclude in a word; to be captious, virtuous, in
genious,

Or

Or to be nothing when it pleaseth death to be envious.
 The great *Turk*, whose seat is *Constantinople*,
 Hath beleaguer'd *Rhodes*, whose chieftain is a woman;
 I could take the rule upon me;
 But the shrub is safe, when the cedar shaketh:
 I love *Perfeda*, as one worthy;
 But I love *Basilisco*, as one I hold more worthy,
 My father's son, my mother's solace, my proper self.
 'Faith, he can do little, that cannot speak;
 And he can do less, that cannot run away:
 Then fith man's life is as a glass, and a fillip may crack it,
 Mine is no more, and a bullet may pierce it:
 'Therefore I will play least in fight. [Exit.

Enter Soliman, Brusor, with Janisaries.

Soliman.

The gates are shut; which proves, that *Rhodes* revolts,
 And that *Perfeda* is not *Soliman's*. —
 Ah, *Brusor*, see where thy *Lucina* lies,
 Butcher'd despitefully without the walls.

Brusor.

Unkind *Perfeda*, couldst thou use her so?
 And yet we us'd *Perfeda* little better.

Soliman.

Nay, gentle *Brusor*, stay thy tears a while,
 Lest with thy woes thou spoil my comedy,
 And all too soon be turn'd to tragedies.
 Go, *Brusor*, bear her to thy private tent,
 Where we at leisure will lament her death,
 And with our ¹ tears bewail her obsequies;
 For yet *Perfeda* lives for *Soliman*. —
 Drum, sound a parley: — Were it not for her
 I would sack the town, ere I would sound a parley.

[The drum sounds a parley.

[*Perfeda* comes upon the walls in man's apparel.
Basilisco, and *Piston*, upon the walls.

1 her

Perfeda.

Perfeda.

At whose entreaty is this parley founded?

Soliman.

At our entreaty, therefore yield the town.

Perfeda.

Why, what art thou, that boldly bid'st me yield?

Soliman.

Great *Soliman*, lord of all the world.

Perfeda.

Thou art not lord of all, *Rhodes* is not thine.

Soliman.

It was, and shall be, maugre who says no.

Perfeda.

I that say no, will never see it thine.

Soliman.

Why, what art thou that dar'st resist my force?

Perfeda.

A gentleman, and thy mortal enemy,
And one that dares thee to the single combat.

Soliman.

First tell me, doth *Perfeda* live, or no?

Perfeda.

She lives to see the wreck of *Soliman*.

Soliman.

Then I will combat thee, whate'er thou art.

Perfeda.

And in *Eraustus*' name I'll combat thee;

And here I promise thee on my *Christian* faith,

Then will I yield *Perfeda* to thy hands,

That, if thy strength shall overmatch my right,

To use, as to thy liking it shall seem best:

But ere I come to enter single fight,

First, let my tongue utter my heart's despite;

And thus my tale begins: Thou wicked tyrant!

Thou murderer! accursed homicide!

For whom hell gapes, and all the ugly fiends

Do wait for to receive thee in their jaws!

Ah, perjur'd, and inhuman *Soliman*!

How could thy heart harbour a wicked thought,

Against the spotless life of poor *Erastus*?
 Was he not true? 'would thou hadst been as just!
 Was he not valiant? 'would thou hadst been as virtuous!
 Was he not loyal? 'would thou hadst been as loving!
 Ah, wicked tyrant! in that one man's death
 Thou hast betray'd the flower of *Christendom*.
 Dy'd he, because his worth obscured thine?
 In slaught'ring him thy virtues are defam'd;
 Didst thou misdo him, in hope to win *Perfeda*?
 Ah, foolish man, therein thou art deceiv'd:
 For though she live, yet will she ne'er live thine;
 Which to approve, I'll come to combat thee.

Soliman.

Injurious, foul-mouth'd knight, my wrathful arm
 Shall chastise, and rebuke these injuries.

[*Then Perfeda comes down to Soliman, and Basilisco
 and Piston.*

Piston.

Ay, but hear you, are you so foolish to fight with him?

Basilisco.

Ay, firra; why not, as long as I stand by?

Soliman.

I'll not defend *Erastus*' innocence,
 But thee in maintaining *Perfeda*'s beauty.

[*Then they fight, Soliman kills Perfeda.*

Perfeda.

Ay, now I lay *Perfeda* at thy feet;
 But with thy hand first wounded to the death:
 Now shall the world report, that *Soliman*
 Slew *Erastus* in hope to win *Perfeda*,
 And murder'd her for loving of her husband.

Soliman.

What, my *Perfeda*! all that have I done:
 Yet kiss me, gentle love, before thou die.

Perfeda.

A kiss I grant thee, though I hate thee deadly.

Soliman.

I lov'd thee dearly, and accept thy kiss:
 Why didst thou love *Erastus* more than me?

Or

Or, why didst thou not give *Soliman* a kiss
Ere this unhappy time? then hadst thou liv'd.

Bafilisco.

Ah, let me kiss thee too before I die.

[*Then Soliman kills Bafilisco.*

Soliman.

Nay, die thou shalt for thy presumption,
For kissing her whom I do hold so dear.

Piston.

I will not kiss her, sir, but give me leave
To weep over her; for, while she lived,
She lov'd me dearly, and I loved her.

Soliman.

If thou didst love her, villain, as thou said'st,
Then wait on her thorough eternal night. —

[*Then Soliman kills Piston.*

Ah, *Perfeda*, how shall I mourn for thee?
Fair springing rose, ill-pluck'd before thy time!
Ah, heav'ns that hitherto have smil'd on me,
Why do you unkindly lower on *Soliman*?
The loss of half my realms, nay crown's decay
Could not have prick'd so near unto my heart,
As doth the loss of my *Perfeda's* life:
And with her life I likewise lose my love;
And with her love my heart's felicity:
Ev'n for *Eraftus'* death the heav'ns have plagued me;
Ah, no, the heav'ns did never more accurse me,
Than when they made me butcher of my love:
Yet justly how can I condemn myself,
When *Brusor* lives that was the cause of all? —
Come, *Brusor*, help to lift her body up:
Is she not fair?

Brusor.

Ev'n in the hour of death.

Soliman.

Was she not constant?

Brusor.

As firm as are the poles whereon heav'n lies.

Soliman.

Soliman.
Was she not chaste?

Brusor.
As is *Pandora*, or *Diana's* thoughts.

Soliman.
Then tell me, (his treasons set aside,)

What was *Erastus* in thy opinion?

Brusor.
Fair-spoken, wise, courteous, and liberal;

Kind, even to his foes, gentle and affable;

And, all in all, his deeds heroical.

Soliman.
Ah! was he so? how durst thou then, ungracious

counsellor,

First cause me murder such a worthy man,

And after tempt so virtuous a woman?

Be this therefore the last that e'er thou speak. —

Janisaries, take him straight unto the block;

Off with his head, and suffer him not to speak.

[*Exit Brusor.*]

And now, *Perfeda*, here I lay me down,

And on thy beauty still contemplate,

Until mine eyes shall surfeit by my gazing:

But stay, let me see what paper is this.

[*Then he takes up a paper, and reads in it as followeth.*]

Tyrant, my lips were sauc'd † with deadly poison,

To plague thy heart that is so full of poison,

What, am I poison'd? — Then, *Janisaries*,

Let me see *Rhodes* recover'd ere I die: —

Soldiers, assault the town on ev'ry side;

Spoil all, kill all; let none escape your fury. —

[*Sound an alarum to the fight.*]

Say, *Captain*, is *Rhodes* recovered again?

Captain.

It is, my lord, and stoops to *Soliman*.

Soliman.

Yet that alays the fury of my pain

Before I die, for doubtless die I must ;
 Ay, fates, injurious fates have so decreed :
 For now I feel the poison 'gins to work,
 And I am weak, ev'n to the very death ;
 Yet something more contentedly I die,
 For that my death was wrought by her devise,
 Who, living, was my joy, whose death my wo. —
 Ah, *Janisaries*, now dies your emperour,
 Before his age hath seen his mellow'd years ;
 And, if you ever lov'd your emperour,
 Affright me not with sorrows and laments :
 And, when my soul from body shall depart,
 Trouble me not ; but let me pass in peace,
 And in your silence let your love be shown :
 My last request, for I command no more,
 Is, that my body with *Perseda's* be
 Inter'd, where my *Erastus* lies intomb'd,
 And let one epitaph contain us all. —
 Ah, now I feel, the paper told me true ;
 The poison is dispers'd through ev'ry vein,
 And boils, like *Ætna*, in my frying guts. —
 Forgive me, dear *Erastus*, my unkindness ;
 I have reveng'd thy death with many deaths :
 And, sweet *Perseda*, fly not *Soliman*,
 When as my gliding ghost shall follow thee
 With eager mood thorough eternal night. —
 And now pale death sits on my panting soul,
 And with revenging ire doth tyrannize,
 And says, — For *Soliman's* too much amiss,
 This day shall be the period of my blifs.

[*Then Soliman dies, and they carry him forth with
 silence.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Chorus.

Fortune.

I gave *Erastus* wo and misery
 Amidst his greatest joy and jollity.

Love.

Love.

But I that have power in earth and heav'n above,
Stung them both with never-failing love.

Death.

But I bereft them both of love and life.

Love.

Of life, but not of love; for ev'n in death
Their souls are knit; though bodies be disjoin'd:
Thou didst but wound their flesh, their minds are free,
Their bodies buried, yet they honour me.

Death.

Hence, foolish *Fortune*, and thou, wanton *Love*;
Your deeds are trifles, mine of consequence.

Fortune.

I give world's happiness, and wo's increase.

Love.

By joining persons, I increase the world.

Death.

By wasting all, I conquer all the world:
And now to end our difference at last,
In this last act note but the deeds of *Death*.
Where is *Erastus* now, but in my triumph?
Where are the murderers, but in my triumph?
Where's judge, and witness, but in my triumph?
Where's false *Lucina*, but in my triumph?
Where's fair *Perseda*, but in my triumph?
Where's *Basilisco*, but in my triumph?
Where's faithful *Piston*, but in my triumph?
Where's valiant *Brusor*, but in my triumph?
And where's great *Soliman*, but in my triumph?
Their loves and fortune ended with their lives,
And they must wait upon the car of death.
Alack, *Love*, and *Fortune*, play in comedies;
For powerful *Death* best fitteth tragedies.

Love.

I go, yet *Love* shall never yield to *Death*.

[Exit *Love*.

Death.

Death.

But *Fortune* shall; for when I waste the world,
Then times and kingdoms *Fortunes* shall decay.

Fortune.

Meantime will *Fortune* govern as she may.

[Exit *Fortune*.]

Death.

Ay, now will *Death* in his most haughty pride,
Fetch his imperial car from deepest hell,
And ride in triumph through the wicked world:
Sparing none but sacred *Cynthia's* friend,
Whom *Death* did fear before her life began:
For holy fates have grav'n it in their tables,
That *Death* shall die, if he attempt her end,
Whose life is heav'n's delight, and *Cynthia's* friend.

[Exit.]

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

Death.

[Exit *Love*.]

Death.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
FERREX AND PORREX,
SET FORTH WITHOUT
ADDITION OR ALTERATION
BUT ALTOGETHER AS THE SAME WAS
SHOWED ON STAGE
BEFORE THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY,
ABOUT NINE YEARS PAST,
VIZ.
THE 18. DAY OF JANUARY. 1561.
BY THE GENTLEMEN OF THE INNER-TEMPLE.

THE
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BEFORE THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY,

ABOUT NINE YEARS PAST,

VIZ.

THE 16. DAY OF JANUARY. 1591.

BY THE GENTLEMEN OF THE INTER-TRADE.

PRINTED BY J. B. AT THE PRESS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

THE TRAGEDY OF FERREX AND PORREX,

Or, as it is usually called,

G O R B O D U C, —

—in point of antiquity, claims precedence of any in this volume: the omission of it in its proper place was owing to an unforeseen accident. To suppress entirely a play, that was esteemed by the wits of the age in which it was written the best of its time, would be unpardonable. There needs no other testimony of its merit than that of Sir Philip Sydney: "Our Tragedies and comedies," says that noble author in his Defence of Poësie, "not without cause cried out against, observing rules neither of honest civilitie, nor skilfull poetrie. Excepting Gorboduck, which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches, and well sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his stile, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtaine the very end of Poësie: Yet in truth, it is verie defectious in the circumstances, which grieves me, because it might not remaine as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faultie both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporall actions." It is here to be observed, that few authors of later ages have strictly conformed themselves to the unities. After him, Mr. Rymer in his Short View of Tragedy, page 84, says, Gorboduc is a fable, doubtless better turned for tragedy than any on this side the Alps in his time; and might have been a better direction to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson than any guide they have had the luck to follow. Mr. Pope, extracting the sense of both these criticks, dispenses it in the following words: "The writers of the succeeding age might have improved as much in other respects, by copying from him a propriety in the sentiments, and dignity in the sentences, and an unaffected perspicuity of style, which are so essential to tragedy, and which all the succeeding poets, not excepting Shakespeare himself, either little understood, or perpetually neglected." To which Mr. Spence adds, that 'tis no wonder, if the language of kings and statesmen should be less happily imitated by a poet than a privy-counsellor.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding the concurrent testimony of these writers, Gorboduc has we might say sunk into oblivion, owing, no doubt, to the inaccuracies, and capital blunders of spurious copies. Though the authors themselves gave a correct edition of this play in 1571, yet every subsequent editor printed from the spurious copy of 1565; of which the authors make heavy complaint in the advertisement prefixed to their own edition: which is preserved in the Bodleian library, and is here presented to the reader.

THE P. TO THE READER.

WHERE this tragedy was for furniture of part of the grand *Christmas* in the *Inner-Temple* first written about nine years ago by the right honourable *Thomas*, now lord *Buckburst*, and by *T. Norton*, and after showed before her majesty, and never intended by the authors thereof to be published: yet one *W. G.* getting a copy thereof at some young man's hand that lacked a little money and much discretion, in the last great plague, *an.* 1565. about five years past, while the said Lord was out of *England*, and *T. Norton* far out of *London*, and neither of them both made privy, put it forth exceedingly corrupted: even as if by means of a broker or hire, he should have enticed into his house a fair maid and done her villany, and after all to bescratched her face, torn her apparel, berayed and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of doors dishonested. In such plight after long wandering she came at length home to the sight of her friends, who scant knew her but by a few tokens and marks remaining. They, the authors I mean, though they were very much displeased that she so ran abroad without leave, whereby she caught her shame, as many wantons do, yet seeing the case as it is remediless, have for common honesty and shamefacedness new apparelled, trimmed and attired her in such form as she was before. In which better form since she hath come to me, I have harboured her for her friends sake and her own; and I do not doubt, her parents the authors will not now be discontent that she go abroad among you, good readers, so it be in honest company. For she is by my encouragement and others somewhat less ashamed of the dishonesty done to her because it was by fraud and force. If she be welcome among you, and gently entertained, in favour of the house from whence she is descended, and of her own nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her friends will thank you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproached with her former mishap, or quarrelled at by envious persons, she,

poor gentlewoman, will surely play *Lucrece's* part, and of herself die for shame; and I shall wish, that she had tarried still at home with me, where she was welcome: for she did never put me to more charge, but this one poor black gown lined with white that I have now given her to go abroad among you withal.



THE ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDY.

GORBODUC, king of Britain, divided his realm in his life time to his sons, FERREX and PORREX: the sons fell to dissention: the younger killed the elder: the mother that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger: the people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew both father and mother: the nobility assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels: and afterwards, for want of issue of the prince whereby the succession of the crown became uncertain, they fell to civil war, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

*The Order of the Dumb Show before the
First Act, and the Signification thereof.*

FIRST the musick of violins began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wild men clothed in leaves; of whom the first bare in his neck a faggot of small sticks, which they all, both severally and together, assayed with all their strengths to break, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them plucked out one of the sticks and brake it; and the rest plucking out all the other sticks one after another, did easily break them, the same being severed; which, being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the musick ceased. Hereby was signified, that a state knit in unity, doth continue strong against all force; but being divided, is easily destroyed. As befell upon duke *Gorbuduc* dividing his land to his two sons, which he before held in monarchy, and upon the dissention of the brethren to whom it was divided.

The NAMES of the SPEAKERS.

GORBODUC, *King of Great Britain.*

VIDENA, *Queen, and Wife to King GORBODUC.*

FERREX, *Elder Son to King GORBODUC.*

PORREX, *Younger Son to King GORBODUC.*

CLOYTON, *Duke of Cornwall.*

FERGUS, *Duke of Albany.*

MANDUD, *Duke of Loegrís.*

GWENARD, *Duke of Cumberland.*

EUBULUS, *Secretary to the King.*

AROSTUS, *a Counsellor to the King.*

DORDAN, *a Counsellor assigned by the King to his
Eldest Son FERREX.*

PHILANDER, *A Counsellor assigned by the King to his
Youngest Son PORREX. Both being of the Old King's
Council before.*

HERMON, *a Parasite, remaining with FERREX.*

TYNDAR, *a Parasite, remaining with PORREX.*

NUNTIUS, *a Messenger of the Elder Brother's Death.*

NUNTIUS, *a Messenger of Duke FERGUS' rising in
Arms.*

MARCELLA, *a Lady, of the Queen's Privy Chamber.*

CHORUS, *Four Ancient and Sage Men of Britain.*



THE
TRAGEDY
OF
FERREX AND PORREX.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Viden. Ferrex.

Viden.

THE silent night that brings the quiet pause,
From painful travels of the weary day,
Prolongs my careful thoughts, and makes me blame
The slow *Aurore*, that so for love or shame
Doth long delay to show her blushing face;
And now the day renews my grievful plaint.

Ferrex.

My gracious lady and my mother dear,
Pardon my grief for your so grieved mind,
To ask what cause tormenteth so your heart.

Viden.

So great a wrong, and so unjust despite,
Without all cause, against all course of kind!

Ferrex.

Such causeless wrong and so unjust despite,
May have redress, or at the least, revenge.

Viden.

Neither, my son; such is the froward will,
The person such, such my mishap and thine.

Ferrex.

Mine know I none, but grief for your distress.

Viden.

Yes; mine for thine, my son: a father? no:
In kind a father, not in kindliness.

Ferrex.

My father? why? I know nothing at all,
Wherein I have misdona unto his grace.

Viden.

Therefore, the more unkind to thee and me;
For, knowing well, my son, the tender love
That I have ever born and bear to thee,
He, griev'd thereat, is not content alone
To spoil thee of my sight, my chiefest joy,
But thee, of thy birthright, and heritage,
Causeless, unkindly, and in wrongful wise,
Against all law and right he will bereave:
Half of his kingdom he will give away.

Ferrex.

To whom?

Viden.

Ev'n to *Porrex* his younger son;
Whose growing pride I do so fore suspect,
That being rais'd to equal rule with thee,
Methinks I see his envious heart to swell,
Fill'd with disdain and with ambitious hope.
The end the gods do know, whose altars I
Full oft have made in vain, of cattle slain
To send the sacred smoke to heaven's throne,
For thee my son; if things do so succeed,
As now my jealous mind misdeemeth fore.

Ferrex.

Ferrex.

Madam, leave care and careful plaint for me!
Just hath my father been to every wight :
His first injustice he will not extend
To me, I trust, that give no cause thereof ;
My brother's pride shall hurt himself, not me.

Viden.

So grant the gods ! But yet thy father so
Hath firmly fixed his unmoved mind,
That plaints and prayers can no whit avail ;
For those have I assay'd, but even this day,
He will endeavour to procure assent
Of all his council to his fond devise.

Ferrex.

Their ancestors from race to race have born
True faith to my forefathers and their seed :
I trust, they eke will bear the like to me.

Viden.

There resteth all ; but if they fail thereof,
And if the end bring forth an ill success,
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,
And so I pray the gods requite it them !
And so they will, for so is wont to be.
When lords and trusted rulers under kings,
To please the present fancy of the prince,
With wrong transpose the course of governance,
Murders, mischief, or civil sword at length,
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,
When right-succeeding line returns again,
By *Jove's* just judgment and deserved wrath,
Brings them to cruel and reproachful death,
And roots their names and kindreds from the earth.

Ferrex.

Mother, content you, you shall see the end.

Viden.

The end ? thy end I fear, *Jove* end me first !

ACT I. SCENE II.

Gorbobuc, Aroftus, Philander, Eubulus.

Gorboduc.

My lords, whose grave advice and faithful aid
 Have long upheld my honour and my realm,
 And brought me to this age from tender years,
 Guiding fo great estate with great renown,
 Now more importeth me, than erft, to ufe
 Your faith and wifdom, whereby yet I reign;
 That when by death my life and rule fhall ceafe,
 The kingdom yet may with unbroken courfe,
 Have certain prince, by whofe undoubted right,
 Your wealth and peace may ftand in quiet ftay:
 And eke that they, whom nature hath prepar'd
 In time to take my place in princely feat,
 While in their father's time their pliant youth
 Yields to the frame of fhilful governance,
 May fo be taught and train'd in noble arts,
 As what their fathers which have reign'd before
 Have with great fame derived down to them,
 With honour they may leave unto their feed;
 And not be thought for their unworthy life,
 And for their lawlefs fwerving out of kind,
 Worthy to lofe what law and kind them gave:
 But that they may preferve the common peace,
 The caufe that firft began and ftill maintains
 The lineal courfe of kings inheritance.
 For me, for mine, for you, and for the ftate,
 Whereof both I and you have charge and care,
 Thus do I mean to ufe your wonted faith
 To me and mine, and to your native land.
 My lords, be plain, without all wry refpect,
 Or poisonous craft to fpeak in pleafing wife,
 Left as the blame of ill fucceeding things
 Shall light on you, fo light the harms alfo.

Aroftus.

Aroftus.

Your good acceptance fo, moft noble king,
 Of fuch our faithfulnefs, as heretofore
 We have employ'd in duties to your grace,
 And to this realm whofe worthy head you are,
 Well proves that neither you miftruff at all,
 Nor we fhall need in boasting wife to fhew
 Our truth to you, nor yet our wakeful care
 For you, for yours, and for our native land.
 Wherefore, o king, I fpeak as one for all,
 Sith all as one do bear you egal faith:
 Doubt not to ufe our counfels and our aids
 Whofe honours, goods, and lives, are whole avow'd
 To ferve, to aid, and to defend your grace.

Gorboduc.

My lords, I thank you all. This is the cafe:
 Ye know, the gods, who have the fovereign care
 For kings, for kingdoms, and for commonweals,
 Gave me two fons in my more lufly age,
 Who now in my decaying years are grown
 Well towards riper ftate of mind and ftrength,
 To take in hand fome greater princely charge.
 As yet they live, and fpend their hopeful days,
 With me and with their mother here in court:
 Their age now asketh other place and trade,
 And mine alfo doth afk another change;
 Theirs to more travail, mine to greater eafe.
 When fatal death fhall end my mortal life,
 My purpofe is to leave unto them twain
 The realm divided in two fundry parts:
 The one, *Ferrex* mine elder fon fhall have,
 The other, fhall the younger *Porrex* rule.
 That both my purpofe may more firmly ftand,
 And eke that they may better rule their charge,
 I mean forthwith to place them in the fame:
 That in my life they may both learn to rule,
 And I may joy to fee their ruling well.
 This is in fum, what I would have ye weigh:

First,

First, whether ye allow my whole devise,
 And think it good for me, for them, for you,
 And for our country, mother of us all:
 And if ye like it, and allow it well,
 Then for their guiding and their governance,
 Show forth such means of circumstance,
 As ye think meet to be both known and kept.
 Lo, this is all; now tell me your advice.

Aroftus.

And this is much, and asketh great advice;
 But for my part, my sovereign lord and king,
 This do I think: Your majesty doth know,
 How under you in justice and in peace,
 Great wealth and honour long we have enjoy'd;
 So as we can not seem with greedy minds
 To wish for change of prince or governance:
 But if we like your purpose and devise,
 Our liking must be deemed to proceed
 Of rightful reason, and of heedful care,
 Not for ourselves, but for the common state,
 Sith our own state doth need no better change:
 I think in all as erst your grace hath said.
 First, when you shall unload your aged mind
 Of heavy care and troubles manifold,
 And lay the same upon my lords your sons,
 Whose growing years may bear the burden long,
 (And long I pray the gods to grant it so)
 And in your life while you shall so behold
 Their rule, their virtues, and their noble deeds,
 Such as their kind behighteth to us all;
 Great be the profits that shall grow thereof,
 Your age in quiet shall the longer last,
 Your lasting age shall be their longer stay:
 For cares of kings, that rule as you have rul'd
 For publick wealth and not for private joy,
 Do waste man's life, and hasten crooked age
 With furrow'd face and with enfeebled limbs,
 To draw on creeping death a swifter pace.

They

They two yet young, shall bear the parted reign
With greater ease, than one, now old, alone,
Can wield the whole, for whom much harder is
With lessen'd strength the double weight to bear.
Your eye, your counsel, and the grave regard
Of father, yea of such a father's name,
Now at beginning of their sunder'd reign
When is the hazard of their whole success,
Shall bridle so their force of youthful heats,
And so restrain the rage of insolence
Which most assails the young and noble minds,
And so shall guide and train in temper'd stay
Their yet green bending wits with reverent awe,
As now inur'd with virtues at the first,
Custom, o king, shall bring delightfulness.
By use of virtue, vice shall grow in hate ;
But if you so dispose it, that the day
Which ends your life, shall first begin their reign,
Great is the peril, what will be the end,
When such beginning of such liberties
Void of such stays as in your life do lye,
Shall leave them free to random of their will,
An open prey to traiterous flattery,
The greatest pestilence of noble youth :
Which peril shall be past, if in your life,
Their temper'd youth with aged father's awe
Be brought in ure of skilful stayedness ;
And in your life, their lives disposed so,
Shall length your noble life in joyfulness.
Thus think I that your grace hath wisely thought,
And that your tender care of common weal,
Hath bred this thought, /so to divide your land,
And plant your sons to bear the present rule,
While you yet live to see their ruling well,
That you may longer live by joy therein.
What further means behooveful are and meet,
At greater leisure may your grace devise,
When all have said ; and when we be agreed

If this be best to part the realm in twain,
 And place your sons in present government:
 Whereof as I have plainly said my mind,
 So would I hear the rest of all my lords.

Philander.

In part I think as hath been said before,
 In part again my mind is otherwise.
 As for dividing of this realm in twain,
 And lotting out the same in egal parts,
 To either of my lords your grace's sons,
 That think I best for this your realm's behoof,
 For profit and advancement of your sons,
 And for your comfort and your honour eke:
 But so to place them while your life do last,
 To yield to them your royal governance,
 To be above them only in the name
 Of father, not in kingly state also,
 I think not good for you, for them, nor us.
 This kingdom since the bloody civil field,
 Where *Morgan* slain did yield his conquer'd part
 Unto his cousin's sword in *Camberland*,
 Containeth all that whilome did suffice
 Three noble sons of your forefather *Brute*:
 So your two sons, it may suffice also;
 The more the stronger, if they gree in one:
 The smaller compass that the realm doth hold
 The easier is the sway thereof to wield;
 The nearer justice to the wronged poor,
 The smaller charge, and yet enough for one.
 And when the region is divided so
 That brethren be the lords of either part,
 Such strength doth nature knit between them both,
 In sundry bodies by conjoined love,
 That not as two, but one of doubled force,
 Each is to other as a sure defence;
 The nobleness and glory of the one,
 Doth sharp the courage of the other's mind
 With virtuous envy to contend for praise:

And

And such an egalness hath nature made,
 Between the brethren of one father's seed,
 As an unkindly wrong it seems to be,
 To throw the brother subject under feet
 Of him, whose peer he is by course of kind:
 And nature that did make this egalness,
 Oft so repineth at so great a wrong,
 That oft she raiseth up a grudging grief
 In younger brethren at the elder's state:
 Whereby both towns and kingdoms have been rased,
 And famous stocks of royal blood destroyed:
 The brother, that should be the brother's aid,
 And have a wakeful care for his defence,
 Gapes for his death, and blames the ling'ring years
 That draw not forth his end with faster course;
 And oft impatient of so long delays,
 With hateful slaughter he prevents the fates,
 And heaps a just reward for brother's blood,
 With endless vengeance on his stock for aye.
 Such mischiefs here are wisely met withal;
 If egal state may nourish egal love,
 Where none hath cause to grudge at other's good.
 But now the head to stoop beneath them both,
 Ne kind, ne reason, ne good order bears.
 And oft it hath been seen, where nature's course
 Hath been perverted in disorder'd wise,
 When fathers cease to know that they should rule,
 The children cease to know they should obey:
 And often over-kindly tenderness,
 Is mother of unkindly stubbornness.
 I speak not this in envy or reproach,
 As if I grudg'd the glory of your sons,
 Whose honour I beseech the gods increase:
 Nor yet as if I thought there did remain
 So filthy cankers in their noble breasts,
 Whom I esteem (which is their greatest praise)
 Undoubted children of so good a king;
 Only I mean to show by certain rules,

Which

Which kind hath graft within the mind of man,
 That nature hath her order and her course,
 Which, being broken, doth corrupt the state
 Of minds and things ev'n in the best of all.
 My lords, your sons may learn to rule of you;
 Your own example in your noble court,
 Is fittest guider of their youthful years.
 If you desire to see some present joy
 By sight of their well ruling in your life,
 See them obey, so shall you see them rule:
 Whofo obeyeth not with humbleness,
 Will rule with outrage and with insolence.
 Long may they rule, I do beseech the gods;
 But long may they learn, ere they begin to rule.
 If kind and fates would suffer, I would wish
 Them aged princes and immortal kings.
 Wherefore, most noble king, I well assent,
 Between your sons that you divide your realm,
 And as in kind, so match them in degree:
 But while the gods prolong your royal life,
 Prolong your reign; for thereto live you here,
 And therefore have the gods so long forbore
 To join you to themselves, that still you might
 Be prince and father of our common weal:
 They, when they see your children ripe to rule,
 Will make them room, and will remove you hence,
 That yours in right ensuing of your life
 May rightly honour your immortal name.

Eubulus.

Your wonted true regard of faithful hearts,
 Makes me, o king, the bolder to presume
 To speak what I conceive within my breast;
 Although the same do not agree at all
 With that which other here my lords have said,
 Nor which yourself have seemed best to like.
 Pardon I crave, and that my words be deem'd
 To flow from hearty zeal unto your grace,
 And to the safety of your common weal.

To

To part your realm unto my lords your sons,
 I think not good for you, ne yet for them,
 But worst of all, for this our native land:
 Within one land, one single rule is best:
 Divided reigns do make divided hearts;
 But peace preserves the country and the prince.
 Such is in man the greedy mind to reign,
 So great is his desire to climb aloft,
 In worldly stage the stateliest parts to bear,
 That faith and justice and all kindly love
 Do yield unto desire of sovereignty,
 Where egal state doth raise an egal hope
 To win the thing that either would attain.
 Your grace remembereth how in passed years,
 The mighty *Brute*, first prince of all this land,
 Possess'd the same and rul'd it well in one:
 He, thinking that the compass did suffice,
 For his three sons three kingdoms eke to make,
 Cut it in three, as you would now in twain:
 But how much *British* blood hath since been spilt,
 To join again the sunder'd unity?
 What princes slain before their timely hour?
 What waste of towns and people in the land?
 What treasons heap'd on murders and on spoils?
 Whose just revenge ev'n yet is sca cely ceased,
 Ruthful remembrance is yet raw in mind.
 The gods forbid the like to chance again:
 And you, o king, give not the cause thereof.
 My lord *Ferrex* your elder son, perhaps
 Whom kind and custom gives a rightful hope
 To be your heir and to succeed your reign,
 Shall think that he doth suffer greater wrong
 Than he perchance will bear, if power serve.
Porrex the younger, so uprais'd in state,
 Perhaps in courage will be rais'd also.
 If flattery then, which fails not to assail
 The tender minds of yet unskilful youth,
 In one shall kindle and increase disdain,

And envy in the other's heart inflame,
 This fire shall waste their love, their lives, their land,
 And ruthless ruin shall destroy them both.
 I wish not this, o king, so to befall,
 But fear the thing, that I do most abhor.
 Give no beginning to so dreadful end;
 Keep them in order and obedience;
 And let them both by now obeying you,
 Learn such behaviour as beseems their state;
 The elder, mildness in his governance,
 The younger, a yielding contentedness;
 And keep them near unto your presence still,
 That they, restrained by the awe of you,
 May live in compass of well temper'd stay,
 And pass the perils of their youthful years.
 Your aged life draws on to feeble time,
 Wherein you shall less able be to bear
 The travails that in youth you have sustain'd,
 Both in your presence and your realm's defence.
 If planting now your sons in further parts,
 You send them further from your present reach,
 Less shall you know how they themselves demean:
 Traiterous corrupters of their pliant youth,
 Shall have unspied a much more free access;
 And if ambition and inflam'd disdain
 Shall arm the one, the other, or them both,
 To civil war, or to usurping pride,
 Late shall you rue that you ne reck'd before.
 Good is, I grant, of all to hope the best,
 But not to live still dreadless of the worst.
 So trust the one, that th' other be foreseen.
 Arm not unskilfulness with princely power;
 But you that long have wisely rul'd the reins
 Of royalty within your noble realm,
 So hold them, while the gods for our avails
 Shall stretch the thread of your prolonged days.
 Too soon he clamb, into the flaming car,
 Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire.

Time and example of your noble grace
 Shall teach your sons both to obey and rule ;
 When time hath taught them, time shall make them place,
 The place that now is full : and so I pray
 Long it remain, to comfort of us all.

Gorboduc.

I take your faithful hearts in thankful part :
 But sith I see no cause to draw my mind,
 To fear the nature of my loving sons,
 Or to misdeem that envy or disdain
 Can there work hate, where nature planteth love ;
 In one self purpose do I still abide :
 My love extendeth egally to both,
 My land sufficeth for them both also.

Humber it all part the marches of their realms :

The southern part the elder shall possess,
 The northern shall *Porrex* the younger rule.

In quiet I will pass mine aged days,
 Free from the travail and the painful cares
 That hasten age upon the worthiest kings.
 But lest the fraud that ye do seem to fear
 Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender youth,
 And writhe them to the ways of youthful lust,
 To climbing pride, or to revenging hate,
 Or to neglecting of their careful charge,
 Lewdly to live in wanton recklessness,
 Or to oppressing of the rightful cause,
 Or not to wreak the wrongs done to the poor,
 To tread down truth, or favour false deceit ;
 I mean to join to either of my sons
 Some one of those whose long approved faith
 And wisdom tried, may well assure my heart :
 That mining fraud shall find no way to creep
 Into their fensed ears with grave advise.
 This is the end ; and so I pray you all,
 To bear my sons the love and loyalty
 That I have found within your faithful breasts.

Aroftus.

You, nor your fons, our fovereign lord, fhall want
Our faith and fervice while our lives do laft.

C H O R U S.

When fettled ftay doth hold the royal throne
In ftedfaft place by known and doubtlefs right,
And chiefly when defcent on one alone
Makes fingle and unparted reign to light;
Each change of courfe unjoints the whole eftate,
And yields it thrall to ruin by debate.

The ftrength that knit by faft accord in one,
Againft all foreign power of mighty foes,
Could of itfelf defend itfelf alone,
Disjoined once, the former force doth lofe.
The fticks, that funder'd brake fo foon in twain,
In faggot bound attempted were in vain.

Oft tender mind that leads the partial eye
Of erring parents in their children's love,
Destroys the wrongly loved child thereby:
This doth the proud fon of *Apollo* prove,
Who, rafhly fet in chariot of his fire,
Inflam'd the parched earth with heaven's fire.

And this great king, that doth divide his land,
And change the courfe of his descending crown,
And yields the reign into his childrens hand;
From blifsful ftate of joy and great renown,
A mirror fhall become to princes all,
To learn to fhun the caufe of fuch a fall.

The

*The Order and Signification of the Dumb
Show before the Second Act.*

FIRST the musick of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage a king accompanied with a number of his nobility and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chair of estate prepared for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman and offered up a cup unto him of wine in a glafs, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lusty young gentleman and presents the king with a cup of gold filled with poison, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell down dead upon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his lords and gentlemen, and then the musick ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glafs by nature holdeth no poison, but is clear and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any art: so a faithful counsellor holdeth no treason, but is plain and open, ne yieldeth to any undiscreet affection, but giveth wholesome counsel, which the ill-advised prince refuseth. The delightful gold filled with poison betokeneth flattery, which under fair seeming of pleasant words beareth deadly poison, which destroyeth the prince that receiveth it. As befell in the two brethren *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, who, refusing the wholesome advice of grave counsellors, credited these young parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction thereby.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Ferrex, Hermon, Dordan.

Ferrex.

I Marvel much what reason led the king
My father, thus without all my desert,
To reave me half the kingdom, which by course
Of law and nature should remain to me.

Hermon.

If you with stubborn and untamed pride
Had stood against him in rebelling wise,
Or if with grudging mind you had envied
So slow a sliding of his aged years,
Or sought before your time to haste the course
Of fatal death upon his royal head,
Or stain'd your stock with murder of your kin;
Some face of reason might perhaps have seem'd
To yield some likely cause to spoil ye thus.

Ferrex.

The wreakful gods pour on my cursed head
Eternal plagues and never dying woes,
The hellish prince adjudge my damned ghost
To *Tantale's* thirst, or proud *Ixion's* wheel,
Or cruel gripe¹ to gnaw my growing heart,
To during torments and unquenched flames;
If ever I conceiv'd so foul a thought,
To wish his end of life, or yet of reign.

Dordan:

Ne yet your father, o most noble prince,
Did ever think so foul a thing of you:
For he, with more than father's tender love,
While yet the fates do lend him life to rule,

¹ *gripe*, sic. *Quære*, *grife* for *griffin*, or *vulture*.

(Who long might live to see your ruling well)
 To you, my lord, and to his other son,
 Lo, he resigns his realm and royalty ;
 Which never would so wise a prince have done,
 If he had once misdeem'd, that in your heart
 There ever lodged so unkind a thought.
 But tender love, my lord, and settled trust
 Of your good nature, and your noble mind,
 Made him to place you thus in royal throne,
 And now to give you half his realm to guide ;
 Yea, and that half which in abounding store
 Of things that serve to make a wealthy realm,
 In stately cities, and in fruitful soil,
 In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,
 In things of needful use, which friendly sea
 Transports by traffick from the foreign parts,
 In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,
 Doth pass the double value of the part
 That *Porrex* hath allotted to his reign.
 Such is your case, such is your father's love.

Ferrex.

Ah love, my friends ? love wrongs not whom he loves.

Dordan.

Ne yet he wrongeth you, that giveth you
 So large a reign, ere that the course of time
 Bring you to kingdom by descended right,
 Which time perhaps might end your time before.

Ferrex.

Is this no wrong, say you, to reave from me
 My native right of half so great a realm ?
 And thus to match his younger son with me
 In egal pow'r, and in as great degree ?
 Yea, and what son ? the son whose swelling pride
 Would never yield one point of reverence,
 When I the elder and apparent heir
 Stood in the likelihood to possess the whole ;
 Yea, and that son which from his childish age
 Envieth mine honour, and doth hate my life.
 What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,

The mindful malice of his grudging heart,
Is arm'd with force, with wealth, and kingly state?

Hermon.

Was this not wrong? Yea ill-advised wrong,
To give so mad a man so sharp a sword,
To so great peril of so great mishap,
Wide open thus to set so large a way?

Dordan.

Alas, my lord, what grievous thing is this,
That of your brother you can think so ill?
I never saw him utter likely sign
Whereby a man might see or once misdeem
Such hate of you, ne such unyielding pride:
Ill is their counsel, shameful be their end,
That, raising such mistrustful fear in you,
Sowing the seed of such unkindly hate,
Travail by treason to destroy you both.
Wife is your brother and of noble hope,
Worthy to wield a large and mighty realm;
So much a stronger friend have you thereby,
Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in one.

Hermon.

If nature and the gods had pinched so
Their flowing bounty, and their noble gifts
Of princely qualities from you, my lord,
And pour'd them all at once in wasteful wise
Upon your father's younger son alone;
Perhaps there be, that in your prejudice
Would say that birth should yield to worthiness:
But sith in each good gift and princely art
Ye are his match, and in the chief of all
In mildness and in sober governance
Ye far surmount; and sith there is in you
Sufficing skill and hopeful towardness
'To wield the whole, and match your elder's praise:
I see no cause why ye should lose the half,
Ne would I wish you yield to such a loss:
Lest your mild sufferance of so great a wrong

Be deemed cowardishe and simple dread,
 Which shall give courage to the fiery head
 Of your young brother to invade the whole.
 While yet therefore sticks in the people's mind
 The loathed wrong of your disheritance ;
 And ere your brother have by settled power,
 By guileful cloak of an alluring show,
 Got him some force and favour in the realm ;
 And while the noble queen your mother lives,
 To work and practice all for your avail ;
 Attempt redress by arms, and wreak yourself
 Upon his life that gaineth by your loss,
 Who now to shame of you, and grief of us,
 In your own kingdom triumphs over you :
 Show now your courage meet for kingly state,
 That they which have avow'd to spend their goods,
 Their lands, their lives, and honours in your cause,
 May be the bolder to maintain your part
 When they do see that coward fear in you
 Shall not betray ne fail their faithful hearts.
 If once the death of *Porrex* end the strife,
 And pay the price of his usurped reign,
 Your mother shall persuade the angry king,
 The lords your friends eke shall appease his rage ;
 For they be wise, and well they can foresee
 That ere long time your aged father's death
 Will bring a time when you shall well requite
 Their friendly favour, or their hateful spite,
 Yea, or their slackness to avauce your cause.
 " Wise men do not so hang on passing state
 " Of present princes, chiefly in their age,
 " But they will further cast their reaching eye,
 " To view and weigh the times and reigns to come.
 Ne is it likely, though the king be wroth,
 That he yet will, or that the realm will bear
 Extreme revenge upon his only son :
 Or if he would, what one is he that dare
 Be minister to such an enterprise ?

And

And here you be now placed in your own,
 Amid your friends, your vassals and your strength:
 We shall defend and keep your person safe;
 Till either counsel turn his tender mind,
 Or age, or sorrow end his weary days.
 But if the fear of gods, and secret grudge
 Of nature's law, repining at the fact,
 Withhold your courage from so great attempt,
 Know ye, that lust of kingdoms hath no law,
 The gods do bear and well allow in kings
 The things that they abhor in rascal routs.
 "When kings on slender quarrels run to wars,
 "And then in cruel and unkindly wise,
 "Command thefts, rapes, murders of innocents,
 "The spoil of towns, ruins of mighty realms;
 "Think you such princes do suppose themselves
 "Subject to laws of kind, and fear of gods?
 Murders, and violent thefts in private men,
 Are heinous crimes and full of foul reproach:
 Yet none offence, but deck'd with glorious name
 Of noble conquests in the hands of kings.
 But if you like not yet so hot devise,
 Ne list to take such vantage of the time,
 But, though with peril of your own estate,
 You will not be the first that shall invade;
 Assemble yet your force for your defence,
 And for your safety stand upon your guard.

Dardan.

O heaven! was there ever heard or known
 So wicked counsel to a noble prince?
 Let me, my lord, disclose unto your grace
 This heinous tale, what mischief it contains;
 Your father's death, your brother's, and your own,
 Your present murder, and eternal shame.
 Hear me, o king, and suffer not to sink
 So high a treason in your princely breast.

Ferrex.

Ferrex.

The mighty gods forbid, that ever I
 Should once conceive such mischief in my heart.
 Although my brother hath bereft my realm,
 And bear perhaps to me an hateful mind,
 Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?
 Or shall I so destroy my father's life
 That gave me life? the gods forbid, I say;
 Cease you to speak so any more to me.
 Ne you, my friend, with answer once repeat
 So foul a tale: in silence let it die.
 What lord or subject shall have hope at all
 That under me they safely shall enjoy
 Their goods, their honours, lands, and liberties,
 With whom, neither one only brother dear,
 Ne father dearer, could enjoy their lives?
 But sith I fear my younger brother's rage,
 And sith perhaps some other man may give
 Some like advice, to move his grudging head
 At mine estate, which counsel may perchance
 Take greater force with him, than this with me;
 I will in secret so prepare myself,
 As, if his malice or his lust to reign
 Break forth in arms or sudden violence,
 I may withstand his rage, and keep mine own.

Derdan.

I fear the fatal time now draweth on
 When civil hate shall end the noble line
 Of famous *Brute*, and of his royal seed: —
 Great *Jove*, defend the mischiefs now at hand!
 O that the secretary's wife advice
 Had erst been heard, when he besought the king
 Not to divide his land, nor send his sons
 To further parts from presence of his court,
 Ne yet to yield to them his governance.
 Lo, such are they now in the royal throne
 As was rash *Phaeton* in *Phœbus'* car;
 Ne then the fiery steeds did draw the flame

With

With wilder random through the kindled skies,
 Than traiterous counsel now will whirl about
 The youthful heads of these unskilful kings.
 But I hereof their father will inform;
 The reverence of him perhaps shall stay
 The growing mischiefs, while they yet are green:
 If this help not, then wo unto themselves,
 The prince, the people, the divided land!

ACT II. SCENE II.

Porrex, Tindar, Philander.

Porrex.

And is it thus? and doth he so prepare
 Against his brother as his mortal foe?
 And now while yet his aged father lives?
 Neither regards he him? nor fears he me?
 War would he have? and he shall have it so.

Tyndar.

I saw myself the great prepared store
 Of horse, of armour, and of weapon there;
 Ne bring I to my lord reported tales,
 Without the ground of seen and searched truth.
 Lo, secret quarrels run about his court
 To bring the name of you, my lord, in hate.
 Each man almost can now debate the cause
 And ask a reason of so great a wrong,
 Why he so noble and so wise a prince
 Is, as unworthy, rest his heritage?
 And why the king, misled by crafty means,
 Divided thus his land from course of right?
 The wiser sort hold down their grievous heads;
 Each man withdraws from talk and company

Of those that have been known to favour you:
 To hide the mischief of their meaning there,
 Rumours are spread of your preparing here.
 The rascal numbers of unskilful sort,
 Are fill'd with monstrous tales of you and yours.
 In secret I was counsell'd by my friends,
 To haste me thence, and brought you, as you know,
 Letters from those that both can truly tell,
 And would not write unless they knew it well.

Philander.

My lord, yet ere you move unkindly war,
 Send to your brother to demand the cause:
 Perhaps some traiterous tales have fill'd his ears
 With false reports against your noble grace;
 Which once disclos'd, shall end the growing strife,
 That else not stay'd with wise foresight in time,
 Shall hazard both your kingdoms and your lives:
 Send to your father eke, he shall appease
 Your kindled minds, and rid you of this fear.

Porrex.

Rid me of fear? I fear him not at all;
 Ne will to him, ne to my father send.
 If danger were for one to tarry there,
 Think ye it safety to return again?
 In mischiefs, such as *Ferrex* now intends,
 The wonted courteous laws to messengers
 Are not observ'd, which in just war they use.
 Shall I so hazard any one of mine?
 Shall I betray my trusty friends to him,
 That have disclos'd his treason unto me?
 Let him entreat that fears, I fear him not:
 Or shall I to the king my father send?
 Yea, and send now while such a mother lives
 That loves my brother and that hateth me?
 Shall I give leisure, by my fond delays,
 To *Ferrex* to oppress me all unaware?

I will

I will not; but I will invade his realm,
 And seek the traitor-prince within his court.
 Mischief for mischief is a due reward.
 His wretched head shall pay the worthy price
 Of this his treason and his hate to me.
 Shall I abide, and treat, and fend, and pray,
 And hold my yelden throat to traitor's knife,
 While I with valiant mind and conquering force
 Might rid myself of foes, - and win a realm?
 Yet rather, when I have the wretch's head,
 Then to the king my father will I send.
 The bootless case may yet appease his wrath:
 If not, I will defend me as I may.

Philander.

Lo, here the end of these two youthful kings!
 The father's death! the ruin of their realms!
 "O most unhappy state of counsellors
 "That light on so unhappy lords and times,
 "That neither can their good advice be heard,
 "Yet must they bear the blames of ill success.
 But I will to the king their father haste,
 Ere this mischief come to the likely end,
 That if the mindful wrath of wreakful gods
 Since mighty *Iliion's* fall, not yet appeas'd
 With these poor remnants of the *Trojan* name,
 Have not determin'd by unmoved fate
 Out of this realm to raze the *British* line;
 By good advice, by awe of father's name,
 By force of wiser lords, this kindled hate
 May yet be quench'd, ere it consume us all.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

When youth not bridled with a guiding stay,
Is left to random of their own delight,
And wields whole realms, by force of sovereign sway,
Great is the danger of unmaster'd might,
Lest skilless rage throw down with headlong fall
Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves and all.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling breast,
And greedy lust doth raise the climbing mind,
O, hardly may the peril be repress'd ;
Ne fear of angry gods, ne laws of kind,
Ne country's care can fired hearts restrain,
When force hath armed envy and disdain.

When kings of foreset will neglect the rede
Of best advice, and yield to pleasing tales,
That do their fancy's noisome humour feed,
Ne reason, nor regard of right avails :
Succeeding heaps of plagues shall reach too late,
To learn the mischiefs of misguided state.

Foul fall the traitor false, that undermines
The love of brethren, to destroy them both !
Wo to the prince that pliant ear inclines,
And yields his mind to poisonous tale that floweth
From flattering mouth ! and wo to wretched land,
That wastes itself with civil sword in hand !

Lo thus it is, poison in gold to take,
And wholesome drink in homely cup forsake.

*The Order and Signification of the Dumb
Show before the Third Act.*

FIRST the musick of flutes began to play, during which came in upon the stage a company of mourners all clad in black, betokening death and sorrow to ensue upon the ill-advised misgovernment and dissention of brethren, as befell upon the murder of *Ferrex* by his younger brother. After the mourners had passed thrice about the stage, they departed, and then the musick ceased.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Gorboduc, Eubulus, Aroftus, Philander, Nuntius.

Gorboduc.

O Cruel fates, o mindful wrath of gods,
 Whose vengeance neither *Simois'* itained streams
 Flowing with blood of *Trojan* princes slain,
 Nor *Pbrygian* fields made rank with corpses dead
 Of *Asian* kings and lords, can yet appease;
 Ne slaughter of unhappy *Priam's* race,
 Nor *Iliion's* fall made level with the soil,
 Can yet suffice: but still continued rage
 Pursues our lines, and from the farthest seas
 Doth chase the issues of destroyed *Troy*.
 "O, no man happy till his end be seen."
 If any flowing wealth and seeming joy
 In present years might make a happy wight,
 Happy was *Hecuba*, the wofullest wretch
 That ever liv'd to make a mirror of;
 And happy *Priam* with his noble sons;
 And happy I, till now alas, I see
 And feel my most unhappy wretchedness.
 Behold, my lords, read ye this letter here;
 Lo, it contains the ruin of our realm,
 If timely speed provide not hasty help.
 Yet, o ye gods, if ever woful king
 Might move ye kings of kings, wreak it on me
 And on my sons, not on this guiltless realm:
 Send down your wasting flames from wrathful skies,
 To reave me and my sons the hateful breath.
 Read, read, my lords; this is the matter why
 I call'd ye now to have your good advice.

*The Letter from Dordan the Counsellor of the
Elder Prince.*

[*Eubulus readeth the letter.*

MY sovereign lord, what I am loath to write
But loathest am to see, that I am forced
By letters now to make you understand.
My lord *Ferrex*, your eldest son, misled
By traitorous fraud of young untemper'd wits,
Assembleth force against your younger son;
Ne can my counsel yet withdraw the heat
And furious pangs of his inflamed head.
Disdain, saith he, of his disinheritance,
Arms him to wreak the great pretended wrong
With civil sword upon his brother's life.
If present help do not restrain this rage,
This flame will waste your sons, your land, and you.

Your Majesty's faithful and most humble Subject,

Dordan.

Arostus.

O king, appease your grief and stay your plaint:
Great is the matter and a woful case;
But timely knowledge may bring timely help.
Send for them both unto your presence here:
The reverence of your honour, age, and state,
Your grave advice, the awe of father's name,
Shall quickly knit again this broken peace.
And if in either of my lords your sons
Be such untamed and unyielding pride,
As will not bend unto your noble hefts;
If *Ferrex* the elder son can bear no peer,
Or *Porrex* not content, aspires to more
Than you him gave, above his native right;
Join with the juster side, so shall you force
Them to agree, and hold the land in stay.

Eubulus.

Eubulus.

What meaneth this? Lo, yonder comes in haste
Philander from my lord your younger son.

Gorboduc.

The gods send joyful news!

Philander.

The mighty *Jove*
Preserve your majesty, o noble king.

Gorboduc.

Philander, welcome; but how doth my son?

Philander.

Your son, sir, lives; and healthy I him left:
But yet, o king, the want of lustful health
Could not be half so grievous to your grace,
As these most wretched tidings that I bring.

Gorboduc.

O heavens, yet more? not end of woes to me?

Philander.

Tyndar, o king, came lately from the court
Of *Ferrex*, to my lord your younger son,
And made report of great prepared store
For war, and saith that it is wholly meant
Against *Porrex*, for high disdain that he
Lives now a king, and equal in degree
With him that claimeth to succeed the whole,
As by due title of descending right.

Porrex is now so set on flaming fire,
Partly with kindled rage of cruel wrath,
Partly with hope to gain a realm thereby,
That he in haste prepareth to invade
His brother's land, and with unkindly war
Threatens the murder of your elder son;
Ne could I him persuade, that first he should
Send to his brother to demand the cause;
Nor yet to you, to stay this hateful strife.
Wherefore, sith there no more I can be heard,
I come myself now to inform your grace,

And to beseech you, as you love the life
 And safety of your children and your realm,
 Now to employ your wisdom and your force,
 To stay this mischief ere it be too late.

Gorboduc.

Are they in arms? would he not send to me?
 Is this the honour of a father's name?
 In vain we travail to assuage their minds:
 As if their hearts, whom neither brother's love,
 Nor father's awe, nor kingdom's cares, can move,
 Our councils could withdraw from raging heat.
Jove slay them both, and end the cursed line!
 For though, perhaps, fear of such mighty force
 As I, my lords, joined with your noble aids,
 May yet raise, shall repress their present heat;
 The secret grudge and malice will remain,
 The fire not quench'd, but kept in close restraint,
 Fed still within, breaks forth with double flame:
 Their death and mine must 'pease the angry gods.

Philander.

Yield not, o king, so much to weak despair:
 Your sons yet live; and long, I trust, they shall.
 If fates had taken you from earthly life,
 Before beginning of this civil strife,
 Perhaps your sons in their unmaster'd youth,
 Loose from regard of any living wight,
 Would run on headlong, with unbridled race,
 To their own death, and ruin of this realm.
 But sith the gods, that have the care for kings,
 Of things and times dispose the order so,
 That in your life this kindled flame breaks forth,
 While yet your life, your wisdom, and your pow'r,
 May stay the growing mischief, and repress
 The fiery blaze of their unkindled heat;
 It seems, and so ye ought to deem thereof,
 That loving *Jove* hath temper'd so the time

Of this debate to happen in your days,
 That you yet living may the same appease,
 And add it to the glory of your latter age,
 And they your sons may learn to live in peace.
 Beware, o king, the greatest harm of all,
 Left by your wailful plaints your hastened death
 Yield larger room unto their growing rage:
 Preserve your life, the only hope of stay.
 And if your highness herein list to use
 Wisdom or force, council or knightly aid,
 Lo we, our persons, pow'rs, and lives are yours:
 Use us till death; o king, we are your own.

Eubulus.

Lo here the peril that was erst foreseen,
 When you, o king, did first divide your land,
 And yield your present reign unto your sons.
 But now, o noble prince, now is no time
 To wail and plain, and waste your woful life;
 Now is the time for present good advice.
 Sorrow doth dark the judgment of the wit.
 "The heart unbroken, and the courage free
 "From feeble faintness of bootless despair,
 "Doth either rise to safety or renown
 "By noble valour of unvanquish'd mind;
 "Or yet doth perish in more happy sort.
 Your grace may send to either of your sons
 Some one both wise and noble personage,
 Which with good counsel, and with weighty name
 Of father, shall present before their eyes
 Your heft, your life, your safety and their own,
 The present mischief of their deadly strife:
 And in the while, assemble you the force
 Which your commandment, and the speedy haste
 Of all my lords here present can prepare.
 The terrour of your mighty pow'r shall stay
 The rage of both, or yet of one at least.

Nuntius.

O king, the greatest grief that ever prince did hear,
That ever woful messenger did tell,
That ever wretched land hath seen before,
I bring to you: *Porrex* your younger son,
With sudden force invaded hath the land
That you to *Ferrex* did allot to rule;
And with his own most bloody hand he hath
His brother slain, and doth possess his realm.

Gorboduc.

O heav'ns! send down the flames of your revenge,
Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakful fire,
The traitor son, and then the wretched fire!
But let us go, that yet perhaps I may
Die with revenge, and please the hateful gods.

C H O R U S.

The lust of kingdom knows no sacred faith,
No rule of reason, no regard of right,
No kindly love, no fear of heaven's wrath:
But with contempt of gods, and man's despite,
Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the ways
To fatal sceptre, and accursed reign:
The son so loaths the father's ling'ring days,
Ne dreads his hand in brother's blood to stain.
O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet record
The yet fresh murders done within the land
Of thy forefathers, when the cruel sword
Bereft *Morgan* his life with cousin's hand?
Thus fatal plagues pursue the guilty race,
Whose murderous hand, imbru'd with guiltless blood,
Asks vengeance still before the heaven's face,
With endless mischiefs on the cursed brood.

The

The wicked child thus brings to woful fire
The mournful plaints to waste his very life;
Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire
Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife:
And hence doth spring the well from which doth
flow
The dead black streams of mourning, plaints, and
wō.

*The Order and Signification of the Dumb
Show before the Fourth Act.*

FIRST the musick of hautboys began to play, during which there came from under the stage, as though out of hell, three furies, *Alecto*, *Megea*, and *Ctesiphone*, clad in black garments sprinkled with blood and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heads spread with serpents instead of hair, the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand, each driving before them a king and a queen, which, moved by furies, unnaturally had slain their own children. The Names of the kings and queens were these, *Tantalus*, *Medea*, *Athamas*, *Ino*, *Cambyfes*, *Althea*; after that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrice, they departed, and then the musick ceased. Hereby was signified the unnatural murders to follow; that is to say, *Porrex* slain by his own mother, and of king *Gorbuduc* and queen *Videx* killed by their own subjects.

* * * * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Viden *sola*.

Viden.

WHY should I live, and linger forth my time
 In longer life to double my distress?
 O me most woful wight, whom no mishap,
 Long ere this day could have bereaved hence.
 Mought not these hands by fortune or by fate,
 Have pierc'd this breast, and life with iron rest?
 Or in this palace here, where I so long
 Have spent my days, could not that happy hour
 Once, once have hap'd, in which these hugy frames
 With death by fall might have oppressed me?
 Or should not this most hard and cruel soil,
 So oft where I have press'd my wretched steps,
 Sometime had ruth of mine accursed life,
 To rend in twain and swallow me therein?
 So had my bones possessed now in peace
 Their happy grave within the closed ground,
 And greedy worms had gnawn this pined heart
 Without my feeling pain: so should not now
 This living breast remain the ruthful tomb
 Wherein my heart yelden to death is graved:
 Nor dreary thoughts with pangs of pining grief,
 My doleful mind had not afflicted thus.
 O my beloved son! o my sweet child!
 My dear *Ferrex*, my joy, my life's delight!
 Is my beloved son, is my sweet child,
 My dear *Ferrex*, my joy, my life's delight
 Murder'd with cruel death? O hateful wretch!
 O heinous traitor both to heaven and earth!
 Thou, *Porrex*, thou this damned deed hast wrought;
Thou,

Thou, *Porrex*, thou shalt dearly bye the same:
 Traitor to kin and kind, to fire and me,
 To thine own flesh, and traitor to thyself:
 The gods on thee in hell shall wreak their wrath,
 And here in earth this hand shall take revenge
 On thee, *Porrex*, thou false and caitif wight:
 If after blood so eager were thy thirst,
 And murd'rous mind had so possessed thee;
 If such hard heart of rock and stony flint
 Liv'd in thy breast, that nothing else could like
 Thy cruel tyrant's thought but death and blood:
 Wild savage beasts, might not their slaughter serve
 To feed thy greedy will, and in the midst
 Of their entrails to stain thy deadly hands
 With blood deserv'd, and drink thereof thy fill?
 Or if nought else but death and blood of man
 Mought please thy lust, could none in *Britain* land
 Whose heart betorn out of his panting breast
 With thine own hand, or work what death thou wouldst,
 Suffice to make a sacrifice to 'pease
 That deadly mind and murderous thought in thee?
 But he who in the selfsame womb was wrapp'd
 Where thou in dismal hour receivedst life?
 Or if needs, needs, thy hand must slaughter make,
 Moughtest thou not have reach'd a mortal wound,
 And with thy sword have pierc'd this cursed womb
 That the accursed *Porrex* brought to light,
 And given me a just reward therefore?
 So *Ferrex*, yet sweet life mought have enjoyed,
 And to his aged father comfort brought,
 With some young son in whom they both might live.
 But whereunto waste I this ruthful speech,
 To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed?
 Shall I still think that from this womb thou sprung?
 That I thee bare? or take thee for my son?
 No, traitor, no: I thee refuse for mine;
 Murderer, I thee renounce, thou are not mine:
 Never, o wretch, this womb conceived thee,

Nor never bode I painful throws for thee.
 Changeling to me thou art, and not my child,
 Nor to no wight that spark of pity knew:
 Ruthless, unkind, monster of nature's work,
 Thou never suck'd the milk of woman's breast,
 But from thy birth the cruel tiger's teats
 Have nursed thee, nor yet of flesh and blood
 Form'd is thy heart, but of hard iron wrought;
 And wild and desert woods bred thee to life.
 But canst thou hope to scape my just revenge?
 Or that these hands will not be wrooke on thee?
 Dost thou not know that *Ferrex*' mother lives,
 That loved him more dearly than herself?
 And doth she live, and is not veng'd on thee!

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Gorboduc, Aroftus, Eubulus, Porrex, Marcella.

Gorboduc.

We marvel much whereto this ling'ring stay
 Falls out so long: *Porrex* unto our court,
 By order of our letters is returned;
 And *Eubulus* receiv'd from us by hest
 At his arrival here, to give him charge
 Before our presence straight to make repair,
 And yet we have no word whereof he stays.

Aroftus.

Lo where he comes, and *Eubulus* with him.

Eubulus.

According to your highness' hest to me,
 Here have I *Porrex* brought, even in such sort
 As from his wearied horse he did alight,
 For that your grace did will such haste therein.

Gorboduc.

We like and praise this speedy will in you,
 To work the thing that to your charge we gave.

Porrex

Porrex, if we so far should swerve from kind,
 And from those bounds which law of nature sets,
 As thou hast done by vile and wretched deed,
 In cruel murder of thy brother's life;
 Our present hand could stay no longer time,
 But straight should bathe this blade in blood of thee,
 As just revenge of thy detested crime.
 No; we should not offend the law of kind,
 If now this sword of ours did slay thee here:
 For thou hast murder'd him, whose heinous death
 Even nature's force doth move us to revenge
 By blood again; and justice forceth us
 To measure death for death, thy due desert:
 Yet sithence thou art our child, and sith as yet
 In this hard case what word thou canst alledge
 For thy defence, by us hath not been heard,
 We are content to stay our will for that
 Which justice bids us presently to work;
 And give thee leave to use thy speech at full,
 If aught thou have to lay for thine excuse.

Porrex.

Neither, o king, I can or will deny,
 But that this hand from *Ferrex* life hath rest:
 Which fact how much my doleful heart doth wail,
 O! would it might as full appear to sight
 As inward grief doth pour it forth to me.
 So yet perhaps, if ever ruthful heart
 Melting in tears within a manly breast,
 Through deep repentance of his bloody fact,
 If ever grief, if ever woful man
 Might move regret with sorrow of his fault,
 I think, the torment of my mournful case
 Known to your grace, as I do feel the same,
 Would force even wrath herself to pity me.
 But as the water troubled with the mud,
 Shows not the face which else the eye should see,
 Even so your ireful mind with stirred thought
 Cannot so perfectly discern my cause.

But

But this unhap, amongst so many heaps
 I must content me with, most wretched man,
 That to myself I must reserve my wo,
 In pining thoughts of mine accursed fact,
 Since I may not show here my smallest grief,
 Such as it is, and as my breast endures,
 Which I esteem the greatest misery
 Of all mishaps that fortune now can send,
 Not that I rest in hope with plaint and tears
 To purchase life; for to the gods I clepe
 For true record of this my faithful speech;
 Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread
 To die the death that by your grace's doom,
 By just desert, shall be pronounc'd to me:
 Nor never shall this tongue once spend the speech
 Pardon to crave, or seek by suit to live.
 I mean not this, as though I were not touch'd
 With care of dreadful death, or that I held
 Life in contempt; but that I know, the mind
 Stoops to no dread, although the flesh be frail:
 And for my guilt, I yield the same so great,
 As in myself I find a fear to sue
 For grant of life.

Gorboduc.

In vain, o wretch, thou show'st
 A woful heart; *Ferrex* now lies in grave,
 Slain by thy hand.

Porrex.

Yet this, o father, hear;
 And then I end: Your majesty well knows,
 That, when my brother *Ferrex* and myself
 By your own hest were join'd in governance
 Of this your grace's realm of *Britain* land,
 I never sought nor travail'd for the same;
 Nor by myself, nor by no friend I wrought,
 But from your highness' will alone it sprung,
 Of your most gracious goodness bent to me.

But

But how my brother's heart ev'n then repin'd
 With swol'n disdain against mine egal rule,
 Seeing that realm which by descent should grow
 Wholly to him, allotted half to me?
 Ev'n in your highness' court he now remains,
 And with my brother then in nearest place,
 Who can record what proof thereof was show'd,
 And how my brother's envious heart appear'd.
 Yet I that judg'd it my part to seek
 His favour and good-will, and loath to make
 Your highness know the thing which should have
 brought

Grief to your grace, and your offence to him,
 Hoping my earnest suit should soon have won
 A loving heart within a brother's breast,
 Wrought in that sort, that for a pledge of love
 And faithful heart he gave to me his hand.
 This made me think that he had banish'd quite
 All rancour from his thought, and bare to me
 Such hearty love, as I did owe to him:
 But after once we left your grace's court,
 And from your highness' presence liv'd apart,
 This egal rule still, still, did grudge him so,
 That now those envious sparks which erst lay rak'd
 In living cinders of dissembling breast,
 Kindled so far within his heart disdain,
 That longer could he not refrain from proof
 Of secret practice to deprive me life
 By poison's force; and had bereft me so,
 If mine own servant, hired to this fact,
 And mov'd by truth with hate to work the same,
 In time had not bewray'd it unto me.
 When thus I saw the knot of love unknit,
 All honest league and faithful promise broke,
 The law of kind and truth thus rent in twain,
 His heart on mischief set, and in his breast
 Black treason hid; then, then, did I despair

That

That ever time could win him friend to me ;
 Then saw I how he smil'd with slaying knife
 Wrapp'd under cloak ; then saw I deep deceit
 Lurk in his face, and death prepar'd for me :
 Even nature mov'd me then to hold my life
 More dear to me than his, and bad this hand,
 Since by his life my death must needs ensue,
 And by his death my life to be preserv'd,
 To shed his blood, and seek my safety so ;
 And wisdom willed me, without protract,
 In speedy wise to put the same in ure.
 Thus have I told the cause that moved me
 To work my brother's death, and so I yield
 My life, my death, to judgment of your grace.

Gorboduc.

O cruel wight, should any cause prevail
 To make thee stain thy hands with brother's blood ?
 But what of thee we will resolve to do
 Shall yet remain unknown : thou in the mean
 Shalt from our royal presence banish'd be,
 Until our princely pleasure further shall
 To thee be show'd ; depart therefore our sight,
 Accursed child. — What cruel destiny,
 What froward fate hath sorted us this chance,
 That even in those where we should comfort find,
 Where our delight now in our aged days
 Should rest and be, even there our only grief
 And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
 Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow.

Aroflus.

Your grace should now, in these grave years of yours,
 Have found ere this, the price of mortal joys ;
 How short they be ; how fading here in earth ;
 How full of change ; how brittle our estate ;
 Of nothing sure, save only of the death,
 To whom both man and all the world doth owe
 Their end at last ; neither should nature's power

In other sort against your heart prevail,
 Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays
 The armed breast where force doth light in vain.

Gorboduc.

Many can yield right sage and grave advice
 Of patient sprite to others wrapp'd in wo;
 And can in speech both rule and conquer kind;
 Who if by proof they might feel nature's force,
 Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
 Which now will needs be gods. But what doth mean
 The sorry cheer of her that here doth come?

Marcella.

O, where is ruth? or where is pity now?
 Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled?
 Are they exil'd out of our stony breasts,
 Never to make return? Is all the world
 Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty?
 If not in women mercy may be found,
 If not, alas, within the mother's breast,
 To her own child, to her own flesh and blood;
 If ruth be banish'd thence; if pity there
 May have no place; if there no gentle heart
 Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?

Gorboduc.

Madam, alas, what means your woful tale?

Marcella.

O filly woman I; why to this hour
 Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my breath,
 That I should live to see this doleful day?
 Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
 Could rest within the cruel mother's breast?
 With her own hand to slay her only son?
 But out alas, these eyes beheld the same:
 They saw the dreary sight, and are becomen
 Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,
 And with her hand, a woful thing to tell,

While slumbering on his careful bed he rests,
His heart stab'd in with knife is rest of life.

Gorboduc.

O *Eubulus*, o, draw this sword of ours,
And pierce this heart with speed. O hateful light,
O loathsome life, o sweet and welcome death!
Dear *Eubulus*, work this we thee beseech.

Eubulus.

Patient your grace, perhaps he liveth yet,
With wound receiv'd, but not of certain death.

Gorboduc.

O let us then repair unto the place,
And see if *Porrex* live, or thus be slain.

Marcella.

Alas, he liveth not! it is too true,
That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twink a senseless stock I saw.

Aroslus.

O damned deed.

Marcella.

But hear his ruthful end:

The noble prince, pierc'd with the sudden wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,
Whose strength now failing, straight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes even new unclos'd
Beheld the queen, and cry'd to her for help.
We then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to cry to her for aid,
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound,
Pitying (alas, for nought else could we do)
His ruthful end, ran to the woful bed,
Despoiled straight his breast, and, all we might,
Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand
The sudden streams of blood that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound. O, what a look!

O, what

O, what a ruthful, stedfast eye, methought
 He fix'd upon my face, which to my death
 Will never part fro me! when with a braid,
 A deep fet sigh he gave, and therewithal
 Clasp'ing his hands, to heav'n he cast his sight;
 And straight pale death pressing within his face,
 The flying ghost his mortal corps forsook.

Aroftus.

Never did age bring forth so vile a fact!

Marcella.

O hard and cruel hap, that thus assigned
 Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end:
 But most hard cruel heart, that could consent
 To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
 By which, alas, so heinous crime was wrought!
 O queen of adamant! o marble breast!
 If not the favour of his comely face,
 If not his princely cheer and countenance,
 His valiant active arms, his manly breast,
 If not his fair and seemly personage,
 His noble limbs, in such proportion cast
 As would have wrap'd a silly woman's thought;
 If this mought not have mov'd thy bloody heart,
 And that most cruel hand, the wretched weapon
 Ev'n to let fall, and kiss him in the face,
 With tears for ruth to reave such one by death:
 Should nature yet consent to slay her son?
 O mother, thou to murder thus thy child?
 Ev'n *Jove* with justice mu't with lightning flames
 From heaven, send down some strange revenge on thee.
 Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld
 Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
 Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
 And with thy mistress' sleeve ty'd on thy helm,
 And charge thy staff to please thy lady's eye,
 That bow'd the head-piece of thy friendly foe?

How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace?
 How oft in arms on foot to break the sword?
 Which never now these eyes may see again.

Aroftus.

Madam, alas, in vain these plaints are shed,
 Rather with me depart, and help to fuage
 The thoughtful griefs that in the aged king
 Must needs by nature grow by death of this
 His only son, whom he did hold so dear.

Marcella.

What wight is that which saw that I did see,
 And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears?
 Not I, alas! that heart is not in me:
 But let us go, for I am griev'd anew,
 To call to mind the wretched father's wo.

C H O R U S.

When greedy lust in royal seat to reign
 Hath rest all care of gods and eke of men,
 And cruel heart, wrath, treason and disdain,
 Within ambitious breast are lodged, then
 Behold how mischief wide herself displays,
 And with the brother's hand the brother slays.

When blood thus shed doth stain the heaven's face
 Crying to *Jove* for vengeance of the deed,
 The mighty God ev'n moveth from his place
 With wrath to wreak; then sends he forth with speed
 The dreadful furies, daughters of the night,
 With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,
 With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright
 With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire:
 These for revenge of wretched murder done,
 Do make the mother kill her only son.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requite :
Jove by his just and everlasting doom,
Justly hath ever so requited it ;
The times before record, and times to come
Shall find it true, and so doth present proof
Present before our eyes for our behoof.

O happy wight, that suffers not the snare
Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood ;
And happy he, that can in time beware
By others harms, and turn it to his good :
But wo to him, that fearing not t' offend,
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

*The Order and Signification of the Dumb
Show before the Fifth Act.*

FIRST the drums and flutes began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a company of harquebusiers and of armed men, all in order of battle. These, after their pieces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drums and flutes did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, arms and civil wars to follow, as fell in the realm of *Great Britain*, which by the space of fifty years and more, continued in civil war between the nobility after the death of king *Gorboduc* and of his issues, for want of certain limitation in succession of the crown, till the time of *Dunwallo Molmutius*, who reduced the land to monarchy.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Clotyn, Mandud, Gwenard, Fergus, Eubulus.

Clotyn.

DID ever age bring forth such tyrants hearts?
 The brother hath bereft the brother's life;
 The mother she hath dy'd her cruel hands
 In blood of her own son, and now at last
 The people, lo, forgetting truth and love,
 Contemning quite both law and loyal heart,
 Ev'n they have slain their sovereign lord, and queen.

Mandud.

Shall this their traiterous crime unpunish'd rest?
 Ev'n yet they cease not, carry'd on with rage,
 In their rebellious routs, to threaten still
 A new bloodshed unto the prince's kin,
 To slay them all, and to uproot the race
 Both of the king and queen, so are they mov'd
 With *Porrex*' death, whercin they falsely charge
 The guiltless king without desert at all,
 And trait'rously have murdered him therefore,
 And eke the queen.

Gwenard.

Shall subjects dare with force
 To work revenge upon their prince's fact?
 Admit the worst that may, as sure in this
 The deed was foul, the queen to slay her son,
 Shall yet the subject seek to take the sword,
 Arise against his lord, and slay his king?
 O wretched state, where those rebellious hearts
 Are not rent out ev'n from their living breasts,
 And with the body thrown unto the fowls
 As carrion food, for terrour of the rest.

Fergus.

Fergus.

There can no punishment be thought too great
For this so grievous crime : let speed therefore
Be us'd therein, for it behoveth so.

Eubulus.

Ye all, my lords, I see, consent in one,
And I as one consent with ye in all.
I hold it more than need, with sharpest law
To punish this tumultuous bloody rage :
For nothing more may shake the common state
Than sufferance of uproars without redress ;
Whereby how some kingdoms of mighty power,
After great conquests made, and flourishing
In fame and wealth, have been to ruin brought,
I pray to *Jove* that we may rather wail
Such hap in them, than witness in ourselves.
Eke fully with the duke my mind agrees,*
Though kings forget to govern as they ought,
Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.
But now, my lords, before ye farther wade,
Or spend your speech, what sharp revenge shall fall
By justice' plague on these rebellious wights ;
Methinks, ye rather should first search the way
By which in time, the rage of this uproar
Mought be repress'd, and these great tumults ceased.
Even yet the life of *Britain* land doth hang
In traitors balance of unegal weight ;
Think not, my lords, the death of *Gorboduc*,
Nor yet *Videna's* blood will cease their rage :
Even our own lives, our wives and children dear,

* *The following lines are to be found only in the spurious copy.*

That no cause serves, whereby the subject may
Call to account the doings of his prince,
Much less in blood by sword to work revenge,
No more than may the hand cut off the head ;
In act nor speech, no not in secret thought
The subject may rebel against his lord,
Or judge of him that sits in *Cæsar's* seat,
With grudging mind to damn those he dislikes.

Our country, dear'st of all, in danger stands
Now to be spoil'd; now, now made desolate,
And by ourselves a conquest to ensue.
For, give once sway unto the people's lusts,
To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,
And as the stream that rolleth down the hill,
So will they headlong run with raging thoughts,
From blood to blood, from mischief unto moe,
To ruin of the realm, themselves and all:
So giddy are the common people's minds,
So glad of change, more wavering than the sea.
Ye see, my lords, what strength these rebels have;
What huge number is assembled still:
For though the traiterous fact for which they rose
Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in field;
So that how far their furies yet will stretch,
Great cause we have to dread. That we may seek
By present battle to repress their power,
Speed must we use to levy force therefore;
For either they forthwith will mischief work,
Or their rebellious roars forthwith will cease:
These violent things may have no lasting long.
Let us therefore use this for present help;
Persuade by gentle speech, and offer grace,
With gift of pardon, save unto the chief,
And that upon condition that forthwith
They yield the captains of their enterprise
To bear such guerdon of their traiterous fact,
As may be both due vengeance to themselves,
And wholesome terrour to posterity.
This shall, I think, scatter the greatest part
That now are holden with desire of home,
Wearied in field with cold of winter's nights,
And some, no doubt, stricken with dread of law.
When this is once proclaimed, it shall make
The captains to mistrust the multitude,
Whose safety bids them to betray their heads;
And so much more, because the rascal routs,

In things of great and perillous attempts,
 Are never trusty to the noble race.
 And while we treat and stand on terms of grace,
 We shall both stay their fury's rage the while,
 And eke gain time, whose only help sufficeth
 Withouten war to vanquish rebels power.
 In the mean while, make you in readines
 Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare :
 Horsemen, you know, are not the commons strength,
 But are the force and store of noble men,
 Whereby the unchosen and unarmed sort
 Of skilleless rebels, whom none other power
 But number makes to be of dreadful force,
 With sudden brunt may quickly be oppress'd.
 And if this gentle mean of proffer'd grace,
 With stubborn hearts cannot so far avail
 As to assuage their desp'rate courages,
 Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,
 As present age and eke posterity
 May be adrad with horroure of revenge,
 That justly then shall on these rebels fall :
 This is, my lords, the sum of mine advice.

Clotyn.

Neither this case admits debate at large ;
 And though it did, this speech that hath been said
 Hath well abridg'd the tale I would have told.
 Fully with *Eubulus* do I consent
 In all that he hath said : and if the same
 To you, my lords, may seem for best advise,
 I wish that it should straight be put in ure.

Mandud.

My lords, then let us presently depart,
 And follow this that liketh us so well.

Fergus.

If ever time to gain a kingdom here
 Were offer'd man, now it is offer'd me.
 The realm is rest both of their king and queen ;
 The offspring of the prince is slain and dead :

No issue now remains ; the heir unknown ;
The people are in arms and mutinies ;
The nobles they are busied how to cease
These great rebellious tumults and uproars ;
And *Britain* land now desert left alone,
Amid these broils uncertain where to rest,
Offers herself unto that noble heart
That will or dare pursue to bear her crown.
Shall I, that am the duke of *Albany*,
Descended from that line of noble blood,
Which hath so long flourish'd in worthy fame
Of valiant hearts, such as in noble breasts
Of right should rest above the baser sort,
Refuse to venture life to win a crown ?
Whom shall I find enemies that will withstand
My fact herein, if I attempt by arms
To seek the same now in these times of broil ?
These dukes power can hardly well appease
The people that already are in arms :
But if perhaps my force be once in field,
Is not my strength in pow'r above the best
Of all these lords now left in *Britain* land ?
And though they should match me with power of men,
Yet doubtful is the chance of battles join'd :
If victors of the field we may depart,
Ours is the sceptre then of *Great Britain* ;
If slain amid the plain this body lie,
Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,
But that I died giving the noble charge,
To hazard life for conquest of a crown.
Forthwith therefore will I in post depart
To *Albany*, and raise in armour there
All pow'r I can : and here my secret friends
By secret practise shall solicit still,
To seek to win to me the people's hearts.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Eubulus, Clotyn, Mandud, Gwenard, Aroftus, Nuntius.

Eubulus.

O *Jove*, how are these people's hearts abus'd?
 What blind fury thus headlong carries them?
 That though so many books, so many rolls
 Of ancient time, record what grievous plagues
 Light on these rebels eye, and though so oft
 Their ears have heard their aged fathers tell
 What just reward these traitors still receive,
 Yea, though themselves have seen deep death and blood,
 By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword,
 To such assign'd, yet can they not beware;
 Yet can not stay their lewd rebellious hands:
 But suffering, lo, foul treason to disdain
 Their wretched minds, forget their loyal heart,
 Reject all truth, and rise against their prince.
 A ruthless case, that those whom duty's bond,
 Whom grafted law by nature, truth, and faith,
 Bound to preserve their country and their king,
 Born to defend their commonwealth and prince;
 Ev'n they should give consent thus to subvert
 Thee, *Britain* land, and from thy womb should spring,
 O native soil, those that will needs destroy
 And ruin thee, and eke themselves in fine.
 For lo, when once the dukes had offer'd grace
 Of pardon sweet, the multitude, misled
 By traiterous fraud of their ungracious heads,
 One sort that saw the dangerous success
 Of stubborn standing in rebellious war,
 And knew the difference of prince's power
 From headless number of tumultuous routs,

Whom

Whom common country's care, and private fear,
 Taught to repent the error of their rage,
 Lay'd hands upon the captains of their band,
 And brought them bound unto the mighty dukes:
 And other sort, not trusting yet so well
 The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more
 Their own offence, than that they could conceive
 Such hope of pardon for so foul misdeed;
 Or for that they their captains could not yield,
 Who, fearing to be yielded, fled before,
 Stale home by silence of the secret night:
 The third unhappy and unraged sort
 Of desp'rate hearts, who, stain'd in princes blood,
 From traiterous furour could not be withdrawn
 By love, by law, by grace, ne yet by fear,
 By proffer'd life, ne yet by threaten'd death;
 With minds hopeless of life, dreadless of death,
 Careless of country, and awless of God,
 Stood bent to fight as furies did them move,
 With violent death to close their traiterous life.
 These all by power of horsemen were oppress'd,
 And with revenging sword slain in the field,
 Or with the strangling cord hang'd on the trees;
 Where yet their carrion carcases do preach,
 The fruits that rebels reap of their uproars,
 And of the murder of their sacred prince.
 But lo, where do approach the noble dukes,
 By whom those tumults have been thus appeas'd.

Clotyn.

I think the world will now at length beware,
 And fear to put on arms against their prince.

Mandud.

If not? those traiterous hearts that dare rebel,
 Let them behold the wide and huge fields
 With blood and bodies spread of rebels slain,
 The lofty trees clothed with the corpses dead,
 That, strangled with the cord, do hang thereon.

Aroftus.

A juft reward, fuch as all times before
Have ever 'lotted to thofe wretched folks.

Gwenard.

But what means he that cometh here fo faft ?

Nuntius.

My lords, as duty and my truth doth move,
And of my country work a care in me,
That if the fpending of my breath avail'd
To do the fervice that my heart defires,
I would not fhun to embrace a prefent death ;
So have I now in that wherein I thought
My travail mought perform fome good effect,
Ventur'd my life to bring thefe tidings here.

Fergus, the mighty duke of *Albany*,

Is now in arms, and lodgeth in the field
With twenty thoufand men ; hither he bends
His speedy march, and minds to invade the crown :
Daily he gathereth ftrength, and fpreads abroad,
That to this realm no certain heir remains,
That *Britain* land is left without a guide,
That he the fceptre feeks for nothing elfe
But to preferve the people and the land,
Which now remain as fhip without a ftern.
Lo, this is that which I have here to fay.

Clotyn.

Is this his faith ? and fhall he falſely thus
Abufe the vantage of unhappy times ?
O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,
His cruel and untemper'd wilfulnefs,
His deep difſembling ſhows of falſe pretence,
Should once attain the crown of *Britain* land !
Let us, my lords, with timely force reſiſt
The new attempt of this our common foe,
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

Mandud.

Though we remain without a certain prince
To wield the realm, or guide the wand'ring rule,

Yet

Yet now the common mother of us all,
 Our native land, our country, that contains
 Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves, and all
 That ever is or may be dear to man,
 Cries unto us to help ourselves and her.
 Let us advance our powers to repress
 This growing foe of all our liberties.

Gwenard.

Yea, let us so, my lords, with hasty speed. —
 And ye, o gods, send us the welcome death
 To shed our blood in field, and leave us not
 In loathsome life to linger out our days,
 To see the huge heaps of these unhaps
 That now roll down upon the wretched land,
 Where empty place of princely governance,
 No certain stay now left of doubtless heir,
 Thus leave this guideless realm an open prey
 To endless storms and waste of civil war.

Aroflus.

That ye, my lords, do so agree in one,
 To save your country from the violent reign
 And wrongfully usurped tyranny
 Of him that threatens conquest of you all,
 To save your realm, and in this realm yourselves
 From foreign thralldom of so proud a prince,
 Much do I praise; and I beseech the gods,
 With happy honour to requite it you.
 But o, my lords, sith now the heaven's wrath
 Hath rest this land the issue of their prince,
 Sith of the body of our late sovereign lord
 Remains no moe, since the young kings be slain,
 And of the title of descended crown
 Uncertainly the divers minds do think
 Even of the learned sort, and more uncertainly
 Will partial fancy and affection deem;
 But most uncertainly will climbing pride,
 And hope of reign, withdraw to sundry parts
 The doubtful right and hopeful lust to reign.

When

When once this noble service is atchieved
 For *Britain* land, the mother of ye all,
 When once ye have with armed force repress'd
 The proud attempts of this *Albanian* prince,
 That threatens thraldom to your native land,
 When ye shall vanquishers return from field,
 And find the princely state an open prey
 To greedy lust, and to usurping power;
 Then, then, my lords, if ever kindly care
 Of ancient honour of your ancestors,
 Of present wealth and nobles of your stocks,
 Yea, of the lives and safety yet to come
 Of your dear wives, your children, and yourselves,
 Might move your noble hearts with gentle ruth,
 Then, then, have pity on the torn estate;
 Then help to salve the wellnear hopeles fore;
 Which ye shall do, if ye yourselves withhold
 The slaying knife from your own mother's throat:
 Her shall you save, and you, and yours in her,
 If ye shall all with one assent forbear
 Once to lay hand, or take unto yourselves
 The crown, by colour of pretended right,
 Or by what other means so'er it be,
 Till first by common counsel of you all
 In parliament, the regal diadem
 Be set in certain place of governance;
 In which your parliament, and in your choice,
 Prefer the right, my lords, without respect
 Of strength or friends, or whatsoever cause
 That may set forward any other's part;
 For right will last, and wrong can not endure:
 Right, mean I his or hers, upon whose name
 The people rest by mean of native line,
 Or by the virtue of some former law
 Already made their title to advance.
 Such one, my lords, let be your chosen king;
 Such one so born within your native land;
 Such one prefer; and in no wise admit

The heavy yoke of foreign governance :
 Let foreign titles yield to publick wealth.
 And with that heart wherewith ye now prepare
 Thus to withstand the proud invading foe,
 With that same heart, my lords, keep out also
 Unnatural thraldom of strangers reign,
 Ne suffer you, against the rules of kind,
 Your mother land to serve a foreign prince.

Eubulus.

Lo, here the end of *Brutus'* royal line,
 And, lo, the entry to the woful wreck
 And utter ruin of this noble realm.
 The royal king, and eke his sons are slain ;
 No ruler rests within the regal seat ;
 The heir, to whom the sceptre longs, unknown ;
 That to each force of foreign prince's power,
 Whom vantage of our wretched state may move
 By sudden arms to gain so rich a realm ;
 And to the proud and greedy mind at home,
 Whom blinded lust to reign leads to aspire.
 Lo, *Britain* realm is left an open prey,
 A present spoil by conquest to ensue.
 Who seeth not now how many rising minds
 Do feed their thoughts with hope to reach a realm ?
 And who will not by force attempt to win
 So great a gain that hope persuades to have ?
 A simple colour shall for title serve.
 Who wins the royal crown will want no right ;
 Nor such as shall display by long descent
 A lineal race to prove him lawful king.
 In the mean while these civil arms shall rage,
 And thus a thousand mischiefs shall unfold,
 And far and near spread thee, o *Britain* land ;
 All right and law shall cease ; and he that had
 Nothing to day, to morrow shall enjoy
 Great heaps of gold ; and he that flow'd in wealth,
 Lo, he shall be bereft of life and all ;
 And happiest he that then possesseth least :

The wives shall suffer rape, the maids deflower'd,
 And children fatherless shall weep and wail;
 With fire and sword thy native folk shall perish;
 One kinsman shall bereave another's life;
 The father shall unwitting slay the son;
 The son shall slay the fire, and know it not.
 Women and maids the cruel soldiers swords
 Shall pierce to death, and silly children, lo,
 That play in the streets and fields are found,
 By violent hand shall close their latter day.
 Whom shall the fierce and bloody soldier
 Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from death?
 Ev'n thou, o wretched mother, half alive,
 Thou shalt behold thy dear and only child
 Slain with the sword, while he yet sucks thy breast.
 Lo, guiltless blood shall thus each where be shed.
 Thus shall the wasted soil yield forth no fruit,
 But dearth and famine shall possess the land.
 The towns shall be consum'd and burnt with fire;
 The peopled cities shall wax desolate;
 And thou, o *Britain*, whilom in renown,
 Whilom in wealth and fame, shall thus be torn,
 Dismember'd thus, and thus be rent in twain;
 Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed:
 These be the fruits your civil wars will bring.
 Hereto it comes, when kings will not consent
 To grave advice, but follow wilful will.
 This is the end, when in fond princes hearts
 Flattery prevails, and sage reed hath no place.
 These are the plagues, when murder is the mean
 To make new heirs unto the royal crown.
 Thus wreak the gods, when that the mother's wrath
 Nought but the blood of her own child may sue,
 These mischiefs spring, when rebels will arise
 To work revenge, and judge their prince's fact.
 This, this ensues, when noble men do fail
 In loyal troth, and subjects will be kings:
 And this doth grow, when, lo, unto the prince

Whom

Whom death or sudden hap of life bereavës,
 No certain heir remains, such certain heir,
 As not all only is the rightful heir
 But to the realm is so made known to be,
 And troth thereby vested in subjects hearts,
 To owe faith there, where right is known to rest.
 Alas, in parliament what hope can be,
 When is of parliament no hope at all?
 Which, though it be assembled by consent,
 Yet is not likely with consent to end;
 While each one for himself, or for his friend
 Against his foe, shall travail what he may.
 While now the state left open to the man
 That shall with greatest force invade the same
 Shall fill ambitious minds with gaping hope,
 When will they once with yielding hearts agree?
 Or in the while, how shall the realm be used?
 No, no; then parliament should have been holden,
 And certain heirs appointed to the crown,
 To stay the title of established right,
 And in the people plant obedience,
 While yet the prince did live, whose name and power
 By lawful summons and authority
 Might make a parliament to be of force,
 And might have set the state in quiet stay:
 But now, o happy man, whom speedy death
 Deprives of life, ne is enforc'd to see
 These huge mischiefs and these miseries,
 These civil wars, these murders, and these wrongs
 Of justice, yet must God in fine restore
 This noble crown unto the lawful heir:
 For right will always live, and rise at length,
 But wrong can never take deep root to last.

THE END OF THE TRAGEDY OF
 FERREX AND PORREX.



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