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THE TRAGEDY OF  
LOCRINE

1595

THE MALONE SOCIETY  
REPRINTS

1908

This reprint of the *Tragedy of Locrine* has been prepared by Ronald B. McKerrow and checked by the General Editor.

*Nov.* 1908.

W. W. Greg.



PR  
2862  
A1  
1908

*Lochrine* was entered on the Stationers' Register as follows :

xx<sup>o</sup> die Iulij [1594]

Entred for his Copie vnder thandes of the Wardens. The lamentable Tragedie of Lochrine, the eldest sonne of Kinge Brutus. discoursinge the warres of the Brittans &c . . . vj<sup>d</sup> Thomas Creede.

[Arber's Transcript, II. 656.]

A quarto printed by Creede himself appeared with the date 1595. The allusion in l. 2277 shows that it cannot have been published before the beginning of 38 Eliz. This fixes the date of issue between 17 Nov. 1595 and 24 March following. Of the quarto there are no less than three copies in the British Museum (C. 34. b. 28, 239. e. 32, and 80. d. 1) besides others in the Bodleian Library and at Trinity College, Cambridge. All five have been collated for the purpose of the present reprint. No variants have been observed. All alike want the first leaf, which was presumably blank. The quarto is printed in roman type of a body closely resembling modern English (20 ll. = 94 mm.).

The play was also included among the additional pieces added to the third folio of Shakespeare's works in 1664. It was printed from the quarto with certain corrections. From the third folio was printed the fourth folio in 1685. A list is given below of the chief readings in which the 1664 folio differs from the quarto. The later folio has only been quoted where there is disagreement

between the earlier folio and the quarto. Neither folio possesses independent authority.

The authorship is doubtful. There clearly exists some intimate connexion between *Lochrine* and *Selimus*, several passages being, with slight variations, common to the two plays. *Lochrine* also exhibits peculiarities of style belonging to, and lines and phrases occurring in the recognized works of, both Greene and Peele. Whoever may have been the author, the date of composition probably preceded that of publication by almost a decade. The initials W. S. on the title-page of the quarto, which later led to its inclusion among Shakespeare's works, may have been intended to connect the play with his name, though whether more than the overseership was implied is doubtful.

LIST OF IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS OF  
THE QUARTO

together with the variants of the Folio of 1664 and  
the corresponding readings of that of 1685.

F1, 1664 (B.M., 8o. l. 3); F2, 1685 (B.M., 643. m. 2);  
F indicates a reading of F1 not materially altered in F2.

Heading: *om.* lamentable and all  
after Brutus. F

1 Actus Primus. Scena  
Prima. (similarly in Latin  
throughout) F

13 scaring F

16 amid Q: among F

21 strook, F

27 scare F

34 Corineus, Q, F: F1 has  
this spelling generally in  
the first half of the play:  
F2 throughout.

38 of th' Ocean, F

49 arrogance, F

55 neare Q: ne're F

64 strangle Q: struggle F

75 mortalll Q: mortal F

84 omitted in F

87 Ancora Q, F: read Aurora

88 Sun-bright Q, F: ? read

Sun, bright

gardiant Q, F

90 word, Q: world, F

99 Corinus Q, F1: Corineus

F2: read Corineus

101 I fear'd not t'yield F

102 Cod Q: God F  
thoughts, F

105 in your Lordings F  
c. w. Thrafi- Q

112 Scareth F

115 with his Ixions Q, F: ? *om.*  
his

foone, Q: soon, F: ? *read*  
sonne,

126 Gracians Q: Grecians F:  
? *read* Gracias

137 forcit Q: forc't F

138 propound, Q, F2: pro-  
pound. F1

140 vnto Q: into F

141 Whereat F  
Corineus Q, F

149 hundred F

151 strons Q: stronds F

153 comne Q: come F

178 thofe F

181 age. Q: age: F

185 Brethren, F

195 inheritance F

200 deuolted Q: devolted F

202 Bru. But F1: Brutus. But  
F2

203 who *Q*: Who *F*  
 211 cannot now be *F*  
     my *Q*, *F*: ? read any  
 213 ?read At their own honour  
 216 my maydens *Q*: my pure  
     Maiden *F*: ? read any  
     maydens  
 240 *Iunoger*, *Q*: *Junoger*, *F*:  
     read *Innogen*,  
 242 proseed *Q*: proceed *F*  
 247 *Yoongft* *Q*: *Youngest* *F*  
 252 thoughts, *Q*: thoughts.  
     *F*  
 254 among *F*  
 256 violence, *Q*, *F*  
 260 hafteneth *F*  
 262 o're-cast *F*  
 272 ? read too too enuious  
 276 *Demagorgons* *Q*: *Dema-*  
     *gorgon's* *F*  
 278 *Lacus*. *Q*, *F*: read *Eacus*.  
 279-80 *Rhodomanth*, *Q*, *F*.  
 283 *Euridies*, *Q*: *Euridice*, *F*  
 285 made the itones, birds,  
     beasts, *F*  
 287 *Crebus*, *Q*, *F*: read *Erebus*,  
 293 *Fleithonus* *Q*, *F*: read  
     *Tithonus*  
 296 *Mars*. *Q*, *F*  
 297 *Tisiphone*. *Q*: *Tisphoen*. *F*  
 304 his coarfe, *F*  
 307 *Exeunt*. *F*  
 315 saith *Q*: *om*. *F*  
 316 *Constultations* *Q*, *F*  
     afward *Q*: arfward *F*  
 319 my moist dainty *F*  
 324-5 *Cu-prit*, *Q*: *Cuprit*, *F*  
 332 heard the voice *F*  
 336 starve *F*  
 343 worft *Q*, *F*  
 352 apparell *F*  
 369 thou hadft been *F*

406 s.d. belongs to l. 408: *F*  
     as *Q*  
 457 *Estrilo*, *Q*, *F*: read *Estrild*,  
 468 *Posthumius* *F*  
 469 pitch'd *F*  
 482 *Enthroniz'd* *F*  
 486 bays, *F*  
 491 *Astr*. *Q*: *Estr*. *F*1: *Elstr*. *F*2  
 499 *musicke* *Q*, *F*  
 502 *h* *Q*: the *F*  
 506 comforted *Q*, *F*: ? read  
     conforted  
 513 on the waves *F*  
 515 *Borras* *Q*: *Boreas* *F*  
 532 of West, *F*1: of the West,  
     *F*2  
 548 *Penthisilea* *Q*: *Pentbe-*  
     *silea* *F*  
 563 the *Q*: thee *F*  
 567 *Exeunt*. *F*  
 568 *The* 2. *Scene*. *Q*: *Scena*  
     *Tertia*. *F*  
 571, 581 *Trom*. *F*  
 573 ennie *Q*: envy *F*  
 581 compare *Q*: compare: *F*  
 587 *Trum*. *Q*: *Trum*. *F*1:  
     *Trom*. *F*2  
 611 *Cobler*: *Q*: *Cobler*. *F*  
 615 *Cathues* *Q*: *Cathnes* *F*  
 618 don *Q*, *F*  
 631 *capoutaile*, *Q*: *capontail*,  
     *F*  
 632-3 *basti-nano* *Q*: *bastin-*  
     *ado* *F*  
 645 *Ibra*. How *F*  
 689 omitted in *F*  
 697 *Troialus*, *Q*: *Troilus*, *F*  
 711 &c. *Q*: wild-fire and  
     pitch. *F*  
 719 *Ha?* *Q*: *Ha*, *F*  
 720 abominable *F*  
 721 your state. *F*

738 redifie *Q*: reedifie, F1: re-edify, F2  
 744 your store F  
 763 *Humber Q*: Humber F  
 764 *Cathuesia. Q*: *Cathnesia*, F  
 772 *Caledon, Q*: *Calcedon*, F1: *Chalcedon*, F2  
 773 encrease *Q*: encrease, F  
 774 fhelters *Q*: fhelters F  
 778 *Exit. Q*: *Exeunt*, F: ? *Exit Hubba*.  
 779 *Enter Albanact*, Clownes with him. F  
 780 *Alb.* Thou F  
 792 infolencie, *Q*: insolency, F: ? read infolence,  
 800 *The sixt Act. Q*: *Scena Sexta*, F  
 807 squadrants *Q*, F  
 809 As when . . . hundred F  
 810 hundred F  
 822 *Humb. Q*: *Humb.* F  
 833 enters . . . kills F  
 850 be their *Q*, F1: by their F2: ? read be her  
 857 *Fhæbus Q*: *Phæbus* F  
 861 ouerrun *Q*: ouerturn F  
*Caucufus, Q*: *Caucasus*, F  
 871 breathe F  
 threatenings, *Q*, F: read threatenings,  
 875 night *Q*, F: read might  
 883 fight, *Q*, F: ? read flight,  
 887 mors, *Q*: *Mors*, F  
 888 Neu'r *Q*: Ne're F  
 895 *ect Q*: *est* F  
 902 *Trumpart.* F  
 903 but I F  
 913 Cook shops F1: Cook-shops F2  
 915 screeking, *Q*, F  
 926 *om. Exeunt.* F

927 *The 8. Act. Q*: *Scena Octava*, F: read *The 7. Scene*.  
 944 for this thy F  
 967 th' *Egyptian* F  
 968 her *Q*, F: ? read his  
 997 lightning F  
 1004 traiterous F  
 1025 them *Q*, F: ? read thence  
 1036 by the wicked F  
 1039 magnanimious *Q*: magnanimous F  
 1054 *Corrineus Q*: *Corineius* F  
 1057 faires *Q*: Fairies F  
 1066 cease my F  
 1088 *Almanact. Q*: *Albanact.* F  
 1096 *Anb Q*: *And* F  
 ftrew'd F  
 1104 groves that now F  
 1105 favour F  
 1115 renowmed *Q*: renown'd F  
 1127 *Sisiphon. Q*: *Sysiphus.* F  
 1130-1 accidents Makes *Q*, F1: accidents Make F2  
 1135 *Tenidos. Q*: *Tenedos.* F  
 1156 dorth *Q*, F (*i. e.* troth)  
 1187 bridewell, *Q*: *Bridewell*, F  
 1189 your *Q*: you F  
 1214 hast undone F  
 1222 hembde *Q*: hemm'd F  
 1226 *Adament, Q*: *Adamant*, F  
 1241 your *Q*, F: ? read yon  
 1248 *Troinonant, Q*: *Troimovant*, F1: *Troinovant*, F2  
 1253-4 doubted knight, *Q*, F: read doubled night,  
 1263 unweildy F  
 1267 loofe *Q*, F1: lose F2  
 presse, F  
 1290 that they *Q*: they that F  
 1297 breathe F  
 1310 *Yea Q*: *You* F1: *Your* F2

1315	Accompaie $\mathcal{Q}$ : Accompany F	1539	quit F
1325	Cerannia, $\mathcal{Q}$ , F: read Cerannia,	1564	setled. F
1327	he had F	1576	basiliskt was hatched $\mathcal{Q}$ : Basilisk hath hatched F
1328	Poliphlemus $\mathcal{Q}$ : Poliphemus F1: Polyphemus F2	1597	om. saying F
1329	Anthropomphagie $\mathcal{Q}$ , F1: Anthropopkagie F2: ?read Antkropophagi	1598	St. How F: Str. How F2
1332	Albanacts $\mathcal{Q}$ : Albanact's F: ?read Albanactus	1609	I bin $\mathcal{Q}$ : I had been F
1340	<del>Albany.</del> $\mathcal{Q}$ : Albany. F	1629	He sits down and pulls out F
1345	ile $\mathcal{Q}$ : I'll F1: I'll F2	1646, 1647	which $\mathcal{Q}$ : Which F
1353	Then Omphale F	1648-9	voice starts up, and puts his meat F
1368	wore F	1662	rend F
1382	triumphanly, $\mathcal{Q}$ : triumphantly, F	1669	He makes F
1385	biood $\mathcal{Q}$ : blood F	1671	strikes F
1426	golden $\mathcal{Q}$ : golden Crown, F	1674	Exeunt. F
1427	sceptler $\mathcal{Q}$ : Scepter F	1691	fro $\mathcal{Q}$ , F1: from F2
1432	manortiall $\mathcal{Q}$ : mavor-tiall F	1695	wiith $\mathcal{Q}$ : with F
1433	Compast $\mathcal{Q}$ : Compact F	1702	where $\mathcal{Q}$ : Where F
1459	bee $\mathcal{Q}$ : be. F	1706	garnish $\mathcal{Q}$ : garnisht F
1462	Loc. If F	1722	felici $\mathcal{Q}$ : felici F
1465	moue $\mathcal{Q}$ : move F: ?read mone (i. e. moan)	1723	Eben malorem $\mathcal{Q}$ : Ebeu malorum F
1468	being a conquerour, F	1727	pillow-beres, F
1473	mizt $\mathcal{Q}$ : mixt F	1737	Styx, F
1477	cought. $\mathcal{Q}$ : caught. F	1741	rend F
1482	declard, $\mathcal{Q}$ : declar'd, F: ?read declare,	1744	starved F
1491	A sold. $\mathcal{Q}$ : Sold. F	1747	the accursed gods, F
1498	depriv'ist F	1749	this deathfull like life F
1503	sttiue $\mathcal{Q}$ : strive F	1761	withem feed F1: with'em feed F2
1510	thee $\mathcal{Q}$ : thec. F	1762	leave the tumbling F
1515	Better to liue, $\mathcal{Q}$ , F: ?read Better so liue, or Better to loue,	1769	Exeunt. F
1530	dead $\mathcal{Q}$ : dread F	1775	Tincriis' excestuat $\mathcal{Q}$ : Trinacriis excestuat F1: Trimacris excestuat F2
		1784	misv'rd, $\mathcal{Q}$ : misus'd, F
		1796	by $\mathcal{Q}$ : my F
		1797	to haplefs Albion, F
		1826	Guendolinas $\mathcal{Q}$ : Guendolinas F1: Guendelines F2
		1837	strooken $\mathcal{Q}$ : strucken F

1840 wert *Q*: were't F  
 1843 I'de fend F  
 1856 mean't F  
 1858 ugly F  
 1863 *þ* *Q*: that F  
 1868 vse *Q*, F: ? read rule  
 1872 om. vnto F  
 1911 om. the F  
 1917 learne *Q*: learnt F  
 1948 stands *Q*: stand F  
 1970, 2022 *Habren Q*, F (see  
 List of Characters)  
 1974 om. pettie F  
 1983 *Lac. Q*: *Locr.* F  
 2021 a fide. *Q*: *afide.* F  
 2034 don *Q*: done F  
 2048 vastall *Q*: vestal F  
 2061, 2076 *alarum.* F  
 2062 *Thrasimachus, Q*: *Thras-*  
*macus, F1: Thrasimachus,*  
*F2*  
 2075 *Simois, Q*, F: read *Simois.*  
 2078 *Traynouant Q*: *Troyno-*  
*vant F*  
 2079 Mounted with courfers F  
 withpearles, *Q*: with  
 pearles F

2084 *Guendoline F*  
 2087 curtlexe, *Q*: curtle axe,  
 F: Curtle-Axe, F2  
 2105 hastened *Q*: hastened F  
 2107 Forwell *Q*: Farewell F  
 2110 *Thrusts F*  
 2116 fortne, *Q*: fortune, F  
 2120 om. as F  
 2131 *Kills F*  
 2142 in his foul F  
 2144 Natres *Q*: Natures F  
 2157 glaine, *Q*: glain, F: read  
 glaiue,  
 2158 amliest *Q*: am left F  
 2177 adamintue *Q*: adaman-  
 tive F: read adaman-  
 tine  
 2187 corpes *Q*: corps F  
 2209 gtacious Faries *Q*: gra-  
 cious Fairies F  
 2216 what *Q*: What F  
 2223 farthest F  
 2238 thinft *Q*: think't F  
 2247 This present streame F  
 2262 vaults, *Q*: vaults, F  
 2272 see *Q*: fet F  
 2280 wold *Q*: Would F

In the quarto the headlines on the versos of B2, C2, D1, E1, F1, G1, H1, I1, and K1 have the misprint *lamentable*. The spelling of the proper names constantly varies in the folios as well as in the quarto. No attempt has been made to record such variations. Evident misprints of the folios have also been disregarded.

## LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

<p>ATE, as Chorus.          BRUTUS, King of Britain.          LOCRINE          CAMBER } his sons.          ALBANACT }          ASSARACHUS } followers of Brutus.          CORINEUS }          THRASIMACHUS, son to Corineus.          GUENDOLINE, daughter to Corineus.          DEBON, friend to Corineus.          STRUMBO, a fantastical cobbler.          TROMPART, his man.          DOROTHY, his love.          HUMBER, King of Scythia.          ESTRILD, his wife.</p>	<p>HUBBA, his son.          SEGAR, a Scythian officer.          a Captain under Albanact.          TRUSSIER, a Scythian officer.          OLIVER, a rustic.          WILLIAM, his son.          MARGERY, his daughter.          the Ghost of Albanact.          two Soldiers.          a Page.          SABREN (or HABREN), daughter          of Lochrine and Estrild.          MADAN, son of Lochrine and          Guendoline.          the Ghost of Corineus.</p>
--	---

Scythian soldiers, Lords of Albany, Albanact's soldiers, Lochrine's soldiers, Thrasimachus' soldiers.

In the dumb shows: I, a Lion, a Bear, an Archer; II, Perseus, Andromeda, Cepheus, Phineus; III, a Crocodile, a Snake; IV, Omphale, Hercules; V, Jason, Creon's daughter, Medea.

Trussier (or Thrassier) is mentioned as entering at ll. 767 and 928, but has no part assigned to him. Assarachus and Corineus are perhaps intended to be Brutus' brothers, but the relationship is by no means clear; cf. ll. 123, 141, 1555, 1796, 1804. Possibly the 'old Assarachus' whom Brutus calls his 'eame' (l. 123) is another person.

The name 'Habren' which appears in place of Sabren in ll. 1970 and 2022 is an alternative, and according to Harrison (*Description of Britain*, i. 13) the correct form. The spelling of several of the names varies.



T H E  
Lamentable Tragedie of

*Loqrine*, the eldest sonne of King *Brutus*, discour-  
sing the warres of the *Britaines*, and *Hunnes*,  
with their discomfiture:

*The Britaines victorie with their Accidents, and the  
death of Albanaet. No lesse pleasant then  
profitable.*

Newly set forth, overseene and corrected,  
By *W. S.*



L O N D O N  
Printed by Thomas Creede.  
1 5 9 5.





# The lamentable Tragedie

of *Lochrine*, the eldest sonne of King *Brutus*, discour-  
sing the warres of the *Britaines* and *Hunnes*,  
with their discomfiture, the *Britaines* victory  
with their accidents, and the death  
of *Albanact*.

*The first Act. Scene 1.*

Enter *Atey* with thunder and lightning all in black,  
with a burning torch in one hand, and a bloodie  
sword in the other hand, and presently let there  
come foorth a Lion running after a Beare or any  
other beast, then come foorth an Archer who  
must kill the Lion in a dumbe show, and then de-  
part. Remaine *Atey*.

*Atey.*

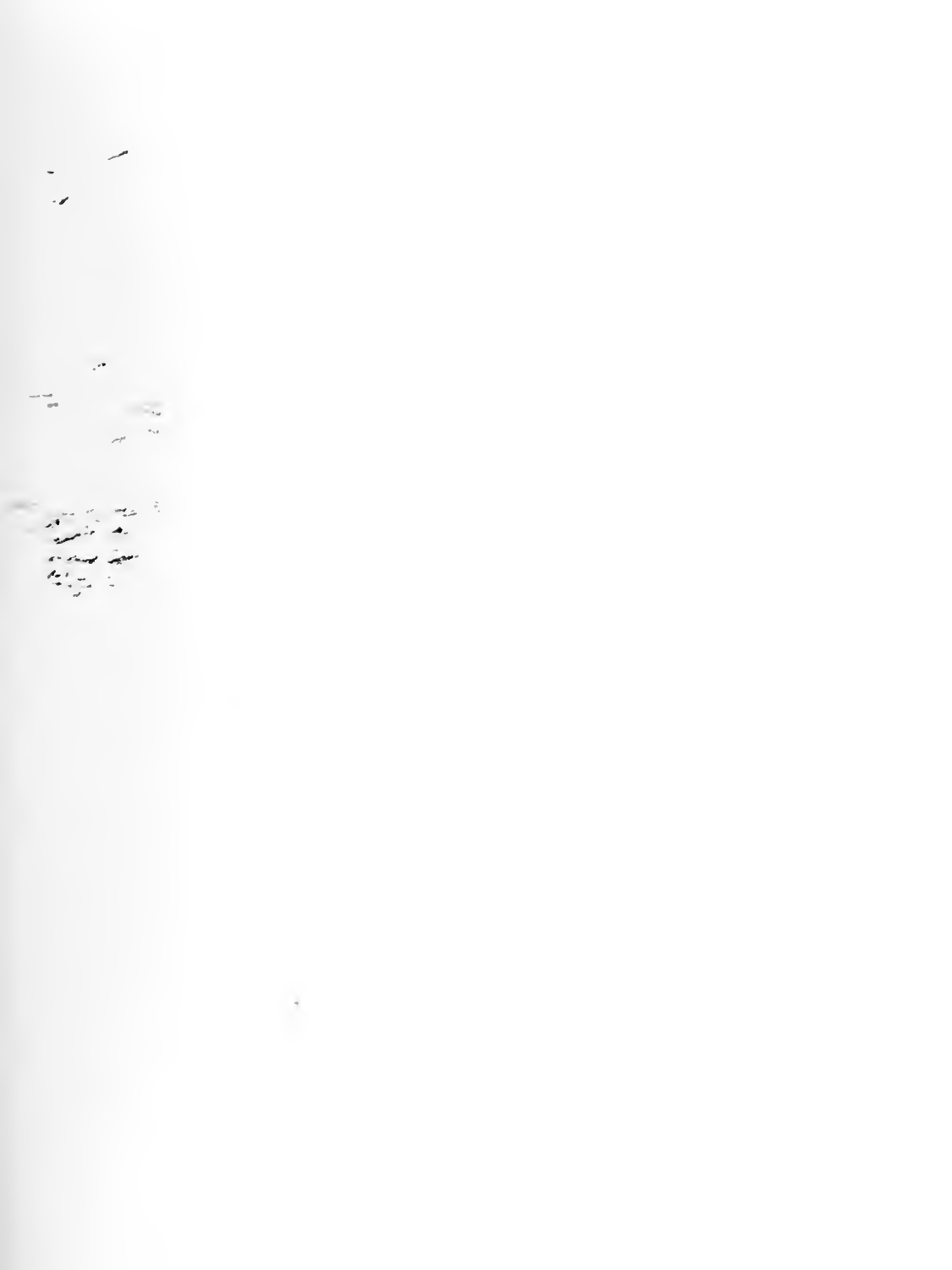
*In penam sectatur & Umbra.*

**A** Mightie Lion ruler of the woods,  
Of wondrous strength and great proportion,  
With hideous noyse scarring the trembling trees,  
With yelling clamors shaking all the earth,

A 3

Truëst





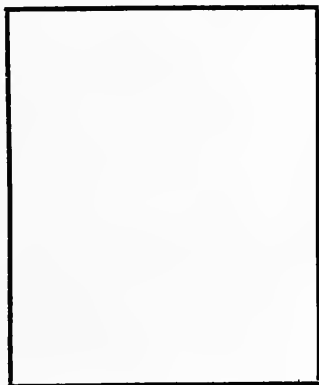


THE  
Lamentable Tragedie of

*Lochrine*, the eldest sonne of King *Brutus*, discour-  
sing the warres of the *Britaines*, and *Hunnes*,  
with their discomfiture:

*The Britaines victorie with their Accidents, and the  
death of Albanact. No lesse pleasant then  
profitable.*

Newly fet fourth, ouerseene and corrected,  
By *W. S.*



L O N D O N  
Printed by Thomas Creede.

1 5 9 5.







# The lamentable Tragedie

of *Lochrine*, the eldest sonne of King *Brutus*, discour-  
sing the warres of the *Britaines* and *Hunnes*,  
*with their discomfiture, the Britaines victory*  
with their accidents, and the death  
of *Albanact*.

*The first Act. Scene 1.*

*Act I*  
*sc. i*

Enter *Atey* with thunder and lightning all in black,  
with a burning torch in one hand, and a bloodie  
sword in the other hand, and presently let there  
come foorth a Lion running after a Beare or any  
other beast, then come foorth an Archer who  
must kill the Lion in a dumbe show, and then de-  
part. Remaine *Atey*.

*Atey.*

*In pœnam sectatur & Vmbra.*

10

**A** Mightie Lion ruler of the woods,  
Of wondrous strength and great proportion,  
With hideous noyse scarring the trembling trees,  
With yelling clamors shaking all the earth,

A 3

Trauerst

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

Trauerft the groues, and chaft the wandring beafts.  
Long did he raunge amid the fhadie trees,  
And draue the filly beafts before his face,  
When fuddeinly from out a thornie bufh,  
A dreadfull Archer with his bow ybent,  
20 Wounded the Lion with a difmall shaft,  
So he him ftroke that it drew forth the blood,  
And fild his furious heart with fretting yre,  
But all in vaine he threatneth teeth and pawes,  
And fparkleth fire from forth his flaming eies,  
For the sharpe shaft gaue him a mortall wound,  
So valiant *Brute* the terror of the world,  
Whofe only lookes did fcarre his enemies,  
The Archer death brought to his lateft end.  
Oh what may long abide about this ground,  
30 In ftate of bliffe and healthfull happineffe.

*Exit.*

*Act I*  
*sc. ii*

*The firft Act. Scene. 2.*

Enter *Brutus* carried in a chaire, *Locrine, Camber, Albanact, Corineius, Guendelin, Affaracus, Debon, Thrafmachus.*

*Brutus.* Moft loyall Lords and faithful followers  
That haue with me vnworthie Generall,  
Paffed the greedie gulfe of *Ocean*,  
Leauing the confines of faire *Italie*,  
40 Behold your *Brutus* draweth nigh his end,  
And I muft leaue you though againft my will,  
My finewes fhrunke, my numbed fences faile,  
A chilling cold poffeffeth all my bones,

Blacke

*the eldest sonne of King Brutus.*

Blacke vgly death with visage pale and wanne,  
Presents himselfe before my dazeled eies,  
And with his dart prepared is to strike,  
These armes my Lords, these neuer daunted armes,  
That oft haue queld the courage of my foes,  
And eke dismayd my neighbours arrogancie,  
Now yeeld to death, ore laid with crooked age, 50  
Deuoyd of strength and of their proper force,  
Euen as the lustie cedar worne with yeares,  
That farre abroad her daintie odore throwes,  
Mongst all the daughters of proud Lebanon,  
This heart my Lords, this neare appalled heart,  
That was a terror to the bordring lands,  
A dolefull scourge vnto my neighbor Kings,  
Now by the weapons of vnpartiall death,  
Is cloue afunder and bereft of life,  
As when the sacred oake with thunderbolts, 60  
Sent from the fiery circuit of the heauens,  
Sliding along the aires celestially valts,  
Is rent and clouen to the verie rootes.  
In vaine therefore I strangle with this foe,  
Then welcome death, since God will haue it so.

*Affar.* Alasse my Lord, we sorrow at your case,  
And greeue to see your person vexed thus,  
But what so ere the fates determind haue,  
It lieth not in vs to disanull,  
And he that would annihilate his minde, 70  
Soaring with *Icarus* too neare the Sunne,  
May catch a fall with yoong *Bellerophon*,  
For when the fatall sifters haue decreed  
To seperate vs from this earthly mould,

No

*The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine*

No mortall force can countermaund their minds :  
Then worthie Lord since ther's no way but one,  
Cease your laments, and leaue your grieuous mone.

*Corin.* Your highnesse knows how many victories  
How many trophees I erected haue,  
80 Tryumphantly in euey place we came  
The Grecian Monarke warlike *Pandrasfus*,  
And all the crew of the Molofsians,  
*Goffarius* the arme strong King of *Gaules*,  
And all the borders of great *Aquitane*,  
Haue felt the force of our victorious armes,  
And to their cost beheld our chiuallrie,  
Where ere *Ancora* handmayd of the Sunne,  
Where ere the Sun-bright gardiant of the day,  
Where ere the ioyfull day with chearfull light,  
90 Where ere the light illuminates the word,  
The Troyans glorie flies with golden wings,  
Wings that do soare beyond fell enuious flight,  
The fame of *Brutus* and his followers  
Pearceth the skies, and with the skies the throne  
Of mightie *Ioue* Commaunder of the world,  
Then worthie *Brutus*, leaue these sad laments,  
Comfort your selfe with this your great renowne,  
And feare not death though he seeme terrible.

*Brutus.* Nay *Corinus* you mistake my mynd  
100 In construing wrong the cause of my complaints,  
I feard to yeeld my selfe to fatall death,  
Cod knowes it was the least of all my thought,  
A greater care torments my verie bones,  
And makes me tremble at the thought of it,  
And in you Lordings doth the substance lie.

*Thrafi-*

*the eldest sonne of King Brutus.*

*Thrasf.* Most noble Lord, if ought your loyall  
Accomplish may, to ease your lingring grief, (peers  
I in the name of all protest to you,  
That we will boldly enterprife the same,  
Were it to enter to black *Tartarus*, 110  
Where triple *Cerberus* with his venomous throte,  
Scarreth the ghoasts with high refounding noyse,  
Wele either rent the bowels of the earth,  
Searching the entrailes of the brutish earth,  
Or with his *Ixions* ouerdaring soone,  
Be bound in chaines of euerduring steele.

*Bru.* Thē harken to your soueraigns latest words,  
In which I will vnto you all vnfold,  
Our royall mind and resolute intent,  
When golden *Hebe* daughter to great *Ioue*, 120  
Cōuered my manly cheeks with youthful downe,  
Th'vnhappie slaughter of my lucklesse fire,  
Droue me and old *Assarachus* mine eame,  
As exiles from the bounds of *Italy*,  
So that perforce we were constraind to flie  
To *Gracians* Monarke noble *Pandraffus*,  
There I alone did vndertake your cause,  
There I restord your antique libertie,  
Though *Grecia* fround, and all *Mollofsia* stormd,  
Though braue *Antigonus* with martiall band, 130  
In pitched field encountred me and mine,  
Though *Pandraffus* and his contributories,  
With all the rout of their confederates,  
Sought to deface our glorious memorie,  
And wipe the name of *Troians* from the earth,  
Him did I captiuatue with this mine arme,

B

And

*The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine*

And by compulsion forct him to agree  
To certain artickles which there we did propound,  
From *Gracia* through the boisterous *Hellepont*,  
140 We came vnto the fields of *Lestrigon*,  
Whereas our brother *Corineius* was,  
Which when we passed the *Cicillian* gulfe,  
And so transfretting the *Illician* sea,  
Arriued on the coasts of *Aquitane*,  
Where with an armie of his barbarous *Gaules*  
*Goffarius* and his brother *Gathelus*  
Encountring with our hoast, sustaind the foile,  
And for your sakes my *Turnus* there I lost,  
*Turnus* that slew six hundreth men at armes  
150 All in an houre, with his sharpe battle-axe,  
From thence vpon the strons of *Albion*  
To *Corus* hauen happily we came,  
And queld the giants, comne of *Albions* race,  
With *Gogmagog* sonne to *Samotheus*,  
The curfed Captaine of that damned crew,  
And in that Ile at length I placed you.  
Now let me see if my laborious toiles,  
If all my care, if all my greuous wounds,  
If all my diligence were well imploid.  
160 *Corin*. When first I followed thee & thine (braue  
I hazarded my life and dearest blood, (king)  
To purchase fauour at your princely hands,  
And for the same in daungerous attempts  
In sundry conflicts and in diuers broiles,  
I shewd the courage of my manly mind,  
For this I combated with *Gathelus*,  
The brother to *Goffarius* of *Gaule*,

For

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

For this I fought with furious *Gogmagog*,  
A sauage captaine of a sauage crew,  
And for these deeds braue *Cornwale* I receiu'd, 170  
A gratefull gift giuen by a gracious King,  
And for this gift, this life and dearest blood,  
Will *Corineus* spend for *Brutus* good.

*Deb.* And what my frend braue prince hath vould  
The fame wil *Debon* do vnto his end. (to you,

*Bru.* Then loyall peeres since you are all agreed,  
And resolute to follow *Brutus* hoasts,  
Fauour my sonnes, fauour these *Orphans* Lords,  
And shield them from the daungers of their foes,  
*Locrine* the columnne of my familie, 180  
And onely piller of my weakned age.

*Lotrine* draw neare, draw neare vnto thy fire,  
And take thy latest blesings at his hands,  
And for thou art the eldest of my sonnes,  
Be thou a captaine to thy bretheren,  
And imitate thy aged fathers steps,  
Which will conduct thee to true honors gate,  
For if thou follow sacred vertues lore,  
Thou shalt be crowned with a lawrell braunch,  
And weare a wreath of sempiternall fame, 190  
Sorted amongst the glorious happie ones.

*Locrin.* If *Locrine* do not follow your aduise,  
And beare himselfe in all things like a prince  
That seekes to amplifie the great renowne  
Left vnto him for an inheritage  
By those that were his ancestors,  
Let me be flung into the Ocean,  
And swallowed in the bowels of the earth.

*The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine,*  
 Or let the ruddie lightning of great *Ioue*,  
 200 Descend vpon this my deuolted head.

*Brutus* taking *Guendoline* by the hand.  
 But for I see you all to be in doubt,  
 who shall be matched with our royall sonne,  
*Loocrine* receiue this present at my hand,  
 A gift more rich then are the wealthie mines  
 Found in the bowels of *America*,  
 Thou shalt be spoused to faire *Guendoline*,  
 Loue her, and take her, for she is thine owne,  
 If so thy vnckle and her selfe do please.

210 *Corin.* And herein how your highnes honors me  
 It cannot be in my speech exprest,  
 For carefull parents glorie not so much  
 At their honour and promotion,  
 As for to see the issue of their blood  
 Seated in honor and prosperitie.

*Guend.* And far be it from my maydens thoughts  
 To contradict her aged fathers will,  
 Therefore since he to whom I must obey  
 Hath giuen me now vnto your royall selfe,  
 220 I will not stand aloofe from off the lure,  
 Like craftie dames that most of all deny  
 That, which they most desire to possesse.

*Brutus* turning to *Loocrine*.

*Loocrine* kneeling:

Then now my sonne thy part is on the stage,  
 For thou must beare the person of a King.

Puts the Crowne on his head.

*Loocrine* stand vp, and weare the regall Crowne,  
 And thinke vpon the state of Maiestie,

That



*the eldest sonne of King Brutus.*

That thou with honor well maist weare the crown, 230  
And if thou tendrest these my latest words,  
As thou requirst my soule to be at rest,  
As thou desirest thine owne securitie,  
Cherish and loue thy new betrothed wife.

*Locrin.* No longer let me wel enioy the crowne,  
Then I do peerlesse *Guendoline*.

*Brut.* *Camber.*

*Cam.* My Lord.

*Brut.* The glorie of mine age,  
And darling of thy mother *Iunoger*, 240  
Take thou the South for thy dominion,  
From thee there shall proseed a royall race,  
That shall maintaine the honor of this land,  
That sway the regall scepter with their hands.

Turning to *Albanact*.

And *Albanact* thy fathers onely ioy,  
Yoongst in yeares, but not the yoongst in mind,  
A perfect patterne of all chiuallrie,  
Take thou the North for thy dominion, 250  
A country full of hills and ragged rockes,  
Replenished with scarce vntamed beasts,  
As correspondent to thy martiall thoughts,  
Liue long my sonnes with endlesse happinesse,  
And beare firme concordance amongst your selues,  
Obey the counfels of these fathers graue,  
That you may better beare out violence,  
But suddeinly through weaknesse of my age,  
And the defect of youthfull puiffance,  
My maladie increaseth more and more,  
And cruell death hastneth his quickned pace, 260

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

To dispossesse me of my earthly shape,  
Mine eies wax dimme, ouercaft with clouds of age,  
The pangs of death compaffe my crazed bones,  
Thus to you all my blefsings I bequeath,  
And with my blefsings, this my fleeting soule.  
My glaffe is runne, and all my miseries  
Do end with life : death clofeth vp mine eies,  
My soule in hafte flies to the Elifian fields.

He dieth.

270 *Loc.* Accurfed ftarres, damd and accurfed ftarres,  
To abreuiate my noble fathers life,  
Hard-harted gods, and too enuious fates,  
Thus to cut off my fathers fatall thred,  
*Brutus* that was a glorie to vs all,  
*Brutus* that was a terror to his foes,  
Alaffe too foone by *Demagorgons* knife,  
The martiall *Brutus* is bereft of life.  
No fad complaints may moue iuft *Lacus*.

*Corin.* No dreadfull threats can feare iudge *Rho-*  
280 Wert thou as ftrong as mightie *Hercules*, (*domanth*,  
That tamde the hugie monfters of the world,  
Plaidft thou as sweet, on the sweet founding lute,  
As did the fpoufe of faire *Euridies*,  
That did enchant the waters with his noife,  
And made ftones, birds, and beafte, to lead a dance,  
Conftained the hillie trees to follow him,  
Thou couldft not moue the iudge of *Crebus*,  
Nor moue compafsion in grimme *Plutos* heart,  
For fatall *Mors* expecteth all the world,  
290 And euerie man must tread the way of death,  
Braue *Tantalus* the valiant *Pelops* fire,

Guett

*the eldest sonne of King Brutus.*

Guest to the gods, suffred vntimely death,  
And old *Fleithonus* husband to the morne,  
And eke grim *Minos* whom iust *Iupiter*  
Deignd to admit vnto his sacrifice,  
The thundring trumpets of blood-thirstie *Mars*.  
The fearfull rage of fell *Tisiphone*.  
The boistrous waues of humid Ocean,  
Are instruments and tooles of dismall death.  
Then noble coufin cease to mourne his chaunce, 300  
Whose age & yeares were signes that he shuld die.  
It resteth now that we interre his bones,  
That was a terror to his enemies.  
Take vp the coarfe, and princes hold him dead,  
Who while he liu'd, vpheld the *Troyan* state.  
Sound drums and trumpets, march to *Troinouant*,  
There to prouide our chieftaines funerall.

*The first Act. Scene 3.*

*Act 1*

Enter *Strumbo* aboue in a gowne, with inke and pa- *sc. iii*  
per in his hand, saying;

310

*Strum.* Either the foure elements, the seuen plan-  
nets and all the particuler starres of the pole Anta-  
sticke, are aduersatiue against me, or else I was begot-  
ten and borne in the wane of the Moone, when  
euerie thing as saith *Lactantius* in his fourth booke  
of Consultations dooth say, goeth asward. I mai-  
sters I, you may laugh, but I must weepe; you  
may ioy, but I must sorrow; sheading salt teares  
from the watrie fountaines of my moste daintie  
faire eies, along my comely and smooth cheeks, in as 320  
great

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

great plentie as the water runneth from the buckingtubbes, or red wine out of the hogs heads: for trust me gentlemen and my verie good friends, and so foorth: the little god, nay the desperate god *Cuprit*, with one of his vengible birdbolts, hath shot me vnto the heele: so not onlie, but also, oh fine phrase, I burne, I burne, and I burne a, in loue, in loue, and in loue a, ah *Strumbo* what hast thou seene, not *Dina* with the Assè *Tom*? Yea with these eies  
330 thou hast seene her, and therefore pull them out: for they will worke thy bale. Ah *Strumbo* hast thou heard, not the voice of the Nightingale, but a voice sweeter then hers, yea with these eares hast thou heard them, and therefore cut them off, for they haue causde thy sorrow. Nay *Strumbo* kill thy selfe, drowne thy selfe, hang thy selfe, sterue thy selfe. Oh but then I shall leaue my sweet heart. Oh my heart, Now pate for thy maister, I will dite an aliquant loue-pistle to her, and then she hearing the grand  
340 verbotie of my scripture, will loue me presently.

Let him write a litle and then read.

My penne is naught, gentlemen lend me a knife, I thinke the more haste the worst speed.

Then write againe, and after read.

So it is mistresse *Dorothie*, and the sole essence of my soule, that the little sparkles of affection kindled in me towards your sweet selfe, hath now increased to a great flame, and will ere it be long consume my poore heart, except you with the pleasant water of  
350 your secret fountaine, quench the furious heate of the same. Alasse I am a gentleman of good fame, and  
name,

*the eldest sonne of King Brutus.*

name, maiestically, in parrell comely, in gate portlie.  
Let not therefore your gentle heart be so hard as to  
despise a proper tall yoong man of a handsome life,  
and by despising him, not onlie, but also to kill him.  
Thus expecting time and tide, I bid you farewell.  
Your seruant, *Signior Strumbo.*

Oh wit, Oh pate, O memorie, O hand, O incke,  
O paper. Well now I will fend it away. *Trompart,*  
*Trompart,* what a villaine is this? Why firra, come 360  
when your maister calls you. *Trompart.*

*Trompart* entring faith;

Anon fir.

*Strumbo.* Thou knowest my prettie boy what a  
good maister I haue bene to thee euer since I tooke  
thee into my seruice.

*Trom.* I fir.

*Strum.* And how I haue cherished thee alwaies,  
as if you had bene the fruit of my loines, flesh of my  
flesh, and bone of my bone? 370

*Trom.* I fir.

*Strum.* Then shew thy selfe herein a trustie ser-  
uant, and carrie this letter to mistresse *Dorothie*, and  
tell her. (Speaking in his eare.

*Exit Trompart.*

*Strum.* Nay maisters you shall see a marriage by  
and by. But here she comes. Now must I frame my  
amorous pafsions.

Enter *Dorothie* and *Trompart.*

*Doro.* *Signior Strumbo*, well met, I receiued your 380  
letters by your man here, who told mee a pittifull  
storie of your anguish, and so vnderstanding your  
C pafsions

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

paffions were fo great, I came hither speedily.

*Strum.* Oh my sweet and pigney, the fecunditie of my ingenie is not fo great, that may declare vnto you the sorrowful fobs and broken sleeps, that I fuffred for your fake; and therefore I defire you to receiue me into your familiaritie.

390  
*For your loue doth lie,  
As neare and as nigh:  
Vnto my heart within,  
As mine eye to my nofe,  
My legge vnto my hofe,  
And my flesh vnto my skin.*

*Dor.* Truly M. *Strumbo*, you fpeake too learnedly for mee to vnderftand the drift of your mind, and therefore tell your tale in plaine termes, and leaue off your darke ridles.

*Strum.* Alaffe miftrefle *Dorothie* this is my lucke,  
400 that when I moft would, I cannot be vnderftood:  
fo that my great learning is an inconuenience vnto me. But to fpeake in plaine termes, I loue you miftrefle *Dorothie*, if you like to accept me into your familiaritie.

*Dor.* If this be all I am content.

Turning to the people.

*Strum.* Saift thou fo sweet wench, let me lick thy toes. Farwell miftrefle. If any of you be in loue, provide ye a capcafe full of new coined wordes, and  
410 then fhall you foone haue the *succado de labres*, and something elfe.

(*Exeunt.*)

*The*

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

The first Act. Scene 4.

Act I  
sc. iij

Enter *Locrine*, *Guendoline*, *Camber*, *Albanact*, *Corineus*,  
*Affaracus*, *Debon*, *Thrasimachus*.

*Locrine*. Vncle and princes of braue *Britany*,  
Since that our noble father is intombd,  
As best befeemd so braue a prince as he,  
If so you please, this day my loue and I,  
Within the temple of *Concordia*,  
Will solemnize our roiall marriage.

420

*Thra*. Right noble Lord, your subiects euey one,  
Must needs obey your highnesse at commaund,  
Especially in such a cause as this,  
That much concerns your highnesse great content.

*Locr*. Then frolick lordings to fair *Concord*s wals,  
Where we will passe the day in knightly sports,  
The night in dauncing and in figured masks,  
And offer to God *Rifus* all our sports.

*Exeunt*.

The 2. Act. Scene 1.

Act II  
sc. i

Enter *Atey* as before, after a litle lightning and thun- 431  
dring, let there come forth this shew. *Perseus* and  
*Andromeda*, hand in hand, and *Cepheus* also with  
swords and targets. Then let there come out of an  
other doore, *Phineus*, all blacke in armour, with  
Aethiopians after him, driuing in *Perseus*, and ha-  
uing taken away *Andromeda*, let them depart. *Ate*  
remaining, saying;

*Ate*. *Regit omnia numen*.

C 2

When

*The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine,*

440 When *Perseus* married faire *Andromeda*,  
The onlie daughter of king *Cepheus*,  
He thought he had establisht well his Crowne,  
And that his kingdome should for aie endure.  
But loe proud *Phineus* with a band of men,  
Contriu'd of sun-burnt *Aethiopians*:  
By force of armes the bride he tooke from him,  
And turnd their ioy into a flood of teares.  
So fares it with yoong *Loocrine* and his loue,  
He thinks this marriage tendeth to his weale,  
450 But this foule day, this foule accursed day,  
Is the beginning of his miseries.  
Behold where *Humber* and his *Scythians*  
Approcheth nigh with all his warlike traine,  
I need not I, the sequel shall declare,  
What tragicke chances fall out in this warre.

*Act II*  
*sc. ii*

*The 2. Scene.*

Enter *Humber*, *Hubba*, *Estrilo*, *Segar*, and their fouldiers.

*Hum.* At length the snaile doth clime the highest  
460 Ascending vp the stately castle walls, (tops,  
At length the water with continuall drops,  
Doth penetrate the hardest marble stone,  
At length we are arriued in *Albion*,  
Nor could the barbarous *Dacian* soueraigne,  
Nor yet the ruler of braue *Belgia*  
Staie vs from cutting ouer to this Ile,  
Whereas I heare a troope of *Phrigians*  
Vnder the conduct of *Postumius* sonne,  
Haue pitched vp lordly pauillions,

And



*the eldest sonne of King Brutus.*

And hope to prosper in this louely Ile: 470  
But I will frustrate all their foolish hope,  
And teach them that the *Scithian* Emperour  
Leades fortune tied in a chaine of gold,  
Constraining her to yeeld vnto his will,  
And grace him with their regall diademe:  
Which I will haue maugre their treble hoasts,  
And all the power their pettie kings can make.

*Hubba.* If she that rules faire *Rhamnis* golden gate  
Graunt vs the honour of the victorie,  
As hitherto she alwaies fauourd vs, 480  
Right noble father, we will rule the land,  
Enthronized in seates of *Topace* stones,  
That *Locrine* and his brethren all may know,  
None must be king but *Humber* and his sonne.

*Hum.* Courage my sonne, fortune shall fauour vs,  
And yeeld to vs the coronet of bay,  
That decketh none but noble conquerours:  
But what saith *Estrild* to these regions?  
How liketh she the temperature thereof,  
Are they not pleasant in her gracious eies? 490

*Astr.* The plaines my Lord garnisht with *Floras*  
And ouerspred with party colored flowers, (welth  
Do yeeld sweet contentation to my mind,  
The aierie hills enclosed with shadie groues,  
The groues replenisht with sweet chirping birds,  
The birds resounding heauenly melodie,  
Are equall to the groues of *Theffaly*,  
Where *Phæbus* with the learned Ladies nine,  
Delight themselues with musicke harmonie,  
And from the moisture of the mountaine tops, 500

*The lamentable Tragedie of Lochrine*

The filent springs daunce downe with murmuring  
And water al ſ ground with criſtal waues, (ſtreams,  
The gentle blaſts of *Eurus* modeſt winde,  
Mouing the pittering leaues of *Siluanes* woods,  
Do equall it with *Tempes* paradise,  
And thus comforted all to one effect,  
Do make me thinke theſe are the happie Iles,  
Moſt fortunate, if *Humber* may them winne.

*Hubba.* Madam, where reſolution leads the way,  
510 And courage followes with imboldened pace,  
Fortune can neuer uſe her tyrannie,  
For valiantneſſe is like vnto a rocke  
That ſtandeth in the waues of Ocean,  
Which though the billowes beat on euery ſide,  
And *Borras* fell with his tempeſtuouſ ſtormes,  
Bloweth vpon it with a hideous clamour,  
Yet it remaineth ſtill vnmoouable.

*Hum.* Kingly reſolu'd thou glorie of thy fire,  
But worthie *Segar* what vncoth nouelties  
520 Bringſt thou vnto our royall maieſtie?

*Seg.* My Lord, the yoongest of all *Brutus* ſonnes,  
Stout *Albanact*, with millions of men,  
Approcheth nigh, and meaneth ere the morne,  
To trie your force by dint of fatall ſword.

*Hum.* Tut let him come with millions of hoſtes,  
He ſhall find entertainment good inough,  
Yea fit for thoſe that are our enemies:  
For weell receiue them at the launces points,  
And maſſaker their bodies with our blades:  
530 Yea though they were in number infinit,  
More then the mightie Babilonian queene,

*Semiramis*

*the eldest sonne of King Brutus.*

*Semiramis* the ruler of the West,  
Brought gainst the Emperour of the Scithians,  
Yet would we not start back one foote from them :  
That they might know we are inuincible.

*Hub.* Now by great *Ioue* the supreme king of hea-  
And the immortall gods that liue therein, (uen,  
When as the morning shewes his chearfull face,  
And *Lucifer* mounted vpon his steed,  
Brings in the chariot of the golden sunne, 540  
Ile meet yoong *Albanact* in the open field,  
And crack my lance vpon his burganet,  
To trie the valour of his boyish strength :  
There will I shew such ruthfull spectacles  
And cause so great effusion of blood,  
That all his boyes shall wonder at my strength :

As when the warlike queene of *Amazon*,  
*Penthesilea* armed with her lance,  
Girt with a corset of bright shining steele,  
Coupt vp the fainthart Græcians in the campe. 550

*Hum.* Spoke like a warlike knight my noble son,  
Nay like a prince that seekes his fathers ioy,  
Therefore to morrow ere faire *Titan* shine,  
And bashfull *Eos* messenger of light :  
Expells the liquid sleep from out mens eyes,  
Thou shalt conduct the right wing of the hoste,  
The left wing shall be vnder *Segars* charge,  
The reareward shall be vnder me my selfe,  
And louely *Estrild* faire and gracious,  
If fortune fauour me in mine attempts, 560  
Thou shalt be queene of louely *Albion*,  
Fortune shall fauour me in mine attempts,

And

*The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine*  
And make the Queene of louely *Albion*.  
Come let vs in and muster vp our traine,  
And furnish vp our lustie souldiers,  
That they may be a bullwarke to our state,  
And bring our wished ioyes to perfect end.

*Act II*  
*sc. iii*

*The 2. Scene.*

570 Enter *Strumbo, Dorothee, Trompart* cobling shooes  
and finging.  
*Trum.* We Coblers lead a merie life,  
*All.* Dan, dan, dan, dan :  
*Strum.* Void of all ennie and of strife :  
*All.* Dan diddle dan.  
*Dor.* Our ease is great, our labour small :  
*All.* Dan, dan, dan, dan.  
*Strum.* And yet our gaines be much withall :  
*All.* Dan diddle dan.  
580 *Dor.* With this art so fine and faire :  
*All.* Dan, dan, dan, dan.  
*Trum.* No occupation may compare  
*All.* Dan diddle dan :  
*Strum.* For merie pastime and ioyfull glee :  
Dan, dan, dan, dan.  
*Dor.* Most happie men we Coblers bee :  
Dan diddle dan.  
*Trum.* The can stands full of nappie ale,  
Dan: dan: dan: dan:  
*Strum.* In our shop still withouten faile :  
590 Dan diddle dan.  
*Dor.* This is our meate, this is our foode :  
Dan: dan: dan: dan:

*Trum.*

*the eldest sonne of King Brutus.*

*Trum.* This brings vs to a mery mood:

Dan didle dan.

*Strum.* This makes vs worke for companie:

Dan, dan, dan, dan:

*Dor.* To pull the tankards cheerfully:

Dan didle dan.

*Trum.* Drinke to thy husband *Dorothie*,

Dan, dan, dan, dan:

600

*Dor.* Why then my *Strumbo* ther's to thee:

Dan didle dan:

*Strum.* Drinke thou the rest *Trumpart* amaine:

Dan, dan, dan, dan.

*Dor.* When that is gone weell filt againe,

Dan didle dan.

*Cap.* The poorest state is farthest from annoy,

How merily he sitteth on his stoole:

But when he sees that needs he must be prest,

Heele turne his note and sing another tune,

610

Ho, by your leaue maister Cobler:

*Stru.* You are welcom gentleman, what wil you any olde shooes or buskins, or will you haue your shooes clouted, I will do them as well as any Cobler in *Cathues* whatsoeuer?

Captaine shewing him presse mony.

O maister Cobler you are farre deceiued in mee, for don you see this? I come not to buy any shooes, but to buy your selfe; come sir you must be a souldier in the kings cause.

620

*Strum.* Why but heare you sir, has your king any commission to take any man against his will. I promise you I can scant beleuee it, or did hee giue

D

you

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

you commiffion?

*Cap.* O fir, ye neede not care for that, I neede no commiffion : hold here, I command you in the name of our king *Albanact*, to appeare to morrow in the towne-houfe of *Cathnes*.

*Strum.* King Nactabell, I crie God mercy, what  
630 haue we to doo with him, or he with vs? but you fir  
mafter capoutaile, draw your paftebourd, or elfe I  
promife you, Ile giue you a canuafado with a baf-  
tiano ouer your fhoulders, and teach you to come  
hither with your implements.

*Cap.* I pray thee good fellow be content, I do the  
kings commaund.

*Strum.* Put me out of your booke then.

*Cap.* I may not.

*Strumbo* fnatching vp a ftaffe.

640 No will, come fir will your ftomacke ferue you,  
by gogs blew hood and halidom, I will haue about  
with you.

Fight both.

Enter *Thraſimachus*.

How now, what noyfe, what fodain clamors this?  
How now, my captain and the cobler fo hard at it?  
Sirs what is your quarrell?

*Cap.* Nothng fir, but that he will not take preffe  
(mony.

650 *Thra.* Here good fellow take it at my command,  
Vnleffe you meane to be fretcht.

*Strum.* Truly mafter gentleman, I lacke no mony,  
if you pleaſe I will refigne it to one of theſe poore  
fellowes.

*the eldest sonne of King Brutus.*

fellowes.

*Thrafi.* No such matter,  
Looke you be at the common houle to morrow.  
Exit *Thrasimachus* and the captaine.

*Strum.* O wife I haue spunne a faire thredde, if I  
had bene quiet, I had not bene prest, and therefore  
well may I wayment; But come firrha shut vp, for 660  
we must to the warres.

*Exeunt.*

*The 4. Scene.*

*Act II*  
*sc. iro*

Enter *Albanact, Debon, Thrasimachus,*  
and the Lords.

*Alba.* Braue cauileres, princes of *Albany,*  
Whose trenchant blades with our deceafed fire,  
Pasing the frontiers of braue *Græcia,*  
Were bathed in our enemies lukewarme blood,  
Now is the time to manifest your wills, 670  
Your hautie mindes and resolutions,  
Now opportunitie is offred  
To trie your courage and your earnest zeale,  
Which you alwaies protest to *Albanact,*  
For at this time, yea at this present time,  
Stout fugitiues come from the Scithians bounds  
Haue peltred euerie place with mutinies:  
But trust me Lordings I will neuer cease  
To persecute the rascall runnagates,  
Till all the riuers stained with their blood, 680  
Shall fully shew their fatall ouerthrow.

D 2

*Debon.*

*The lamentable Tragedie of Lochrine*

*Deb.* So shal your highnes merit great renowne,  
And imitate your aged fathers steppes. (plaines?)

*Alba.* But tell me coufin, camst thou through the  
And sawst thou there the faint heart fugitiues  
Muftring their weather-beaten souldiers,  
What order keep they in their marshalling?

*Thra.* After we past the groues of *Caledone*,  
Where murmuring riuers slide with silent streames  
690 We did behold the stragling Scithians campe,  
Repleat with men, storde with munition;  
There might we see the valiant minded knights  
Fetching carriers along the spatious plaines,  
*Humber* and *Hubba* arm'd in azure blew,  
Mounted vpon their coursers white as snow,  
Went to behold the pleasant flowring fields;  
*Hector* and *Troialus*, *Priamus* louely sonnes,  
Chasing the Græcians ouer *Simoeis*,  
Were not to be compared to these two knights.

700 *Alba.* Well hast thou painted out in eloquence  
The portraiture of *Humber* and his sonne;  
As fortunate as was *Policrates*,  
Yet should they not escape our conquering swords,  
Or boast of ought but of our clemencie.

Enter *Strumbo* and *Trompart*, crying often;  
Wilde fire and pitch, wilde fire and pitch, &c.

*Thra.* What sirs what mean you by these clamors  
Those outcries raised in our stately court? (made,

*Strum.* Wilde fire and pitch, wilde fire and pitch.

710 *Thra.* Villaines I fay, tell vs the cause hereof?

*Strum.* Wilde fire and pitch, &c. (noise,

*Thra.* Tell me you villaines, why you make this

Or



*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

Or with my lance I will prick your bowels out.

*Al.* Where are your houses, wher's your dwelling  
(place?)

*Strum.* Place, Ha, ha, ha, laugh, a moneth and a day at him; place, I cry God mercy, why doo you think that such poore honest mē as we be, hold our habitacles in kings pallaces: Ha? ha, ha. But because you seeme to be an abhominable chieftaine, I wil tel <sup>720</sup> you our state.

From the top to the toe,  
From the head to the shoe;  
From the beginning to the ending,  
From the building to the burning.

This honest fellow and I had our mansion cottage in the suburbes of this citie, hard by the temple of *Mercury*. And by the common souldiers of the Shitens, the Scithians; what do you call them? with all the suburbes were burnt to the ground, and the <sup>730</sup> ashes are left there, for the countrie wiues to wash buckes withall. And that which greeues me most, my louing wife, O cruell strife; the wicked flames did roast.

And therefore captaine crust,  
We will continuallie crie,  
Except you seeke a remedie  
Our houses to redifie  
Which now are burnt to dust.

*Both cry;* Wild fire and pitch, wild fire and pitch. <sup>740</sup>

*The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine*

*Alba.* Well we must remedie these outrages,  
And throw reuenge vpon their hatefull heads,  
And you good fellows for your houses burnt,  
We will remunerate you store of gold,  
And build your houses by our pallace gate.

*Strumbo.* Gate, O pettie treason to my person, no  
where else but by your backside ; gate, oh how I am  
vexed in my collar ; gate, I crie God mercie, doo you  
hear master king? If you mean to gratifie such poore  
750 men as we bee, you must build our houses by the  
Tauerne.

*Alba.* It shall be done sir.

*Strum.* Neare the Tauerne, I by ladie sir it was  
spoken like a good fellow. Do you heare sir, when  
our house is builded, if you do chance to passe or re-  
passe that way, we will bestowe a quart of the best  
wine vpon you ?

*Exit.*

*Alb.* It grieues me lordings that my subiects goods  
760 Should thus be spoiled by the Scithians,  
Who as you see with lightfoote forragers  
Depopulate the places where they come,  
But curfed *Hnmb*er thou shalt rue the day  
That ere thou camst vnto *Cathuesia*.

*Exeunt.*

*Act II*  
*sc. v*

*The 2. Act. Scene 5.*

Enter *Humber*, *Hubba*, *Segar*, *Truffsier*, and  
their souldiers.

*Hum.* *Hubba*, go take a coronet of our horse  
770 As many launciers, and light armed knights  
As may suffice for such an enterprise,

And

*the eldest sonne of King Brutus.*

And place them in the groue of *Caledon*,  
VVith these, when as the skirmish doth encrease  
Retire thou from the sheltiers of the wood,  
And set vpon the weakened Troians backs,  
For pollicie ioyned with chiuallrie  
Can neuer be put back from victorie.

*Exit.*

*Albanact* enter and say, clownes with him.

Thou base borne *Hunne*, how durst thou be so bold 780  
As once to menace warlike *Albanact*?  
The great commander of these regions,  
But thou shalt buy thy rashnesse with thy death,  
And rue too late thy ouer bold attempts,  
For with this sword this instrument of death,  
That hath bene drenched in my foe-mens blood,  
Ile separate thy bodie from thy head,  
And set that coward blood of thine abroach.

*Strum.* Nay with this staffe great *Strumbos* instru-  
Ile crack thy cockscome paltry Scithian. (ment, 790

*Hum.* Nor wreake I of thy threats thou princox  
Nor do I feare thy foolish infolencie, (boy,  
And but thou better vse thy bragging blade,  
Then thou doest rule thy ouerflowing toong,  
Superbious Brittain, thou shalt know too soone  
The force of *Humber* and his Scithians.

Let them fight.

*Humber* and his fouldiers runne in.

*Strum.* O horrible, terrible.

799

*The*

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

*Act II*  
*sc. vi*

*The sixth Act.*

Sound the alarme.

Enter *Humber* and his souldiers.

*Hum.* How brauely this yoong Brittain *Albanact*  
Darteth abroad the thunderbolts of warre,  
Beating downe millions with his furious moode ;  
And in his glorie triumphs ouer all,  
Mouing the mafsie fquadrants of the ground ;  
Heape hills on hills, to fcale the ftarrie skie,  
When *Briareus* armed with an hundreth hands  
810 Floong forth an hundreth mountains at great *Ioue*,  
And when the monftrous giant *Monichus*  
Hurld mount *Olimpus* at great *Mars* his targe,  
And fhot huge cædars at *Mineruas* fhield ;  
How doth he ouerlooke with hautie front  
My fleeting hoftes, and lifts his loftie face  
Againft vs all that now do feare his force,  
Like as we fee the wrathfull fea from farre  
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noife  
VVith thoufand billowes beat againft the fhips,  
820 And toffe them in the waues like tennis balls.

Sound the alarme.

*Humb.* Ay me, I feare my *Hubba* is furprifde.

Sound againe ; Enter *Albanact*.

*Alba.* Follow me souldiers, follow *Albanact* ;  
Purfue the Scithians flying through the field :  
Let none of them efcape with victorie :  
That they may know the Brittaines force is more  
Then al the power of the trembling *Hunnes*. (chafe,  
*Thra.* Forward braue souldiers, forward keep the  
He

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

He that takes captiue *Humber* or his sonne, 830  
Shall be rewarded with a crowne of gold.

Sound alarme, then let them fight, *Humber* giue  
backe, *Hubba* enter at their backs, and kill *Debon*, let  
*Strumbo* fall downe, *Albanact* run in, and afterwards  
enter wounded.

*Alba.* Iniurious fortune hast thou crost me thus?  
Thus in the morning of my victories,  
Thus in the prime of my felicitie  
To cut me off by such hard ouerthrow ;  
Hadst thou no time thy rancor to declare, 840  
But in the spring of all my dignities ?  
Hadst thou no place to spit thy venome out  
But on the person of yoong *Albanact* ?  
That ere while did scare mine enemies,  
And droue them almost to a shamefull flight,  
I that ere while full lion-like did fare  
Amongst the dangers of the thick throngd pikes,  
Must now depart most lamentably slaine  
By *Humbers* trecheries and fortunes spights :  
Curst be their charms, damned be her cursed charms 850  
That doth delude the waiward harts of men,  
Of men that trust vnto her fickle wheele,  
Which neuer leaueth turning vpside downe.  
O gods, O heauens, allot me but the place  
Where I may finde her hatefull mansion,  
Ile passe the Alpes to watry *Meroe*,  
Where fierie *Phæbus* in his charriot  
The wheels wherof are dect with Emeraldes,  
Cast such a heate, yea such a scorching heate,  
And spoileth *Flora* of her checquered grasse, 860

E

Ile

*The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine*

Ile ouerrun the mountaine *Cancufus*,  
Where fell *Chimæra* in her triple shape  
Rolleth hot flames from out her monstrous panch,  
Scaring the beafts with iffue of her gorge,  
Ile paffe the frozen Zone where yfie flakes  
Stopping the paffage of the fleeting fhippes  
Do lie, like mountaines in the congeald fea,  
Where if I finde that hatefull houfe of hers,  
Ile pull the fickle wheele from out her hands,  
870 And tie her felfe in euerlafting bands :  
But all in vaine I breath thefe threatnings,  
The day is loft, the *Hunnes* are conquerors,  
*Debon* is flaine, my men are done to death,  
The currents fwift, swimme violently with blood,  
And laft, O that this laft night fo long laft,  
My felfe with woundes paff all recouery,  
Muft leaue my crowne for *Humber* to poffeffe.

*Strum.* Lord haue mercy vpon vs, mafters I think  
this is a holie day, euerie man lies fleeping in the  
880 fields, but God knowes full fore againft their wills.

*Thra.* Flie noble *Albanact* and faue thy felfe,  
The Scithians follow with great celeritie,  
And ther's no way but fight, or speedie death,  
Flie noble *Albanact* and faue thy felfe.

Sound the alarme.

*Alba.* Nay let them flie that feare to die the death  
That tremble at the name of fatall mors,  
Neu'r fhall proud *Humber* boast or brag himfelfe  
That he hath put yoong *Albanact* to flight,  
890 And leaft he fhould triumph at my decay,  
This fword fhall reauē his maifter of his life,

That

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*  
That oft hath fau'd his maisters doubtfull life :  
But oh my brethren if you care for me,  
Reuenge my death vpon his traiterous head.

*Et vos queis domus ect nigrantis regia ditis,  
Qui regitis rigido stigios moderamine lucos:  
Nox cæci regina poli furialis Erinnis  
Diique deæque omnes Albanum tollite regem  
Tollite flumineis vndis rigidaque palude  
Nunc me fata vocant, hoc condam pectore ferrum.* 900  
Thrust himselfe through.

Enter *Trompart.*

O what hath he don, his nose bleeds? but oh I smel a  
Looke where my maister lies, master, master. (foxe,

*Strum.* Let me alone I tell thee, for I am dead.

*Trum.* Yet one, good, good, master.

*Strum.* I will not speake, for I am dead I tel thee.

*Trum.* And is my master dead?

O sticks and stones, brickbats and bones,  
and is my master dead? 910

O you cockatrices and you bablatrices,  
that in the woods dwell :

You briers and brambles, you cookes shoppes and  
come howle and yell. (shambles,

With howling & screeking, with wailing and wee-  
come you to lament. (ping,

O Colliers of *Croyden*, and rusticks of *Royden*,  
and fishers of *Kent*.

For *Strumbo* the cobler, the fine mery cobler  
of *Cathnes* towne : 920

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

At this same stoure, at this very houre  
lies dead on the ground.

O maister, theeues, theeues, theeues.

*Strum.* Where be they? cox me tunny, bobekin  
let me be rising, be gone, we shall be robde by and  
by. *(Exeunt.)*

*Act II*  
*sc. viii*

*The 8. Act.*

Enter *Humber, Hubba, Segar, Thrasier, Estrild,*  
and the fouldiers.

930 *Hum.* Thus from the dreadful flocks of furious  
Thundring alarmes, and *Rhamnusias* drum *(Mars)*  
We are retyred with ioyfull victorie,  
The slaughtered Troians squeltring in their blood,  
Infect the aire with their carcasses,  
And are a praie for euerie rauenous bird.

*Estrild.* So perish they that are our enemies.  
So perish they that loue not *Humbers* weale.  
And mightie *Ioue* commander of the world,  
Protect my loue from all false trecheries.

940 *Hum.* Thanks louely *Estrild*, solace to my foule.  
But valiant *Hubba* for thy chiuallrie  
Declare against the men of *Albany*,  
Loe here a flowring garland wreath'd of bay,  
As a reward for thy forward minde.

Set it on his head.

*Hub.* This vnexpected honor noble fire,  
Will prick my courage vnto brauer deeds,  
And cause me to attempt such hard exploits,  
That all the world shall found of *Hubbaes* name.

*Hum.*



*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

*Hum.* And now braue fouldiers for this good suc- 950  
Caroufe whole cups of *Amazonian* wine, (ceffe,  
Sweeter then Nectar or Ambrosia,  
And cast away the clods of cursed care,  
VVith goblets crownd with *Semeleius* gifts,  
Now let vs martch to *Abis* siluer streames  
That clearly glide along the *Champane* fields,  
And moist the grassie meades with humid drops.  
Sound drummes & trumpets, found vp cheerfully,  
Sith we returne with ioy and victorie. 959

*The 3. Act Scene 1.*

*Act III*

Enter *Ate* as before. The dumb show. A Crocodile *sc. i*  
fitting on a riuers banke, and a little Snake sting-  
ing it. Then let both of them fall into the wa-  
ter.

*Ate. Scelero in authorem cadunt.*

High on a banke by *Nilus* boystrous streames,  
Fearfully fat the Aegiptian Crocodile,  
Dreadfully grinding in her sharpe long teethe,  
The broken bowels of a silly fish,  
His back was armde against the dint of speare, 970  
VVith shields of brasse that shind like burnisht gold  
And as he stretched forth his cruell pawes,  
A subtill Adder creeping closely neare  
Thrusting his forked sting into his clawes,  
Priuely shead his poison through his bones  
VVhich made him swel that there his bowels burst,  
That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.  
So *Humber* hauing conquered *Albanact*,  
Doth yeeld his glorie vnto *Loctrines* sword.

*The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine*

980 Marke what ensues and you may easily see,  
That all our life is but a Tragedie.

*Act III*  
*sc. ii*

*The 2. Scene.*

Enter *Loocrine, Guendoline, Corineus, Affaracus,*  
*Thrasimachus, Camber.*

*Loocrine.* And is this true, is *Albanactus* slaine?  
Hath curfed *Humber* with his stragling hoste  
With that his armie made of mungrell cures,  
Brought our redoubted brother to his end.  
O that I had the Thracian *Orpheus* harpe  
990 For to awake out of the infernall shade  
Those ougly diuels of black *Erebus*,  
That might torment the damned traitors soule :  
O that I had *Amphions* instrument  
To quicken with his vitall notes and tunes  
The flintie ioynts of euerie stonie rocke,  
By which the Scithians might be punished,  
For by the lightening of almightie *Ioue*  
The *Hunne* shall die, had he ten thousand liues :  
And would to God he had ten thousand liues,  
1000 That I might with the arme-strong *Hercules*  
Crop off so vile an *Hidras* hissing heads,  
But say me coufen, for I long to heare  
How *Albanact* came by vntimely death?

*Thrafi.* After the traitrous hoast of Scithians,  
Entred the field with martiall equipage  
Yoong *Albanact* impatient of delaie  
Ledde forth his armie gainst the stragling mates,  
Whose multitude did daunt our souldiers mindes,  
Yet

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

Yet nothing could dismay the forward prince,  
But with a courage most heroicall 1010  
Like to a lion mongst a flock of lambes  
Made hauocke of the faintheart fugitiues,  
Hewing a passage through them with his sword,  
Yea we had almost giuen them the repulse  
When suddainly from out the silent wood  
*Hubba* with twentie thousand souldiers  
Cowardly came vpon our weakened backes,  
And murdered all with fatall massacre,  
Amongst the which old *Debon* martiall knight,  
With many wounds was brought vnto the death. 1020  
And *Albanact* opprest with multitude  
Whilst valiantly he feld his enemies  
Yielded his life and honour to the dust,  
He being dead, the souldiers fled amaine,  
And I alone escaped them by flight,  
To bring you tidings of these accidents.

*Locr.* Not aged *Priam* King of stately *Troy*,  
Graund Emperour of barbarous *Asia*,  
When he beheld his noble minded sonnes  
Slaine traiterously by all the *Mermidons*, 1030  
Lamented more then I for *Albanact*.

*Guen.* Not *Hecuba* the queene of *Ilium*  
When she beheld the towne of *Pergamus*,  
Her pallace burnt, with all deuouring flames,  
Her fiftie sonnes and daughters fresh of hue,  
Murthred by wicked *Pirrhus* bloodie sword,  
Shed such sad teares as I for *Albanact*.

*Cam.* The grieve of *Niobe* faire *Athens* queene,  
For her seuen sonnes magnanimious in field,

For

*The lamentable Tragedie of Lochrine*

1040 For her feuen daughters fairer then the fairest,  
Is not to be comparde with my laments.

*Cor.* In vain you sorow for the slaughtred prince,  
In vain you sorrow for his ouerthrow,  
He loues not most that doth lament the most,  
But he that seekes to venge the iniurie.

Thinke you to quell the enemies warlike traine,  
VVith childish fobs and womannish laments?  
Vnsheath your swords, vnsheath your conquering  
And seek reuenge, the comfort for this sore, (sword,  
1050 In *Cornwall* where I hold my regiment  
Euen iust tenne thousand valiant men at armes  
Hath *Corineus* readie at commaund :  
All these and more, if need shall more require,  
Hath *Corrineus* readie at commaund.

*Cam.* And in the fields of martiall *Cambria*,  
Close by the boystrous *Iscons* siluer streames,  
VVhere lightfoote faires skip from banke to banke,  
Full twentie thousand braue couragious knights  
VVell exercisde in feates of chiuallrie,  
1060 In manly maner most inuincible,  
Yoong *Camber* hath with gold and victuall,  
All these and more, if need shall more require,  
I offer vp to venge my brothers death.

*Loc.* Thanks louing vncl and good brother too,  
For this reuenge, for this sweete word reuenge  
Must ease and cease thy wrongfull iniuries,  
And by the sword of bloodie *Mars* I sweare,  
Nere shall sweete quiet enter this my front,  
Till I be venged on his traiterous head  
1070 That slew my noble brother *Albanact*.

Sound

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

Sound drummes and trumpets, muster vp the camp,  
Eor we will straight march to *Albania*.

*Exeunt.*

*The 3. Scene.*

*Act III*  
*sc. iii*

Enter *Humber, Estrild, Hubba, Truffsier,*  
and the souldiers.

*Hum.* Thus are we come victorious conquerors  
Vnto the flowing currents siluer streames  
Which in memoriall of our victorie,  
Shall be agnominated by our name,  
And talked of by our posteritie :  
Eor sure I hope before the golden sunne  
Posteth his horses to faire *Thetis* plaines,  
To see the waters turned into blood,  
And change his blewish hue to rufull red,  
By reason of the fatall massacre  
Which shall be made vpon the virent plaines.

1080

Enter the ghoast of *Almanact*.

See how the traitor doth presage his harme,  
See how he glories at his owne decay,  
See how he triumphs at his proper losse,  
O fortune vilde, vnstable, fickle, fraile.

1090

*Hum.* Me thinks I see both armies in the field,  
The broken launces clime the cristall skies,  
Some headlesse lie, some breathlesse on the ground,  
Anb euery place is straw'd with carcasses,  
Behold the grasse hath lost his pleasant greene,  
The sweetest sight that euer might be seene.

*Ghoft.* I traiterous *Humber*, thou shalt find it so,

F

Yea

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

1100 Yea to thy cost thou shalt the same behold,  
With anguish, sorrow, and with sad laments,  
The grassie plaines that now do please thine eies,  
Shall ere the night be coloured all with blood,  
The shadie groues which now inclose thy campe  
And yeeld sweet fauours to thy damned corps,  
Shall ere the night be figured all with blood,  
The profound streame that passeth by thy tents,  
And with his moisture serueth all thy campe,  
Shall ere the night conuerted be to blood,  
1110 Yea with the blood of those thy stragling boyes,  
For now reuenge shall ease my lingring griefe,  
And now reuenge shall glut my longing soule.

*Hub.* Let come what wil, I meane to beare it out,  
And either liue with glorious victorie,  
Or die with fame renowned for chiuallrie,  
He is not worthie of the honie combe  
That shuns the hiues because the bees haue stings,  
That likes me best that is not got with ease,  
Which thousand daungers do accompany,  
1120 For nothing can dismay our regall minde,  
Which aimes at nothing but a golden crowne,  
The only vpsshot of mine enterprises,  
Were they enchanted in grimme *Plutos* court,  
And kept for treasure mongst his hellish crue,  
I would either quell the triple *Cerberus*  
And all the armie of his hatefull hags,  
Or roll the stone with wretched *Sisiphon*.

*Hum.* Right martiall be thy thoughts my noble  
And all thy words fauour of chiuallrie, (sonne,  
1130 But warlike *Segar* what strange accidents

Makes

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

Makes you to leaue the warding of the campe.

*Segar.* To armes my Lord, to honourable armes,  
Take helme and targe in hand the Brittaines come,  
With greater multitude then erst the Greekes  
Brought to the ports of Phrigian *Tenidos*.

*Hum.* But what saith *Segar* to these accidents?  
What counsell giues he in extremities?

*Seg.* Why this my Lord experience teacheth vs,  
That resolution is a sole helpe at need.

And this my Lord our honour teacheth vs, 1140  
That we be bold in euerie enterprise,  
Then since there is no way but fight or die,  
Be resolute my Lord for victorie.

*Hum.* And resolute *Segar* I meane to be,  
Perhaps some bliffull starre will fauour vs,  
And comfort bring to our perplexed state:  
Come let vs in and fortifie our campe,  
So to withstand their strong inuasion.

*Exeunt.* 1149

*The 4. Scene.*

Enter *Strumbo*, *Trumpart*, *Oliuer*, and his sonne 1150  
*William* following them. *Act III*  
*sc. iv*

*Strum.* Nay neighbour *Oliuer*, if you be so whot,  
come prepare your selfe, you shall finde two as stout  
fellowes of vs, as any in all the North.

*Oliu.* No by my dorth neighbor *Strumbo*, Ich zee  
dat you are a man of small zideration, dat wil zeek to  
iniure your olde vrendes, one of your vamiliar  
guesta, and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deale

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

1160 withouten reazon, iche and my zonne *VVilliam* will  
take dat course, dat shall be fardest vrom reazon, how  
zay you, will you haue my daughter or no?

*Strum.* A verie hard question neighbour, but I  
will solue it as I may; what reazon haue you to de-  
maund it of me?

*VVil.* Marry fir, what reazon had you when my  
sister was in the barne to tumble her vpon the haie,  
and to fish her belly.

*Strum.* Mas thou saist true, well, but would you  
1170 haue me marry her therefore? No I scorne her, and  
you, and you. I, I scorne you all.

*Oliu.* You will not haue her then?

*Strum.* No as I am a true gentleman.

*VVil.* Then wil we schoole you, ere you and we  
part hence.

Enter *Margerie* and fnatch the staffe out of her bro-  
thers hand, as he is fighting.

*Strum.* I you come in pudding time, or else I had  
drest them.

1180 *Mar.* You master fausebox, lobcock, cockscomb,  
you flosfauce, lickfingers, will you not heare?

*Strum.* Who speake you too, me?

*Mar.* I fir to you, *Iohn* lackhonestie, little wit, is it  
you that will haue none of me?

*Strum.* No by my troth, mistresse nicebice, how  
fine you cā nickname me, I think you were brought  
vp in the vniuersitie of bridewell, you haue your  
rhetorick so ready at your toongs end, as if you were  
neuer



*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

neuer well warned when your were yoong.

*Mar.* Why then goodman cods-head, if you wil 1190  
haue none of me, farewell.

*Strum.* If you be so plaine mistresse drigle dragle,  
fare you well.

*Mar.* Nay master *Strumbo*, ere you go from hence  
we must haue more words, you will haue none of  
me?

They both fight.

*Strum.* Oh my head, my head, leaue, leaue, leaue,  
I will, I will, I will.

*Mar.* Vpon that condition I let thee alone. 1200

*Oliu.* How now master *Strumbo*, hath my daugh-  
ter taught you a new lesson?

*Strum.* I but heare you goodman *Oliuer*? it will  
not bee for my ease to haue my head broken euerie  
day, therefore remedie this and we shall agree.

*Oli.* Well zonne well, for you are my zonne now,  
all shall be remedied, daughter be friends with him.

Shake hands.

*Strum.* You are a sweet nut, the diuel crack you.  
Maisters I thinke it be my lucke, my first wife was a 1210  
louing quiet wench, but this I thinke would weary  
the diuell. I would she might be burnt as my other  
wife was. If not, I must runne to the halter for help.  
O codpeece thou hast done thy maister, this it is to  
be meddling with warme plackets.

*Exeunt.*

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

*Act III*  
*sc. v*

*The 5. Scene.*

Enter *Locrine, Camber, Corineus, Thrasimachus,*  
*Affarachus.*

1220 *Loc.* Now am I garded with an hoste of men,  
VVhose hautie courage is inuincible,  
Now am I hembde with troupes of souldiers,  
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,  
And make her tremble at their puissance,  
Now fit I like the mightie god of warre,  
VVhen armed with his coat of Adament,  
Mounted his charriot drawne with mighty bulls,  
He droue the Argiues ouer *Xanthus* streames.  
Now cursed *Humber* doth thy end draw nie,

1230 Downe goes the glorie of his victories,  
And all his fame, and all his high renowne  
Shall in a moment yeeld to *Locrines* sword,  
Thy bragging banners crost with argent streames,  
The ornaments of thy pauillions  
Shall all be captiuated with this hand,  
And thou thy selfe at *Albanactus* tombe  
Shalt offred be in satiffaction

Of all the wrongs thou didst him when he liu'd.  
But canst thou tell me braue *Thrasimachus*,  
1240 How farre we are distant from *Humbers* campe?

*Thra.* My Lord, within your foule accursed groue  
That beares the tokens of our ouerthrow,  
This *Humber* hath intrencht his damned campe.  
March on my Lord, because I long to see  
The trecherous Scythians squeltring in their gore.

*Locrine.*

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

*Locri.* Sweet fortune fauour *Lochrine* with a smile,  
That I may venge my noble brothers death,  
And in the midt of stately *Troinonant*,  
Ile build a temple to thy deitie  
Of perfect marble and of *Iacinthe* stones, 1250  
That it shall passe the high *Pyramides*  
VVhich with their top surmount the firmament.

*Cam.* The armestrong offspring of the doubted  
Stout *Hercules Alcmenas* mightie sonne, (knight,  
That tamde the monsters of the threefold world,  
And rid the oppressed from the tyrants yokes,  
Did neuer shew such valiantness in fight,  
As I will now for noble *Albanact*.

*Cori.* Full foure score yeares hath *Corineus* liu'd,  
Sometime in warre, sometime in quiet peace, 1260  
And yet I feele my selfe to be as strong  
As erst I was in sommer of mine age,  
Able to tossè this great vnwildie club  
VVhich hath bin painted with my foemens brains,  
And with this club ile breake the strong arraie  
Of *Humber* and his stragling souldiers,  
Or loose my life amongst the thickest prease,  
And die with honour in my latest daies,  
Yet ere I die they all shall vnderstand  
VVhat force lies in stout *Corineus* hand. 1270

*Thra.* And if *Thrasimachus* detract the fight,  
Either for weaknesse or for cowardise,  
Let him not boast that *Brutus* was his eame,  
Or that braue *Corineus* was his fire.

*Loc.* Then courage souldiers, first for your safetie,  
Next for your peace, last for your victory. (*Exeunt.*  
Sound

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

Sound the alarme.

*Act III*

*sc. vi*

Enter *Hubba* and *Segar* at one doore, and  
*Corineus* at the other.

1280 *Cori.* Art thou that *Humber* prince of fugitiues,  
That by thy treason slewst yoong *Albanact*?

*Hub.* I am his sonne that slew yoong *Albanact*,  
And if thou take not heed proud *Phrigian*,  
Ile send thy soule vnto the *Stigian* lake,  
There to complaine of *Humbers* iniuries.

*Cori.* You triumph fir before the victorie,  
For *Corineus* is not so soone slaine.  
But cursed *Scithians* you shall rue the day  
That ere you came into *Albania*.

1290 So perish that they enuie *Brittaines* wealth,  
So let them die with endlesse infamie,  
And he that seekes his soueraignes ouerthrow,  
Would this my club might aggrauate his woe.  
Strikes them both downe with his club.

Enter *Humber*.

Where may I finde some defart wilder nesse,  
Where I may breath out curses as I would,  
And scare the earth with my condemning voice,  
Where euerie echoes repercussion

1300 May helpe me to bewaile mine ouerthrow,  
And aide me in my sorrowfull laments?  
Where may I finde some hollow vncoth rocke,  
Where I may damne, condemne and ban my fill,  
The heauens, the hell, the earth, the aire, the fire,  
And vtter curses to the concaue skie,  
Which may infect the aiery regions,  
And light vpon the *Brittain Locrines* head?

You

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

You vgly sprites that in *Cocitus* mourne,  
And gnash your teeth with dolorous laments,  
Yea fearfull dogs that in black *Læthe* howle, 1310  
And scare the ghoasts with your wide open throats,  
You vgly ghoasts that flying from these dogs,  
Do plunge your selues in *Puryflegiton*,  
Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes  
Accompaie the Brittaines conquering hoast.  
Come fierce *Erinnis* horrible with snakes,  
Come vgly Furies, armed with your whippes,  
You threefold iudges of black *Tartarus*,  
And all the armie of you hellish fiends,  
With new found tormēt̄s rack proud *Loocrins* bones 1320  
O gods, and starres, damned be the gods & starres  
That did not drowne me in faire *Thetis* plaines.  
Curst be the sea that with outragious waues  
With surging billowes did not riue my shippes  
Against the rocks of high *Cerannia*,  
Or swallowed me into her watrie gulfe,  
Would God we had arriu'd vpon the shore  
Where *Poliphlemus* and the *Cyclops* dwell,  
Or where the bloodie *Anthropomphagie*  
With greedie iawes deuours the wandring wights, 1330

Enter the ghoast of *Albanact*.

But why comes *Albanacts* bloodie ghoast,  
To bring a corsue to our miseries?  
Ist not inough to suffer shamefull flight,  
But we must be tormented now with ghoasts,  
With apparitions fearfull to behold.

*Ghoast.* Reuenge, reuenge for blood.

*Hum.* So nought wil satisfie your wandring ghoast

G

But

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

But dire reuenge, nothing but *Humbers* fall,  
1340 Because he conquerd you in *Albany*.  
Now by my foule *Humber* would be condemn'd  
To *Tantals* hunger or *Ixions* wheele,  
Or to the vultur of *Prometheus*,  
Rather then that this murther were vndone.  
When as I die ile dragge thy curfed ghoast  
Through all the riuers of foule *Erebus*,  
Through burning fulphur of the *Limbo-lake*,  
To allaie the burning furie of that heate  
That rageth in mine euerlasting foule.

1350

*Exeunt.*

*Alba. ghoft. Vindicta, vindicta.*

*Act IV*  
*sc. i*

*The 4. Act. Scene I.*

Enter *Ate* as before. Then let their follow *Omphale*  
daughter to the king of *Lydia*, hauing a club in  
her hand, and a lions skinne on her back, *Hercules*  
following with a distaffe. Then let *Omphale* turn  
about, and taking off her pantofle, strike *Hercu-*  
*les* on the head, then let them depart. *Ate* remain-  
ing, faying ;

1360

*Quem non Argolici mandata seuera Tyranni,  
Non potuit Iuno vincere, vicit amor.*

Stout *Hercules* the mirrour of the world,  
Sonne to *Alcmena* and great *Iupiter*,  
After so many conquests wonne in field,

After

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

After so many monstres queld by force,  
Yeelded his valiant heart to *Omphale*,  
A fearfull woman voyd of manly strength,  
She tooke the club, and ware the lions skinne,  
He tooke the wheele, and maidenly gan spinne.  
So martiall *Lochrine* cheerd with victorie,  
Falleth in loue with *Humbers* concubine,  
And so forgetteth peerlesse *Guendoline*.  
His vncl *Corineus* stormes at this,  
And forceth *Lochrine* for his grace to sue,  
Loe here the summe, the processe doth ensue.

1370

*Exit.*

*The 2. Scene.*

*Act IV*  
*sc. ii*

Enter *Lochrine, Camber, Corineus, Assaracus, Thrasimachus*, and the souldiers.

*Loc.* Thus from the fury of *Bellonas* broiles,  
With sound of drumme and trumpets melodie,  
The Brittain king returnes triumphanly,  
The Scithians flaine with great occision,  
Do æqualize the grasse in multitude, (brookes,  
And with their blood haue staine the streaming  
Offering their bodies and their dearest blood  
As sacrifice to *Albanactus* ghoast,  
Now cursed *Humber* hast thou payd thy due,  
For thy deceits and craftie trecheries,  
For all thy guiles, and damned stratagems,  
With losse of life, and euerdurning shame.  
Where are thy horses trapt with burnisht gold,

1380

1390

G 2

Thy

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

Thy trampling coursers rulde with foming bits?  
Where are thy souldiers strong and numberlesse,  
Thy valiant captains and thy noble peeres?  
Euen as the countrie clownes with sharpest sithes  
Do mowe the withered grasse from off the earth,  
Or as the ploughman with his piercing share  
Renteth the bowels of the fertile fields,  
1400 And rippeth vp the rootes with razours keene.  
So *Locrine* with his mightie curtleaxe,  
Hath cropped off the heads of all thy *Hunnes*,  
So *Locrines* peeres haue daunted all thy peeres,  
And droue thine hoast vnto confusion,  
That thou maist suffer penance for thy fault,  
And die for murdring valiant *Albanact*.

*Cori.* And thus, yea thus shall all the rest be seru'd  
That seeke to enter *Albion* gainst our willes.  
If the braue nation of the *Troglodites*,  
1410 If all the coleblacke *Aethiopians*,  
If all the forces of the *Amazons*,  
If all the hostes of the Barbarian lands,  
Should dare to enter this our little world,  
Soone should they rue their ouerbold attempts,  
That after vs our progenie may say,  
There lie the beasts that sought to vsurp our land.

*Loc.* I they are beasts that seeke to vsurp our land,  
And like to brutish beasts they shall be seru'd.  
For mightie *Ioue* the supream king of heauen,  
1420 That guides the concourse of the *Metiors*,  
And rules the motion of the azure skie,  
Fights alwaies for the Brittaines safetie.  
But staie, mee thinkes I heare some shrieking noyse,  
That



*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

That draweth neare to our pauillion.

Enter the souldiers leading in *Estrild*.

*Estrild*. What prince so ere adorn'd with golden

Doth sway the regall sceptler in his hand :

And thinks no chance can euer throw him downe,

Or that his state shall euerlasting stand,

Let him behold poore *Estrild* in this plight,

1430

The perfect platforme of a troubled wight.

Once was I guarded with manortiall bands,

Compast with princes of the noble blood,

Now am I fallen into my foemens hands,

And with my death must pacifie their mood.

O life the harbour of calamities,

O death the hauen of all miseries,

I could compare my sorrowes to thy woe,

Thou wretched queen of wretched *Pergamus*,

But that thou viewdst thy enemies ouerthrow,

1440

Nigh to the rocke of high *Caphareus*,

Thou sawst their death, and then departedst thence.

I must abide the victors insolence.

The gods that pittied thy continuall griefe,

Transformd thy corps, and with thy corps thy care,

Poore *Estrild* liues dispairing of reliefe,

For friends in trouble are but fewe and rare.

What said I fewe? I fewe or none at all,

For cruell death made hauock of them all.

Thrice happie they whose fortune was so good,

1450

To end their liues, and with their liues their woes,

Thrice haplesse I, whome fortune so withstood,

That cruelly she gaued me to my foes.

Oh souldiers is there any miserie,

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

To be comparde to fortunes trecherie.

*Loc.* *Camber*, this same shuld be the Scithiã queen.

*Cam.* So may we iudge by her lamenting words.

*Loc.* So faire a dame mine eies did neuer see,  
With floods of woes she seems orewhelmed to bee

1460 *Cam.* O *Locrine* hath she not a cause for to be fad?

*Locrine* at one side of the stage.

If she haue cause to weepe for *Humbers* death,

And shead fault teares for her ouerthrow,

*Locrine* may well bewaile his proper grieve,

*Locrine* may moue his owne peculiar woe,

He being conquerd died a speedie death,

And felt not long his lamentable smart,

I being conqueror, liue a lingring life,

And feele the force of *Cupids* suddaine stroke.

1470 I gaue him cause to die a speedie death,

He left me cause to wish a speedie death.

Oh that sweete face painted with natures dye,

Those roseall cheeks mizt with a snowy white,

That decent necke surpassing yuorie,

Those comely breasts which *Venus* well might spite,

Are like to snares which wylie fowlers wrought,

Wherein my yeelding heart is prisoner cought.

The golden tresses of her daintie haire

Which shine like rubies glittering with the funne,

1480 Haue so entrapt poore *Locrines* louefick heart,

That from the same no way it can be wonne.

How true is that which oft I heard declard,

One dramme of ioy, must haue a pound of care.

*Estr.* Hard is their fall who from a golden crown  
Are cast into a sea of wretchednesse.

*Loc.*

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

*Loc.* Hard is their thrall who by *Cupids* frowne  
Are wrapt in waues of endlesse carefulnesse.

*Estr.* Oh kingdome obiect to all miseries.

*Loc.* Oh loue, the extreemst of all extremities.

Let him go into his chaire.

1490

*A sold.* My Lord, in ransacking the Scithian tents  
I found this Ladie, and to manifest  
That earnest zeale I beare vnto your grace,  
I here present her to your maiestie. (first,

*Another sold.* He lies my Lord, I found the Ladie  
And here present her to your maiestie. (prize?)

1. *Sold.* Presumptuous villaine wilt thou take my

2. *Sol.* Nay rather thou depriuest me of my right.

1. *Sol.* Resigne thy title (cative) vnto me,

Or with my sword ile pearce thy cowards loines. 1500

2. *Sol.* Soft words good sir, tis not inogh to speak  
A barking dog doth sildome strangers bite.

*Loc.* Vnreuerent villains, sttiue you in our fight?  
Take them hence Iaylor to the dungeon,  
There let them lie and trie their quarrell out.  
But thou faire princessè be no whit dismayd,  
But rather ioy that *Lochrine* fauours thee.

*Estr.* How can he fauor me that slew my spouse?

*Loc.* The chance of war (my loue) tooke him frō

*Estr.* But *Lochrine* was the causer of his death. (thee 1510

*Loc.* He was an enemy to *Lochrines* state,  
And slue my noble brother *Albanact*.

*Estr.* But he was linckt to me in marriage bond,  
And would you haue me loue his slaughterer?

*Loc.* Better to liue, then not to liue at all.

*Estrild.*

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

*Estrild.* Better to die renownd for chastitie,  
Then liue with shame and endlesse infamie.

What would the common fort report of me,  
If I forget my loue, and cleaue to thee?

1520 *Loc.* Kings need not feare the vulgar sentences.

*Estr.* But Ladies must regard their honest name.

*Loc.* Is it a shame to liue in marriage bonds?

*Estr.* No, but to be a strumpet to a king.

*Loc.* If thou wilt yeeld to *Locrines* burning loue,  
Thou shalt be queene of faire *Albania*.

*Estr.* But *Guendoline* will vndermine my state.

*Lo.* Vpon mine honor thou shalt haue no harme.

*Estr.* Then lo braue *Locrine*, *Estrild* yeelds to thee,  
And by the gods whom thou doest inuocate,

1530 By the dead ghoast of thy deceased fire,  
By thy right hand and by thy burning loue,  
Take pitie on poore *Estrilds* wretched thrall.

*Cori.* Hath *Locrine* then forgot his *Guendoline*,  
That thus he courts the Scithians paramore?

VVhat are the words of *Brute* so soone forgot?

Are my deserts so quickly out of minde?

Haue I bene faithfull to thy fire now dead,

Haue I protected thee from *Humbers* hands,

And doest thou quite me with vngratitude?

1540 Is this the guerdon for my greeuous wounds,  
Is this the honour for my labors past?

Now by my sword, *Locrine* I sweare to thee,

This iniury of thine shall be repaide.

*Loc.* Vncle, sorne you your royall foueraigne,

As if we stood for cyphers in the court?

Vpbraid you me with those your benefits?

VVhy

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

Why it was a subiects dutie so to do.  
What you haue done for our deceased fire,  
We know, and all know you haue your reward.

*Cori.* Auaunt proud princoxe, brau'ft thou me 1550  
Affure thy self though thou be Emperor (withall,  
Thou nere shalt carry this vnpunished.

*Cam.* Pardon my brother noble *Corineus*,  
Pardon this once and it shall be amended.

*Affar.* Cousin remember *Brutus* latest words,  
How he desired you to cherish them,  
Let not this fault so much incense your minde,  
Which is not yet passed all remedie.

*Cori.* Then *Lochrine*, loe I reconcile my selfe,  
But as thou lou'ft thy life, so loue thy wife: 1560

But if thou violate those promises,  
Blood and reuenge shall light vpon thy head.

Come let vs backe to stately *Troinouant*,  
Where all these matters shall be fetted.

*Lochrine* to himselfe.

Millions of diuels wayt vpon thy soule.

Legions of spirits vexe thy impious ghoast.

Ten thousand torments rack thy cursed bones.

Let euerie thing that hath the vse of breath,

Be instruments and workers of thy death. 1570

*Exeunt.*

*The 3. Scene.*

Enter *Humber* alone, his haire hanging ouer his  
shoulders, his armes all bloodie, and a  
dart in one hand.

*Act IV*  
*sc. iiii*

*Hum.* What basiliskt was hatched in this place,

H

Where

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

Where euerie thing consumed is to nought?  
What fearefull Furie haunts these cursed groues,  
Where not a roote is left for *Humbers* meate?  
1580 Hath fell *Alecto* with inuenomed blafts,  
Breathed forth poyson in these tender plaines?  
Hath triple *Cerberus* with contagious fome,  
Sowde *Aconitum* mongst these withered hearbes?  
Hath dreadfull *Fames* with her charming rods  
Brought barreinneſſe on euery fruitfull tree?  
What not a roote, no frute, no beaſt, no bird,  
To nourish *Humber* in this wilderneſſe?  
What would you more you fiends of *Erebus*,  
My verie intralls burne for want of drinke,  
1590 My bowels crie, *Humber* giue vs ſome meate,  
But wretched *Humber* can giue you no meate,  
Theſe foule accursed groues affoord no meat.  
This fruitles foyle, this groūd brings forth no meat.  
The gods, hard harted gods, yeeld me no meat.  
Then how can *Humber* giue you any meate?

Enter *Strumbo* with a pitchforke, and a ſcotch-cap,  
ſaying:

How do you maiſters, how do you? how haue you  
ſcaped hanging this long time? yfaith I haue ſcaped  
1600 many a ſcouring this yeare, but I thanke God I haue  
paſt them all with a good couragio, couragio, & my  
wife & I are in great loue and charitie now, I thank  
my manhood & my ſtrength, for I wil tell you mai-  
ſters, vpon a certain day at night I came home, to ſay  
the verie truth, with my ſtomacke full of wine, and  
ran vp into the chamber where my wife ſoberly ſate  
rocking

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

rocking my little babie, leaning her back against the bed, singing lullabie. Now when she saw me come with my nose foremost, thinking that I bin drunk, as I was indeed, snatcht vp a fagot stick in her hand, and came furiously marching towards me with a bigge face, as though shee would haue eaten mee at a bit; thundering out these words vnto me. Thou drunken knaue where hast thou bin so long? I shall teach thee how to benight mee an other time; and so shee began to play knaues trumps. Now although I trembled fearing she would set her ten commandements in my face, ran within her, and taking her lustily by the midle, I carried her valiantly to the bed, and flinging her vpon it, flung my selfe vpon her, and there I delighted her so with the sport I made, that euer after she wold call me sweet husband, and so banisht brawling for euer: and to see the good will of the wench, she bought with her portion a yard of land, and by that I am now become one of the richest mē in our parish. Well masters whats a clocke, it is now breakfast time, you shall see what meat I haue here for my breakfast.

Let him sit downe and pull out  
his vittailles.

1630

*Hum.* Was euer land so fruitlesse as this land?  
Was euer groue so gracelesse as this groue?  
Was euer foyle so barrein as this foyle?  
Oh no: the land where hungry *Fames* dwelt,  
May no wise æqualize this cursed land,  
No euen the climat of the torrid zone  
Brings forth more fruit then this accursed groue.

H 2

Nere

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

Nere came sweet *Ceres*, nere came *Venus* here,  
*Triptolemus* the god of husbandmen,  
1640 Nere sowed his seed in this foule wilderneffe.  
The hunger-bitten dogs of *Acheron*,  
Chaft from the ninefold *Puriflegiton*,  
Haue fet their footesteps in this damned ground.  
The yron harted *Furies* arm'd with snakes,  
Scattered huge *Hidras* ouer all the plaines,  
which haue cōsum'd the graffe, the herbes, the trees  
which haue drunke vp the flowing water springs.

*Strumbo* hearing his voice shall start vp and put  
meat in his pocket, seeking to hide himselfe.

1650 *Hum.* Thou great commander of the starry skie,  
That guid'st the life of euerie mortall wight  
From the inclosures of the fleeting clouds,  
Raine downe some foode, or else I faint and die.  
Powre downe some drinke, or else I faint and die.  
O *Iupiter* hast thou sent *Mercury*  
In clownish shape to minister some foode?  
Some meate, some meate, some meate.

*Strum.* O alasse sir, ye are deceiued, I am not *Mer-*  
*cury*, I am *Strumbo*.

1660 *Hum.* Giue me som meat vilain, giue me som meat,  
Or gainst this rock, Ile dash thy curfed braines,  
And rent thy bowels with my bloodie hands.  
Giue me some meat villaine, giue me some meat.

*Strum.* By the faith of my bodie good fellow, I  
had rather giue an whole oxen then that thou shuldst  
ferue me in that fort. Dash out my braines? O horri-  
ble,



*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

ble, terrible. I thinke I haue a quarry of stones in my pocket.

Let him make as though hee would giue him some, and as he putteth out his hand, <sup>1670</sup> enter the ghoast of *Albanact*, and strike him on the hand, and so *Strumbo* runnes out, *Humber* following him.

*Exit.*

*Alba. ghoast.* Loe here the gift of fell ambition,  
Of vsurpation and of trecherie.  
Loe here the harmes that wait vpon all those  
That do intrude themselues in others lands,  
Which are not vnder their dominion.

*Exit.*

1680

*Act IV*  
*sc. iu*

*The 4. Scene.*

Enter *Lochrine* alone.

*Loc.* Seuen yeares hath aged *Corineus* liu'd  
To *Lochrines* grieffe, and faire *Estrildas* woe,  
And seuen yeares more he hopeth yet to liue,  
Oh supreme *Ioue*, annihilate this thought.  
Should he enioy the aires fruition?  
Should he enioy the benefit of life?  
Should he contemplate the radiant sonne,  
That makes my life equall to dreadfull death? <sup>1690</sup>  
*Venus* conuay this monster fro the earth,  
That disobeieth thus thy sacred hefts.  
*Cupid* conuay this monster to darke hell,  
That disanulls thy mothers sugred lawes.  
*Mars* with thy target all beset wiith flames,

H 3

With

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

With murdering blade bereaue him of his life,  
 That hindreth *Locrine* in his sweetest ioyes.  
 And yet for all his diligent aspect,  
 His wrathfull eies piercing like *Linces* eies,  
 1700 VWell haue I ouermatcht his subtiltie.  
 Nigh *Deucolitum* by the pleafant Lee,  
 where brackifh *Thamis* flides with filuer ftreames,  
 Making a breach into the grafie downes,  
 A curious arch of costly marble fraught,  
 Hath *Locrine* framed vnderneath the ground,  
 The walls whereof, garnifh with diamonds,  
 VWith ophirs, rubies, gliftering emeralds,  
 And interlaft with fun-bright carbuncles,  
 Lighten the roome with artificiall day,  
 1710 And from the Lee with water-flowing pipes  
 The moifture is deriu'd into this arch  
 VWhere I haue placed faire *Eftriid* secretly,  
 Thither eftfoones accompanied with my page,  
 I couertly vifit my harts defire,  
 VWithout fufpition of the meaneft eie,  
 For loue aboundeth ftill with pollicie:  
 And thither ftill meanes *Locrine* to repaire,  
 Till *Atropos* cut off mine vnclles life.

*Exit.*

*Act IV*  
*sc. v*

*The 5. Scene.*  
 Enter *Humber* alone, faying;

1722 *Hum. O vita misero longa, felici breuis,*  
*Ehen malorem fames extremum malum.*  
 Long haue I liued in this defart caue,  
 VWith eating hawes and miserable rootes,

Deuou-

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

Deuouring leaues and beastly excrements.

Caues were my beds, and stones my pillowbeares,

Feare was my sleep, and horror was my dreame,

For still me thought at euery boisterous blast

Now *Lochrine* comes, now *Humber* thou must die: 1730

So that for feare and hunger, *Humbers* minde

Can neuer rest, but alwaies trembling stands.

O what *Danubius* now may quench my thirst?

VVhat *Euphrates*, what lightfoot *Euripus*,

May now allaie the furie of that heat,

VVhich raging in my entralls eates me vp?

You gastly diuels of the ninefold *Stickes*,

You damned ghoasts of ioyleffe *Acheron*,

You mournfull foules, vext in *Abissus* vaults,

You coleblack diuels of *Auernus* pond, 1740

Come with your fleshhooks, rent my famisht arms,

These armes that haue sustaind their maisters life,

Come with your raifours, rippe my bowels vp,

VVith your sharp fireforks crack my sterued bones,

Vse me as you will, so *Humber* may not liue.

Accursed gods that rule the starry poles,

Accursed *Ioue* king of the cursed gods,

Cast downe your lightning on poore *Humbers* head,

That I may leaue this deathlike life of mine,

VVhat heare you not, and shall not *Humber* die? 1750

Nay I will die though all the gods say nay.

And gentle *Aby* take my troubled corps,

Take it and keep it from all mortall eies,

That none may say when I haue lost my breath,

The very flouds conspirde gainst *Humbers* death.

Fling himselfe into the riuier.

Enter

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

Enter the ghoast of *Albanact*.

*En cædem sequitur, cædes in cæde quiesco.*

*Humber* is dead, ioy heauens, leap earth, dance trees,  
1760 Now maist thou reach thy apples *Tantalus*,  
And with them feed thy hunger-bitten limmes.  
Now *Sisphus* leaue tumbling of thy rock,  
And rest thy restlesse bones vpon the same.  
Vnbind *Ixion* cruell *Rhadamanth*,  
And laie proud *Humber* on the whirling wheele.  
Backe will I post to hell mouth *Tænarus*,  
And passe *Cocitus*, to the Elyfian fields,  
And tell my father *Brutus* of these newes.

*Exit.*

*Act V*  
*sc. i*

*The 5. Act. Scene I.*

1771 Enter *Ate* as before. *Iason* leading *Creons* daughter.  
*Medea* following, hath a garland in her hand, and  
putting it on *Creons* daughters head, setteth it on  
fire, and then killing *Iason* and her, departeth.

*Ate. Non tam Tincris excessuat Aetna cauernis,*

*Læsæ furtiuo quam cor mulieris amore.*

*Medea* seeing *Iason* leaue her loue,  
And choose the daughter of the *Thebane* king,  
Went to her diuellish charmes to worke reuenge,  
1780 And raising vp the triple *Hecate*,  
With all the rout of the condemned fiends,  
Framed a garland by her magick skill,  
With which she wrought *Iason* and *Creons* ill.  
So *Guendoline* seeing her selfe misvs'd,  
And *Humbers* paramour possesse her place,

Flies

*the eldest some to King Brutus.*

Flies to the dukedome of *Cornubia*,  
And with her brother stout *Thrasimachus*,  
Gathering a power of Cornish souldiers,  
Giues battaile to her husband and his hoste,  
Nigh to the riuier of great *Mertia*,  
The chances of this dissmall massacre,  
That which infueth shortly will vnfold.

1790

*(Exit.)*

*The 2. Scene.*

*Act V*

*sc. ii*

Enter *Lochrine*, *Camber*, *Affarachus*,  
*Thrasimachus*.

*Affa.* But tell me cousin, died by brother so?

Now who is left to helpeffe *Albion*,  
That as a piller might vphold our state,  
That might strike terror to our daring foes?

Now who is left to haplesse *Brittanie*,  
That might defend her from the barbarous hands  
Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,  
And seeke to worke her downfall and decaie?

1800

*Cam.* I vncke death is our common enemy,  
And none but death can match our matchles power  
Witnesse the fall of *Albioneus* crewe,  
Witnesse the fall of *Humber* and his *Humes*,  
And this foule death hath now increast our woe,  
By taking *Corineus* from this life,  
And in his roome leauing vs worlds of care.

1810

*Thra.* But none may more bewaile his mournful  
Then I that am the issue of his loines, (hearse,  
Now foule befall that cursed *Humbers* throat,  
That was the causer of his lingring wound.

I

*Loc.*

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

*Lo.* Teares cannot raise him from the dead again,  
But wher's my Ladie mistresse *Guendoline*?

*Thra.* In Cornwall *Locrine* is my sister now,  
Prouiding for my fathers funerall.

*Lo.* And let her ther prouide her mourning weeds  
1820 And mourne for euer her owne widdow-hood.

Ner shall she come within our pallace gate,  
To countercheck braue *Locrine* in his loue.

Go boy to *Deucolium*, downe the Lee,  
Vnto the arch where louely *Estrild* lies,  
Bring her and *Sabren* strait vnto the court,  
She shall be queene in *Gnendolinas* roome.

Let others waile for *Corineus* death,  
I meane not so to macerate my minde,  
For him that bard me from my hearts desire.

1830 *Thra.* Hath *Locrine* then forsooke his *Guendoline*?  
Is *Corineus* death so soone forgot?

If there be gods in heauen, as sure there be,  
If there be fiends in hell, as needs there must,  
They will reuenge this thy notorious wrong,  
And powre their plagues vpon thy curfed head.

*Loc.* What prat'st thou pesant to thy soueraigne?  
Or art thou strooken in some extasie?

Doest thou not tremble at our royall lookes?  
Dost thou not quake when mighty *Locrine* frowns?

1840 Thou beardlesse boy, wert not that *Locrine* scornes  
To vexe his mind with such a hartlesse childe,  
With the sharpe point of this my battale-axe,  
I would send thy soule to *Puriflegiton*.

*Thra.* Though I be yoong and of a tender age,  
Yet will I cope with *Locrine* when he dares.

My

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

My noble father with his conquering sword,  
Slew the two giants kings of *Aquitaine*.

*Thrasimachus* is not so degenerate

That he should feare and tremble at the lookes  
Or taunting words of a venerian squire.

1850

*Loc.* Menacest thou thy roiall soueraigne,  
Vnciuill, not befeeming such as you.

Iniurious traitor (for he is no lesse  
That at defiance standeth with his king) (words,  
Leaue these thy tauntes, leaue these thy bragging  
Vnlesse thou meane to leaue thy wretched life.

*Thra.* If princes staine their glorious dignitie  
With ougly spots of monstrous infamie,  
They leese their former estimation,  
And throw themselues into a hell of hate.

1860

*Loc.* Wilt thou abuse my gentle patience,  
As though thou didst our high displeasure scorne?  
Proud boy, y<sup>e</sup> thou maist know thy prince is mou'd,  
Yea greatly mou'd at this thy swelling pride,  
We banish thee for euer from our court.

*Thra.* Then lofell *Lochrine*, looke vnto thy selfe,  
*Thrasimachus* will venge this iniurie. (*Exit.*

*Lo.* Farwel proud boy, and learn to vse thy toong.

*Assa.* Alas my Lord, you shuld haue cald to mind  
The latest words that *Brutus* spake to you, 1870  
How he desirde you by the obedience  
That children ought to beare vnto their fire,  
To loue and fauour Ladie *Guendoline*,  
Consider this, that if the iniurie  
Do mooue her mind, as certainly it will,  
Warre and dissention followes speedely.

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

What though her power be not so great as yours,  
Haue you not seene a mightie elephant  
Slaine by the biting of a filly mouſe?

1880 Euen ſo the chance of warre inconstant is.

*Loc.* Peace vncke peace, and ceaſe to talke hereof,  
For he that ſeekes by whiſpering this or that,  
To trouble *Locrine* in his ſweeteſt life,  
Let him perſwade himſelfe to die the death.

Enter the Page, with *Eſtrild* and *Sabren*.

*Eſtr.* O ſay me Page, tell me where is the king,  
Wherefore doth he ſend for me to the court,  
Is it to die, is it to end my life,  
Say me ſweete boy, tell me and do not faine?

1890 *Page.* No truſt me madame, if you will credit the  
litle honeſtie that is yet left me, there is no ſuch dan-  
ger as you feare, but prepare your ſelfe, yonders the  
king.

*Eſtr.* Then *Eſtrild* liſt thy dazled ſpirits vp,  
And bleſſe that bleſſed time, that day, that houre,  
That warlike *Locrine* firſt did fauour thee.  
Peace to the king of *Brittany* my loue,  
Peace to all thoſe that loue and fauour him.

*Locrine* taking her vp.

1900 Doth *Eſtrild* fall with ſuch ſubmiſſion  
Before her ſeruant king of *Albion*?  
Ariſe faire Ladie, leaue this lowly cheare,  
Liſt vp thoſe lookes that cheriſh *Locrines* heart,  
That I may freely view that roſeall face,  
Which ſo intangled hath my louefick breſt,  
Now to the court where we will court it out,  
And paſſe the night and day in *Venus* ſports.

Frollick



*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

Frollick braue peeres, be ioyfull with your king.

*Exeunt.*

*The 3. Scene.* Enter *Guendoline*, *Thrasimachus*, *Act V*  
*Madan*, and the fouldiers. (blasts, *sc. iii*

*Guen.* You gentle winds that with your modest 1912

Passè through the circuit of the heauenly vault,

Enter the clouds vnto the throne of *Ioue*,

And beare my praiers to his all hearing eares,

For *Lochrine* hath forsaken *Guendoline*,

And learne to loue proud *Humbers* concubine.

You happie sprites that in the concaue skie

With pleasant ioy, enioy your sweetest loue,

Shed foorth those teares with me, which then you 1920

Whē first you wooed your ladies to your wils, (shed

Those teares are fittest for my wofull case,

Since *Lochrine* shunnes my nothing pleasant face.

Blush heauens, blush sunne, and hide thy shining

Shadow thy radiāt locks in gloomy clouds, (beams,

Denie thy cheerfull light vnto the world,

VVhere nothing raigns but falshood and deceit.

VVhat said I, falshood? I that filthie crime,

For *Lochrine* hath forsaken *Guendoline*.

Behold the heauens do waile for *Guendoline*.

1930

The shining sunne doth blush for *Guendoline*.

The liquid aire doth weep for *Guendoline*.

The verie ground doth grone for *Guendoline*.

I they are milder then the Brittainie king,

For he reiecteth lucklesse *Guendoline*.

*Thra.* Sister, complaints are bootlesse in this cause,

This open wrong must haue an open plague :

This plague must be repaid with grieuous warre,

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

This warre must finish with *Locrinus* death,  
1940 His death will soone extinguish our complaints.

*Guen.* O no, his death wil more augment my woes,  
He was my husband braue *Thrasimachus*,  
More deare to me then the apple of mine eie,  
Nor can I finde in heart to worke his scathe.

*Thra.* Madame if not your proper iniuries,  
Nor my exile, can moue you to reuenge,  
Thinke on cur father *Corineus* words,  
His words to vs stands alwaies for a lawe,  
Should *Locrine* liue that cauf'd my fathers death?  
1950 Should *Locrine* liue that now diuorceth you?

The heauens, the earth, the aire, the fire reclaimes,  
And then why should all we denie the same?

*Guen.* Then henceforth farwel womanish com-  
All childish pitie henceforth then farwel: (plaints,  
But cursed *Locrine* looke vnto thy selfe,  
For *Nemesis* the mistresse of reuenge,  
Sits arm'd at all points on our dismall blades,  
And cursed *Estrild* that inflamed his heart,  
Shall if I liue, die a reproachfull death.

1960 *Madan.* Mother, though nature makes me to la-  
My lucklesse fathers froward lecherie, (ment,  
Yet for he wrongs my Ladie mother thus,  
I if I could, my selfe would worke his death.

*Thra.* See madame see, the desire of reuenge  
Is in the children of a tender age.  
Forward braue souldiers into *Mertia*,  
Where we shall braue the coward to his face.

*Exeunt.*

*The*

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

*The 4. Scene.*

*Act V*

Enter *Lochrine, Estrild, Habren, Assarachus,*  
and the souldiers.

*sc. iu*

1971

*Loc.* Tell me *Assarachus*, are the Cornish chuffes  
In such great number come to *Mertia*,  
And haue they pitched there their pettie hoste,  
So close vnto our royall mansion.

*Affa.* They are my Lord, and meane incontinent  
To bid defiance to your maiestie.

*Loc.* It makes me laugh, to thinke that *Guendoline*  
Should haue the hart to come in armes gainst me.

*Estr.* Alas my Lord, the horse wil runne amaine 1980  
When as the spurre doth gall him to the bone,  
Iealoufie *Lochrine* hath a wicked sting.

*Lac.* Saist thou so *Estrild*, beauties paragon?  
Well we will trie her chollor to the prooffe,  
And make her know *Lochrine* can brooke no braues.  
March on *Assarachus*, thou must lead the way,  
And bring vs to their proud pauillion. (*Exeunt.*

*The 5. Scene.*

*Act V*

Enter the ghost of *Corineus*, with thunder & lighte-  
*sc. v*

*Ghost.* Behold the circuit of the azure sky, (ning. 1990  
Throwes forth sad throbs, and grieuous fuspirs,  
Preiudicating *Lochrines* ouerthrow,  
The fire casteth forth sharpe dartes of flames,  
The great foundation of the triple world,  
Trembleth and quaketh with a mightie noife,  
Presaging bloodie massacres at hand.  
The wandring birds that flutter in the darke,  
When hellish night in cloudie charriot seated,  
Casteth

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

Casteth her mists on shadie *Tellus* face,  
2000 VVith fable mantels couering all the earth,  
Now flies abroad amid the cheerfull day,  
Foretelling some vnwonted miserie.  
The snarling cures of darkened *Tartarus*,  
Sent from *Auernus* ponds by *Radamanth*,  
VVith howling ditties pester euerie wood,  
The watrie ladies and the lightfoote fawnes,  
And all the rabble of the wooddie Nymphs,  
All trembling hide themselues in shadie groues,  
And shrowd themselues in hideous hollow pitts.  
2010 The boysterous *Boreas* thundreth forth reuenge.  
The stonie rocks crie out on sharpe reuenge.  
The thornie bush pronounceth dire reuenge.

Sound the alarme.

Now *Corineus* staie and see reuenge,  
And feede thy soule with *Loctrines* ouerthrow.  
Behold they come, the trumpets call them foorth.  
The roaring drummes summon the souldiers.  
Loe where their army glistereth on the plaines,  
Throw forth thy lightning mightie *Iupiter*,  
2020 And powre thy plagues on curfed *Loctrines* head.

Stand a sife.

Enter *Lochrine*, *Estrild*, *Affaracus*, *Habren* and their soldiers at one doore, *Thrasimachus*, *Guendolin*, *Madan* and their followers at an other.

*Loc.* VVhat is the tigre started from his caue?  
Is *Guendoline* come from *Cornubia*,  
That thus she braueth *Lochrine* to the teeth?  
And hast thou found thine armour prettie boy,  
Accompanied with these thy stragling mates?

Beleeue

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

Beleeue me but this enterprife was bold, 2030  
And well deferueth commendation.

*Guen.* I *Lochrine*, traiterous *Lochrine* we are come,  
With full pretence to seeke thine ouerthrow,  
What haue I don that thou shouldst scorn me thus?  
What haue I said that thou shouldst me reiect?

Haue I bene disobedient to thy words?  
Haue I bewrayd thy Arcane secrecie?  
Haue I dishonoured thy marriage bed  
With filthie crimes, or with lasciuious lusts?  
Nay it is thou that hast dishonoured it, 2040  
Thy filthie minde orecome with filthie lusts,  
Yeeldeth vnto affections filthie darts.

Vnkind, thou wrongst thy first and truest feer,  
Vnkind, thou wrongst thy best and dearest friend.

Vnkind, thou scornst all skilfull *Brutus* lawes,  
Forgetting father, vnclē, and thy selfe.

*Estr.* Beleeue me *Lochrine* but the girle is wise,  
And well would seeme to make a vastall Nunne,  
How finely frames she her oration.

*Thra.* *Lochrin* we came not here to fight with words 2050  
Words that can neuer winne the victorie,  
But for you are so merie in your frumpes,  
Vnleath your swords, and trie it out by force,  
That we may see who hath the better hand.

*Loc.* Thinkst thou to dare me bold *Thrasimachus*?  
Thinkst thou to feare me with thy taunting braues,  
Or do we seeme too weake to cope with thee?  
Soone shall I shew thee my fine cutting blade,  
And with my sword the messenger of death,  
Seal thee an acquitāce for thy bold attempts. *Exeūt.* 2060

K

Sound

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

Act V  
sc. vi

Sound the alarme. Enter *Locrine*, *Affaracus*, and a  
fouldier at one doore, *Guendoline*, *Thrasimachus*, at  
an other, *Locrine* and his followers driuen back.

Then let *Locrine* & *Estrild* enter again in a maze.

*Loc.* O faire *Estrilda*, we haue lost the field,  
*Thrasimachus* hath wonne the victorie,  
And we are left to be a laughing stocke,  
Scoft at by those that are our enemies,  
Ten thousand fouldiers armd with sword & shield,  
2070 Preuaile against an hundreth thousand men,  
*Thrasimachus* incenst with fuming ire,  
Rageth amongst the faintheart fouldiers  
Like to grim *Mars*, when couered with his targe  
He fought with *Diomedes* in the field,  
Close by the bankes of siluer *Simois*,

Sound the alarme.

O louely *Estrild* now the chafe begins,  
Ner shall we see the stately *Traynouant*  
Mounted on the coursers garnisht all withpearles,  
2080 Ner shall we view the faire *Concordia*,  
Vnlesse as captiues we be thither brought.  
Shall *Locrine* then be taken prisoner,  
By such a yoongling as *Thrasimachus*?  
Shall *Guendolina* captiuate my loue?  
Ner shall mine eies behold that dismall houre,  
Ner will I view that ruthfull spectacle,  
For with my sword this sharpe curtleaxe,  
Ile cut in funder my accursed heart.  
But O you iudges of the ninefold *Stix*,  
2090 Which with incessant torments racke the ghaasts  
Within the bottomlesse *Abissus* pits,

You

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

You gods commanders of the heauenly spheres,  
Whose will and lawes irreuocable stands,  
Forgiue, forgiue, this foule accursed sinne,  
Forget O gods this foule condemned fault :  
And now my sword that in so many fights (kisse his  
Hast sau'd the life of *Brutus* and his sonne, (sword.  
End now his life that wisheth still for death,  
Worke now his death that wisheth still for death,  
Worke now his death that hateth still his life. 2100

Farwell faire *Estrild*, beauties paragon,  
Fram'd in the front of forlorne miseries,  
Ner shall mine eies behold thy sunshine eies,  
But when we meet in the Elyfian fields,  
Thither I go before with haltenened pace.  
Farwell vaine world, and thy inticing snares.  
Forwell foule sinne, and thy inticing pleasures.  
And welcome death the end of mortall smart,  
Welcome to *Lochrines* ouerburthened hart.

Thrust himselfe through with his sword. 2110

*Estr.* Break hart with sobs and greeuous fuspirs,  
Streame forth you teares from forth my watry eies,  
Helpe me to mourne for warlike *Lochrines* death,  
Powre downe your teares you watry regions,  
For mightie *Lochrine* is bereft of life.  
O fickle fortne, O vnstable world,  
What else are all things that this globe containes,  
But a confused chaos of mishaps?  
VVherein as in a glasse we plainly see,  
That all our life is but as a Tragedie. 2120  
Since mightie kings are subiect to mishap,  
I mightie kings are subiect to mishap,  
Since martiall *Lochrine* is bereft of life,

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

Shall *Estrild* liue then after *Locrines* death?  
Shall loue of life barre her from *Locrines* sword?  
O no, this sword that hath bereft his life,  
Shall now depriue me of my fleeting soule:  
Strengthen these hands O mightie *Iupiter*,  
That I may end my wofull miserie.

2130 *Locrine* I come, *Locrine* I follow thee.

Kill her selfe.

Sound the alarme. Enter *Sabren*.

*Sab*. What dolefull sight, what ruthfull spectacle  
Hath fortune offred to my haplesse hart?  
My father slaine with such a fatall sword,  
My mother murthred by a mortall wound?  
What *Thracian* dog, what barbarous *Mirmidon*,  
Would not relent at such a ruthfull case?  
What fierce *Achilles*, what hard stonie flint,  
2140 Would not bemone this mournfull Tragedie?  
*Locrine* the map of magnanimitie,  
Lies slaughtered in this foule accursed caue,  
*Estrild* the perfect patterne of renowne,  
Natnres sole wonder, in whose bewteous breasts  
All heauenly grace and vertue was inshrinde,  
Both massacred are dead within this caue,  
And with them dies faire *Pallas* and sweet loue.  
Here lies a sword, and *Sabren* hath a heart,  
This blessed sword shall cut my cursed heart,  
2150 And bring my soule vnto my parents ghoasts,  
That they that liue and view our Tragedie,  
May mourne our case with mournfull plaudities.

Let her offer to kill her selfe.

Ay me, my virgins hands are too too weake,

To



*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

To penetrate the bullwarke of my brest,  
My fingers vsde to tune the amorous lute,  
Are not of force to hold this steely glaïne,  
So I amliest to waile my parents death,  
Not able for to worke my proper death.

Ah *Lochrine* honord for thy noblenesse.

2160

Ah *Estrild*, famous for thy constancie.

Il may they fare that wrought your mortall ends.

Enter *Guendoline*, *Thrasimachus*, *Madan*,  
and the fouldiers.

*Guen.* Search fouldiers searck, find *Lochrin* and his  
Find the proud strumpet *Humbers* concubine, (loue,  
That I may change those her so pleasing lookes,  
To pale and ignominious aspect.

Find me the issue of their cursed loue,

Find me yoong *Sabren*, *Lochrines* only ioy,

2170

That I may glut my mind with lukewarme blood,

Swiftly distilling from the bastards brest,

My fathers ghoast stil haunts me for reuenge,

Crying, reuenge my ouerhastened death,

My brothers exile, and mine owne diuorce,

Banish remorse cleane from my brazen heart,

All mercie from mine adamintiue brests.

*Thra.* Nor doth thy husband louely *Guendoliné*,

That wonted was to guide our staileffe steps,

Enioy this light; see where he murdred lies:

2180

By lucklesse lot and froward frowning fate,

And by him lies his louely paramour

Faire *Estrild* goared with a dismall sword,

And as it seemes, both murdred by themselues,

Clasping each other in their feebled armes,

*The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine*

VWith louing zeale, as if for companie  
Their vncontented corpes were yet content  
To passe foule *Stix* in *Charons* ferry-boat.

*Guen.* And hath proud *Estrild* then preuented me,  
2190 Hath she escaped *Guendolinas* wrath,  
Violently by cutting off her life?

VWould God she had the monstrous *Hidras* liues,  
That euery houre she might haue died a death  
VVorse then the swing of old *Ixions* wheele,  
And euery houre reuiue to die againe,  
As *Titius* bound to houles *Caucason*,  
Doth feed the substance of his owne mishap,  
And euery day for want of foode doth die,  
And euery night doth liue againe to die.

2200 But staie, mee thinks I heare some fainting voice,  
Mournfully weeping for their lucklesse death.

*Sa.* You mountain nimphs which in these desarts  
Cease off your hastie chafe of sauadge beasts, (raign,  
Prepare to see a heart opprest with care,  
Adresse your eares to heare a mournfull stile,  
No humane strength, no work can work my weale,  
Care in my hart so tyrantlike doth deale.

You *Driades* and lightfoote *Satiri*,  
You gtacious *Faries* which at euening tide,  
2210 Your closets leaue with heauenly beautie storde,  
And on your shoulders spread your golden locks,  
You sauadge beares in caues and darkened dennes,  
Come waile with me, the martiall *Locrines* death.  
Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Estrilds* deth.  
Ah louing parents little do you know,  
what forrow *Sabren* suffers for your thrall.

*Guen.*

*the eldest sonne to King Brutus.*

*Guen.* But may this be, and is it possible,  
Lives *Sabren* yet to expiat my wrath?  
Fortune I thanke thee for this curtesie,  
And let me neuer see one prosperous houre, 2220  
If *Sabren* die not a reproachfull death.

*Sab.* Hard harted death, that when the wretched  
Art furthest off, and fildom heerst at all. (call,  
But in the midst of fortunes good successe,  
Vncalled comes, and sheeres our life in twaine :  
VVhen wil that houre, that blessed houre draw nie,  
VVhen poore distressed *Sabren* may be gone.  
Sweet *Atropos* cut off my fatall thred,  
VVhat art thou death, shall not poore *Sabren* die?

*Guendoline* taking her by the chin shall say thus. 2230

*Guen.* Yes damfell yes, *Sabren* shall surely die,  
Though all the world should seeke to saue her life,  
And not a common death shall *Sabren* die,  
But after strange and greuous punishments  
Shortly inflicted vpon thy bastards head,  
Thou shalt be cast into the cursed streames,  
And feede the fishes with thy tender flesh.

*Sab.* And thinst thou then thou cruell homicid,  
That these thy deeds shall be vnpunished?  
No traitor no, the gods will venge these wrongs, 2240  
The fiends of hell will marke these iniuries.  
Neuer shall these blood-sucking mastie cures,  
Bring wretched *Sabren* to her latest home.  
For I my selfe in spite of thee and thine,  
Meane to abridge my former destenies,  
And that which *Loctrines* sword could not perform,  
This pleasant streame shall present bring to passe.  
She drowneth her selfe.

*Guen.*

*The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine*

*Guen.* One mischief follows anothers necke,  
2250 VVho would haue thought so yoong a mayd as she  
VVith such a courage wold haue sought her death.  
And for because this Riuer was the place  
VVhere little *Sabren* resolutely died,  
*Sabren* for euer shall this fame be call'd.  
And as for *Loocrine* our deceased spouse,  
Because he was the sonne of mightie *Brute*,  
To whom we owe our country, liues and goods,  
He shall be buried in a stately tombe,  
Close by his aged father *Brutus* bones,  
2260 VVith such great pomp and great solemnitie,  
As well befeemes so braue a prince as he.  
Let *Estrild* lie without the shallow vaults,  
VVithout the honour due vnto the dead,  
Because she was the author of this warre.  
Retire braue followers vnto *Troynouant*,  
VVhere we will celebrate these exequies,  
And place yoong *Loocrine* in his fathers tombe.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Act V*  
*sc. vii* *Ate.* Lo here the end of lawlesse trecherie,  
Of vsurpation and ambitious pride,  
2271 And they that for their priuate amours dare  
Turmoile our land, and see their broiles abroach,  
Let them be warned by these premisses,  
And as a woman was the onely cause  
That ciuill discord was then stirred vp,  
So let vs pray for that renowned mayd,  
That eight and thirtie yeares the scepter swayd,  
In quiet peace and sweet felicitie,  
And euery wight that seekes her graces smart,  
2280 wold that this sword wer pierced in his hart. (*Exit.*)

F I N I S.





















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