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"THE TRAGEDY" OF
'LOCRINE)

1595

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1619/12

THE MALONE SOCIETY
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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.

Lochrine was entered on the Stationers' Register as follows :

xx^o 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 Brittons &c . . . vj^d 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., 80. 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 ftrook, F

27 scare F

34 *Corineius, 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 ftangle Q; ftuggle F

75 mortall 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; foon, F: ? *read*
fonne,

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

137 forcft Q; forc't F

138 propound, Q, F₂: pro-
pound. F₁

140 vnto Q; into F

141 Whereat F

Corineius Q, F

149 hundred F

151 ftrons Q; ftmonds F

153 comne Q; come F

178 those 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 profeed *Q*: proceed *F*
 247 Yoongft *Q*: Youngest *F*
 252 thoughts, *Q*: thoughts.
 F
 254 among *F*
 256 violence, *Q*, *F*
 260 hasteneth *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 stones, birds,
 beasts, *F*
 287 *Crebus*, *Q*, *F*: *read Erebus*,
 293 *Fleithonus* *Q*, *F*: *read*
 Tithonus
 296 *Mars*. *Q*, *F*
 297 *Tisiphone*. *Q*: *Tisiphoen*. *F*
 304 his coarfe, *F*
 307 *Exeunt*. *F*
 315 faith *Q*: *om*. *F*
 316 Consultations *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 worst *Q*, *F*
 352 apparell *F*
 369 thou hadst 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 muficke *Q*, *F*
 502 *h* *Q*: the *F*
 506 comforted *Q*, *F*: ? *read*
 comforted
 513 on the waves *F*
 515 *Borras* *Q*: *Boreas* *F*
 532 of West, *F*1: of the West,
 *F*2
 548 *Penthisilea* *Q*: *Penthe-*
 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 *Trnm*. *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 *Tbra*. 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 redife ℄: *reedifse*, F1:
re-edify, F2
 744 your store F
 763 *Humber* ℄: *Humber* F
 764 *Cathuesia*, ℄: *Cathnesia*, F
 772 *Caledon*, ℄: *Calcedon*, F1:
Chalcedon, F2
 773 encrease ℄: *encrease*, F
 774 sheltiers ℄: *shelters* F
 778 *Exit*, ℄: *Exeunt*, F: ? *Exit*
Hubba.
 779 *Enter Albanact, Clownes*
with him, F
 780 *Alb.* Thou F
 792 infolencie, ℄: *insolency*,
 F: ? *read* *insolence*,
 800 *The sixt Act*, ℄: *Scena*
Sexta, F
 807 squadrants ℄, F
 809 As when . . . hundred F
 810 hundred F
 822 *Humb.* ℄: *Humb.* F
 833 *enters* . . . *kills* F
 850 be their ℄, F1: by their
 F2: ? *read* be her
 857 *Fhæbus* ℄: *Phæbus* F
 861 ouerrun ℄: *ouerturn* F
Caucus, ℄: *Caucasus*, F
 871 breathe F
 threatnings, ℄, F: *read*
 threatenings,
 875 night ℄, F: *read* might
 883 fight, ℄, F: ? *read* flight,
 887 mors, ℄: *Mors*, F
 888 Neu'r ℄: *Ne're* F
 895 *ect* ℄: *est* F
 902 *Trumpart*, F
 903 but I F
 913 Cook shops F1: *Cook-*
shops F2
 915 screeking, ℄, F
 926 *om. Exeunt*, F

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

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

1840 wert \mathcal{Q} : were't F
 1843 Pde fend F
 1856 mean't F
 1858 ugly F
 1863 $\frac{1}{2}$ \mathcal{Q} : that F
 1868 vfe \mathcal{Q} , F: ? read rule
 1872 om. vnto F
 1911 om. the F
 1917 learne \mathcal{Q} : learnt F
 1948 stands \mathcal{Q} : stand F
 1970, 2022 *Habren* \mathcal{Q} , F (see
 List of Characters)
 1974 om. pettie F
 1983 *Lac.* \mathcal{Q} : *Locr.* F
 2021 a fide. \mathcal{Q} : *afide.* F
 2034 don \mathcal{Q} : done F
 2048 vastall \mathcal{Q} : vestal F
 2061, 2076 *alarum.* F
 2062 *Thrasimachus*, \mathcal{Q} : *Thrafi-*
macus, F1: *Thrasimachus*,
 F2
 2075 *Simois*, \mathcal{Q} , F: read *Simois*.
 2078 *Traynouant* \mathcal{Q} : *Troyno-*
vant F
 2079 Mounted with courfers F
 withpearles, \mathcal{Q} : with
 pearles F

2084 *Guendoline* F
 2087 curtlexe, \mathcal{Q} : curtle axe,
 F: *Curtle-Axe*, F2
 2105 hastenened \mathcal{Q} : hastened F
 2107 Forwell \mathcal{Q} : Farewell F
 2110 *Thrusts* F
 2116 fortune, \mathcal{Q} : fortune, F
 2120 om. as F
 2131 *Kills* F
 2142 in his foul F
 2144 *Natnres* \mathcal{Q} : *Natures* F
 2157 glaine, \mathcal{Q} : glain, F: read
 glaiue,
 2158 amlieft \mathcal{Q} : am left F
 2177 adamintieue \mathcal{Q} : adaman-
 tive F: read adaman-
 tine
 2187 corpes \mathcal{Q} : corps F
 2209 gtacious Faries \mathcal{Q} : gra-
 cious Fairies F
 2216 what \mathcal{Q} : What F
 2223 fartheft F
 2238 thinft \mathcal{Q} : think't F
 2247 This present streame F
 2262 vaults, \mathcal{Q} : vaults, F
 2272 see \mathcal{Q} : fet F
 2280 wold \mathcal{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 Locrine and Estrild. MADAN, son of Locrine and Guendoline. the Ghost of Corineus.</p>
--	---

Scythian soldiers, Lords of Albany, Albanact's soldiers, Locrine'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.

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. Nolesse pleasant then
profitable.*

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



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede.
1595.



The lamentable Tragedie

of *Lochrino*, 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 *Albanaet*.

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 panam sectatur & Vmbra.

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

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

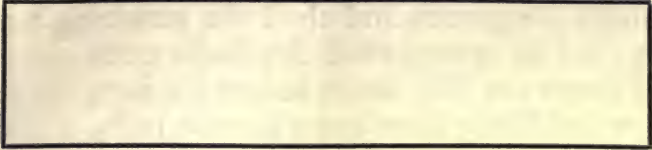
*The Britaines victorie with their Accidents, and the
death of Albanact. No lesse pleasant then
profitable.*

Newly set forth, ouerseene and corrected,
By *VV. S.*



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede.

1595.



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
swoord 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 haft,
So he him ftroke that it drew forth the blood,
And fld 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 fharpe haft 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 aboue 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*, *Thrafinachus*.

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, orelaid 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 sisters haue decreed
To seperate vs from this earthly mould,

No

The lamentable Tragedie of Lochrine

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 euery place we came
The Grecian Monarke warlike *Pandraffus*,
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 ghafts with high refounding noyse,
Wele either rent the bowels of the earth,
Searching the entrailes of the brutifh earth,
Or with his *Ixions* ouerdaring soone,
Be bound in chaines of euerduring steele.

Bru. Thē harken to your foueraigns latest words,
In which I will vnto you all vnfold,
Our royall mind and resolute intent,
When golden *Hebe* daughter to great *Ioue*, 120
Covered my manly cheeks with youthful downe,
Th'vnhappie slaughter of my lucklesse fire,
Droue me and old *Affarachus* mine eame,
As exiles from the bounds of *Italy*,
So that perforce we were constraigned to flie
To *Gracians* Monarke noble *Pandrasfus*,
There I alone did vndertake your cause,
There I restord your antique libertie,
Though *Grecia* fround, and all *Mollossia* stormd,
Though braue *Antigonus* with martiall band, 130
In pitched field encountred me and mine,
Though *Pandrasfus* 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 captiuuate with this mine arme,

B

And

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

And by compulsion forst him to agree
To certain artickles which there we did propound,
From *Gracia* through the boisterous *Hellespont*,
140 We came vnto the fields of *Lestrigon*,
Whereas our brother *Corineus* 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, sustained 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 ftrons of *Albion*
To *Corus* hauen happily we came,
And queld the giants, comne of *Albions* race,
With *Gogmagog* sonne to *Samotheus*,
The cursed 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 greeuous wounds,
If all my diligence were well imployd.
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 fundry 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 same 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,
Lochrine the columnne of my familie, 180
And onely piller of my weakned age.

Lochrine draw neare, draw neare vnto thy fire,
And take thy latest blefsings 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.

Lochrin. If *Lochrine* 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.

Putts 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.

Loctrin. No longer let me wel enjoy 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 proceed 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,
A country full of hills and ragged rockes, 250
Replenished with fearce vntamed beasts,
As correspondent to thy martiall thoughts,
Liue long my sonnes with endlesse happinesse,
And beare firme concordance amongst your felues,
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 puissance,
My maladie increaseth more and more,
And cruell death hastneth his quickned pace, 260

The lamentable Tragedie of Lochrine

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 foule.
My glaffe is runne, and all my miseries
Do end with life : death closeth vp mine eies,
My foule 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 ftiong 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,

Guest

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* aboute in a gowne, with inke and paper in his hand, faying;

sc. iii

310

Strum. Either the foure elements, the feuen planets and all the particuler starres of the pole Antastick, are aduersatiue against me, or else I was begotten 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 maisters I, you may laugh, but I must weepe; you may ioy, but I must sorrow; sheading salt teares from the watrie fountaines of my moeste daintie faire eies, along my comely and smooth cheeks, in as 320
great

The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine

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 fourth: 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 phrafe, 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 Assse *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 verbofotie of my scripiture, 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 foule, 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 secreet 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, maiesticall, 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 seruant, 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 pafsions

C

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine
passions were so great, I came hither speedily.

Strum. Oh my sweet and pigney, the fecunditie of my ingenie is not so great, that may declare vnto you the sorrowful sobs and broken sleeps, that I suffered for your sake; and therefore I desire 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 nose,
My legge vnto my hose,
And my flesh vnto my skin.*

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

Strum. Alasse mistresse *Dorothie* this is my lucke,
400 that when I most would, I cannot be vnderstood:
so that my great learning is an inconuenience vnto me. But to speake in plaine termes, I loue you mistresse *Dorothie*, if you like to accept me into your familiaritie.

Dor. If this be all I am content.

Turning to the people.

Strum. Saist thou so sweet wench, let me lick thy toes. Farwell mistresse. If any of you be in loue, provide ye a capcase full of new coined wordes, and
410 then shall you soone haue the *succado de labres*, and something else.

(*Exeunt.*

The

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

The first Act. Scene 4.

Act I
sc. iv

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

Lochrine. 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 euery one,
Must needs obey your highnesse at commaund,
Especially in such a cause as this,
That much concerns your highnesse great content.

Lochr. Then frolick lordings to fair *Concords* wals,
Where we will passe the day in knightly sports,
The night in dauncing and in figured masks,
And offer to God *Risus* 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 Locrine,

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 *Locrine* and his loue,
He thinkes 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 souldiers.

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 *Rhamniss* 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 enclofd 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 moifture of the mountaine tops, 500

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

The silent springs daunce downe with murmuring
And water al y ground with cristal waues, (streams,
The gentle blafts of *Eurus* modest winde,
Mouing the pittering leaues of *Siluanes* woods,
Do equall it with *Tempes* paradice,
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 vse 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 vnmooueable.

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

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 launce 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 launce,
Girt with a corslet 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 Lochrine
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.

Enter *Strumbo, Dorothe, Trompart* cobling shooes
and finging.
570 *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.
Dor. With this art so fine and faire :
580 *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 fild againe,

Dan didle dan.

Cap. The poorest state is farthest from annoy,

How merily he fitteth 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 fouldier 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 baffi-
nano 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 *Thrafimachus*.

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. Nothing fir, but that he will not take preffe
(mony.

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

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

the eldest sonne of King Brutus.

fellowes.

Thras. No such matter,
Looke you be at the common houfe 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 muft to the warres.

Exeunt.

The 4. Scene.

Act II
sc. iu

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

Alba. Braue cauileres, princes of *Albany,*
Whose trenchant blades with our deceased fire,
Pasing the frontiers of braue *Gracia,*
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 pestred 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 Locrine

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

Alba. But tell me coufin, camst thou through the
And sawst thou there the faint heart fugitiues
Mustring 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 spacious 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 firs 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 say, 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 launce I will prick your bowels out.

Al. Where are your houfes, 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 fuch poore honest mē as we be, hold our habitacles in kings pallaces: Ha? ha, ha. But because you feeme to be an abhominable chieftaine, I wil tel 720 you our ftate.

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

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

And therefore captaine cruft,
We will continuallie crie,
Except you feeke a remedie
Our houfes to redifie
Which now are burnt to duft.

Both cry; Wild fire and pitch, wild fire and pitch. 740

D 3

Alba.

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Alba. Well we must remedie these outrages,
And throw reuenge vpon their hatefull heads,
And you good fellowes for your houfes burnt,
We will remunerate you store of gold,
And build your houfes 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 houfes by the
Tauerne.

Alba. It shall be done fir.

Strum. Neare the Tauerne, I by ladie fir it was
spoken like a good fellow. Do you heare fir, 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 greeues 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 cursed *Humber* 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, Trufsier*, and
their fouldiers.

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 abroad.

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 Loocrine

Act II
sc. vi

The sixt 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 squadrants of the ground;
Heape hills on hills, to scale the starrie skie,
When *Briareus* armed with an hundreth hands
810 Floong forth an hundreth mountains at great *Ioue*,
And when the monstrous giant *Monichus*
Hurld mount *Olimpus* at great *Mars* his targe,
And shot huge cædars at *Mineruas* shield;
How doth he ouerlooke with hautie front
My fleeting hostes, and lifts his loftie face
Against vs all that now do feare his force,
Like as we see the wrathfull sea from farre
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noife
VVith thousand billowes beat against the ships,
820 And tosse them in the waues like tennis balls.

Sound the alarme.

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

Sound againe; Enter *Albanact*.

Alba. Follow me souldiers, follow *Albanact*;
Pursue the Scythians flying through the field:
Let none of them escape 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,
Shall be rewarded with a crowne of gold. 830

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*?
I 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 flaine
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 *Fhæbus* 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

The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine

Ile ouerrun the mountaine *Caucus*,
Where fell *Chimæra* in her triple shape
Rolleth hot flames from out her monstrous panch,
Scaring the beasts with issue of her gorge,
Ile passe the frozen Zone where ysie flakes
Stopping the passage of the fleeting shippes
Do lie, like mountaines in the congeald sea,
Where if I finde that hatefull house of hers,
Ile pull the fickle wheele from out her hands,
870 And tie her selfe in euerlasting bands :
But all in vaine I breath these threatnings,
The day is lost, the *Hunnes* are conquerors,
Debon is slaine, my men are done to death,
The currents swift, swimme violently with blood,
And last, O that this last night so long last,
My selfe with woundes past all recouery,
Must leaue my crowne for *Humber* to possesse.

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

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

Sound the alarme.

Alba. Nay let them flie that feare to die the death
That tremble at the name of fatall mors,
Neu'r shall proud *Humber* boast or brag himselfe
That he hath put yoong *Albanact* to flight,
890 And least he should triumph at my decay,
This sword shall reauē his maister of his life,

That

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

That oft hath sau'd his maisters doubtfull life :
But oh my brethren if you care for me,
Reuenge my death vpon his traiterous head.

*Et vos quis 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, maister, maister. (foxe,
Strum. Let me alone I tell thee, for I am dead.

Trum. Yet one, good, good, maister.

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

Trum. And is my maister dead?

O sticks and stones, brickbats and bones,
and is my maister 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. vii

The 8. Act.

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

930 *Hum.* Thus from the dreadful shocks 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 prairie 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 soule.
But valiant *Hubba* for thy chiuallrie
Declarede 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 souldiers for this good suc- 950
Carouse whole cups of *Amazonian* wine, (cesse,
Sweeter then Nectar or Ambrosia,
And cast away the clods of cursed care,
VVith goblets crownd with *Semeleius* gifts,
Now let vs march to *Abis* siluer streames
That clearly glide along the *Champagne* fields,
And moist the grasie meades with humid drops.
Sound drummes & trumpets, sound vp cheerfully,
Sith we returne with ioy and victorie. 959

The 3. Act Scene I.

Act III

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

Ate. Scelera 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 filly fish,
His back was arme 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,
Priuily 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 Locrine

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 *Locrine, Guendoline, Corineus, Assaracus,*
Thrasimachus, Camber.

Locrine. And is this true, is *Albanactus* flaine?
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 foule:
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 cousen, 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
Yeelded 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 sobs and womannish laments?
Vnheath your swords, vnheath 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 exercifde 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 vncler 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,
For we will straight march to *Albania*.

Exeunt.

The 3. Scene.

Act III

sc. iii

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

Hum. Thus are we come victorious conquerors
Vnto the flowing currents filuer streames
Which in memoriall of our victorie,
Shall be agnominated by our name,
And talked of by our posteritie :
For fure I hope before the golden funne
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 thinkes 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 fight that euer might be seene.

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

F

Yea

The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine

- 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 faith *Segar* to these accidentes?
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 enterprife,
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
VWilliam 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 zeeke to
iniure your olde vrendes, one of your vamiliar
guests, and derefore zeeing your pinion is to deale

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

1160 withouten reazon, iche and my zonne *VVilliam* will
take dat courfe, dat fhall be fardeft vrom reazon, how
zay you, will you haue my daughter or no?

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

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

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

Oliu. You will not haue her then?

Strum. No as I am a true gentleman.

VVil. Then wil we fchoole you, ere you and we
part hence.

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

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

1180 *Mar.* You mafter faufebox, lobcock, cockscomb,
you flopfauce, lickfingers, will you not heare?

Strum. Who fpeake 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, miftrefse nicebice, how
fine you cā nickname me, I think you were brought
vp in the vniuerfitie of bridewell, you haue your
rhetorick fo 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 medling 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 fouldiers,
Such as might force *Bellona* to retire,
And make her tremble at their puiffance,
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 *Loctrines* sword,
Thy bragging banners croft 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 satisfaction
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 Scithians 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 midst of stately *Troinonant*,
Ile build a temple to thy deitie
Of perfect marble and of *Iacithe* 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 valiantnesse in fight,
As I will now for noble *Albanact*.

Cori. Full foure score yeares hath *Corineus* liu'd,
Sometime in warre, fometime 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 tosse 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 fend 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 curfed 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 wilderneffe,
Where I may breath out curfes as I would,
And scare the earth with my condemning voice,
Where euerie ecchoes repercusion

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 curfes 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 tormets rack proud *Loctrins* 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 corfiue to our miseries?
Is 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 soule *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 curféd ghoast
Through all the riuers of foule *Erebus*,
Through burning sulphur of the *Limbo-lake*,
To allaie the burning furie of that heate
That rageth in mine euerlasting foule.

1350

Exeunt.

Alba. ghost. Vindicta, vindicta.

Act IV
sc. i

The 4. Act. Scene 1.

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 monsters 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 vncler *Corineus* stormes at this,
And forceth *Lochrine* for his grace to fue,
Loe here the fumme, the proceffe doth ensue.

1370

Exit.

The 2. Scene.

Act IV
sc. ii

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

Loc. Thus from the fury of *Bellonas* broiles,
With found of drumme and trumpets melodie,
The Brittainer 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 euerduring shame.
Where are thy horses trapt with burnisht gold,

1380

1390

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Thy trampling courfers rulse 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 curtlexe,
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 shriking noife,
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 viewd'st thy enemies ouerthrow, 1440
Nigh to the rocke of high *Caphareus*,
Thou saw'st their death, and then departed'st thence.
I must abide the victors insolence.
The gods that pittied thy continuall grieffe,
Tranform'd thy corps, and with thy corps thy care,
Poore *Estrild* liues dispairing of relieffe,
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 gaue me to my foes.
Oh souldiers is there any miserie,

The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine

To be comparde to fortunes trecherie.

Loc. *Camber*, this same shuld be the Scithiā 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 *Loocrine* hath she not a cause for to be sad ?

Loocrine at one side of the stage.

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

And shead fault teares for her ouerthrow,

Loocrine may well bewaile his proper grieffe,

Loocrine 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 surpasing yuorie,

Those comely brests 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 sunne,

1480 Haue so entrapt poore *Loocrines* 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 ranfacking 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.* Refigne thy title (catiue) vnto me,

Or with my sword ile pearce thy cowards loines. 1500

2. *Sol.* Soft words good fir, tis not inogh to speak

A barking dog doth fildome strangers bite.

Loc. Vnreuerent villains, sttiue you in our sight?

Take them hence Iaylor to the dungeon,

There let them lie and trie their quarrell out.

But thou faire princeesse be no whit dismayd,

But rather ioy that *Lochrine* fauours thee.

Estr. How can he fauor me that slew my spoufe?

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 flue 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 sort 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 greuous 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, scorne you your royall soueraigne,
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't thou me 1550
Affure thy self though thou be Emperour (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'st 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 setted.

Lochrine to himselfe.

Millions of diuels wayt vpon thy foule.
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.

Act IV
sc. iii

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

Hum. What basilifkt 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 blasts,
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 barreinnessè on euerie 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 meat?

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 scapt
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 fate
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 ¹⁶¹⁰ 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 middle, I carried her valiantly to the bed, and flinging her vpon it, flung my selfe vpon her, and there ¹⁶²⁰ 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 me 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 fit downe and pull out
his vittales. ¹⁶³⁰

Hum. Was euer land so fruitlesse as this land?
Was euer groue so gracelesse as this groue?
Was euer soyle so barrein as this soyle?
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.

The lamentable Tragedie of Lochrine

Nere came sweet *Ceres*, nere came *Venus* here,
Triptolemus the god of husbandmen,
1640 Nere fowd his seed in this foule wilder nesse.
The hunger-bitten dogs of *Acheron*,
Chast 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 grasse, 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'ft 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 alas! fir, 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 cursed 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 oxe 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 stonnes in my pocket.

Let him make as though hee would giue him some, and as he putteth out his hand, ¹⁶⁷⁰ 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

The 4. Scene.

Act IV
sc. iu

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? ¹⁶⁹⁰
Venus conuay this monster fro the earth,
That disobeieth thus thy sacred hefts.
Cupid conuay this monster to darke hell,
That disanulls thy mothers fugred 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 VVell haue I ouermatcht his subtilltie.
Nigh *Deucoliturum* by the pleasant Lee,
where brackish *Thamis* slides with siluer streames,
Making a breach into the grafsie downes,
A curious arch of costlly marble fraught,
Hath *Locrine* framed vnderneath the ground,
The walls whereof, garnish with diamonds,
VVith ophirs, rubies, glistering emeralds,
And interlast with sun-bright carbuncles,
Lighten the roome with artificiall day,
1710 And from the Lee with water-flowing pipes
The moisture is deriu'd into this arch
VVhere I haue placed faire *Estrild* secretly,
Thither estfoones accompanied with my page,
I couertly visit my harts desire,
VVithout suspition of the meanest eie,
For loue aboundeth still with pollicie :
And thither still meanes *Locrine* to repaire,
Till *Atropos* cut off mine vnckles life.

Exit.

Act IV
sc. v

The 5. Scene.

Enter *Humber* alone, saying ;

1722 *Hum. O vita misero longa, felici breuis,*
Ehen malorem famas extremum malum.
Long haue I liued in this desart caue,
VVith 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 *Stickers*,

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 familht 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 Lochrine

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 *Sisiphus* 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 *Tanarus*,
And passe *Cocitus*, to the Elyfian fields,
And tell my father *Brutus* of these newes.

Exit.

Act V
sc. i

The 5. Act. Scene 1.

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 Tincriis excestuat Aetna cauernis,
Læse 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 come 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*, 1790
The chances of this dismall massacre,
That which insueth shortly will vnfold. (*Exit.*)

The 2. Scene.

Act V
sc. ii

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

Assa. But tell me coufin, died by brother so?
Now who is left to helpelesse *Albion*,
That as a piller might vphold our state,
That might strike terror to our daring foes?
Now who is left to haplesse *Brittanie*, 1800
That might defend her from the barbarous hands
Of those that still desire her ruinous fall,
And seeke to worke her downfall and decaie?

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 *Hunnes*,
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 sifter 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 cursed head.

Loc. What prat'st thou pesant to thy foueraigne?
Or art thou strooken in some extasie?
Doeft 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 vex 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 venetian 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^e 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 moue 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 silly mouse?

1880 Euen so the chance of warre inconstant is.

Loc. Peace vnle 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 danger
as you feare, but prepare your selfe, yonders the
king.

Estr. Then *Estrild* lift 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,
Lift 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 souldiers. (blasts, *sc. iii*

Guen. You gentle winds that with your modest 1912
Passe through the circuit of the heauenly vault,
Enter the clouds vnto the throne of *Ioue*,
And beare my praier 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 forth 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 reigns 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 Brittain 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 Loocrine

This warre must finish with *Loocrinus* 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 our father *Corineus* words,
His words to vs stands alwaies for a lawe,
Should *Loocrine* liue that cauf'd my fathers death?
1950 Should *Loocrine* 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 curfed *Loocrine* looke vnto thy selfe,
For *Nemesis* the mistresse of reuenge,
Sits arm'd at all points on our dismall blades,
And curfed *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. iv

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.

Assa. 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,
Iealousie *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 suspirs,
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 feated,
Casteth

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine

Casteth her mists on shadie *Tellus* face,
2000 VVith sable mantels couering all the earth,
Now flies abroad amid the cheerfull day,
Foretelling some vnwonted miserie.
The snarling curres 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 boyfsterous *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 foule with *Loctrines* ouerthrow.
Behold they come, the trumpets call them foorth.
The roaring drummes summon the fouldiers.
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 side.

Enter *Locrine*, *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 *Locrine* 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,
And well deserueth commendation.

2030

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,
Thy filthie minde orecome with filthie lusts,
Yeeldeth vnto affections filthie darts.

2040

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, vncler, 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
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 acquitance for thy bold attempts.

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 courfers 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* captiuat my loue?

Ner shall mine eies behold that dismall houre,

Ner will I view that ruthfull spectacle,

For with my sword this sharpe curtlexe,

Ile cut in funder my accursed heart.

But O you iudges of the ninefold *Stix*,

2090 Which with incessant torments racke the ghoasts

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
Haft 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 hastened 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 *Loctrines* ouerburthened hart.

Thrust himselfe through with his sword. 2110

Estr. Break hart with fobs and greeuous suspirs,
Streame forth you teares from forth my watry eies,
Helpe me to mourne for warlike *Loctrines* death,
Powre downe your teares you watry regions,
For mightie *Loctrine* 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 *Loctrine* 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 fight, what ruthful 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?

2140 What fierce *Achilles*, what hard stonie flint,
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 ghosts,

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 glaine,
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 souldiers.

Guen. Search souldiers search, find *Locrin* 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 *Guendoline*,

That wonted was to guide our staileffe steps,

Enioy this light; see where he murdred lies:

2180

By luckleffe 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 feebledd armes,

The lamentable Tragedie of Locrme

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 houldes *Caucason*,
Doth feed the substance of his owne milhap,
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 chase of sauadge beasts, (raign,
Prepare to see a heart opprest with care,
Addressse 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 *Loctrines* death.
Come mourn with me, for beauteous *Estrilds* deth.
Ah louing parents little do you know,
what sorrow *Sabren* suffers for your thrall.

Guen.

the eldest sonne to King Brutus.

Guen. But may this be, and is it possible,
Liues *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 faue her life,
And not a common death shall *Sabren* die,
But after strange and greeuous 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 mischiefe followes 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 same 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 beseemes 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 *Ate.* Lo here the end of lawlesse trecherie,
sc. vii Of vsurpation and ambitious pride,
2271 And they that for their priuate amours dare
Turmoile our land, and see their broiles abroad,
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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