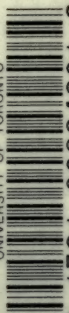


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THE TRAGEDY OF MARIAM 1613



1355-11
16/12/14

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS [No. 38]

1914



THE TRAGEDY OF
MARIAM

PR
2499

F3T7
1914

This reprint of Lady Elizabeth Cary's *Tragedy of Mariam* has been prepared by A. C. Dunstan with the assistance of the General Editor.

July 1914.

W. W. Greg.

THE WILSON SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1914

In the Register of the Stationers' Company is found the following entry :

17. Decembris [1612]

Entred for his copie vnder the handes of Sir George Bucke and master Richard Harison Warden A Booke called Mariamne The tragedie of the fayre Hawkins. Mariamne Queene of Iurye vjd

[Arber's Transcript, iii. 508.]

The only known edition of the play here reprinted appeared in quarto with the date 1613. It bore the title: 'The Tragedie of Mariam, the faire Queene of Iewry', was printed by Thomas Creede for Richard Hawkins, and purported to be 'Written by that learned, vertuous, and truly noble Ladie, E. C.' It is to be noticed that the title-page affords no evidence that the authoress was a titled lady, though it does not necessarily imply the contrary. Copies of the quarto are not uncommon: there are three in the British Museum (162. c. 28, G. 11221 with title mutilated, C. 34. c. 9 wanting sig. I) and one in the Bodleian Library, all of which have been used in the preparation of the present reprint. Other copies are in the Dyce and Eton College Libraries; yet others were till recently in the Huth and Devonshire collections. A few slight variants have been observed. The quarto is printed in ordinary roman type of a body approximating to modern pica (20 ll. = 83 mm.).

All the copies mentioned above are (except where the contrary is stated) perfect so far as the bibliographical make up of the volume is concerned. But the Huth copy had the peculiarity of possessing an extra leaf which does not appear to be preserved in any other copy. This has recently gone to America and is for the moment unfortunately inaccessible. A full description of the copy will be found in the catalogue of 'The Huth Library' (1880, i. 263). After giving a transcript of the title it proceeds: 'A-I 2 in fours, besides a leaf marked A, which contains the verses to the authoress by her brother, and the dramatis personæ. This leaf should follow the title, and is frequently wanting.

It is directed by E. C. "To Dianaes Earthlie Depvtesse, and my worthy Sister, Mistris Elizabeth Carye". This copy has successively belonged to Mr. Bright, Mr. Holgate, and Mr. Corser.' It is to be observed that the leaf in question is an insertion, for the title forms the real A 1 of the volume.

The sonnet is not reproduced in the Catalogue, but the following communication from W. Carew Hazlitt appeared in 'Notes and Queries' for 9 Sept. 1865 (3 Ser. viii. 203): 'In examining some old books and MSS., for a different purpose, I came across a copy of *The Tragedy of Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry*, 1613, by Lady E. Carew, with a dedication which I never met with before in copies of this drama, as follows:—

"TO DIANAES
EARTHLIE DEPVTESSE,
and my worthy Sister, Mistris
Elizabeth Carye.

"When cheerfull *Phæbus* his full course hath run,
His Sister's fainter Beams our harts doth cheere ;
So your faire Brother is to mee the Sunne ;
And you, his Sister, as my Moone appeare.

"You are my next belou'd, my second Friend,
For when my *Phæbus* absence makes it Night,
Whilst to th' *Antipodes* his beams do bend,
From you, my *Phæbe*, shines my second Light.

"Hee, like to SOL, cleare-sighted, constant, free,
You, LVNA-like, vnspotted, chaste, deuine :
Hee shone on *Sicily* ; you destin'd bee
T' illumine the now obscure *Palestine*.
My first was consecrated to *Apollo*,
My second to DIANA now shall follow.

E. C."

This sonnet has often, as in the Huth Catalogue, been taken as gratulatory, that is, as addressed by a friend to the author, but in the absence of very strong evidence to the contrary we are bound to assume that the E. C. of the title-page and the E. C. of the sonnet refer to the same person.

All, therefore, that we are able immediately to infer is that the play was written by a lady whose initials were E. C. and who had a 'sister', Mistress Elizabeth Carye.

The fact that this extra leaf is only known to occur in one copy out of the many extant necessitates our supposing that only a very small portion of the edition ever had it. Either it is to be regarded as an insertion made in a few presentation copies only, or else as an afterthought added after the bulk of the edition had already been sold.

The play apparently figures in Rogers and Ley's list in 1656 as 'Mariamne Tragedy'. It will be observed that the form of the name here given agrees with that in the Stationers' Register—a curious coincidence. Though not used apparently by English writers at this time, it must have been known to a certain class of students as occurring in the Latin translations of Josephus: it is very rare in the Greek texts (see Niese's edition, Berlin, 1887). In 1656 likewise appeared Archer's catalogue, which contains the earliest ascription of our play: 'Mariame. T[ragedy]. Lady Eliz. Carew'. This was copied in Kirkman's lists; 'Mariame' becoming 'Mariam' in 1661, and 'Marian' in 1671. Since the name is spelt 'Carew' in the lists and 'Carey' in the dedication, the probability is that the former drew not from the latter, but from an inscription on the title of some copy in Archer's stock. Such old inscriptions are notoriously untrustworthy, and little authority can be attached to the statement in the lists.

It happens, however, to be perfectly correct. The play and the dedication were alike written by Lady Elizabeth Carey, or Cary, wife of Sir Henry Cary, who became Viscount Falkland in 1620. This appears from certain verses in the *Muses' Sacrifice* by John Davies of Hereford printed in 1612, but apparently not entered in the Stationers' Register. This work is dedicated to three ladies of whom one is 'Elizabeth, Lady Cary, (Wife of Sr Henry Cary:)', and to her the author writes:

Thou mak'st Melpomen proud, and my heart great
of such a Pupill, who, in Buskin fine,
With Feete of State, dost make thy Muse to mete
the scenes of Syracuse and Palestine.

These lines, taken in conjunction with the dedicatory sonnet already printed, afford satisfactory evidence that Davies is addressing the author of *Mariam*. That the later Viscountess Falkland is intended is also clear, for though there were several Lady Elizabeth Carys, and several Sir Henry Carys, there appears to have been but one Lady Elizabeth who was the wife of a Sir Henry. The material portions of Davies' dedication will be found printed at the end of the present introduction.

If Lady Elizabeth Cary was the E. C. of the sonnet, who was the Mistress Elizabeth Carey? Sir Henry Cary, later Viscount Falkland, had a sister Elizabeth, to whom the designation would of course apply, but it appears that she married Sir John Savile on 20 Nov. 1586, when the author of *Mariam* must have been still in her cradle. But Sir Henry also had a rather obscure brother Philip, who was knighted sometime between March 1605 and April 1609, and this Philip married a certain Elizabeth Bland of Carleton, Yorks. This lady must then have been the Mistress Elizabeth Cary to whom *Mariam* is dedicated.

The history therefore stands as follows. In the year 1600 Elizabeth Tanfield, only child of Lawrence Tanfield of Burford Priory, Oxford, later Sir Lawrence Tanfield and Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, became Lady Cary, wife of Sir Henry Cary, the son of a Hertfordshire knight. She was then about fifteen years old. Either just before or, more probably, soon after her marriage she wrote a play of which the scene is laid at Syracuse, and dedicated it to her husband. That was her first literary venture. Her second, *Mariam*, she dedicated to her namesake, the wife of her husband's brother, Philip. There is some reason to suppose that Philip was knighted in 1605, which would

make the play the work of the first four years of the author's married life: it might safely be dated 1603-4. The date of Philip's marriage is unfortunately not known. The only difficulty is that the sonnet is to all appearances addressed to an unmarried woman. There is, however, nothing to prevent our supposing that Philip's bride, like Henry's, was still a child, and that it was some years before husband and wife lived together. Philip's eldest child was baptized in 1610, Henry's not before 1607. The authority for the dates given above will be found in the notes at the end of this introduction.

The play of *Mariam* must have circulated in manuscript among Lady Cary's friends, and for such manuscript copies, it is clear, the dedication was written, for by 1612 Philip's wife had ceased to be Mistress and had become Lady Cary. When in 1613 the play came to be printed the dedication as it stood was no longer correct. Had it been written in that year it must have been written very differently. Had it in that year been printed with a view to insertion in a few presentation copies, even then we might expect the heading at least to have been brought up to date. The play can hardly have been printed without the author's knowledge and at least acquiescence, for in view of the regular entry in the Stationers' Register and the licence by the Master of the Revels it is impossible to suppose that there was anything surreptitious about the publication. Perhaps the most probable conjecture is that after the play had been printed and part of the edition disposed of with the assent of the author, the dedication happened to come independently into the stationer's hands and that he printed and added it to the remainder of the stock without seeking further authority, and without troubling himself as to whether at that date it was, as it stood, correct. The fact that he utilized the back of the leaf for the addition of a list of dramatis personae suggests that he intended it as an integral portion of those copies in which it was inserted.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &c.

N.B.—The following is primarily a list of those passages in which the reading of the original is open to question, and of those in which different copies of the original have been found to vary. It also includes a number of readings which are evident typographical blunders of the original, this being necessary as a defence of the accuracy of the reprint. It makes, however, no pretence of supplying a complete list of errors and corruptions, still less of offering any criticism or emendation. For the sake of greater clearness the readings are quoted in a slightly different manner from that adopted in the earlier Malone reprints. The mere repetition of a reading out of the text is equivalent to 'sic'. The three British Museum copies mentioned above are distinguished as A, B, and C respectively. It will be observed that the inner forme of sheet G is uncorrected in A, and the outer forme of sheet H in B and C, as also in the copy at Eton.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>Arg. 4 daughrer (<i>properly</i>
grand-daughter)
6 reputia- ted
12 first (<i>properly</i> second)
13 second (<i>properly</i> first)
23 <i>Iofophus</i>
47 procured] <i>possibly</i> proeured
Text 12 (<i>line too short</i>)
37 lowlyest (<i>read</i> louelyest?)
49 maide (<i>read</i> minde)
69 c.w. Th
86 murthers (<i>read</i> murthrers)
95 fain'd. (<i>read</i> fam'd.)
127 <i>Mariam</i> (<i>read</i> <i>Herod</i>)
136 <i>Num:</i> (<i>read</i> <i>Mar:</i>)
Alas
138 If (<i>read</i> In or Of?)
160 findes (<i>read</i> finde)
187 leeke. (<i>read</i> seeke.)
203 And part (<i>read</i> Apart?)
225 discontent, (<i>read</i> discontents,)
226 did (<i>read</i> doth?)
261 fuspitious (<i>read</i> fuspitions)
264 <i>Iosephus</i> (<i>read</i> <i>Iosephs</i>?)
286 allyes (<i>read</i> all eyes)
308 for
310 <i>Contabarus</i>
311 Earnest
335 <i>Scena</i>
351 do'es</p> | <p>353 <i>Solleus</i>.
366 not (<i>read</i> on?)
373 home (<i>read</i> whom?)
387 <i>Scena</i>
413 forfeited (<i>add to or by</i>?)
439 beastes, swine,
(<i>read</i> beastes swim,?)
478 vowd. (<i>read</i> vow.)
512-3 (<i>should be indented and fol-</i>
<i>lowed by lead</i>)
516 Of (<i>read</i> If?)
521 chreefull,
525 T'hother
546 drawes nyc] <i>possibly</i> drawesnye
569 teach (<i>read</i> teach vs?)
608 best (<i>read</i> left?)
627 An d
632 <i>Scena</i>.
634 <i>Babus</i>.
673 operpast
683 safely (<i>read</i> safety?)
698 breath] <i>possibly</i> bre ath
701 leare: (<i>read</i> feare:)
710 gratitude <i>Const.</i> belieue
(<i>read</i> gratitude. <i>Const.</i> Belieue)
711 (<i>line too short</i>)
728 liue, (<i>read</i> lie,)
733 <i>Iulions</i>
737 Phifmony
768 Your (<i>read</i> You?)</p> |
|--|--|

- 792 oath (*read oaths?*)
 823 fortunes. (*read fortunes,?*)
 848 expectation? (*read exception??*)
 849 *Salom*, (*read Salome,?*)
 877 loft, (*read loffe,?*)
 931 I, I, they fight, (*presumably the corruption of a stage direction*)
 933 Intru'd
 934 late to feare, (*read late, I feare,?*)
 936 *Silleus* very (*read Silles. Very*)
 945 Sterne
 948 so (*read too?*)
 997 cane mak
 1017 beautie,
 1047 (*line too short*)
 1061 her with you be
 (*read here with you. Be?*)
 1068 done (*read doom'd?*)
 1070 he (*read we?*)
 1071 his (*read our?*)
 1112 bides] *possibly bides.*
 1126 (*belongs to Mariam*)
 1142 Great] *possibly Grear*
 1155 hypocrite:
 1156 death] *possibly d eath*
 1196 *Alexanders* (*read Alexandras*)
 1262 *Mariam?* (*read Mariam, how??*)
 1262, 1263 *Nutio.*
 1273 *Iofualike*
 1281 grieife (*read geefe?*)
 1290 little, while (*read little while,*)
 1297 Whofe
 1332 you (*read your*)
 1339 *Salom* (*read Salome?*)
 1343 them] *possibly the m*
 1393 (*the rime-line is missing*)
 1407 taught] *possibly tau ght*
 1428 passion (*read poison?*)
 1451 would (*read I would?*)
 1457 they
 1466 shoul'dft
 1468 neuer (*omit?*)
 1478 heauy (*read heaunly?*)
 1484 coul'dft
 1492 guliitles
 1493 looke (*read locke*)
 1504 her: *Sould: you*
 (*read her? Sould: You?*)
 1506 Wie
 1510 boue (*read loue*)
 1525 *Bu.*] *original Bu.*
 1526 caules (*read caufeles*)
 1542 founds
 1543 didst not (*read didest?*)
 1560 Tis (*read Thus?*)
 1566 your nuptiall
 (*read our nuptiall?*)
 1589 heaue'n
 1593 many (*read man*)
 1601 You (*read Your*)
 1604 he (*read she*)
 1654 *Sal.* doubt
 1658 c.w. Youl'e] *so B, C, Bodl.,*
 Dyce, Eton: Youlle A
 1694 (*line too short*)
 1781 anew,] *so B, C, Bodl., Dyce,*
 Eton: a new, A
 1802 At (*read As*)
 1844 power.) *Enter*
 1849 I (*read In?*)
 1855 fees (*read fays?*)
 1887 *Gerarim* (*read Gerizim*)
 1905 scorniug] *turned n in original*
 1938 Is (*read In?*)
 1980 darke (*read darken?*)
 1981 Our faced] *possibly Ourfaced*
 1997 *Nun.* Go on, she
 (*read Go on. Nun. She?*)
 1999 cheeffull
 2002 (*line too short*)
 2011 made her Lord,
 (*read mad, her Lord*)
 2022 diuided, (*read diuide,*)
 2050 she (*read he*)
 2090 faire,
 2109 much a: (*read much: a*)
 2124 li'ud.
 2132 did (*read died?*)
 2153, 2155 faine] *so A. Bodl., Dyce:*
 fame B, C, Eton
 2177 voyd] *possibly voy d*

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

The extra leaf, found in the Huth copy, is said to contain a list of dramatis personae, but this is not now available.

MARIAM, wife to Herod.	ANTIPATER, her son.
ALEXANDRA, her mother.	ANANELL, the high priest.
SALOME, sister to Herod.	a Man of Silleus'.
SILLEUS, an Arabian.	SOHEMUS, guardian of Mariam in Herod's absence.
CONSTABARUS, husband to Salome.	HEROD, king of Judaea.
PHERORAS, brother to Herod.	Nuntio.
GRAPHINA, his love.	a Butler.
two Sons of Babus.	a Soldier of Herod's.
DORIS, formerly wife to Herod, now repudiated.	Chorus.

Attendants on Herod, guard.

The character described as 'Nuntio' in V. i, presumably also appears in IV. i, where the word is twice misprinted 'Nutio' (ll. 1262, 1263). The 'Butler' brings the drink in IV. iv: the name is conjectural since the text has nothing but the prefix 'Bu.' or 'Bu:' (ll. 1423, 1431, 1433, 1495, 1497, 1525). For the 'Soldier' see l. 1504. Herod's sister is called Salome or Salom according to the requirements of the metre.

No place is assigned for the scene; it is presumably in or before Herod's palace. The action is limited to one day.

With one exception the names of all the characters are taken from Josephus. He, however, does not name the slave-woman loved by Pheroras, who is here called Graphina. This name may, however, have been suggested by that of Glaphyra, the wife of a certain Alexander, mentioned in the same chapter as the incident of Pheroras' refusal of Herod's daughter. In Lodge's translation we actually find the marginal note: 'Herod greatly moued against Pheroras for affirming that he was in loue with Glaphyra', where 'he' properly refers to Herod though it might easily be taken to refer to Pheroras.

NOTE ON THE SOURCE, DATE, AND AUTHORSHIP
OF THE PLAY.

Josephus gives two versions of the story of Mariam, one in the *Wars of the Jews*, the other in the *Antiquities*. Lady Cary uses the latter version. She follows Josephus fairly closely, but makes several alterations, sometimes compressing, sometimes amplifying, frequently transposing events, occasionally inventing scenes, to simplify the story and to observe the unities.

Many dramas have been based on this story, and most of these have been discussed by Landau: *Die Dramen von Herodes und Mariamne* (Zeitschrift für vergleichende Literaturgeschichte, ed. Koch, N.F. Bd. viii, ix. Weimar 1895-6). Before Lady Cary's drama appeared Dolce, Hans Sachs, and possibly Hardy had written their plays. Lady Cary does not seem to have used either the Italian, the German, or the French drama, but to have gone directly to Josephus for the subject-matter. It is true that Hardy's drama is to some extent similar to Lady Cary's work, whilst the dramas of Dolce and Hans Sachs contain much that is foreign to her play. Hardy's Pherore and Lady Cary's Pheroras do not appear in Dolce and Hans Sachs; in the argument of both dramas Hircanus is the father of Mariam: this mistake, however, is made once by Josephus, Lady Cary gives the correct relation throughout the drama, whilst Hardy does not do this. More striking is the similarity of Lady Cary l. 1983 ff. and Hardy v. 81 ff.: 'Que dis-je merité, mille morts plus cruelles', &c. But the similarities are not close enough to prove borrowing.

Before the appearance of Lady Cary's drama Latin, French, German, and English translations of Josephus had

been published, and it is not quite clear whether Lady Cary used a Greek text or one of the translations. The following consideration points to the assumption that Lady Cary did not use a Greek text. In l. 1757 the name Asuerus occurs. In the Greek texts the name is Artaxerxes, but in some Latin texts there is a marginal gloss giving the name Assuerus, Asuerus. Thus the Latin text of 1514 (BM. 4515. f. 10) reads 'Cirus qui dictus est Artaxerxes in biblia est Assuerus', the Latin text of 1580 glosses 'Asuerus Rex Persarum'. A comparison of name-forms leads to no result. Lady Cary has Constabarus, Ananell, Babus sonnes, sonnes of Baba, Latin texts have Costobarus, Ananelus, Baba (gen. Babæ); Lodge has Costabarus Ananell (p. 386), Babas sonnes, &c. There are, however, good reasons for assuming that Lady Cary used Lodge's translation of Josephus (publ. 1602). Lodge translates *pincernam* 'butler', Lady Cary has a character Bu[tlér]. Still more striking is the fact that Lady Cary combines the *pincerna* and *eunuchus* of the Latin texts (1580, p. 448), whilst in Lodge (p. 398) we read 'Mariammes most faithful servant' for 'eunuchum Mariammes fidissimum'. A slightly inattentive reader of Lodge might easily assume that the butler and the eunuch were one and the same person, as actually in the drama. There are, further, some verbal agreements: cp. Lady Cary, l. 1799 f.:

Am I the Mariam that presum'd so much &c.

and Lodge (p. 399): 'For being entertained by him, who intirely loued her . . . she presumed vpon a great and intemperate libertie in her discourse'; Lady Cary's Argument 'and presently after by the instigation of Salome, she was beheaded', Lodge (p. 398) 'Mariamme by Salomes instigations is led to execution' (but the Latin gloss (p. 449) reads 'Mariamme Salomæ instinctu ad supplicium ducitur'); Lady Cary's Argument 'vnder colour of sport', Lodge (p. 386) 'pretending to duck him in sport'. Lodge's translation contains a preface 'To the courteous Reader'. Three passages resemble passages in Lady Cary: 'whereas they that

sit in a plentiful banquet, in affecting all things, can make use of nothing', cp. Lady Cary, l. 180 ff.:

But now he fared like a hungry guest,
That to some plenteous festiuall is gone,
Now this, now that, hee deems to eate were best,
Such choice doth make him let them all alone.

Lodge: 'And truly in my opinion the chiefest ground of this difficulty [the reading of history aright], is the peruersness of our iudgements, which is the cause we the rather respect our own inclinations what they are, then the true life and force of example', cp. Lady Cary's Chorus to Act II. Lodge [By reading history we] 'sit and learne preuention by other mens perils, and grow amplie wise by forraine wrekkes', cp. Lady Cary, ll. 2232-7.

If Lodge's translation was used the drama was probably written after 1602, although Lodge's work was licensed as early as 26 June, 1598 (Arber, iii. 119). The limits seem to be 1602 (Lodge's translation) and 23 March, 1604/5 (Philip Cary created knight).

There is some internal evidence for attributing the drama to Sir Henry Cary's (Viscount Falkland's) wife. After Lady Falkland's death a biography of her was written by one or more of her daughters and revised by one of her sons (*The Lady Falkland: her life, &c.*, ed. R. S. 1861). The editor discusses the authorship of this biography in the introduction to his edition.

We know from this book that Lady Falkland was a great reader, that she herself wrote, and that she loved plays very much. There are some passages in the *Life* which are reflected in the drama. We read on p. 16 'she did always much disapprove the practice of satisfying oneself with their conscience being free from fault, not forbearing all that might have the least show or suspicion of uncomeliness or unfitness', and that she had 'Be and Seem' inscribed in her daughter's wedding ring. This maxim we find in the Chorus to Act III. Her letter to the king (p. 150) shows the

attitude which Lady Falkland thought it right for a woman to adopt towards her husband. This is reflected in this chorus, and in ll. 1833-40, whilst the villain of the piece (Salome) holds quite opposite views. In the play we read (ll. 1795-6):

My head waies downwards: therefore will I goe
To try if I can sleepe away my woe.

On p. 17 of the *Life* we learn that Lady Falkland was frequently depressed, that she could sleep at will, and was in the habit of sleeping to cure depression. Less striking is a correspondence between p. 22 of the *Life*, where we are told that Lady Falkland would confess to 'finding much more delight in obliging than in being obliged', and ll. 657-8 of the play. Moreover, in the one work which is almost certainly by her, a translation of the *Reply of the Cardinal of Perron*, &c., 1630, she hid the identity of authorship. In this play the fact that copies are found without the leaf containing the sonnet possibly points to the supposition that Lady Cary wished to remain unknown to the general public.

Evidently Lady Falkland had written something to attract attention. In the translation of the *Reply* there are verses 'To the most noble Translatour', where we read:

And though you know this where to weack a frame
To rayse up higher the greatnesse of your name
Which must from your owne rich inventions grow.

The publisher of Marston's *Works* 1633 dedicates them 'To the Right Honourable, the Lady Elizabeth Carey, Viscountess Falkland'. He does so 'because your Honour is well acquainted with the Muses'.

The dedication in John Davies's *Muses Sacrifice or Divine Meditations* (London: printed by T. S. for George Norton, 1612) proves conclusively that Lady Falkland is the author of the play. This work is dedicated 'To the most noble, and no lesse deseruedly-renowned Ladyes, as well Darlings, as Patronesses, of the Muses; Lucy, Countesse of Bedford; Mary, Countesse-Dowager of Pembroke; and Elizabeth,

Lady Cary, (Wife of Sr. Henry Cary :) Glories of Women?
The last named he celebrates as follows :

Cary (of whom Minerua stands in feare,
lest she, from her, should get Arts Regencie)
Of Art so moues the great-all-mouing Sphære,
that eu'ry Orbe of Science moues thereby.

Thou mak'st Melpomen proud, and my Heart great
of such a Pupill, who, in Buskin fine,
With Feete of State, dost make thy Muse to mete
the Scenes of Syracuse and Palestine.

Art, Language ; yea ; abstruse and holy Tongues,
thy Wit and Grace acquir'd thy Fame to raise ;
And still to fill thine owne, and others Songs ;
thine, with thy Parts, and others, with thy praise.

Such neruy Limbs of Art, and Straines of Wit
Times past ne'er knew the weaker Sexe to haue ;
And Times to come, will hardly credit it,
if thus thou giue thy Workes both Birth and Graue.

The works of these ladies remained unpublished apparently,
for Davies, after remarking on the large amount of bad
material printed, goes on to say :

But your [*read you*] Three Graces, (whom our Muse would grace,
had she that glory, that our Philip had,
That was the Beautie of Arts Soule and Face)
you presse the Presse with little you haue made.

No ; you well know the Presse so much is wrong'd,
by abiect Rimers that great Hearts doe scorne
To haue their Measures with such Numbers throng'd,
as are so basely got, conceiu'd, and borne.

Many details concerning the Cary family are given in
the *Herald and Genealogist*, edited by J. G. Nichols. From
this work (vol. iii) the following facts are taken :

Extracts from Parish and other Registers.

Aldenham, Herts.

Baptisms.

1610. May 3. Miriall, y^e dau. of y^e right worshipfull Sir Philip Carye,
knight. [This is the eldest child, or, at least, the earliest entry.]

Burials.

1623. Oct. 4. The Ladye Elizabeth, y^e wife of the right wor^{ll} Sir Philippe Carye, knight.
1631. June 16. The right wor^{ll} Sir Philippe Cary.
1633. Sep. 25. The right hon^{ble} Henry, Lord Cary, Viscount Falkland.

Great Berkhamstead, Herts.

Marriages.

1586. Nov. 20. Jhon Savell, Esq^r and M^{rs} Elizth Carye.

Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, Doctors' Commons, London:

(*Dorset* 33.) Sir Adolphe Carye, kt. Dat. March 16, 1604-5.

'... to my brother Sir Harry Cary, knt. . . . to my brother Philip Carye . . . ' [the latter proved on 14 Apr. 1609 as Philip Cary, Knight.]

(*Fenner* 28.) Sir Wymond Carye, of Snettisham, co. Norfolk, knt. Dated Dec. 27, 1609.

'... to my nephew Sir Henry Cary, kt., son and heir app. of my brother Sir Edward Cary, kt. . . . to my nephew Sir Philip Cary, kt., the youngest son of my said brother . . . '

Henry Cary's eldest children were born at Burford (Oxfordshire). The registers here do not begin before 1612. According to Nichols (iii. 40) the eldest daughter, Catherine, was aged thirteen, and the eldest son, Lucius, was twelve, in 1622.

From the quotations from the wills it will be seen that Henry Cary was knighted before 16 March, 1604/5, but that his brother Philip was not. W. C. Metcalfe's *A Book of Knights*, London, 1885, contains the entries:

Sr. Philip Cary, Herts. 23 March 1604[5].

Sr. Henry Cary, 3 Nov. 1616 [this is K.B.].

Sr. Henry Cary, 12 July 1599 [at Dublin].

The Henry Cary who become a K.B. in 1616 is the later Viscount Falkland: The wills prove that he was already a knight at the time. It is not clear (and, as far as the drama is concerned, it is immaterial) when he was first knighted. He may possibly be the Henry Cary knighted at Dublin in 1599. The 'Sr. Philip Cary of Herts.', who was knighted [at Greenwich—see also W. A. Shaw, *The Knights of England*, London, 1906, ii. 137] in March 1604/5

is certainly his brother Philip. Philip is a rare name in the Cary family, whilst Henry is common.

The biography of Lady Falkland states:

‘She was born in the year of our Lord 1585 or 1586, in Oxfordshire, at the priory of Burford, her father’s house.’ (p. 1.)

‘At fifteen years old her father married her to one Sir Harry Carey (son to Sir Edward Carey, of Barkhamsted in Herts), then master of the Jewel-house to Queen Elizabeth.’ (p. 7.)

‘She was married seven years without any child.’ (p. 11.)

‘She . . . died . . . the — day of October, the year of our Lord 1639, being three or four-and-fifty years old.’ (p. 122.)

The name of Philip Cary’s wife is given in the *Visitations of Hertfordshire 1572 and 1634* (Harleian MSS. 6147 and 1546), 1886, p. 136: ‘Sir Philip Carey of Aldenham, co. Hertf. m. Elizabeth, da. of Richard Bland of co. York.’

THE
TRAGEDIE
OF MARIAM,
THE FAIRE
Queene of Iewry.

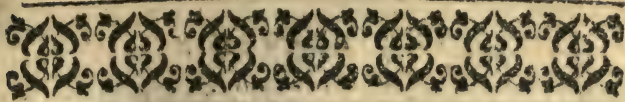
Written by that learned,
vertuous, and truly noble Ladie,
E. C.



LONDON.

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Richard
Hawkins, and are to be sold at his shoppe
in Chancery Lane, nere vnto
Sargeants Inne.

1613.



Actus primus. Scœna prima.

Mariam sola.

How oft haue I, with publike voyce runne on?
To censure *Romes* last *Hero* for deceit:
Because he wept when *Pompey* life was gone,
Yet when he liu'd, hee thought his Name too great,
But now I doe recant, and *Roman* Lord.
Excuse too rash a judgement in a woman:
My Sexe pleads pardon, pardon then afford,
Mistaking is with vs, but too too common.
Now doe I finde by selfe Experience taught,
One Object yeelds both grieffe and ioy:
You wept indeed, when on his worth you thought,
But ioyd that slaughter did your Foe destroy.
So at his death your Eyes true droppes did raine,
Whom dead, you did not wish aliue againe.
When *Herod* liu'd, that now is done to death,
Oft haue I wisht that I from him were free:
Oft haue I wisht that he might lose his breath,
Oft haue I wisht his Carcas dead to see.
Then Rage and Scorne had put my loue to flight,
That Loue which once on him was firmly set:
Hate hid his true affection from my sight,
And kept my heart from paying him his debt.
And blame me not, for *Herods* lealouisie
Had power euen constancie it selfe to change:
For hee by barring me from libertie,
To shunne my ranging, taught me first to range.
But yet too chaste a Scholler was my hart,
To learne to loue another then my Lord:
To leaue his Loue, my lessons former part,

A 3

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The Argument.

H*erod* the sonne of *Antipater* (an *Idumean*,) hauing crept by the fauor of the *Romanes*, into the Iewish Monarchie, married *Mariam* the daughter of *Hircanus*, the rightfull *King and Priest*, and for her (besides her high blood, being of singular beautie) hee reputed *Doris*, his former Wife, by whome hee had Children.

This *Mariam* had a Brother called *Aristobolus*, and next him and *Hircanus* his Graund-father, *Herod* in his 10 Wiues right had the best title. Therefore to remooue them, he charged the first with treason: and put him to death; and drowned the second vnder colour of sport. *Alexandra*, Daughter to the one, and Mother to the other, accused him for their deaths before *Anthony*.

So when hee was forc'te to goe answere this Accusation at *Rome*, he left the custodie of his wife to *Iosephus* his Vncle, that had married his Sister *Salome*, and out of a violent affection (vnwilling any should enioy her after him) hee gaue strict and priuate commaundement, 20 that if hee were slaine, shee should be put to death. But he returned with much honour, yet found his Wife extremely discontented, to whom *Iosopbus* had (meaning it for the best, to proue *Herod* loued her) reuealed his charge.

So by *Salomes* accusation hee put *Iosephus* to death, but was reconciled to *Mariam*, who still bare the death of her Friends exceeding hardly.

In this meane time *Herod* was againe necessarily to reuifite *Rome*, for *Cæsar* hauing ouerthrowne *Anthony* his 30

THE EPISTLE

great friend, was likely to make an alteration of his Fortune.

In his absence, newes came to *Ierusalem* that *Cæsar* had put him to death, their willingnes it should be so, together with the likelyhood, gaue this Rumor so good credit, as *Sobemus* that had succeeded *Iosephus* charge, succeeded him likewise in revealing it. So at *Herods* returne which was speedy and v unexpected, he found *Mariam* so farre from ioye, that she shewed apparant signes of sorrow. Hee still desiring to winne her to a better humour, 40 she being very vnable to conceale her passion, fell to vpbraiding him with her Brothers death. As they were thus debating, came in a fellow with a Cuppe of Wine, who hired by *Salome*, saide first, it was a Loue potion, which *Mariam* desired to deliuer to the King: but afterwards he affirmed that it was a poyson, and that *Sobemus* had tolde her somewhat, which procured the vehement hate in her.

The King hearing this, more moued with Iealousie of *Sobemus*, then with this intent of poyson, sent her a- 50 way, and presently after by the instigation of *Salome*, she was beheaded. Which rashnes was afterward punished in him, with an intollerable and almost Frantike passion for her death.





Actus primus. Scœna prima.

Mariam sola.

How oft haue I with publike voyce runne on?
To censure *Romes* last *Hero* for deceit:
Because he wept when *Pompeis* life was gone,
Yet when he liu'd, hee thought his Name too great.
But now I doe recant, and *Roman* Lord
Excuse too rash a judgement in a woman:
My Sexe pleads pardon, pardon then afford,
Mistaking is with vs, but too too common. 10
Now doe I finde by selfe Experience taught,
One Object yeelds both griefe and ioy:
You wept indeed, when on his worth you thought,
But ioyd that slaughter did your Fœe destroy.
So at his death your Eyes true droppes did raine,
Whom dead, you did not wish aliue againe.
When *Herod* liu'd, that now is done to death,
Oft haue I wisht that I from him were free:
Oft haue I wisht that he might lose his breath,
Oft haue I wisht his Carkas dead to see. 20
Then Rage and Scorne had put my loue to flight,
That Loue which once on him was firmly set:
Hate hid his true affection from my sight,
And kept my heart from paying him his debt.
And blame me not, for *Herods* Iealousie
Had power euen constancie it selfe to change:
For hee by barring me from libertie,
To shunne my ranging, taught me first to range.
But yet too chaste a Scholler was my hart,
To learne to loue another then my Lord: 30
To leaue his Loue, my lessons former part,

THE TRAGEDIE

I quickly learn'd, the other I abhord.
 But now his death to memorie doth call,
 The tender loue, that he to *Mariam* bare:
 And mine to him, this makes those riuers fall,
 Which by an other thought vnmoistned are.
 For *Aristobolus* the lowlyest youth
 That euer did in Angels shape appeare:
 The cruell *Herod* was not mou'd to ruth,
 Then why grieues *Mariam Herods* death to heare? 40
 Why ioy I not the tongue no more shall speake,
 That yeelded forth my brothers latestt dome:
 Both youth and beautie might thy furie breake,
 And both in him did ill besit a Tombe.
 And worthy Grandfire ill did he requite,
 His high Assent alone by thee procur'd,
 Except he murdred thee to free the spright
 Which still he thought on earth too long immur'd.
 How happie was it that *Sobemus* maide
 Was mou'd to pittie my distrest estate? 50
 Might *Herods* life a trustie seruant finde,
 My death to his had bene vnseparate. (beare,
 These thoughts haue power, his death to make me
 Nay more, to wish the newes may firmly hold:
 Yet cannot this repulse some falling teare,
 That will against my will some grieffe vnfold.
 And more I owe him for his loue to me,
 The deepest loue that euer yet was seene:
 Yet had I rather much a milke-maide bee,
 Then be the Monarke of *Iudeas* Queene. 60
 It was for nought but loue, he wisht his end
 Might to my death, but the vaunt-currer proue:
 But I had rather still be foe then friend,
 To him that saues for hate, and kills for loue.
 Hard-hearted *Mariam*, at thy discontent,
 What floods of teares haue drencht his manly face?
 How canst thou then so faintly now lament,
 Thy truest louers death, a deaths disgrace:
 I now mine eyes you do begin to right

OF MARIAM.

The wrongs of your admirer. And my Lord, 70
 Long since you should haue put your smiles to flight,
 Ill doth a widowed eye with ioy accord.
 Why now me thinkes the loue I bare him then,
 When virgin freedome left me vnrestraind:
 Doth to my heart begin to creepe agen,
 My passion now is far from being faind.
 But teares flie backe, and hide you in your bankes,
 You must not be to *Alexandra* seene:
 For if my mone be spide, but little thankes
 Shall *Mariam* haue, from that incensed Queene. 80

Actus primus : Scœna Secunda.

Mariam. Alexandra.

Alex: (mistake,

WHat meanes these teares? my *Mariam* doth
 The newes we heard did tell the *Tyrants* end:
 What weepst thou for thy brothers murthers sake,
 Will euer wight a teare for *Herod* spend?
 My curse pursue his breathles trunkes and spirit,
 Base *Edomite* the damned *Esaus* heire:
 Must he ere *Iacobs* child the crowne inherit? 90
 Must he vile wretch be set in *Dauids* chaire?
 No *Dauids* soule within the bosome plac'te,
 Of our forefather *Abram* was asham'd:
 To see his feat with such a toade disgrac'te,
 That feat that hath by *Iudas* race bene fain'd.
 Thou fatall enemie to royall blood,
 Did not the murder of my boy suffice,
 To stop thy cruell mouth that gaping stood?
 But must thou dim the milde *Hercanus* eyes?
 My gracious father, whose too readie hand 100
 Did lift this *Idumean* from the dust:
 And he vngratefull catiffe did withstand,
 The man that did in him most friendly trust.
 What kingdomes right could cruell *Herod* claime,
 Was he not *Esaus* Issue, heyre of hell?
 Then what succession can he haue but shame?
 Did not his Ancestor his birth-right sell? 0

THE TRAGEDIAE

O yes, he doth from *Edoms* name deriue,
 His cruell nature which with blood is fed :
 That made him me of Sire and sonne depriue, 110
 He euer thirsts for blood, and blood is red.
 Weepst thou because his loue to thee was bent?
 And readst thou loue in crimson characters?
 Slew he thy friends to worke thy hearts content?
 No: hate may Iustly call that action hers.
 He gaue the sacred Priesthood for thy sake,
 To *Aristobolus*. Yet doomde him dead:
 Before his backe the *Ephod* warme could make,
 And ere the *Myter* settled on his head: 120
 Oh had he giuen my boy no lesse then right,
 The double oyle should to his forehead bring:
 A double honour, shining doubly bright,
 His birth annoynted him both Priest and King.
 And say my father, and my sonne he slewe,
 To royalize by right your Prince borne breath:
 Was loue the cause, can *Mariam* deeme it true,
 That *Mariam* gaue commandment for her death?
 I know by fits, he shewd some signes of loue,
 And yet not loue, but raging lunacie:
 And this his hate to thee may iustly proue, 130
 That sure he hates *Hercanus* familie.
 Who knowes if he vnconstant wauering Lord,
 His loue to *Doris* had renew'd againe?
 And that he might his bed to her afford,
 Perchance he wilht that *Mariam* might be flaine.
Nun: Doris, Alas her time of loue was past,
 Those coales were rakte in embers long agoe:
 If *Mariams* loue and she was now disgraft,
 Nor did I glorie in her ouerthrowe.
 He not a whit his first borne sonne esteem'd, 140
 Because as well as his he was not mine:
 My children onely for his owne he deem'd,
 These boyes that did descend from royall line.
 These did he stile his heyres to *Dauids* throne,
 My *Alexander* if he liue, shall sit
 In

OF MARIAM.

In the Maiefticke feat of *Salamon*,
To will it fo, did *Herod* thinke it fit.

Alex. Why? who can claime from *Alexanders* brood
That Gold adorned Lyon-guarded Chaire?
Was *Alexander* not of *Dauids* blood? 150
And was not *Mariam* *Alexanders* heire?
What more then right could *Herod* then beftow,
And who will thinke except for more then right,
He did not raife them, for they were not low,
But borne to weare the Crowne in his defpight:
Then fend thofe teares away that are not sent
To thee by reason, but by paffions power:
Thine eyes to cheere, thy cheekes to fmiles be bent,
And entertaine with ioy this happy houre.
Felicitie, if when fhee comes, fhe findes 160
A mourning habite, and a cheerleffe looke,
Will thinke fhe is not welcome to thy minde,
And fo perchance her lodging will not brooke.
Oh keepe her whileft thou halt her, if fhe goe
She will not eafily returne againe:
Full many a yeere haue I indur'd in woe,
Yet ftill haue fude her prefence to obtaine:
And did not I to her as presents fend
A Table, that beft Art did beautifie
Of two, to whom Heauen did beft feature lend, 170
To woe her loue by winning *Anthony*:
For when a Princes fauour we doe craue,
We firft their Mynions loues do feeke to winne:
So I, that fought Felicitie to haue,
Did with her Mynion *Anthony* beginne,
With double flight I fought to captiuat
The warlike louer, but I did not right:
For if my gift had borne but halfe the rate,
The *Roman* had beene ouer-taken quite.
But now he fared like a hungry gueft, 180
That to fome plenteous feftiuall is gone,
Now this, now that, hee deems to eate were beft,
Such choice doth make him let them all alone.

THE TRAGEDIE

The boyes large forehead first did fayrest seeme,
 Then glaunst his eye vpon my *Mariams* cheeke:
 And that without comparifon did deeme,
 VVhat was in eyther but he most did leeke.
 And thus distracted, eythers beauties might
 VVithin the others excellence was drown'd:
 Too much delight did bare him from delight, 190
 For eithers loue, the others did confound.
 VVhere if thy portraiture had onely gone,
 His life from *Herod*, *Anthony* had taken:
 He would haue loued thee, and thee alone,
 And left the browne *Egyptian* cleane forsaken.
 And *Cleopatra* then to seeke had bene,
 So firme a louer of her wayned face:
 Then great *Anthonus* fall we had not seene,
 By her that fled to haue him holde the chafe.
 Then *Mariam* in a *Romans* Chariot fet, 200
 In place of *Cleopatra* might haue showne:
 A mart of Beauties in her visage met,
 And part in this, that they were all her owne.
Ma. Not to be Emprise of aspiring *Rome*,
 Would *Mariam* like to *Cleopatra* liue:
 With purest body will I presse my Toome,
 And wish no fauours *Anthony* could giue.
Alex. Let vs retire vs, that we may resoluē
 How now to deale in this reuerfed state:
 Great are th'affaires that we must now reuolue, 210
 And great affaires must not be taken late.

Actus primus. Scœna tertia.

Mariam. Alexandra. Salome.

Salome.

More plotting yet? Why? now you haue the thing
 For which so oft you spent your supliant breath:
 And *Mariam* hopes to haue another King,
 Her eyes doe sparkle ioy for *Herods* death.

Alex.

OF MARIAM.

Alex. If she desir'd another King to haue,
 She might before she came in *Herods* bed 220
 Haue had her wish. More Kings then one did craue,
 For leaue to set a Crowne vpon her head.
 I thinke with more then reason she laments,
 That she is freed from such a sad annoy:
 Who ist will weepe to part from discontent,
 And if she ioy, she did not causelesse ioy.

Sal. You durst not thus haue giuen your tongue the
 If noble *Herod* still remaind in life: (raine,
 Your daughters betters farre I dare maintaine,
 Might haue reioyc'd to be my brothers wife. 230

Mar. My betters farre, base woman t'is vntrue,
 You scarce haue euer my superiors seene:
 For *Mariams* seruants were as good as you,
 Before she came to be *Iudeas* Queene.

Sal. Now stirs the tongue that is so quickly mou'd,
 But more then once your collor haue I borne:
 Your fumiish words are sooner sayd then prou'd,
 And *Salomes* reply is onely scorne.

Mar. Scorne those that are for thy companions
 Though I thy brothers face had neuer seene, (held, 240
 My birth, thy baser birth so farre exceld,
 I had to both of you the Princeesse bene.

★ Thou party Iew, and party Edomite,
 Thou Mongrell: issu'd from reiected race,
 Thy Ancestors against the Heauens did fight,
 And thou like them wilt heauenly birth disgrace.

Sal. Still twit you me with nothing but my birth,
 What ods betwixt your ancestors and mine?
 Both borne of *Adam*, both were made of Earth,
 And both did come from holy *Abrabams* line. 250

Mar. I fauour thee when nothing else I say,
 VVith thy blacke acts ile not pollute my breath:
 Else to thy charge I might full iustly lay
 A shamefull life, besides a husbands death.

Sal. Tis true indeed, I did the plots reueale,
 That past betwixt your fauorites and you:
 I ment not I, a traytor to conceale.

THE TRAGEDIE

Thus *Salome* your Mynion *Ioseph* flue.

Mar. Heauen, dost thou meane this Infamy to smo-
Let flandred *Mariam* ope thy closed eare: (ther? 260

Selfe-guilt hath euer bene suspitious mother,
And therefore I this speech with patience beare.

No, had not *Salomes* vnstedfast heart,
In *Iosephus* stead her *Constabarus* plast,
To free her selfe, she had not vsde the art,
To slander haplesse *Mariam* for vnchast.

Alex. Come *Mariam*, let vs goe: it is no boote
To let the head contend against the foote.

Actus primus. Scœna quarta.

Salome, Solo.

270

Lues *Salome*, to get so base a stile
As foote, to the proud *Mariam Herods* spirit:
In happy time for her endured exile,
For did he liue she should not misse her merit:
But he is dead: and though he were my Brother,
His death such store of Cinders cannot cast
My Coales of loue to quench: for though they smo-
The flames a while, yet will they out at last. (ther

Oh blest *Arabia*, in best climate plast,
I by the Fruit will censure of the Tree: 280

Tis not in vaine, thy happy name thou hast,
If all *Arabians* like *Silleus* bee:

Had not my Fate bene too too contrary,
When I on *Constabarus* first did gaze,
Silleus had beene obiect to mine eye:
Whose lookes and personage must allyes amaze.
But now ill Fated *Salome*, thy tongue
To *Constabarus* by it selfe is tide:

And now except I doe the Ebrew wrong
I cannot be the faire *Arabian* Bride: 290
What childish lets are these? Why stand I now
On honourable points? Tis long agoe

Since

OF MARIAM.

Since shame was written on my tainted brow :
 And certaine tis, that shame is honours foe.
 Had I vpon my reputation stood,
 Had I affected an vnspotted life,
Iosephus vaines had still bene stuf with blood,
 And I to him had liu'd a sober wife.
 Then had I neuer cast an eye of loue,
 On *Constabarus* now detested face, 310
 Then had I kept my thoughts without remoue :
 And blusht at motion of the least disgrace :
 But shame is gone, and honour wipt away,
 And Impudencie on my forehead fits :
 She bids me worke my will without delay,
 And for my will I will imploy my wits.
 He loues, I loue ; what then can be the cause,
 Keepes me for being the *Arabians* wife ?
 It is the principles of *Moses* lawes,
 For *Contabarus* still remaines in life, 310
 If he to me did beare as Earnest hate,
 As I to him, for him there were an ease,
 A separating bill might free his fate :
 From such a yoke that did so much displeafe.
 Why should such priuiledge to man be giuen ?
 Or giuen to them, why bard from women then ?
 Are men then we in greater grace with Heauen ?
 Or cannot women hate as well as men ?
 Ile be the custome-breaker : and beginne
 To shew my Sexe the way to freedomes doore, 320
 And with an offering will I purge my sinne,
 The lawe was made for none but who are poore.
 If *Herod* had liu'd, I might to him accuse
 My present Lord. But for the futures sake
 Then would I tell the King he did refuse
 The sonnes of *Baba* in his power to take.
 But now I must diuorse him from my bed,
 That my *Silleus* may possesse his roome :
 Had I not begd his life he had bene dead,
 I curse my tongue the hindrer of his doome, 330

THE TRAGEDIE

But then my wandring heart to him was fast,
 Nor did I dreame of change: *Silleus* said,
 He would be here, and see he comes at last,
 Had I not nam'd him longer had he staid.

Actus primus. Scœna quinta.

Salome, Silleus.

Silleus. **W**ELL found faire *Salome Iudæas* pride,
 Hath thy innated wisedome found
 To make *Silleus* deeme him deified, (the way
 By gaining thee a more then precious pray? 340

Salo. I haue deuifde the best I can deuife,
 A more imperfect meanes was neuer found:
 But what cares *Salome*, it doth suffice
 If our indeuours with their end be crown'd.
 In this our land we haue an ancient vse,
 Permitted first by our law-giuers head:
 Who hates his wife, though for no iust abuse,
 May with a bill diuorce her from his bed.
 But in this custome women are not free,
 Yet I for once will wrest it, blame not thou 350
 The ill I doe, since what I do'es for thee,
 Though others blame, *Silleus* should allow.

Silleus. Thinkes *Salome, Silleus* hath a tongue
 To censure her faire actions: let my blood
 Bedash my proper brow, for such a wrong,
 The being yours, can make euen vices good:
Arabia ioy, prepare thy earth with greene,
 Thou neuer happie wert indeed till now:
 Now shall thy ground be trod by beauties Queene,
 Her foote is destin'd to depreffe thy brow. 360
 Thou shalt faire *Salome* commaund as much
 As if the royall ornament were thine:
 The weaknes of *Arabias* King is such,
 The kingdome is not his so much as mine.
 My mouth is our *Obodas* oracle,
 Who thinks not ought but what *Silleus* will?

And

OF MARIAM.

And thou rare creature. *Asias* miracle,
Shalt be to me as It: *Obodas* still.

Salome. Tis not for glory I thy loue accept,
Iudea yeelds me honours worthy store: 370
Had not affection in my bosome crept,
My natiue country should my life deplore.
Were not *Silleus* he with home I goe,
I would not change my *Palastine* for *Rome*:
Much lesse would I a glorious state to shew,
Goe far to purchase an *Arabian* toome.

Silleus. Far be it from *Silleus* so to thinke,
I know it is thy gratitude requites
The loue that is in me, and shall not shrink
Till death doe feuer me from earths delights. (talke, 380

Salom. But whist; me thinks the wolfe is in our
Be gone *Silleus*, who doth here arriue?
Tis *Constabarus* that doth hither walke,
He find a quarrell, him from me to driue.

Sille. Farewell, but were it not for thy commaund,
In his despight *Silleus* here would stand.

Actus primus: Scœna Sexta.

Salome: Constabarus.

Const: **O**H *Salome*, how much you wrōg your name,
Your race, your country, and your husband 390
A straungers priuate conference is shame, (most?
I blush for you, that haue your blushing lost.
Oft haue I found, and found you to my grieffe,
Conforted with this base *Arabian* heere:
Heauen knowes that you haue bin my comfort chiefe,
Then doe not now my greater plague appeare.
Now by the stately Carued edifice
That on Mount *Sion* makes so faire a show,
And by the Altar fit for sacrifice,
I loue thee more then thou thy selfe doest know. 400
Oft with a silent sorrow haue I heard
How ill *Iudeas* mouth doth censure thee:

And

THE TRAGEDIE

And did I not thine honour much regard,
 Thou shouldst not be exhorted thus for mee.
 Didst thou but know the worth of honest fame,
 How much a vertuous woman is esteem'd,
 Thou wouldest like hell eschew deserued shame,
 And seeke to be both chaste and chastly deem'd.
 Our wisest Prince did say, and true he said,
 A vertuous woman crownes her husbands head. 410

Salome. Did I for this, vpreare thy lowe estate?
 Did I for this requitall begge thy life,
 That thou hadst forfeited haples fate?
 To be to such a thankles wretch the wife.
 This hand of mine hath lifted vp thy head,
 Which many a day agoe had false full lowe,
 Because the sonnes of *Baba* are not dead,
 To me thou doest both life and fortune owe.

Const. You haue my patience often exercised,
 Use make my choller keepe within the bankes: 420
 Yet boast no more, but be by me aduisde.
 A benefit vpbraided, forfeits thanks:
 I prethy *Salome* dismiss this mood,
 Thou doest not know how ill it fits thy place:
 My words were all intended for thy good,
 To raise thine honour and to stop disgrace.

Sa. To stop disgrace? take thou no care for mee,
 Nay do thy worst, thy worst I set not by:
 No shame of mine is like to light on thee,
 Thy loue and admonitions I desie. 430
 Thou shalt no hower longer call me wife,
 Thy Iealousie procures my hate so deepe:
 That I from thee doe meane to free my life,
 By a diuorcing bill before I sleepe.

Const. Are Hebrew women now trāsform'd to men?
 Why do you not as well our battels fight,
 And weare our armour? suffer this, and then
 Let all the world be topsie turued quite.
 Let fishes graze, beastes, swine, and birds descend,
 Let fire burne downewards whilst the earth aspires: 440

Let

OF MARIAM.

Let Winters heat and Summers cold offend,
 Let Thiftels growe on Vines, and Grapes on Briers,
 Set vs to Spinne or Sowe, or at the best
 Make vs Wood-hewers, Waters-bearing wights:
 For sacred seruice let vs take no rest,
 Vse vs as *Ioshua* did the *Gibonites*.

Salom. Hold on your talke, till it be time to end,
 For me I am resolu'd it shall be so:
 Though I be first that to this course do bend,
 I shall not be the last full well I know. 450

Const. Why then be witnesse Heau'n, the Iudge of
 Be witnesse Spirits that eschew the darke: (finnes,
 Be witnesse Angels, witnesse Cherubins,
 Whose semblance fits vpon the holy Arke:
 Be witnesse earth, be witnesse *Palestine*,
 Be witnesse *Dauids* Citie, if my heart
 Did euer merit such an act of thine:
 Or if the fault be mine that makes vs part,
 Since mildest *Moses* friend vnto the Lord,
 Did worke his wonders in the land of *Ham*, 460
 And slew the first-borne Babes without a sword,
 In signe whereof we eate the holy Lambe:
 Till now that foureteene hundred yeeres are past,
 Since first the Law with vs hath beene in force:
 You are the first, and will I hope, be last,
 That euer sought her husband to diuorce.

Salom. I meane not to be led by president,
 My will shall be to me in stead of Law.

Const. I feare me much you will too late repent,
 That you haue euer liu'd so void of awe: 470
 This is *Silleus* loue that makes you thus
 Reuerse all order: you must next be his.
 But if my thoughts aright the cause discusse,
 In winning you, he gaines no lasting blisse,
 I was *Silleus*, and not long agoe

Iosephus then was *Constabarus* now:
 When you became my friend you prou'd his foe,
 As now for him you breake to me your vowd.

THE TRAGEDIE

Sal. If once I lou'd you, greater is your debt :
 For certaine tis that you deserued it not. 480
 And vnderferued loue we soone forget,
 And therefore that to me can be no blot.
 But now fare ill my once beloued Lord,
 Yet neuer more belou'd then now abhord.

Const. Yet *Constabarus* biddeth thee farewell.
 Farewell light creature. Heauen forgieue thy sinne :
 My prophecying spirit doth foretell
 Thy wauering thoughts doe yet but new beginne.
 Yet I haue better scap'd then *Ioseph* did,
 But if our *Herods* death had bene delayd, 490
 The valiant youths that I so long haue hid,
 Had bene by her, and I for them betrayd.
 Therefore in happy houre did *Cæsar* giue
 The fatall blow to wanton *Anthony* :
 For had he liued, our *Herod* then should liue,
 But great *Anthonus* death made *Herod* dye.
 Had he enioyed his breath, not I alone
 Had beene in danger of a deadly fall :
 But *Mariam* had the way of perill gone,
 Though by the Tyrant most belou'd of all. 500
 The sweet fac'd *Mariam* as free from guilt
 As Heauen from spots, yet had her Lord come backe
 Her purest blood had bene vniustly spilt.
 And *Salome* it was would worke her wracke.
 Though all *Iudea* yeeld her innocent,
 She often hath bene neere to punishment.

Chorus.

Those mindes that wholly dote vpon delight,
 Except they onely ioy in inward good : 510
 Still hope at last to hop vpon the right,
 And so from Sand they leape in loathsome mud.
 Fond wretches, seeking what they cannot finde,
 For no content attends a wauering minde.
 If wealth they doe desire, and wealth attaine,

Then

OF MARIAM.

Then wondrous faine would they to honor lep:
 Of meane degree they doe in honor gaine,
 They would but wish a little higher step.
 Thus step to step, and wealth to wealth they ad,
 Yet cannot all their plenty make them glad.

Yet oft we see that some in humble state, 520
 Are chreefull, pleafant, happy, and content:
 When those indeed that are of higher state,
 With vaine additions do their thoughts torment.
 Th'one would to his minde his fortune binde,
 T'hothor to his fortune frames his minde.

To with varietie is signe of grieffe,
 For if you like your state as now it is,
 Why should an alteration bring relieffe?
 Nay change would then be fear'd as losse of blis.
 That man is onely happy in his Fate, 530
 That is delighted in a fetled state.

Still *Mariam* wilst she from her Lord were free,
 For expectation of varietie:
 Yet now she sees her wishes prosperous bee,
 She grieues, because her Lord so soone did die.
 Who can those vast imaginations feede,
 Where in a propertie, contempt doth breede?

Were *Herod* now perchance to liue againe,
 She would againe as much be griued at that:
 All that she may, she euer doth disdaine, 540
 Her wishes guide her to she knowes not what.
 And sad must be their lookes, their honor sower,
 That care for nothing being in their power.

Actus secundus. Scœna prima.

Pheroras and Graphina.

Pher. **T**Is true *Graphina*, now the time drawes nye
 Wherin the holy Priest with hallowed right,
The

THE TRAGEDIAE

The happy long desired knot shall tie,
Pheroras and *Graphina* to vnite:
 How oft haue I with lifted hands implor'd 550
 This blessed houre, till now implord in vaine,
 Which hath my wished libertie restor'd,
 And made my subiect selfe my owne againe.
 Thy loue faire Mayd vpon mine eye doth sit,
 Whose nature hot doth dry the moysture all,
 Which were in nature, and in reason fit
 For my monachall Brothers death to fall:
 Had *Herod* liu'd, he would haue pluckt my hand
 From faire *Graphinas* Palme perforce: and tide
 The same in hatefull and despised band, 560
 For I had had a Baby to my Bride:
 Scarce can her Infant tongue with easie voice
 Her name distinguish to anothers eare:
 Yet had he liu'd, his power, and not my choise
 Had made me solembly the contract sweare.
 Haue I not cause in such a change to ioy?
 What? though she be my Neece, a Princeesse borne:
 Neere bloods without respect: high birth a toy.
 Since Loue can teach blood and kindreds scorne.
 What booted it that he did raise my head, 570
 To be his Realmes Copartner, Kingdomes mate,
 Withall, he kept *Graphina* from my bed,
 More wisht by me then thrice *Iudeas* state.
 Oh, could not he be skilfull Iudge in loue,
 That doted so vpon his *Mariams* face?
 He, for his passion, *Doris* did remoue.
 I needed not a lawfull Wife displace,
 It could not be but he had power to iudge,
 But he that neuer grudg'd a Kingdomes share,
 This well knowne happineffe to me did grudge: 580
 And ment to be therein without compare.
 Else had I bene his equall in loues hoast,
 For though the Diadem on *Mariams* head
 Corrupt the vulgar iudgements, I will boast
Graphinas brow's as white, her cheekes as red.

Why

OF MARIAM.

Why speaks thou not faire creature? moue thy tongue,
 For Silence is a signe of discontent:
 It were to both our loues too great a wrong
 If now this hower do find thee sadly bent.

Graph. Mistake me not my Lord, too oft haue I 590
 Desir'd this time to come with winged feete,
 To be inwrapt with griefe when tis too nie,
 You know my wishes euer yours did meete:
 If I be silent, tis no more but feare
 That I should say too little when I speake:
 But since you will my imperfections beare,
 In spight of doubt I will my silence breake:
 Yet might amazement tie my mouing tongue,
 But that I know before *Pheroras* minde,
 I haue admired your affection long: 600
 And cannot yet therein a reason finde.

Your hand hath lifted me from lowest state,
 To highest eminencie wondrous grace,
 And me your hand-maid haue you made your mate,
 Though all but you alone doe count me base.
 You haue preserued me pure at my request,
 Though you so weake a vassaile might constraine
 To yeeld to your high will, then last not best
 In my respect a Princeesse you disdain,
 Then need not all these fauours studie craue, 610
 To be requited by a simple maide:
 And studie still you know must silence haue,
 Then be my cause for silence iustly waide,
 But studie cannot boote nor I requite,
 Except your lowly hand-maides steadfast loue
 And fast obedience may your mind delight,
 I will not promise more then I can proue.

Pher. That studie needs not let *Graphina* smile,
 And I desire no greater recompence:
 I cannot vaunt me in a glorious stile, 620
 Nor shew my loue in far-fetcht eloquence:
 But this beleue me, neuer *Herods* heart
 Hath held his Prince-borne beautie famed wife

THE TRAGEDIE

In neerer place then thou faire virgin art,
 To him that holds the glory of his life.
 Should *Herods* body leaue the Sepulcher,
 And entertaine the feuer'd ghost againe:
 He should not be my nuptiall hinderer,
 Except he hindred it with dying paine.
 Come faire *Graphina*, let vs goe in state,
 This wish-indeered time to celebrate.

630

Actus 2. Scœna. 2.

Constabarus and Babus Sonnes.

Babus. I. Sonne.

NOW valiant friend you haue our liues redeem'd,
 Which liues as sau'd by you, to you are due:
 Command and you shall see your selfe esteem'd,
 Our liues and liberties belong to you.
 This twice fixe yeares with hazard of your life,
 You haue conceal'd vs from the tyrants sword:
 Though cruell *Herods* sifter were your wife,
 You durst in scorne of feare this grace afford.
 In recompence we know not what to say,
 A poore reward were thankes for such a merit,
 Our truest friendship at your feete we lay,
 The best requitall to a noble spirit.

640

(youth,

Const. Oh how you wrong our friendship valiant
 With friends there is not such a word as det:
 Where amitie is tide with bond of truth,
 All benefits are there in common set.
 Then is the golden age with them renew'd,
 All names of properties are banisht quite:
 Diuision, and distinction, are eschew'd:
 Each hath to what belongs to others right.
 And tis not sure so full a benefit,
 Freely to giue, as freely to require:
 A bountious act hath glory following it,
 They cause the glory that the act desire.

650

All

OF MARIAM.

All friendship should the patterne imitate,
 Of *Ieffes* Sonne and valiant *Ionathan*: 660
 For neither Soueraignes nor fathers hate,
 A friendship fixt on vertue feuer can.
 Too much of this, tis written in the heart,
 And need no amplifying with the tongue:
 Now may you from your liuing tombe depart,
 Where *Herods* life hath kept you ouer long.
 Too great an iniury to a noble minde,
 To be quicke buried, you had purchast fame,
 Some yeares a goe, but that you were confinde.
 While thousand meaner did aduance their name. 670
 Your best of life the prime of all your yeares,
 Your time of action is from you bereft.
 Twelue winters haue you operpast in feares:
 Yet if you vse it well, enough is left.
 And who can doubt but you will vse it well?
 The sonnes of *Babus* haue it by descent:
 In all their thoughts each action to excell,
 Boldly to act, and wifely to inuent.

Babus 2. Sonne.

Had it not like the hatefull cuckoe beene, 680
 Whose riper age his infant nurse doth kill:
 So long we had not kept our selues vnseene,
 But *Constabarus* safely crost our will:
 For had the Tyrant fixt his cruell eye,
 On our concealed faces wrath had swaide
 His Iustice so, that he had forst vs die.
 And dearer price then life we should haue paid,
 For you our truest friend had falne with vs:
 And we much like a house on pillers set,
 Had cleane deprest our prop, and therefore thus 690
 Our readie will with our concealement met.
 But now that you faire Lord are daungerlesse,
 The Sonnes of *Baba* shall their rigor show:
 And proue it was not basenes did oppresse
 Our hearts so long, but honour kept them low.

Ba. 1. Sonne. Yet do I feare this tale of *Herods* death,
 At last will proue a very tale indeed:

THE TRAGEDIE

It giues me strongly in my minde, his breath
 Will be preferu'd to make a number bleed:
 I wish not therefore to be set at large,
 Yet perill to my selfe I do not leare:
 Let vs for some daies longer be your charge,
 Till we of *Herods* state the truth do heare.

700

Const. What art thou turn'd a coward noble youth,
 That thou beginst to doubt, vndoubted truth?

Babus. 1. Son. Were it my brothers tongue that cast
 I frō his hart would haue the question out: (this doubt,
 With this keene fauchion, but tis you my Lord
 Against whose head I must not lift a sword:

I am so tide in gratitude *Const.* belieue

710

You haue no cause to take it ill,

If any word of mine your heart did grieue
 The word discented from the speakers will,
 I know it was not feare the doubt begun,
 But rather valour and your care of me,
 A coward could not be your fathers sonne,
 Yet know I doubts vnneccessarie be:

For who can thinke that in *Anthonius* fall,
Herod his bofome friend should scape vnbrusde:

Then *Cæsar* we might thee an idiot call,

720

If thou by him should'ft be so farre abusde.

Babus. 2. Sonne. Lord *Constab:* let me tell you this,
 Vpon submission *Cæsar* will forgiue:

And therefore though the tyrant did amisse,

It may fall out that he will let him liue.

Not many yeares agone it is since I

Directed thither by my fathers care,

In famous *Rome* for twice twelue monthes did liue,

My life from *Hebrewes* crueltie to spare,

There though I were but yet of boyish age,

730

I bent mine eye to marke, mine eares to heare.

Where I did see *Octauius* then a page,

When first he did to *Iulions* fight appeare:

Me thought I saw such mildnes in his face,

And such a sweetnes in his lookes did grow,

Withall

OF MARIAM.

Withall, commixt with so maiesticke grace,
 His Phismony his Fortune did foreshow :
 For this I am indebted to mine eye,
 But then mine eare receiu'd more euidence,
 By that I knew his loue to clemency,
 How he with hottest choller could dispence. 740

Const. But we haue more then barely heard the news,
 It hath bin twice confirm'd. And though some tongue
 Might be so false, with false report t'abuse,
 A false report hath neuer lasted long.
 But be it so that *Herod* haue his life,
 Concealement would not then a whit auaille :
 For certaine t'is, that she that was my wife,
 Would not to set her accusation faile.
 And therefore now as good the venture giue, 750
 And free our selues from blot of cowardise :
 As show a pittifull desire to liue,
 For, who can pittie but they must despise ?

Babus first sonne.

I yeeld, but to necessitie I yeeld,
 I dare vpon this doubt ingage mine arme :
 That *Herod* shall againe this kingdome weeld,
 And proue his death to be a false alarme.

Babus second sonne.

I doubt it too: God grant it be an error, 760
 Tis best without a cause to be in terror:
 And rather had I, though my soule be mine,
 My soule should lie, then proue a true diuine.

Const. Come, come, let feare goe seeke a dastards
 Vndanted courage lies in a noble brest. (nest,

Actus 2. Scœna 3.

Doris and Antipater.

Dor. **Y**Our royall buildings bow your loftie fide,
 And scope to her that is by right your Queen :
 D Let

THE TRAGEDIAE

Let your humilitie vpbraide the pride 770
 Of those in whom no due respect is seene:
 Nine times haue we with Trumpets haughtie found,
 And banishing sow'r Leauen from our taste:
 Obseru'd the feast that takes the fruit from ground.
 Since I faire Citie did behold thee last,
 So long it is since *Mariams* purer cheeke
 Did rob from mine the glory. And so long
 Since I returnd my natiue Towe to seeke:
 And with me nothing but the fence of wrong.
 And thee my Boy, whose birth though great it were, 780
 Yet haue thy after fortunes prou'd but poore:
 When thou wert borne how little did I feare
 Thou shouldst be thrust from forth thy Fathers doore.
 Art thou not *Herods* right begotten Sonne?
 Was not the haples *Doris*, *Herods* wife?
 Yes: ere he had the Hebrew kingdome wonne,
 I was companion to his priuate life.
 Was I not faire enough to be a Queene?
 Why ere thou wert to me false Monarch tide,
 My lake of beauty might as well be seene, 790
 As after I had liu'd fīue yeeres thy Bride.
 Yet then thine oath came powring like the raine,
 Which all affirm'd my face without compare:
 And that if thou might'st *Doris* loue obtaine,
 For all the world besides thou didst not care.
 Then was I yong, and rich, and nobly borne,
 And therefore worthy to be *Herods* mate:
 Yet thou vngratefull cast me off with scorne,
 When Heauens purpose raifd your meaner fate.
 Oft haue I begd for vengeance for this fact, 800
 And with dejected knees, aspiring hands
 Haue prayd the highest power to inact
 The fall of her that on my Trophee stands.
 Reuenge I haue according to my will,
 Yet where I wisht this vengeance did not light:
 I wisht it should high-hearted *Mariam* kill.
 But it against my whilome Lord did fight

With

OF MARIAM.

With thee sweet Boy I came, and came to try
 If thou before his bastards might be plac'd
 In *Herods* royall feat and dignitie. 810

But *Mariams* infants here are onely grac'd,
 And now for vs there doth no hope remaine:
 Yet we will not returne till *Herods* end
 Be more confirmd, perchance he is not flaine.
 So glorious Fortunes may my Boy attend,
 For if he liue, hee'll thinke it doth suffice,
 That he to *Doris* shows such crueltie:
 For as he did my wretched life dispise,
 So doe I know I shall despised die.

Let him but proue as naturall to thee, 820
 As cruell to thy miserable mother:
 His crueltie shall not vpbraided bee
 But in thy fortunes. I his faults will smother.

Antipat. Each mouth within the Citie loudly cries
 That *Herods* death is certaine: therefore wee
 Had best some subtill hidden plot deuise,
 That *Mariams* children might subuerted bee,
 By poisons drinke, or else by murtherous Knife,
 So we may be aduanc'd, it skills not how:
 They are but Bastards, you were *Herods* wife, 830
 And foule adultery blotteth *Mariams* brow.

Doris. They are too strong to be by vs remou'd,
 Or else reuenges foulest spotted face:
 By our detested wrongs might be approu'd,
 But weakenesse must to greater power giue place.
 But let vs now retire to grieue alone,
 For solitarines best fitteth mone.

Actus secundus. Scœna 4.

Silleus and Constabarus.

Silleus. **W**ELL met *Iudean* Lord, the onely wight 840
Silleus wisht to see. I am to call

D 2

Thy

THE TRAGEDIE

Thy tongue to strict account. *Const.* For what despight
I ready am to heare, and answere all.

But if directly at the cause I gesse
That breeds this challenge, you must pardon me:
And now some other ground of fight professe,
For I haue vow'd, vowes must vnbroken be.

Sill. What may be your expectation? let me know.

Const. Why? ought concerning *Salom*, my sword
Shall not be welded for a cause so low, 850
A blow for her my arme will scorne t' afford.

Sill. It is for flandering her vnspotted name,
And I will make thee in thy vowes despight,
Sucke vp the breath that did my Mistris blame,
And swallow it againe to doe her right.

Const. I prethee giue some other quarrell ground
To finde beginning, raile against my name:
Or strike me first, or let some scarlet wound
Inflame my courage, giue me words of shame,
Doe thou our *Moses* sacred Lawes disgrace, 860
Deprauē our nation, doe me some despight:
I'm apt enough to fight in any case,
But yet for *Salome* I will not fight.

Sill. Nor I for ought but *Salome*: My sword
That owes his seruice to her sacred name:
Will not an edge for other cause afford,
In other fight I am not sure of fame.

Const. For her, I pittie thee enough already,
For her, I therefore will not mangle thee:
A woman with a heart so most vnsteady, 870
Will of her selfe sufficient torture bee.
I cannot enuy for so light a gaine,
Her minde with such vnconstancie doth runne:
As with a word thou didst her loue obtaine,
So with a word she will from thee be wonne.
So light as her possessions for most day
Is her affections lost, to me tis knowne:
As good goe hold the winde as make her stay,
Shee neuer loues, but till she call her owne.

She

OF MARIAM.

She meerly is a painted sepulcher, 880
 That is both faire, and vilely foule at once:
 Though on her out-side graces garnish her,
 Her mind is filld with worse then rotten bones.
 And euer readie lifted is her hand,
 To aime destruction at a husbands throat:
 For proofes, *Iosephus* and my selfe do stand,
 Though once on both of vs, she seem'd to doat.
 Her mouth though serpent-like it neuer hiffes,
 Yet like a Serpent, poysons where it kiffes. (bite.

Silleus. Well *Hebrew* well, thou bark'st, but wilt not 890

Const. I tell thee still for her I will not fight. (heart

Sille: Why then I call thee coward. *Const:* From my
 I giue thee thanks. A cowards hatefull name,

Cannot to valiant mindes a blot impart,
 And therefore I with ioy receiue the same.

Thou know'st I am no coward: thou wert by

At the *Arabian* battaile th'other day:

And saw'st my sword with daring valiancy,

Amongst the faint *Arabians* cut my way.

The blood of foes no more could let it shine,

900

And twas inameled with some of thine.

But now haue at thee, not for *Salome*

I fight: but to discharge a cowards stile:

Here gins the fight that shall not parted be,

Before a foule or two indure exile. (my blood,

Silleus. Thy sword hath made some windowes for

To shew a horred crimson phisnomie:

To breath for both of vs me thinkes twere good,

The day will giue vs time enough to die. (time,

Const: With all my hart take breath, thou shalt haue 910

And if thou list a twelue month, let vs end:

Into thy cheekes there doth a palenes clime,

Thou canst not from my sword thy selfe defend.

What needest thou for *Salome* to fight, (her:

Thou hast her, and may'st keepe her, none striues for

I willingly to thee resigne my right,

For in my very foule I do abhorre her.

THE TRAGEDIE

Thou seeft that I am fresh, vnwounded yet,
 Then not for feare I do this offer make :
 Thou art with loffe of blood, to fight vnfit, 920
 For here is one, and there another take.

Silleus. I will not leaue, as long as breath remains
 Within my wounded body: spare your words,
 My heart in bloods stead, courage entertaines,
Salomes loue no place for feare affords.

Const. Oh could thy foule but prophesie like mine,
 I would not wonder thou should'ft long to die:
 For *Salome* if I a right diuine
 Will be then death a greater miserie. (will,

Sille: Then list, Ile breath no longer. *Const:* Do thy 930
 I hateles fight, and charitably kill. I, I, they fight,
 Pittie thy selfe *Silleus*, let not death
 Intrud before his time into thy hart:
 Alas it is too late to feare, his breath
 Is from his body now about to part.

How far'ft thou braue *Arabian*? *Silleus* very well,
 My legge is hurt, I can no longer fight:
 It onely grieues me, that so foone I fell,
 Before faire *Saloms* wrongs I came to right. (feare,

Const: Thy wounds are lesse then mortall. Neuer 940
 Thou shalt a safe and quicke recouerie finde:
 Come, I will thee vnto my lodging beare,
 I hate thy body, but I loue thy minde.

Silleus. Thankes noble Iew, I see a courtious foe,
 Sterne enmitie to friendship can no art:
 Had not my heart and tongue engage me so,
 I would from thee no foe, but friend depart.
 My heart to *Salome* is tide so fast,
 To leaue her loue for friendship, yet my skill
 Shall be employ'd to make your fauour last, 950
 And I will honour *Constabarus* still.

Const: I ope my bosome to thee, and will take
 Thee in, as friend, and grieue for thy complaint:
 But if we doe not expedition make,
 Thy losse of blood I feare will make thee faint.

Chorus.

OF MARIAM.

Chorus.

TO heare a tale with eares preiudicate,
It spoiles the iudgement, and corrupts the fence:
That humane error giuen to euery state,
Is greater enemie to innocence. 960
It makes vs foolish, heddy, rash, vniust,
It makes vs neuer try before we trust.

It will confound the meaning, change the words,
For it our fence of hearing much deceiues:
Besides no time to Iudgement it affords,
To way the circumstance our eare receiues.
The ground of accidents it neuer tries,
But makes vs take for truth ten thousand lies.

Our eares and hearts are apt to hold for good,
That we our felues doe most desire to bee: 970
And then we drowne obiections in the flood
Of partialitie, tis that we see
That makes false rumours long with credit past,
Though they like rumours must conclude at last.

The greatest part of vs preiudicate,
With wishing *Herods* death do hold it true:
The being once deluded doth not bate,
The credit to a better likelihood due.
Those few that wish it not the multitude,
Doe carrie headlong, so they doubts conclude. 980

They not object the weake vncertaine ground,
Whereon they built this tale of *Herods* end:
Whereof the Author scarcely can be found,
And all because their wishes that way bend.
They thinke not of the perill that ensu'th,
If this should proue the contrary to truth.

THE TRAGEDIE

On this fame doubt, on this so light a breath,
 They pawne their liues, and fortunes. For they all
 Behaue them as the newes of *Herods* death,
 They did of most vndoubted credit call:

990

But if their actions now doe rightly hit,
 Let them commend their fortune, not their wit.

Actus tertius : Scœna prima.

Pheroras : Salome.

Phero. **V**Rge me no more *Graphina* to forsake,
 Not twelue howers since I married her
 And doe you thinke a sifers power cane mak (for loue:
 A resolute decree, so soone remoue? (affects.

Salome. Poore minds they are that honour not

Phero: Who hunts for honour, happines neglects. 1000

Salom. You might haue bene both of felicitie,
 And honour too in equall measure seafde.

Phero: It is not you can tell so well as I,
 What tis can make me happie, or displeasde.

Salome. To match for neither beautie nor respects
 One meane of birth, but yet of meaner minde,
 A woman full of naturall defect,

I wonder what your eye in her could finde. (wit,

Phero: Mine eye found louelines, mine eare found
 To please the one, and to enchant the other: 1010

Grace on her eye, mirth on her tongue doth fit,
 In lookes a child, in wifedomes house a mother. (else,

Salom: But say you thought her faire, as none thinks
 Knowes not *Pheroras*, beautie is a blast:

Much like this flower which to day excels,
 But longer then a day it will not last. (show

Phero: Her wit exceeds her beautie, *Salo:* Wit may
 The way to ill, as well as good you know.

Phero: But wifedome is the porter of her head,
 And bares all wicked words from issuing thence. 1020

Salome.

OF MARIAM.

Sal. But of a porter, better were you sped,
If she against their entrance made defence.

Phero. But wherefore comes the sacred *Ananell*,
That hitherward his hastie steppes doth bend?
Great sacrificer y'are arriu'd well,
Ill newes from holy mouth I not attend.

Actus tertius. Scœna 2.

Pheroras. Salome. Ananell.

Ananell.

MY lippes, my sonne, with peacefull tidings blest, 1030
Shall vtter Honey to your listning eare:
A word of death comes not from Priestly brest,
I speake of life: in life there is no feare.
And for the newes I did the Heauens salute,
And fill'd the Temple with my thankfull voice:
For though that mourning may not me pollute,
At pleasing accidents I may reioyce.

Pheror. Is *Herod* then reuiu'd from certaine death?

Sall. What? can your news restore my brothers breath?

Ana. Both so, and so, the King is safe and found, 1040
And did such grace in royall *Cæsar* meet:
That he with larger stile then euer crown'd,
Within this houre Ierusalem will greet.
I did but come to tell you, and must backe
To make preparatiues for sacrifice:
I knew his death, your hearts like mine did racke,
Though to conceale it, prou'd you wife.

Salom. How can my ioy sufficiently appeare?

Phero. A heauier tale did neuer pierce mine eare.

Salo. Now *Salome* of happineffe may boast. 1050

Pheror. But now *Pheroras* is in danger most.

Salom. I shall enjoy the comfort of my life.

Pheror. And I shall loose it, loosing of my wife.

E

Salome.

THE TRAGEDIE

Salom. Ioy heart, for *Constan:* shall be flaine.

Phero. Grievous foule, *Graphina* shall from me be tane.

Salom. Smile cheekes, the faire *Silleus* shall be mine.

Phero. Weepe eyes, for I must with a child combine.

Salom. Well brother, cease your mones, on one con-
Ile vndertake to winne the Kings consent: (dition

Graphina still shall be in your tuition,

1060

And her with you be nere the lesse content.

Phero. What's the condition? let me quickly know,
That I as quickly your command may act:

Were it to see what Hearbs in *Ophir* grow,

Or that the lofty *Tyrus* might be sackt.

Salom. Tis no so hard a taske: It is no more,

But tell the King that *Consta:* hid

The sonnes of *Baba*, done to death before:

And tis no more then *Consta.* did.

And tell him more that he for *Herods* sake,

1070

Not able to endure his brothers foe:

Did with a bill our separation make,

Though loth from *Consta:* else to goe.

Phero. Beleevue this tale for told, Ile goe from hence,
In *Herods* eare the Hebrew to deface:

And I that neuer studied eloquence,

Doe meane with eloquence this tale to grace. *Exit.*

Salom. This will be *Constabarus* quicke dispatch,
Which from my mouth would lesse credit finde:

1080

Yet shall he not decease without a match,

For *Mariam* shall not linger long behinde.

First Iealousie, if that availe not, feare

Shalbe my minister to worke her end:

A common error moues not *Herods* eare,

Which doth so firmly to his *Mariam* bend.

She shall be charged with so horrid crime,

As *Herods* feare shall turne his loue to hate:

Ile make some sweare that she desires to clime,

And seekes to poyson him for his estate.

I scorne that she should liue my birth t'vpbraid,

1090

To call me base and hungry Edomite:

With

OF MARIAM.

With patient shew her choller I betrayd,
 And watcht the time to be reueng'd by flite.
 Now tongue of mine with scandall load her name,
 Turne hers to fountaines, *Herods* eyes to flame:
 Yet first I will begin *Pheroras* suite,
 That he my earnest businesse may effect:
 And I of *Mariam* will keepe me mute,
 Till first some other doth her name detect.
 Who's there, *Silleus* man? How fares your Lord? 1100
 That your aspects doe beare the badge of sorrow?

Silleus man.

He hath the marks of *Constabarus* sword,
 And for a while desires your sight to borrow.
Salom. My heauy curse the hatefull sword pursue,
 My heauier curse on the more hatefull arme
 That wounded my *Silleus*. But renew
 Your tale againe. Hath he no mortall harme?

Silleus man.

No signe of danger doth in him appeare, 1110
 Nor are his wounds in place of perill seene:
 Hee bides you be assured you need not feare,
 He hopes to make you yet *Arabias* Queene.

Salom. Commend my heart to be *Silleus* charge,
 Tell him, my brothers suddaine comming now:
 Will giue my foote no roome to walke at large,
 But I will see him yet ere night I vow.

Actus 3. Scœna 3.

Mariam and Sobemus.

Mariam.

1120

S*obemus*, tell me what the newes may be
 That makes your eyes so full, your cheeks so blew?
Sobem. I know not how to call them. Ill for me
 Tis sure they are: not so I hope for you.
Herod. Mari. Oh, what of *Herod*? *Sobem.* *Herod* liues.
 How! liues? What in some Caue or Forrest hid?

E 2

Sobem. Nay,

THE TRAGEDIE

Sobem. Nay, backe return'd with honor. *Cæsar* giues
Him greater grace then ere *Anthonius* did.

Mari. Foretell the ruine of my family,
Tell me that I shall see our Citie burnd: 1130
Tell me I shall a death disgracefull die,
But tell me not that *Herod* is returnd.

Sobem. Be not impatient Madam, be but milde,
His loue to you againe will soone be bred:

Mar. I will not to his loue be reconcilde,
With solemne vowes I haue forsworne his Bed.

Sobem. But you must breake those vowes.

Mar. Ile rather breake
The heart of *Mariam*. Cursed is my Fate:
But speake no more to me, in vaine ye speake 1140
To liue with him I so profoundly hate.

Sobem. Great Queene, you must to me your pardon
Sobemus cannot now your will obey: (giue,

If your command should me to silence driue,
It were not to obey, but to betray.
Reiect, and flight my speeches, mocke my faith,
Scorne my obseruance, call my counsell nought:

Though you regard not what *Sobemus* saith,
Yet will I euer freely speake my thought.
I feare ere long I shall faire *Mariam* see 1150
In wofull state, and by her selfe vndone:
Yet for your issues sake more temp'rate bee,
The heart by affabilitie is wonne.

Mari. And must I to my Prison turne againe?
Oh, now I see I was an hypocrite:
I did this morning for his death complaine,
And yet doe mourne, because he liues ere night.
When I his death beleeu'd, compassion wrought,
And was the stickler twixt my heart and him:
But now that Curtaine's drawne from off my thought, 1160
Hate doth appeare againe with visage grim:
And paints the face of *Herod* in my heart,
In horred colours with detested looke:
Then feare would come, but scorne doth play her part,
And

OF MARIAM.

And faith that scorne with feare can neuer brooke.
 I know I could inchaine him with a smile:
 And lead him captiue with a gentle word,
 I scorne my looke should euer man beguile,
 Or other speech, then meaning to afford.
 Elfe *Salome* in vaine might spend her winde, 1170
 In vaine might *Herods* mother whet her tongue:
 In vaine had they complotted and combinde,
 For I could ouerthrow them all ere long.
 Oh what a shelter is mine innocence,
 To shield me from the pangs of inward grieffe:
 Gainst all mishaps it is my faire defence,
 And to my sorrowes yeelds a large reliefe.
 To be commandresse of the triple earth,
 And sit in safetie from a fall secure:
 To haue all nations celebrate my birth, 1180
 I would not that my spirit were impure.
 Let my distressed state vnpittied bee,
 Mine innocence is hope enough for mee. *Exit.*
Sobem: Poore guiltles Queene. Oh that my wish
 A little temper now about thy heart: (might place
 Vnbridled speech is *Mariams* worst disgrace,
 And will indanger her without defart.
 I am in greater hazard. O're my head,
 The fattall axe doth hang vnstedily:
 My disobedience once discovered, 1190
 Will shake it downe: *Sobemus* so shall die.
 For when the King shall find, we thought his death
 Had bene as certaine as we see his life:
 And markes withall I flighted so his breath,
 As to preserue aliue his matchles wife.
 Nay more, to giue to *Alexanders* hand
 The regall dignitie. The soueraigne power,
 How I had yeelded vp at her command,
 The strength of all the citie, *Dauids* Tower.
 What more then common death may I expect, 1200
 Since I too well do know his crueltie:
 Twere death, a word of *Herods* to neglect,

THE TRAGEDIE

What then to doe directly contrarie?
 Yet life I quite thee with a willing spirit,
 And thinke thou could'st not better be imploy'd:
 I forfeit thee for her that more doth merit,
 Ten such were better dead then she destroy'd.
 But fare thee well chaste Queene, well may I see
 The darknes palpable, and riuers part:
 The funne stand still. Nay more retorted bee, 1210
 But neuer woman with so pure a heart.
 Thine eyes graue maiestie keeps all in awe,
 And cuts the winges of euery loose desire:
 Thy brow is table to the modest lawe,
 Yet though we dare not loue, we may admire.
 And if I die, it shall my foule content,
 My breath in *Mariams* seruice shall be spent.

Chorus.

TIs not enough for one that is a wife
 To keepe her spotles from an act of ill: 1220
 But from suspition she should free her life,
 And bare her selfe of power as well as will.
 Tis not so glorious for her to be free,
 As by her proper selfe restrain'd to bee.

When she hath spacious ground to walke vpon,
 Why on the ridge should she desire to goe?
 It is no glory to forbear alone,
 Those things that may her honour ouerthrowe.
 But tis thanke-worthy, if she will not take
 All lawfull liberties for honours sake. 1230

That wife her hand against her fame doth reare,
 That more then to her Lord alone will giue
 A priuate word to any second eare,
 And though she may with reputation liue.
 Yet though most chaste, she doth her glory blot,
 And wounds her honour, though she killes it not.
 When

OF MARIAM.

When to their Husbands they themselues doe bind,
Doe they not wholly giue themselues away?
Or giue they but their body not their mind,
Referuing that though best, for others pray? 1240
No fure, their thoughts no more can be their owne,
And therefore should to none but one be knowne.

Then she vsurpes vpon anothers right,
That seekes to be by publike language grac't:
And though her thoughts reflect with purest light,
Her mind if not peculiar is not chaste.
For in a wife it is no worse to finde,
A common body, then a common minde.

And euery mind though free from thought of ill,
That out of glory seekes a worth to show: 1250
When any's cares but one therewith they fill,
Doth in a fort her purenes ouerthrow.
Now *Mariam* had, (but that to this she bent)
Beene free from feare, as well as innocent.

Actus quartus: Scœna prima.

Enter Herod and his attendants.

Herod.

HAile happie citie, happie in thy store,
And happy that thy buildings such we see:
More happie in the Temple where w'adore, 1260
But most of all that *Mariam* liues in thee.
Art thou return'd? how fares my *Mariam*? *Enter Nutio.*
Nutio. She's well my Lord, and will anon be here
As you commanded. *Her:* Muffle vp thy browe
Thou daies darke taper. *Mariam* will appeare.
And where she shines, we need not thy dimme light,
Oh hast thy steps rare creature, speed thy pace:
And let thy prefence make the day more bright,
And cheere the heart of *Herod* with thy face.

It

THE TRAGEDIE

It is an age since I from *Mariam* went, 1270
 Me thinks our parting was in *Dauid's* daies:
 The houres are so increast by discontent,
 Deepe sorrow, *Iofualike* the season staies:
 But when I am with *Mariam*, time runnes on,
 Her sight, can make months, minutes, daies of weekes:
 An hower is then no sooner come then gon.
 When in her face mine eye for wonders seekes.
 You world commanding citie, *Europes* grace,
 Twice hath my curious eye your streets suruai'd,
 And I haue seene the statue filled place, 1280
 That once if not for griefe had bene betrai'd.
 I all your *Roman* beauties haue beheld,
 And seene the shoves your *Ediles* did prepare,
 I saw the sum of what in you exceld,
 Yet saw no miracle like *Mariam* rare.
 The faire and famous *Liua*, *Cæsars* loue,
 The worlds commaunding Mistresse did I see:
 Whose beauties both the world and *Rome* approue,
 Yet *Mariam*: *Liua* is not like to thee.
 Be patient but a little, while mine eyes 1290
 Within your compast limits be contain'd:
 That obiect straight shall your desires suffice,
 From which you were so long a while restrain'd.
 How wisely *Mariam* doth the time delay,
 Least suddaine ioy my fence should suffocate:
 I am prepar'd, thou needst no longer stay:
 Whose there, my *Mariam*, more then happie fate?
 Oh no, it is *Pheroras*, welcome Brother,
 Now for a while, I must my passion smother.

Actus quartus. Scœna secunda. 1300

Herod. Pheroras.

Pheroras.

ALL health and safetie waite vpon my Lord,
 And may you long in prosperous fortunes liue
 With

OF MARIAM.

With *Rome* commanding *Cæſar*; at accord,
And haue all honors that the world can giue.

Herod. Oh brother, now thou ſpeakſt not from thy
No, thou haſt ſtrooke a blow at *Herods* loue: (hart,
That cannot quickly from my memory part,
Though *Salome* did me to pardon moue. 1310

Valiant *Phaſaelus*, now to thee farewell,
Thou wert my kinde and honorable brother:
Oh haples houre, when you ſelſe ſtriken fell,
Thou fathers Image, glory of thy mother.
Had I deſir'd a greater fute of thee,
Then to withhold thee from a harlots bed,
Thou wouldſt haue granted it: but now I ſee
All are not like that in a wombe are bred.
Thou wouldſt not, hadſt thou heard of *Herods* death,
Haue made his buriall time, thy bridall houre: 1320
Thou wouldſt with clamours, not with ioyfull breath,
Haue ſhow'd the newes to be not ſweet but foure.

Phero. *Phaſaelus* great worth I know did ſtaine
Pheroras petty valour: but they lie
(Excepting you your ſelſe) that dare maintaine,
That he did honor *Herod* more then I.
For what I ſhowd, loues power conſtraind me ſhow,
And pardon louing faults for *Mariams* ſake.

Herod. *Mariam*, where is ſhe? *Phero.* Nay, I do not
But abſent vſe of her faire name I make: (know, 1330
You haue forgiuen greater faults then this,
For *Conſtabarus* that againſt you will
Preferu'd the ſonnes of *Baba*, liues in bliſſe,
Though you commanded him the youths to kill.

Herod. Goe, take a preſent order for his death,
And let thoſe traytors feele the worſt of feares:
Now *Salome* will whine to begge his breath,
But Ile be deafe to prayers: and blind to teares.

Phero. He is my Lord from *Salom* diuorſt,
Though her affection did to leaue him grieue: 1340
Yet was ſhe by her loue to you inforſt,
To leaue the man that would your foes relieue.

THE TRAGEDIE

Herod. Then haste them to their death. I will requite
Thee gentle *Mariam*. *Salom.* I meane
The thought of *Mariam* doth so steale my spirit,
My mouth from speech of her I cannot weane. *Exit.*

Actus 4. Scœna 3.

Herod. Mariam.

Herod.

AND heere she comes indeed: happily met 1350
My best, and deereft halfe: what ailes my deare?
Thou doest the difference certainly forget
Twixt Duskey habits, and a time so cleare.

Mar. My Lord, I sunit my garment to my minde,
And there no cheerfull colours can I finde.

Herod. Is this my welcome? haue I longd so much
To see my dearest *Mariam* discontent?

What ist that is the cause thy heart to touch?

Oh speake, that I thy sorrow may preuent.

Art thou not *Iuries* Queene, and *Herods* too? 1360

Be my Commandres, be my Soueraigne guide:

To be by thee directed I will woo,

For in thy pleasure lies my highest pride.

Or if thou thinke *Iudeas* narrow bound,

Too strict a limit for thy great command:

Thou shalt be Empreffe of *Arabia* crownd,

For thou shalt rule, and I will winne the Land.

Ile robbe the holy *Dauids* Sepulcher

To giue thee wealth, if thou for wealth do care:

Thou shalt haue all, they did with him inter, 1370

And I for thee will make the Temple bare.

Mar. I neither haue of power nor riches want,
I haue enough, nor doe I wish for more:

Your offers to my heart no ease can grant,

Except they could my brothers life restore.

No, had you wisht the wretched *Mariam* glad,

Or

OF MARIAM.

Or had your loue to her bene truly tide:
Nay, had you not desir'd to make her sad,
My brother nor my Grandfyre had not dide.

Her. Wilt thou beleue no oathes to cleere thy Lord? 1380
How oft haue I with execration sworne:
Thou art by me belou'd, by me ador'd,
Yet are my protestations heard with scorne.

Hercanus plotted to depriue my head
Of this long fetled honor that I weare:
And therefore I did iustly doome him dead,
To rid the Realme from perill, me from feare.
Yet I for *Mariam's* sake doe so repent
The death of one: whose blood she did inherit:

I wish I had a Kingdomes treasure spent, 1390
So I had nere expeld *Hercanus* spirit.
As I affected that same noble youth,
In lasting infamie my name inrole:
If I not mournd his death with heartie truth.
Did I not shew to him my earnest loue,
When I to him the Priesthood did restore?
And did for him a liuing Priest remoue,
Which neuer had bene done but once before.

Mariam. I know that mou'd by importunitie,
You made him Priest, and shortly after die. 1400

Herod. I will not speake, vnles to be beleeu'd,
This froward humor will not doe you good:
It hath too much already *Herod* grieu'd,
To thinke that you on termes of hate haue stood.
Yet smile my dearest *Mariam*, doe but smile,
And I will all vnkind conceits exile.

Mari. I cannot frame disguise, nor neuer taught
My face a looke dissenting from my thought.

Herod. By heau'n you vexe me, build not on my loue.

Mari. I wil not build on so vnstable ground. 1410

Herod. Nought is so fixt, but pœuifhnes may moue.

Mar. Tis better sleightest cause then none were found.

Herod. Be iudge your selfe, if euer *Herod* sought
Or would be mou'd a cause of change to finde:

THE TRAGEDIE

Yet let your looke declare a milder thought,
 My heart againe you shall to *Mariam* binde.
 How oft did I for you my Mother chide,
 Reuile my Sifter, and my brother rate:
 And tell them all my *Mariam* they belide,
 Distrust me still, if these be signes of hate.

1420

Actus 4. Scœna 4.

Herod.

WHat hast thou here? *Bu.* A drinke procuring
 The Queene desir'd me to deliuer it. (loue,

Mar. Did I: some hatefull practife this will proue,
 Yet can it be no worse then Heauens permit.

Herod. Confesse the truth thou wicked instrument,
 To her outrageous will, tis passion sure:
 Tell true, and thou shalt scape the punishment,
 Which if thou doe conceale thou shalt endure.

1430

Bu. I know not, but I doubt it be no lesse,
 Long since the hate of you her heart did cease.

Herod. Know'st thou the cause thereof? *Bu.* My Lord
Sobemus told the tale that did displease. (I gesse,

Herod. Oh Heauen! *Sobemus* false! Goe let him die,
 Stay not to suffer him to speake a word:
 Oh damned villaine, did he falsifie

The oath he swore eu'n of his owne accord?
 Now doe I know thy fallhood, painted Diuill
 Thou white Inchantres. Oh thou art so foule,
 That Yfop cannot cleanse thee worst of euill.

1440

A beautious body hides a loathsome foule,
 Your loue *Sobemus* mou'd by his affection,
 Though he haue euer heretofore bene true:
 Did blab forsooth, that I did giue direction,
 If we were put to death to slaughter you.
 And you in blacke reuenge attended now
 To adde a murder to your breach of vow.

Mar. Is this a dream? *Her.* Oh Heauen, that t'were no
 Ile giue my Realme to who can proue it so: (more, 1450

I

OF MARIAM.

I would I were like any begger poore,
 So I for false my *Mariam* did not know.
 Foule pith contain'd in the fairest rinde,
 That euer grac'd a Cædar. Oh thine eye
 Is pure as heauen, but impure thy minde,
 And for impuritie shall *Mariam* die.
 Why didst thou loue *Sohemus*? *Mar*: they can tell
 That say I lou'd him, *Mariam* saies not so.

Herod. Oh cannot impudence the coales expell,
 That for thy loue in *Herods* bosome glowe: 1460

It is as plaine as water, and deniall
 Makes of thy falsehood but a greater triall.
 Hast thou beheld thy selfe, and couldst thou staine
 So rare perfection: euen for loue of thee
 I doe profoundly hate thee. Wert thou plaine,
 Thou shoul'dst the wonder of *Iudea* bee.

But oh thou art not. Hell it selfe lies hid
 Beneath thy heauenly show. Yet neuer wert thou chaste:
 Thou might'st exalt, pull downe, command, forbid,
 And be about the wheele of fortune plaste. 1470

Hadst thou complotted *Herods* massacre,
 That so thy sonne a Monarch might be stille,
 Not halfe so grieuous such an action were,
 As once to thinke, that *Mariam* is defilde.
 Bright workmanship of nature fulli'd ore,
 With pitched darknes now thine end shall bee:

Thou shalt not liue faire fiend to cozen more,
 With heauy semblance, as thou counsedst mee.
 Yet must I loue thee in despight of death,
 And thou shalt die in the dispight of loue: 1480

For neither shall my loue prolong thy breath,
 Nor shall thy losse of breath my loue remoue.
 I might haue seene thy falsehood in thy face,
 Where coul'dst thou get thy stares that seru'd for eyes?
 Except by theft, and theft is foule disgrace:
 This had appear'd before were *Herod* wife,
 But I'me a sot, a very sot, no better:
 My wisdome long agoe a wandring fell,

THE TRAGEDIE

Thy face incountring it, my wit did fetter,
 And made me for delight my freedome fell. 1490
 Giue me my heart false creature, tis a wrong,
 My guilteles heart should now with thine be flaine:
 Thou hadst no right to looke it vp so long,
 And with vsurpers name I *Mariam* staine.

Enter Bu:

He: Haue you design'd *Sobemus* to his end? (guard

Bu: I haue my Lord. *Herod:* Then call our royall
 To doe as much for *Mariam*, they offend
 Leauē ill vnblam'd, or good without reward.
 Here take her to her death. Come backe, come backe, 1500
 What ment I to depriue the world of light:
 To muffle *Iury* in the foulest blacke,
 That euer was an opposite to white.
 Why whither would you carrie her: *Sould:* you bad
 We should conduct her to her death my Lord.

Hero: Wie sure I did not, *Herod* was not mad,
 Why should she feele the furie of the sword?
 Oh now the grieffe returnes into my heart,
 And pulles me peecemeale: loue and hate doe fight:
 And now hath boue acquir'd the greater part, 1510
 Yet now hath hate, affection conquer'd quite.
 And therefore beare her hence: and *Hebrew* why
 Seaze you with Lyons pawes the fairest lam
 Of all the flocke? she must not, shall not, die,
 Without her I most miserable am.
 And with her more then most, away, away,
 But beare her but to prison not to death:
 And is she gon indeed, stay villaines stay,
 Her lookes alone preferu'd your Soueraignes breath.
 Well let her goe, but yet she shall not die, 1520
 I cannot thinke she ment to poison me:
 But certaine tis she liu'd too wantonly,
 And therefore shall she neuer more be free.

Actus

OF MARIAM.

Actus 4. Scœna 5.

Bu. **F**Oule villaine, can thy pitchie coloured foule
Permit thine eare to heare her caules doome?
And not inforce thy tongue that tale controule,
That must vniustly bring her to her toome.
Oh *Salome* thou hast thy selfe repaid,
For all the benefits that thou hast done: 1530
Thou art the cause I haue the queene betraid,
Thou hast my hart to darkest false-hood wonne.
I am condemn'd, heau'n gaue me not my tongue
To slander innocents, to lie, deceiue:
To be the hatefull instrument to wrong,
The earth of greatest glory to bereaue.
My sinne ascends and doth to heau'n crie,
It is the blackest deed that euer was:
And there doth sit an Angell notarie,
That doth record it downe in leaues of brasse. 1540
Oh how my heart doth quake: *Achitophel*,
Thou founds a meanes thy selfe from shame to free:
And sure my soule approoues thou didst not well,
All follow some, and I will follow thee.

Actus 4. Scœna 6.

Constabarus, Babus Sonnes, and their guard.

Const: **N**OW here we step our last, the way to death,
We must not tread this way a second time:
Yet let vs resolutely yeeld our breath,
Death is the onely ladder, Heau'n to clime. (resigne, 1550
Babus 1. Sonne. With willing mind I could my selfe
But yet it grieues me with a grieve vntold:
Our death should be accompani'd with thine,
Our friendship we to thee haue dearely fold.

Const:

THE TRAGEDIE

Const. Still wilt thou wrong the sacred name of friend?
 Then should'st thou neuer stile it friendship more:
 But base mechanicke traffique that doth lend,
 Yet will be sure they shall the debt restore.
 I could with needlesse complement returne,
 Tis for thy ceremonie I could say: 1560
 Tis I that made the fire your house to burne,
 For but for me she would not you betray.
 Had not the damned woman fought mine end,
 You had not bene the subiect of her hate:
 You neuer did her hatefull minde offend,
 Nor could your deaths haue freed your nuptiall fate.
 Therefore faire friends, though you were still vnborne,
 Some other subtiltie deuifde should bee:
 Were by my life, though guiltles should be torne,
 Thus haue I prou'd, tis you that die for mee. 1570
 And therefore should I weakely now lament,
 You haue but done your duties, friends should die:
 Alone their friends disaſter to preuent,
 Though not compeld by ſtrong neceſſitie.
 But now farewell faire citie, neuer more
 Shall I behold your beautie ſhining bright:
 Farewell of *Jewiſh* men the worthy ſtore,
 But no farewell to any female wight.
 You wauering crue: my curſe to you I leaue,
 You had but one to giue you any grace: 1580
 And you your ſelues will *Mariams* life bereaue,
 Your common-wealth doth innocencie chaſe.
 You creatures made to be the humane curſe,
 You Tygers, Lyonesses, hungry Beares,
 Teare maſſacring *Hienas*: nay far worſe,
 For they for pray doe ſhed their fained teares.
 But you will weepe, (you creatures croſſe to good)
 For your vnquenched thirſt of humane blood:
 You were the Angels caſt from heaue'n for pride,
 And ſtill doe keepe your Angels outward ſhow, 1590
 But none of you are inly beautifide,
 For ſtill your heau'n depriuing pride doth grow.

Did

OF MARIAM.

Did not the finnes of many require a scourge,
 Your place on earth had bene by this withstood:
 But since a flood no more the world must purge,
 You staid in office of a second flood.
 You giddy creatures, fowers of debate,
 You'll loue to day, and for no other cause,
 But for you yesterday did deply hate,
 You are the wreake of order, breach of lawes. 1600
 You best, are foolish, froward, wanton, vaine,
 Your worst adulterous, murderous, cunning, proud:
 And *Salome* attends the latter traine,
 Or rather he their leader is allowd.
 I do the sottishnesse of men bewaile,
 That doe with following you inhanche your pride:
 T'were better that the humane race should faile,
 Then be by such a mischiefe multiplide.
Chams seruile curse to all your sexe was giuen,
 Because in Paradise you did offend: 1610
 Then doe we not resist the will of Heauen,
 When on your willes like seruants we attend?
 You are to nothing constant but to ill,
 You are with nought but wickednesse indude:
 Your loues are set on nothing but your will,
 And thus my censure I of you conclude.
 You are the least of goods, the worst of euils,
 Your best are worse then men: your worst then diuels.

Babus second sonne.

Come let vs to our death: are we not blest? 1620
 Our death will freedome from these creatures giue:
 Those trouble quiet fowers of vnrest,
 And this I vow that had I leaue to liue,
 I would for euer leade a single life,
 And neuer venter on a diuellish wife.

THE TRAGEDIE

Actus 4. Scœna 7.

Herod and Salome.

Herod.

NAy, she shall die. Die quoth you, that she shall:
 But for the meanes. The meanes! Me thinks tis ¹⁶³⁰
 To finde a meanes to murther her withall, (hard
 Therefore I am resolu'd she shall be spar'd.

Salom. Why? let her be beheaded. *Her.* That were
 Thinke you that swords are miracles like you: (well,
 Her skinne will eu'ry Curtlax edge refell,
 And then your enterprife you well may rue.
 What if the fierce Arabian notice take,
 Of this your wretched weaponlesse estate:
 They answere when we bid resistance make,
 That *Mariams* skinne their fanchions did rebate. ¹⁶⁴⁰
 Beware of this, you make a goodly hand,
 If you of weapons doe deprive our Land.

Sal. Why drowne her then. *Herod.* Indeed a sweet de-
 Why? would not eu'ry Riuer turne her course (uice,
 Rather then doe her beautie preiudice?
 And be reuerted to the proper course.
 So not a drop of water should be found
 In all Iudeas quondam firtill ground.

Sal. Then let the fire deuoure her. *Her.* T'will not
 Flame is from her deriu'd into my heart: (bee: ¹⁶⁵⁰
 Thou nurfest flame, flame will not murther thee,
 My fairest *Mariam*, fullest of desert. (die:

Salom. Then let her liue for me. *Herod.* Nay, she shall
 But can you liue without her? *Sal.* doubt you that?

Herod. I'me sure I cannot, I beseech you trie:
 I haue experience but I know not what.

Salom. How should I try? *Her.* Why let my loue be
 But if we cannot liue without her fight (flaine,
 Youl'e

OF MARIAM.

Youle finde the meanes to make her breathe againe;
Or else you will bereaue my comfort quite. 1660

Sal. Oh I: I warrant you. *Herod.* What is she gone?
And gone to bid the world be ouerthrowne:
What? is her hearts composure hardest stone?
To what a paffe are cruell women growne?
She is return'd already: haue you done?
Ist possible you can command so soone?
A creatures heart to quench the flaming Sunne,
Or from the skie to wipe away the Moone.

Salo. If *Mariam* be the Sunne and Moone, it is:
For I already haue commanded this. (times. 1670

Her. But haue you seene her cheek? *Sal.* A thousand

Herod. But did you marke it too? *Sal.* I very well.

Herod. What ist? *Sal.* A Crimson bush, that euer limes
The soule whose foresight doth not much excell.

Herod. Send word she shall not dye. Her cheek a bush,
Nay, then I see indeed you markt it not.

Sal. Tis very faire, but yet will neuer blush,
Though soule dishonors do her forehead blot.

Herod. Then let her die, tis very true indeed,
And for this fault alone shall *Mariam* bleed. 1680

Sal. What fault my Lord? *Herod.* What fault ist? you
If you be ignorant I know of none, (that aske:
To call her backe from death shall be your taske,
I'm glad that she for innocent is knowne.

For on the brow of *Mariam* hangs a Fleece,
Whose slenderest twine is strong enough to binde
The hearts of Kings, the pride and shame of *Greece*,
Troy flaming *Helens* not so fairely shinde.

Salom. Tis true indeed, she layes them out for nets,
To catch the hearts that doe not shune a baite: 1690
Tis time to speake: for *Herod* sure forgets
That *Mariams* very tresses hide deceit.

Her. Oh doe they so? nay, then you doe but well,
Infooth I thought it had beene haire:
Nets call you them? Lord, how they doe excell,
I neuer saw a net that show'd so faire.

THE TRAGEDIE

But haue you heard her speake? *Sal.* You know I haue.

Her. And were you not amaz'd? *Sal.* No, not a whit.

Her. Then t'was not her you heard, her life Ile faue,
For *Mariam* hath a world amazing wit. 1700

Sal. She speaks a beautious language, but within
Her heart is false as powder: and her tongue
Doth but allure the auditors to sinne,
And is the instrument to doe you wrong.

Herod. It may be so: nay, tis so: shee's vnchaste,
Her mouth will ope to eu'ry strangers eare:
Then let the executioner make halte,
Lest she inchant him, if her words he heare.

Let him be deafe, lest she do him surprife

That shall to free her spirit be assignde: 1710

Yet what boots deafenes if he haue his eyes,
Her murtherer must be both deafe and blinde.

For if he see, he needs must see the starres

That shine on eyther side of *Mariams* face:

Whose sweet aspect will terminate the warres,

Wherewith he should a soule so precious chase.

Her eyes can speake, and in their speaking moue;

Oft did my heart with reuerence receiue

The worlds mandates. Pretty tales of loue

They vtter, which can humane bondage weaue. 1720

But shall I let this heauens modell dye?

Which for a small selfe-portraiture she drew:

Her eyes like starres, her forehead like the skie,

She is like Heauen, and must be heavenly true.

Salom. Your thoughts do raeue with doating on the

Her eyes are ebon hewde, and you'll confesse: (Queen,

A fable starre hath beene but seldome seene,

Then speake of reason more, of *Mariam* lesse.

Herod. Your selfe are held a goodly creature heere,

Yet so vnlike my *Mariam* in your shape: 1730

That when to her you haue approached neere,

My selfe hath often tane you for an Ape.

And yet you prate of beautie: goe your waies,

You are to her a Sun-burnt Blackamore:

Your

OF MARIAM.

Your paintings cannot equall *Mariams* praife,
 Her nature is fo rich, you are fo poore.
 Let her be ftaide from death, for if ſhe die;
 We do we know not what to ſtop her breath :
 A world cannot another *Mariam* buy,
 Why ſtay you lingring? countermaund her death. 1740

Salo. Then youle no more remember what hath paſt,
Sobemus loue, and hers ſhall be forgot :
 Tis well in truth: that fault may be her laſt,
 And ſhe may mend, though yet ſhe loue you not.

Her: Oh God: tis true. *Sobemus:* earth and heau'n,
 Why did you both conſpire to make me curſt :
 In couſning me with ſhowes, and proofes vneu'n ?
 She ſhow'd the beſt, and yet did proue the worſt.
 Her ſhow was ſuch, as had our ſinging king
 The holy *Dauid*, *Mariams* beautie ſcene: 1750
 The *Hittits* had then felt no deadly ſting,
 Nor *Bethſabe* had neuer bene a Queene.

Or had his ſonne the wiſeſt man of men,
 Whoſe fond delight did moſt conſiſt in change :
 Beheld her face, he had bene ſtaid agen,
 No creature hauing her, can wiſh to range.
 Had *Aſuerus* ſcene my *Mariams* brow,
 The humble *Iewe*, ſhe might haue walkt alone :
 Her beautious vertue ſhould haue ſtaid below,
 Whiles *Mariam* mounted to the Perſian throne. 1760

But what auailles it all: for in the waight
 She is deceitfull, light as vanitie :
 Oh ſhe was made for nothing but a bait,
 To traine ſome haples man to miſerie.
 I am the haples man that haue bene trainde,
 To endles bondage. I will ſee her yet :
 Me thinkes I ſhould diſcerne her if ſhe ſainde,
 Can humane eyes be dazde by womans wit ?
 Once more theſe eyes of mine with hers ſhall meet,
 Before the headſman doe her life bereaue: 1770
 Shall I for euer part from thee my ſweet ?
 Without the taking of my lateſt leaue.

THE TRAGEDIE

Salo: You had as good resolute to save her now,
 Ile stay her death, tis well determined:
 For sure she neuer more will breake her vow,
Sobemus and *Iosephus* both are dead.

Herod. She shall not live, nor will I see her face,
 A long heald wound, a second time doth bleed:
 With *Ioseph* I remember her disgrace,
 A shamefull end ensues a shamefull deed. 1780
 Oh that I had not cald to minde anew,
 The discontent of *Mariams* wauering hart:
 Twas you: you foule mouth'd *Ate*, none but you,
 That did the thought hereof to me impart.
 Hence from my sight, my blacke tormenter hence,
 For hadst not thou made *Herod* vnsecure:
 I had not doubted *Mariams* innocence,
 But still had held her in my heart for pure.

Salo: Ile leaue you to your passion: tis no time
 To purge me now, though of a guiltles crime. (*Exit.* 1790)

Herod. Destruction take thee: thou hast made
 As heauie as reuenge, I am so dull, (my hart
 Me thinks I am not sensible of smart,
 Though hiddious horrors at my bosome pull.
 My head waies downwards: therefore will I goe
 To try if I can sleepe away my woe.

Actus 4. Scœna. 8.

Mariam.

AM I the *Mariam* that presum'd so much, (breath?
 And deem'd my face must needs preferue my 1800
 I, I it was that thought my beautie such,
 At it alone could countermaund my death.
 Now death will teach me: he can pale aswell
 A cheeke of roses, as a cheeke lesse bright:
 And dim an eye whose shine doth most excell,
 Assoone as one that casts a meaner light.

Had

OF MARIAM.

Had not my selfe against my selfe conspird,
 No plot: no aduerfarie from without
 Could *Herods* loue from *Mariam* haue retirde,
 Or from his heart haue thrust my semblance out. 1810
 The wanton Queene that neuer lou'd for loue,
 Falsse *Cleopatra*, wholly set on gaine:
 With all her flights did proue: yet vainly proue,
 For her the loue of *Herod* to obtaine.
 Yet her allurements, all her courtly guile,
 Her smiles, her fauours, and her smooth deceit:
 Could not my face from *Herods* minde exile,
 But were with him of lesse then little weight.
 That face and person that in *Asia* late
 For beauties Goddesse *Paphos* Queene was tane: 1820
 That face that did captiue great *Iulius* fate,
 That very face that was *Antbonius* bane.
 That face that to be *Egipts* pride was borne,
 That face that all the world esteem'd so rare:
 Did *Herod* hate, despise, neglect, and scorne,
 When with the same, he *Mariams* did compare.
 This made that I improuidently wrought,
 And on the wager euen my life did pawne:
 Because I thought, and yet but truly thought,
 That *Herods* loue could not from me be drawne. 1830
 But now though out of time, I plainly see
 It could be drawne, though neuer drawne from me:
 Had I but with humilitie bene grac'te,
 As well as faire I might haue prou'd me wife:
 But I did thinke because I knew me chaste,
 One vertue for a woman, might suffice.
 That mind for glory of our sexe might stand,
 Wherein humilitie and chastitie
 Doth march with equall paces hand in hand,
 But one if single seene, who setteth by? 1840
 And I had singly one, but tis my ioy,
 That I was euer innocent, though sower:
 And therefore can they but my life destroy,
 My Soule is free from aduersaries power.) *Enter Doris.*
 You

THE TRAGEDIE

You Princes great in power, and high in birth,
 Be great and high, I enuy not your hap:
 Your birth must be from dust: your power on earth,
 In heau'n shall *Mariam* sit in *Saraes* lap. (thither,

Doris. I heau'n, your beautie cannot bring you
 Your soule is blacke and spotted, full of sinne: 1850
 You in adultry liu'd nine yeare together,
 And heau'n will neuer let adultry in.

Mar: What art thou that dost poore *Mariam* pursue?
 Some spirit sent to driue me to dispaire:
 Who sees for truth that *Mariam* is vntrue,
 If faire she be, she is as chaste as faire.

Doris. I am that *Doris* that was once belou'd,
 Belou'd by *Herod*: *Herods* lawfull wife:
 'Twas you that *Doris* from his side remou'd,
 And rob'd from me the glory of my life. 1860

Mar: Was that adultry: did not *Moses* say,
 That he that being matcht did deadly hate:
 Might by permission put his wife away,
 And take a more belou'd to be his mate?

Doris. What did he hate me for: for simple truth?
 For bringing beautious babes for loue to him:
 For riches: noble birth, or tender youth,
 Or for no staine did *Doris* honour dim?
 Oh tell me *Mariam*, tell me if you knowe,
 Which fault of these made *Herod* *Doris* foe. 1870
 These thrice three yeares haue I with hands held vp,
 And bowed knees fast nailed to the ground:
 Besought for thee the dreggs of that same cup,
 That cup of wrath that is for sinners found.
 And now thou art to drinke it: *Doris* curse,
 Vpon thy selfe did all this while attend,
 But now it shall pursue thy children worse.

Mar: Oh *Doris* now to thee my knees I bend,
 That hart that neuer bow'd to thee doth bow:
 Curse not mine infants, let it thee suffice, 1880
 That Heau'n doth punishment to me allow.
 Thy curse is cause that guiltles *Mariam* dies.

Doris.

OF MARIAM.

Doris. Had I ten thousand tongues, and eu'ry tongue
 Inflam'd with poisons power, and steept in gall:
 My curses would not answere for my wrong,
 Though I in cursing thee imployd them all.
 Heare thou that didst mount *Gerarim* command,
 To be a place whereon with cause to curse:
 Stretch thy reuenging arme: thrust forth thy hand,
 And plague the mother much: the children worse. 1890
 Throw flaming fire vpon the baseborne heads
 That were begotten in vnlawfull beds.
 But let them liue till they haue sence to know
 What tis to be in miserable state:
 Then be their neereft friends their ouerthrow,
 Attended be they by suspitious hate.
 And *Mariam*, I doe hope this boy of mine
 Shall one day come to be the death of thine. *Exit.*

Mariam. Oh! Heauen forbid. I hope the world shall
 This curse of thine shall be return'd on thee: (see, 1900
 Now earth farewell, though I be yet but yong,
 Yet I, me thinks, haue knowne thee too too long. *Exit.*

Chorus.

THe fairest action of our humane life,
 Is scorning to reuenge an iniurie:
 For who forgiues without a further strife,
 His aduersaries heart to him doth tie.
 And tis a firmer conquest truely sed,
 To winne the heart, then ouerthrow the head.

If we a worthy enimie doe finde, 1910
 To yeeld to worth, it must be nobly done:
 But if of baser mettall be his minde,
 In base reuenge there is no honor wonne.
 Who would a worthy courage ouerthrow,
 And who would wrastle with a worthles foe?

H We

THE TRAGEDIE

We say our hearts are great and cannot yeeld,
Because they cannot yeeld it proues them poore:
Great hearts are task't beyond their power, but feld
The weakest Lyon will the lowdest roare.

Truths schoole for certaine doth this fame allow, 1920
High hartednes doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a vertuous scorne,
To scorne to owe a dutie ouer-long:
To scorne to be for benefits forborne,
To scorne to lie, to scorne to doe a wrong.
To scorne to beare an iniurie in minde,
To scorne a free-borne heart slaue-like to binde.

But if for wrongs we needs reuenge must haue,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kinde:
Doe we his body from our furie saue, 1930
And let our hate preuaile against our minde?
What can gainst him a greater vengeance bee,
Then make his foe more worthy farre then hee?

Had *Mariam* scorn'd to leaue a due vnpaide,
Shee would to *Herod* then haue paid her loue:
And not haue bene by fullen passion swaide
To fixe her thoughts all iniurie aboue
Is vertuous pride. Had *Mariam* thus bene prou'd,
Long famous life to her had bene allowd.

Actus quintus. Scœna prima. 1940

Nuntio.

WHen, sweetest friend, did I so farre offend
Your heauenly selfe: that you my fault to quit
Haue

OF MARIAM.

Haue made me now relator of her end,
 The end of beautie? Chastitie and wit,
 Was none so haples in the fatall place,
 But I, most wretched, for the Queene t'chuse,
 Tis certaine I haue some ill boding face
 That made me culd to tell this luckles newes.
 And yet no news to *Herod*: were it new, 1950
 To him vnhappy t'had not bene at all:
 Yet doe I long to come within his vew,
 That he may know his wife did guiltles fall:
 And heere he comes. Your *Mariam* greets you well.

Enter Herod.

Herod. What? liues my *Mariam*? ioy, exceeding ioy.
 She shall not die. *Nun.* Heau'n doth your will repell.
Herod. Oh doe not with thy words my life destroy,
 I prethy tell no dying-tale: thine eye
 Without thy tongue doth tell but too too much: 1960
 Yet let thy tongues addition make me die,
 Death welcome, comes to him whose grieffe is such.
Nunti. I went amongst the curious gazing troope,
 To see the last of her that was the best:
 To see if death had hart to make her stoope,
 To see the Sunne admiring *Phœnix* nest.
 VVhen there I came, vpon the way I saw
 The stately *Mariam* not debas'd by feare:
 Her looke did seeme to keepe the world in awe,
 Yet mildly did her face this fortune beare. 1970
Herod. Thou dost vsurpe my right, my tongue was
 To be the instrument of *Mariams* praise: (fram'd
 Yet speake: she cannot be too often fam'd:
 All tongues suffice not her sweet name to raise.
Nun. But as she came she *Alexandra* met,

THE TRAGEDIE

Who did her death (sweet Queene) no whit bewaile,
But as if nature she did quite forget,
She did vpon her daughter loudly raile.

Herod. Why stopt you not her mouth? where had she
To darke that, that Heauen made so bright? (words 1980
Our sacred tongue no *Epithite* affords,
To call her other then the worlds delight.

Nun. Shee told her that her death was too too good,
And that already she had liu'd too long:
She said, she sham'd to haue a part in blood
Of her that did the princely *Herod* wrong. (glory,

Herod. Base picke-thanke Diuell. Shame, twas all her
That she to noble *Mariam* was the mother:
But neuer shall it liue in any storie
Her name, except to infamy ile smother. 1990

What answere did her princely daughter make?

Nun. She made no answere, but she lookt the while,
As if thereof she scarce did notice take,
Yet smilde, a dutifull, though scornefull smile.

Her. Sweet creature, I that looke to mind doe call,
Full oft hath *Herod* bene amaz'd withall.

Nun. Go on, she came vnmou'd with pleasant grace,
As if to triumph her arriuall were:
In stately habite, and with cheefull face:
Yet eu'ry eye was moyst, but *Mariams* there. 2000

When iustly opposite to me she came,
She pickt me out from all the crue:

She beckned to me, cald me by my name,
For she my name, my birth, and fortune knew.

Herod. What did she name thee? happy, happy man,
Wilt thou not euer loue that name the better?
But what sweet tune did this faire dying Swan
Afford thine eare: tell all, omit no letter.

Nun. Tell thou my Lord, said she. *Her.* Mee, ment she
Ist true, the more my shame: I was her Lord, (mee? 2010
Were I not made her Lord, I still should bee:

But

OF MARIAM.

But now her name must be by me ador'd.
 Oh say, what said she more? each word she fed
 Shall be the food whereon my heart is fed. (breath.

Nun: Tell thou my Lord thou saw'st me loose my

Herod. Oh that I could that sentence now controule.

Nun. If guiltily eternall be my death,

Her: I hold her chaste eu'n in my inmost soule.

Nun: By three daies hence if wishes could reuiue,
 I know himselfe would make me oft aliuie.

2020

Herod. Three daies: three houres, three minutes, not
 A minute in a thousand parts diuided, (so much,
 My penitencie for her death is such,
 As in the first I wisht she had not died.

But forward in thy tale. *Nun:* Why on she went,

And after she some silent praier had fed:

She did as if to die she were content,

And thus to heau'n her heau'nly soule is fled.

Herod. But art thou sure there doth no life remaine?

Is't possible my *Mariam* should be dead,

2030

Is there no tricke to make her breathe againe?

Nun: Her body is diuided from her head. (art,

Her: Why yet me thinkes there might be found by

Strange waies of cure, tis sure rare things are don:

By an inuentiue head, and willing heart.

Nun: Let not my Lord your fancies idley run.

It is as possible it should be seene,

That we should make the holy Abraham liue,

Though he intomb'd two thousand yeares had bene,

As breath againe to slaughtred *Mariam* giue.

2040

But now for more assaults prepare your eares,

Herod. There cannot be a further cause of mone,

This accident shall shelter me from feares:

What can I feare? already *Mariams* gone.

Yet tell eu'n what you will: *Nun:* As I came by,

From *Mariams* death I saw vpon a tree,

A man that to his necke a cord did tie:

THE TRAGEDIE

Which cord he had designd his end to bee.
 When me he once discern'd, he downwards bow'd,
 And thus with fearefull voyce she cride alowd, 2050
 Goe tell the King he trusted ere he tride,
 I am the cause that *Mariam* causeles dide.

Herod. Damnation take him, for it was the flauē
 That said she ment with poisons deadly force
 To end my life that she the Crowne might haue :
 Which tale did *Mariam* from her selfe diuorce.
 Oh pardon me thou pure vnspotted Ghost,
 My punishment must needes sufficient bee,
 In missing that content I valued most :
 Which was thy admirable face to see. 2060

I had but one inestimable Iewell,
 Yet one I had no monarch had the like,
 And therefore may I curse my selfe as cruell :
 Twas broken by a blowe my selfe did strike.
 I gaz'd thereon and neuer thought me blest,
 But when on it my dazled eye might rest :
 A pretious Mirror made by wonderous art,
 I prizd it ten times dearer then my Crowne,
 And laide it vp fast foulded in my heart :
 Yet I in suddaine cholere cast it downe. 2070

And pasht it all to peeces : twas no foe,
 That robd me of it; no *Arabian* host,
 Nor no *Armenian* guide hath vsde me so :
 But *Herods* wretched selfe hath *Herod* crost.
 She was my gracefull moytie, me accurst,
 To slay my better halfe and saue my worst.
 But sure she is not dead you did but iest,
 To put me in perplexitie a while,
 Twere well indeed if I could so be drest :
 I see she is aliue, me thinkes you smile. 2080

Nun: If fainted *Abel* yet deceased bee,
 Tis certaine *Mariam* is as dead as hee.

Her: Why then goe call her to me, bid her now

Put

OF MARIAM.

Put on faire habite, stately ornament :
 And let no frowne oreshade her smootheft brow,
 In her doth *Herod* place his whole content. (fence,
Nun: Sheel come in stately weedes to please your
 If now she come attirde in robe of heauen :
 Remember you your selfe did fend her hence,
 And now to you she can no more be giuen. faire, 2090
Herod. Shee's dead, hell take her murderers, she was
 Oh what a hand she had, it was so white,
 It did the whitenes of the snowe impaire :
 I neuer more shall see so sweet a sight. (hands ;
Nun: Tis true, her hand was rare. *Her:* her hand? her
 She had not singly one of beautie rare,
 But such a paire as heere where *Herod* stands,
 He dares the world to make to both compare.
 Accursed *Salome*, hadst thou bene still,
 My *Mariam* had bene breathing by my side : 2100
 Oh neuer had I : had I had my will,
 Sent forth command, that *Mariam* should haue dide.
 But *Salome* thou didst with enuy vexe,
 To see thy selfe out-matched in thy sexe :
 Vpon your sexes forehead *Mariam* sat,
 To grace you all like an imperiall crowne,
 But you fond foole haue rudely pusht thereat,
 And proudly puld your proper glory downe.
 One smile of hers : Nay, not so much a : looke
 Was worth a hundred thousand such as you, 2110
Iudea how canst thou the wretches brooke,
 That robd from thee the fairest of the crew ?
 You dwellers in the now deprived land,
 Wherein the matchles *Mariam* was bred :
 Why graspe not each of you a sword in hand,
 To ayme at me your cruell Soueraignes head.
 Oh when you thinke of *Herod* as your King,
 And owner of the pride of *Palestine* :
 This act to your remembrance likewise bring,

Tis

THE TRAGEDIAE

Tis I haue ouerthrowne your royall line. 2120
 Within her purer vaines the blood did run,
 That from her Grandam *Sara* she deriu'd,
 Whose beldame age the loue of Kings hath wonne,
 Oh that her iffue had as long bene li'ud.
 But can her eye be made by death obscure?
 I cannot thinke but it must sparkle still:
 Foule facriledge to rob those lights so pure,
 From out a Temple made by heau'nly skill.
 I am the Villaine that haue done the deed,
 The cruell deed, though by anothers hand, 2130
 My word though not my sword made *Mariam* bleed,
Hircanus Grandchild did at my command.
 That *Mariam* that I once did loue so deare,
 The partner of my now detested bed,
 Why shine you fun with an aspect so cleare?
 I tell you once againe my *Mariams* dead.
 You could but shine, if some *Egyptian* blows,
 Or *Aethiopian* doudy lose her life:
 This was, then wherefore bend you not your brows,
 The King of *Iuries* faire and spotles wife. 2140
 Denie thy beames, and *Moone* refuse thy light,
 Let all the starres be darke, let *Iuries* eye
 No more distinguish which is day and night:
 Since her best birth did in her bosome die.
 Those fond Idolaters the men of *Greece*,
 Maintaine these orbes are safely gouerned:
 That each within themselues haue Gods a peece,
 By whom their stedfast course is iustly led.
 But were it so, as so it cannot bee,
 They all would put their mourning garments on: 2150
 Not one of them would yeeld a light to mee,
 To me that is the cause that *Mariams* gon.
 For though they faine their *Saturne* melancholy,
 Of sowre behauiours, and of angry moode:
 They faine him likewise to be iust and holy,

And

THE TRAGEDIE

That ftaind the virgin earth with brothers blood,
 Still in fome vault or denne inclofed bee,
 Where with thy teares thou maift beget a flood,
 Which flood in time may drowne thee: happie day
 When thou at once fhalt die and finde a graue,
 A ftone vpon the vault, fome one fhall lay,
 Which monument fhall an infcription haue.
 And thefe fhall be the words it fhall containe,
Heere Herod lies, that bath his Mariam flaine.

2200

Chorus.

WHo euer hath beheld with ftadfaft eye,
 The ftrange euent of this one onely day:
 How many were deceiu'd? How many die,
 That once to day did grounds of fafetie lay?
 It will from them all certaintie bereue,
 Since twice fixe houres fo many can deceiue.

This morning *Herod* held for furely dead,
 And all the *Jewes* on *Mariam* did attend:
 And *Conftabarus* rife from *Saloms* bed,
 And neither dreamd of a diuorce or end.

2210

Pheroras ioyd that he might haue his wife,
 And *Babus* fonnes for fafetie of their life.

To night our *Herod* doth aliuie remaine,
 The guiltles *Mariam* is depriu'd of breath:
 Stout *Conftabarus* both diuorft and flaine,
 The valiant fonnes of *Baba* haue their death.

Pheroras fure his loue to be bereft,
 If *Salome* her fute vnmade had left.

Herod this morning did expect with ioy,
 To fee his *Mariams* much beloued face:
 And yet ere night he did her life deftroi,

2220

And

OF MARIAM.

And surely thought she did her name disgrace.
Yet now againe so short do humors last,
He both repents her death and knowes her chaste.

Had he with wisedome now her death delaide,
He at his pleasure might command her death:
But now he hath his power so much betraide,
As all his woes cannot restore her breath.

Now doth he strangely lunatically raue,
Because his *Mariams* life he cannot saue.

2230

This daies euent were certainly ordainde,
To be the warning to posteritie:
So many changes are therein containde,
So admirablie strange varietie.

This day alone, our sagest *Hebrewes* shall
In after times the schoole of wisedome call.

FINIS.



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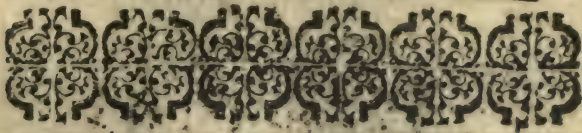
THE TRAGEDY OF MARIAM 1613.

THE copy of *Mariam* formerly in the Huth collection is not the only one which contains the dedicatory sonnet and list of characters. Another, it appears, is in the possession of Mr. W. A. White of New York, who has most kindly supplied the General Editor with photographs of the additional leaf. In view of the fact that so far as is known the only copies of this are now in America, it has been thought well to reproduce the two pages in collotype as well as issuing a type facsimile of them by way of supplement to the Society's reprint of the play. Mr. White's copy was bought from a London bookseller in 1890.

It will be observed as regards the sonnet that Hazlitt's reprint in *Notes and Queries*, while not quite accurate in details, is essentially faithful to the original. As regards 'The names of the Speakers' now reprinted for the first time, it will be noticed that the list has been compiled by some one possessing at best a superficial acquaintance with the play. Thus Antipater is said to be Herod's son by Salome instead of by Doris, Silleus' name is misprinted 'Sillius', while the abbreviation 'Bu.' is taken as representing the name of 'another Messenger', whereas in fact it almost certainly stands for 'Butler'.

ERRATUM.

Mariam, l. 1451. In some copies of the reprint an 'I' appears at the beginning of this line before the word 'would'. In the original there is no 'I', only a blank space. See note in the List of Doubtful Readings.



TO DIANAES
EARTHLIE DEPVTESSE,
and my worthy Sister, Mistis
Elizabeth Caryc.

WHen cheertull *Phœbus* his full course hath run,
His sisters fainter beams our hearts doth cheere,
So your faire Brother is to mee the Sunne,
And you his Sister as my Moone appeere.

You are my next belou'd, my second Friend,
For when my *Phœbus* absence makes it Night,
Whilst to th' *Antipodes* his beames do bend,
From you my *Phœbe*, shines my second Light.

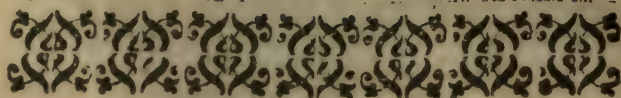
Hee like to *SOL*, cleare-sighted, constant; free,
You *LVNA*-like, vnspotted, chaste, diuine:
Hee shone on *Sicily*, you destin'd bee,
Till lumine the now obscurde *Palestine*.
My first was consecrated to *Apollo*,
My second to *DIANA* now shall follow.

E. C.

A

The

Handwritten signature or initials, possibly "H. E. Caryc."



The names of the Speakers.

Herod, King of Iudea.

Doris, his first Wife.

Mariam, his second Wife.

Salome, Herods Sister.

Antipater his sonne by Salome.

Alexandra, Mariams mother.

Silfus, Prince of Arabia.

Constabarius, husband to Salome.

Pharoras, Herods Brother.

Graphina, his Love.

Babus first Sonne.

Babus second Sonne.

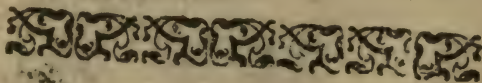
Ananell, the high Priest.

Sohemus, a Counsellor to Herod.

Nuntio.

Bu. another Messenger.

Chorus, a Companion of Iewes.





TO DIANAES
EARTHLIE DEPVTESSE,
and my worthy Sifter, Miftris
Elizabeth Carye.

WHen cheerful *Phæbus* his full courfe hath run,
His fifters fainter beams our harts doth cheere :
So your faire Brother is to mee the Sunne,
And you his Sifter as my Moone appeere.

You are my next belou'd, my fecond Friend,
For when my *Phæbus* abfence makes it Night,
Whilft to th' *Antipodes* his beames do bend,
From you my *Phæbe*, fhines my fecond Light.

10

Hee like to *SOL*, cleare-fighted, conftant, free,
You *LVNA*-like, vnfpotted, chafte, diuine :
Hee fhone on *Sicily*, you deftin'd bee,
T'illumine the now obfcurde *Paleftine*.
My firft was consecrated to *Apollo*,
My fecond to *DIANA* now fhall follow.

E. C.

A

The



The names of the Speakers.

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Doris, his first Wife.
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Sillius, Prince of Arabia.
Constabarus, husband to Salome.
Phæroras, Herods Brother.
Graphina, his Loue.
Babus first Sonne.
Babus second Sonne.
Annanell, the high Priest.
Sohemus, a Counsellor to Herod.
Nuntio.
Bu. another Messenger.
Chorus, a Companie of Iewes.

10



The



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