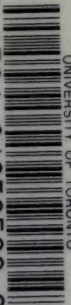


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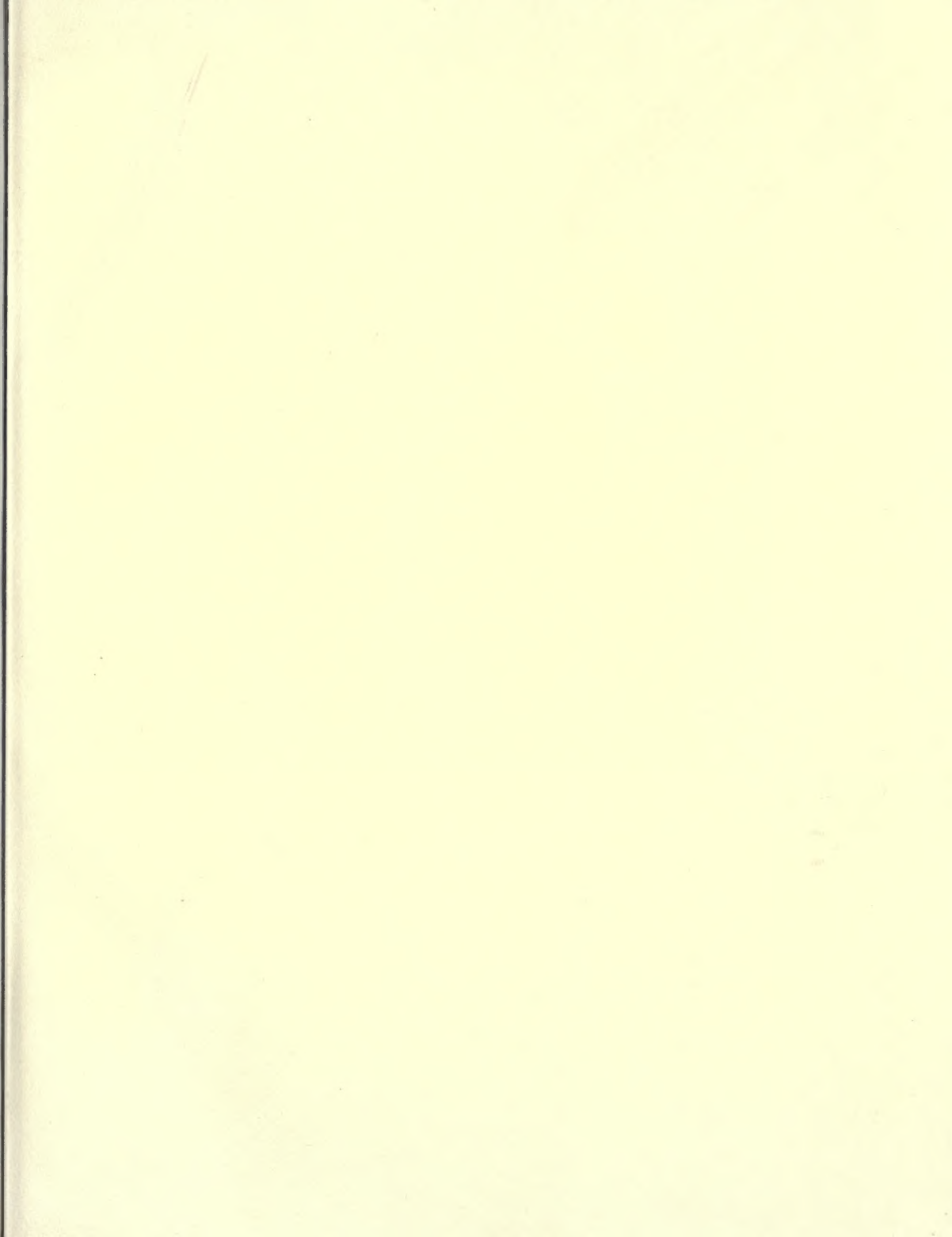
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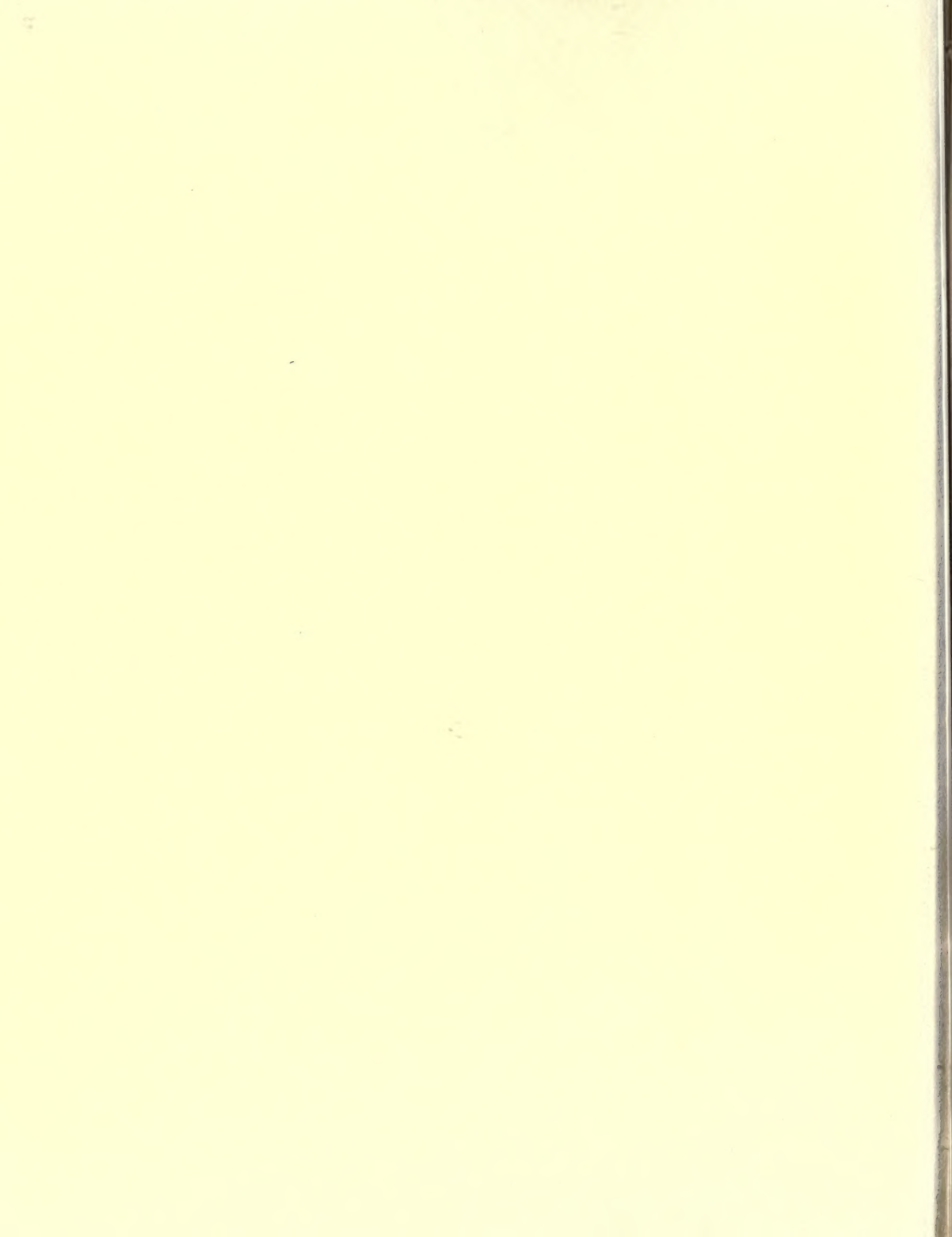












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PRINTED FOR THE MALONE SOCIETY BY
FREDERICK HALL AT THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY
PRESS

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THE TRAGEDY OF
TANCRED AND GISMUND

1591-2

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22 / 5 / 16*

THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS [1700-1792]

1914

PR

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W63T3

1591a

This reprint of *Tancred and Gismund* has been prepared under the direction of the General Editor.

Oct. 1915.

W. W. Greg.

There is no entry of *Tancred and Gismund* in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. The only known edition is a quarto printed by Thomas Scarlet for sale by R. Robinson. This is in a type the body of which approximates to modern English (22 ll. = 94 mm.). Copies vary in that the date on the title-page appears either as 1591 or 1592. The British Museum possesses three copies, marked respectively C 34. e. 43, 161. k. 71, and C. 34. e. 44. Of these the first is perfect, though the second leaf is rather badly damaged, and bears the date 1592. From the second all but a small corner of the title-page has been torn away; while the third wants the whole of the preliminary sheet except the third leaf. Perfect copies in the Bodleian Library and the Dyce Collection are also dated 1592. A copy at Eton College wants the title-page. On the other hand there is preserved in the collection of the Earl of Ellesmere at Bridgewater House a copy bearing the date 1591. The title-page of this copy appears to differ from those dated 1592 in nothing but the date and the position of the printer's mark.

The play was not new at the time of its publication, being revised from an earlier piece. This, we are informed by William Webbe in his epistle to Wilmot, had been acted before the queen by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple. There does not appear to be any contemporary record of the performance, but from the allusion to 'these 24. yer'es' in Wilmot's address to the Templers, we are perhaps entitled to date it 1567.

The earlier version is extant in two manuscripts at the British Museum, Lansdowne 786 and Har-

grave 205. At least one other manuscript has been reported as in private hands but is not now known, while there is some reason to suppose that in making the revision Wilmot had before him a text of the earlier play, differing in certain respects from those now extant.

The original version was of composite authorship, and the abbreviated names of five different writers are appended to the five acts of the printed text. They are Rod. Staf[ford]., Hen. No[el]., G. Al., Ch. Hat[ton]., and R. W[ilmot]. Of these there is no indication in the manuscripts. The whole was later revised by the author of the last act and brought, as the title-page tells us, into keeping with 'the decorum of these daies'.

LIST OF DOUBTFUL READINGS, &c.

Ep. Ded. 35 <i>W</i>] after this a possible trace of a period appears in some copies	419 vp,
Pref. 5 geamls] <i>read</i> gleams	429 delight
Text 7 <i>Cupid.</i>] half a line too low in original	431 c.w. Subuert
85 Lord,	448 fight
209 (<i>no c.w.</i>)	459 kinde,
225 <i>müß</i>] the mark over the <i>o</i> is doubtful and probably accidental	461 <i>Luc</i> ,
229 <i>enddleffe</i>	489 lai d
231 <i>might ie</i>	491 filder
265 <i>surfte</i>] <i>i.e.</i> surest	496 flood,
274 (<i>no c.w.</i>)	523 Ant)
351 impart your] <i>possibly</i> impartyour	526 (<i>no c.w.</i>)
381 what	537 daies)
387 so,	556 <i>Brutus</i>] so B.M. ² , Dyce, Eton: <i>Bratus</i> B.M. ^{1,3} , Bodl.
418 ferfake	564 Chor. 4.] <i>half a line too low in original</i>
	572 <i>t ofore</i> ,
	578 Chor. 1.] <i>half a line too low in original</i>

- 588 d] *read* do
 589 nam] *read* name
 (*no c.w.*)
 622 proue
 644 carefull] *so B.M.², Dyce,*
 Eton: carefnll B.M.^{1,3},
 Bodl.
 699 WHat
 716 (*no c.w.*)
 729 ofman
 777 *his*
 781 (*no c.w.*)
 822 turne th
 840 affault,] *possibly* affault,
 858 Actus. 3.
 868 iu
 908 , On
 911 Iulia,
 943 villanous.] *possibly*
 villa nous.
 965 he auen
 967 counsming
 1008 *Tan.*
 1031 c.w. shall
 1125 snd
 1156 *Gif.*
 1250 c.w. (But
 1264 mine,
 1283 captiuatē
 1294 *Iul.* Nay
 1306 hurt, Let not] *so B.M.^{1,3},*
 Dyce, Eton, Bodl.: hurt,
 B.M.²
- 1309 rose.
 1327 floud.
 1328 Lord
 1436 handy] *possibly* han dy
 1437 enters] *possibly* ente rs
 1487 eachone,
 1491 more
 1505 ,. Yong
 1577 despitle
 1639 Receauē] *possibly*
 R cceauē
 1664 attir
 1703 auoid
 1706 *Gif,*
 (king
 1708 loue
 1709 *Gif,* the
 mē
 1728 (*no c.w.*)
 1735 Scæna 3,
 1766 request,
 1813 dead
 1830 we
 1831 *Iul*
 1850 thou] *possibly* tho u
 1874 the'ffect
 sig. H4^v. II *measurestrod,*
 13 *forrth*
 17 *ascendeib*
 19 *mas*
 28 *init,*
 31 **l,xxiiii.**

On sig. G4 recto, the final *d* of the running title is broken so as to resemble *a*.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

in order of appearance.

CUPID.	JULIO, lord chamberlain to Tancred.
GISMUND, daughter to Tancred.	Tancred.
TANCRED, prince of Salerne.	RENUCHIO, captain of Tancred's guard.
LUCRECE, his sister.	MEGAERA, a fury.
GUISZARD, County Palurin, Gismund's lover.	

Chorus of four maidens, guard, two furies.

Gismund is called Gismunda on her first appearance, l. 88. According to the prose Argument Tancred is King of Naples as well as Prince of Salerne. Lucrece enters at l. 275, but her name first appears unabbreviated at l. 374, where it is given as Lucre, cf. l. 526 (also l. 538). The form Lucrece first appears at l. 624. Guiszard is called Guishard in the verse Argument and Guiszhard at l. 690. He first appears in II. ii, but does not speak till III. iii (l. 694). Julio and Renuchio appear in II. ii, and III. iii, but first speak in IV. ii (ll. 1060 and 1009 respectively). The description of them given above is from the stage direction l. 370, but later on they appear to exchange rôles. It is Renuchio, there called Renugio, whom Tancred sends to fetch Gismund, IV. iii, and it is Julio 'with his gard' who brings in Guiszard, IV. iv.

The Editor's thanks are due to the Earl of Ellesmere for permission to reproduce the title-page of his copy of *Tancred and Gismund*, dated 1591, and to Mr. Strachan Holme, librarian of Bridgewater House, for kindly procuring a photograph of the same.



9.

THE
TRAGEDIE
of Tancred and Gismund.

COMPILED BY THE GEN-
tlemen of the Inner Temple, and by them pre-
sented before her MAIESTIE.

*Newly reuined and polished according to the decorum
of these daies. By R.W.*



LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Scarlet, and are to be solde by
R. Robinion. 1591.



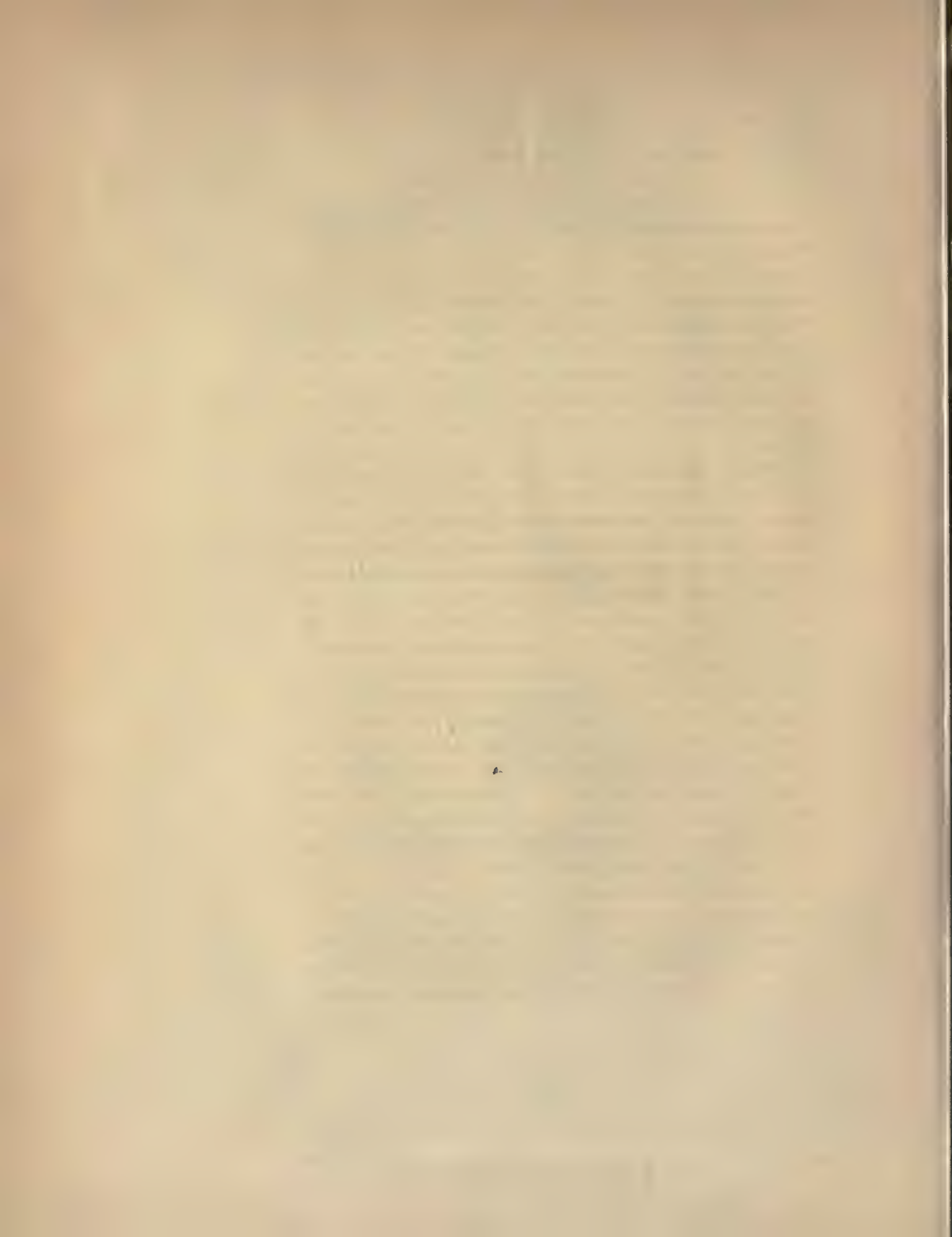
THE
TRAGEDIE
of Tancred and Gismund.

COMPILED BY THE GENTLEMEN
of the Inner Temple, and by them presented
before her MAJESTIE.

*Newly revised and polished according to the decorum
of these daies. By R. Wislnot.*



LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Scarlet, and are to be sold by
R. Robinson. 1592.



To his friend R. W.

MAfter R. VV. looke not now for the tearmes of an
intreator, I wil beg no longer, and for your pro-
mises, I wil refuse them as bad payment: neither
can I be satisfied with any thing, but a preemptorie per-
formance of an old intention of yours, the publishing I
meane of those wast papers (as it pleaseth you to cal the,
but as I esteem them, a most requisite inuention) of *Gis-
munds Tragedie*. Thinke not to thift me off with longer
delays, noz alledge more excuses to get further respite,
least I arrest you with my *Adum est*, and commence such
a Sute of unkindenesse against you, as when the case
shalbe scand before the Judges of courtesie, the court wil
cite out of your immoderat modestie. And thus much I
tel you before, you shal not be able to wage against me in
the charges growing vpon this action, especially, if the
worshipful company of the Inner temple gentlemen pa-
tronize my cause, as vndoubtedly they wil. yea, & rather
plead partially for me then let my cause miscary, because
themselues are parties. The tragedie was by them most
pitheily framed, and no lesse curiously acted in vie w of her
Spaically, by whom it was then as princely accepted, as
of the whole honozable audience notably applanded: yea,
and of al men generally desired, as a work, either in state-
lines of shew, depth of conceit, or true ornaments of poe-
ticall arte, inferioz to none of the best in that kinde: no,
were the Roman *Seneca* the censurer. The bzaue youths
that then (to their high pzaises) so feelingly perfozmed the
same in action, did shortly after lay by the booke vnregar-
ded, or perhaps let it run abzoade (as many parentes doe
their children once past dandling) not respecting so much
what hard soztune might befall it being out of their fin-
gers, as how their heroical wits might againe be quickly
conceiued with new inuentions of like wortlines, wher-
of they haue been euer since wonderfull fertill. But this
orphan of theirs (for he wandzeth as it were fatherlesse)
bath notwithstanding, by the rare & bewtiful perfections
appea-



The Tragedie

departed. Afterward bewailing his mishap, he commanded the Earle to be attached, imprisoned, strangled, unbowelled, and his heart in a cup of golde to be presented to his daughter: she thankfully receiveth the present, filling the cuppe (wherein the heart was) with her teares, with a venomous potion (by her distilled for that purpose) shee dranke to her Earle. Which her father hearing of, came too late to comfort his dying daughter, who for her last request besought him, that her louer and her selfe, might in one tombe be together buried, for a perpetuall memorie of their faithfull loves, which request he graunted, adding to the buriall, himselfe slaine with his owne hands, to his owne reproch, and the terror of all other hard hearted fathers.

ACTUS. I. SCENA. I.

Cupid commeth out of the heauens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth upon the stage in a blew twist of silke, from his left hand Vaine hope, Brittle ioy. And with a carnation twist of silke from his right hand, Faire resemblance, Late Repentance.

Cupid. There rest my chariot on the mountaine tops,
I that in shape appeare vnto your sight
Anaked boy, not cloathde but with my wings,
Am that great God of Loue, who with his might
Ruleth the wast wide world, and liuing things.
This left hand beares vaine hope, short ioyfull state,
With faire Resemblance, louers to allure,
This right hand holds Repentance all too late,
Warre, fire, bloud, and paines without recure.
On siuete Ambrosia, is not my foode,
Nectar is not my drinke, as to the rest
„ Of all the Gods: I drinke the louers bloud,
„ And





THE
TRAGEDIE
of Tancred and Gismund.

COMPILED BY THE GEN-
tlemen of the Inner Temple, and by them pre-
sented before her MAIESTIE.

*Newly reuiued and polished according to the decorum
of these daies. By R.W.*



L O N D O N,
*Printed by Thomas Scarlet, and are to be solde by
R. Robinfon. 1592.*



To the right VVorshipfull and
 vertuous Ladies, the L. Marie Peter, & the Ladie
 Anne Graie, long health of bodie, with qui-
et of minde, in the fauor of God and men
for euer.



*I*s most certaine (right vertuous and
 worshipfull) that of all humane lear-
 ning, Poetrie (how contemptible so e-
 uer it is in these daies, is the most anci-
 ent) and in Poetrie, there is no argument¹⁰
 of more antiquitie and elegancie than is
 the matter of Loue; for it seemes to be as old as the world, &
 to beare date from the first time that man & woman was:
 therefore in this, as in the finest mettall, the freshest wits haue
 in all ages shown their best workmanship. So amongst others
 these Gentlemen, which with what sweetnesse of voice and
 liuelinesse of action they then expressed it, they which were
 of her Maiesties right Honorable maidens can testifie.

Which being a discourse of two louers, perhappes it may
 seeme a thing neither fit to be offered vnto your Ladyships,²⁰
 nor worthie me to busie my selfe withall: yet can I tell you
 Madames, it differeth so farre from the ordinarie amorous
 discourses of our daies, as the manners of our time do from
 the modestie and innocencie of that age.

And now for that wearie winter is come vpon vs, which
 bringeth with him drouping daies and tedious nights, if it
 be true, that the motions of our mindes follow the tempera-
 ture of the aire wherein we liue, then I thinke, the perusing
 of some mournfull matter, tending to the view of a notable
 example, will refresh your wits in a gloomie day, & ease your³⁰
 wearines of the louring night. Which if it please you, may

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

serue ye also for a solemne reuell against this Festiuall time, for Gismunds bloudie shadow, with a little cost, may be intreated in her selfe-like person to speake to ye.

Having therefore a desire to be knowen to your W I deuised this waie with my selfe to procure the same, perswading my selfe, there is nothing more welcome to your wisdomes, then the knowledge of wise, graue, & worthe matters, tending to the good instructions of youths, of whom you are mothers.

40

In this respect therefore, I shall humblie desire ye to bestow a fauourable countenance vpon this little labor, which when ye haue graced it withall, I must & will acknowledge my selfe greatly indebted vnto your Ladyships in this behalfe: neither shall I amongst the rest, that admire your rare vertues, (which are not a fewe in Essex) cease to commend this vnderferued gentlenes.

Thus desiring the king of heauen to increase his graces in ye both, granting that your ends may be as honorable, as your liues are vertuous, I leaue with a vaine babble of many needlesse wordes to trouble you longer.

Your Worships most dutifull and humble Orator

Robert Wilmot.



To his frend R. W.

MAfter *R. VV.* looke not now for the tearmes of an
intreator, I wil beg no longer, and for your pro-
mises, I wil refuse them as bad payment: neither
can I be satisfied with any thing, but a peremptorie per-
formance of an old intention of yours, the publishing I
meane of those wast papers (as it pleaseeth you to cal the,
but as I esteem them, a most exquisite inuention) of *Gif-*
munds Tragedie. Thinke not to shift me off with longer
delayes, nor alledge moze excuses to get further respite, 10
least I arrest you with my *Actum est*, and commence such
a Sute of unkindenelle against you, as when the case
shalbe scand befoze the Judges of courtesie, the court wil
crie out of your immoderat modestie. And thus much I
tel you befoze, you shal not be able to wage against me in
the charges growing vpon this action, especially, if the
wozshipful company of the Inner temple gentlemen pa-
tronize my cause, as vndoubtedly they wil, yea, & rather
plead partially for me then let my cause miscary, because
themselues are parties. The tragedie was by them most 20
pithely framed, and no lesse curiously acted in view of her
Majesty, by whom it was then as princely accepted, as
of the whole honozable audience notably applauded: yea,
and of al men generally desired, as a wozk, either in state-
lines of shew, depth of conceit, or true oznaments of poe-
ticall arte, inferior to none of the best in that kinde: no,
were the Roman *Seneca* the censurer. The bzaue youths
that then (to their high pzaises) so feelingly perfozmed the
same in action, did shortly after lay by the booke vnregar-
ded, or perhaps let it run abzoade (as many parentes doe 30
their childzen once past dandling) not respecting so much
what hard fortune might befall it being out of their fin-
gers, as how their heroical wits might againe be quickly
conceiued with new inuentions of like woztlines, wher-
of they haue bene neuer since wonderfull fertill. But this
ozphan of theirs (for he wandzeth as it were fatherlesse)
hath notwithstanding, by the rare & bewtiful perfections
appea-

appearing in him, hetherto neuer wanted great fauou-
rers, and louing preferuers. Among whom I cannot suf-
ficiently commend your moze then charitable zeale, and 40
scholarly compassion towards him, that haue not only re-
scued and defended him from the deuouring iawes of ob-
liuion, but vouchsafed also to apparrel him in a new sute
at your owne charges, wherin he may again moze boldly
come abroad, and by your permission returne to his olde
parents, clothed perhaps not in richer or moze costly fur-
niture then it went from them, but in handsonnes & fa-
shion moze answerable to these times, wherein fashions
are so often altered. Let one word suffice for your encour-
agement herein: namely, that your commendable paines 50
in disrobing him of his antike curiositie, and adorning
him with the approoued guise of our stateliest English
termes (not diminishing, but moze augmenting his arti-
ficiall colours of absolute poesie, deriued from his first pa-
rents) cannot but bee gratefull to most mens appetites,
who vpon our experiēce we know highly to esteem such
lofty measures of sententiouly composed Tragedies.

How much you shal make me, and the rest of your pri-
uate friends beholding vnto you, I list not to discourse:
and therfoze grounding vpon these alledged reasons, that 60
the suppressing of this Tragedie, so worthy for y^e presse,
were no other thing then wilfully to defraud your selfe
of an vniuersall thank, your friends of their expectations,
and sweete G. of a famous eternitie. I will cease to
doubt of any other pretence to cloake your bashfulnesse,
hoping to read it in print (which lately lay neglected a-
mongst your papers) at our next appointed meeting.
I bid you heartely farewell. From Wyrgo in Essex, Au-
gust the eight, 1591.

Tuus fide & facultate

70

Guil. Webbe.

TO THE WORSHIPFULL AND
*learned Societie, the Gentlemen Students of the Inner
Temple, with the rest of his singular good friends, the Gen-
tlemen of the middle Temple, and to all other curteous rea-
ders, R. W. wisheth increase of all health, worship &
learning, with the immortall glorie of the
graces adorning the same.*

YE may perceiue (right Worshopful) in perusing
the former Epistle sent to mee, how fore I am
beset with the importunities of my friends, to 10
publish this Pamphlet: Truly I am and haue bin (if
there be in me anie soundnes of iudgement) of this
opinion, that whatsoeuer is committed to the presse
is commended to eternitie, and it shall stand a liuely
witnes with our conscience, to our comfort or con-
fusion, in the reckning of that great daie.

Aduisedly therefore was that Prouerbe vsed of
our elder Philosophers, *Manum a Tabula*: with-hold
thy hand from the paper, and thy papers from the
print or light of the world: for a lewd word escaped 20
is irreuocable, but a bad or base discourse published
in print is intollerable.

Hereupon I haue indured some conflicts between
reason and iudgement, whether it were conuenient
for the common wealth, with the *indecorum* of my
calling (as some thinke it) that the memorie of *Tan-
creds* Tragedie should be againe by my meanes, re-
uiued, which the oftner I read ouer, and the more I
considered thereon, the sooner I was won to consent
therunto: calling to mind that neither the thrice re- 30
uerend & lerned father M. Beza, was ashamed in his
yonger yeres, to send abroad in his owne name, his
Tragedie

To the Gentlemen of the Temple.

Tragedy of *Abraham*, nor that rare Scot (the scholer of our age) *Buchanan*, his most pathological *Ieptha*.

Indeed I must willingly confesse this worke simple, and not worth comparison to any of theirs: for the writers of them were graue men; of this, young heads: In them is shewn the perfection of their studies; in this, the imperfection of their wits. Neuertheles herein they al agree, commending vertue, detesting vice, and liuely deciphering their ouerthrow that suppressse not their vnruely affections. These things noted herin, how simple so euer the verse be, I hope the matter wil be acceptable to the wise.

Wherefore I am now bold to present *Gismund* to your sights, and vnto yours only, for therfore haue I coniured her, by the loue that hath bin these 24. yeres betwixt vs, that she waxe not so proude of her fresh painting, to stragle in her plumes abroad, but to contein her selfe within the walles of your house; so fo am I sure she shalbe safe frō the *Tragedian Tyrants* of our time, who are not ashamed to affirme that ther can no amorous poeme sauour of any sharpnes of wit, vnlesse it be seasoned with scurrilous words.

But leauing them to their lewdnes, I hope you, & all discreet readers, wil thankfully receiue my pains, the fruites of my first haruest: the rather, perceiuing that my purpose in this Tragedie, tendeth onely to the exaltation of vertue, & suppression of vice, with pleasure to profit and help al men, but to offend, or hurt no man. As for such as haue neither the grace, nor the good gift to doe well themselues, nor the common honestie, to speak wel of others, I must (as I may) heare and bear their baitings with patience.

Yours deuoted in his ability, R. Wilmot.



A Preface to the Queenes Maidens
O F H O N O R.

Flowers of prime, pearles couched all in gold,
Light of our daies that glads the fainting hearts
Of them that shall your shining geaml's behold,
Salue of each fore, recure of inward smarts,
In whom Vertue and Beautie striueth so,
As neither yeelds, behold here for your gaine
Gismonds vnluckie loue, her fault, her wo
And death, at last her cruell Father slaine 10
Through his mishap, and though you do not see,
Yet reade and rew their wofull Tragedie.
So Ioue, as your high vertues done deserue,
Grant you such pheeres, as may your vertues serue
With like vertues, and blisfull Venus send
Vnto your happie loues an happie end.

Another to the same.

G*Ismond*, that whilome liu'de her fathers ioy
And died his death, now dead, doth as she may
By vs praie you to pittie her annoy. 20
And to requite the same, doth humbly pray,
Heauens to forefend your loues from like decay.
The faithfull Earle doth also make request,
Wishing those worthie knights whom ye imbrace,
The constant truth that lodged in his breast.
His hartie loue, not his vnhappie case,
Besfall to such as triumph in your grace.

A

The

The Tragedie

The King praies pardon of his cruell heft,
And for amends, desires it may suffice,
That by his bloud he warneth all the rest
Of fond fathers, that they in kinder wise,
Intreat the Iewels where their comfort lies.
We, as their messengers, beseech ye al
On their behalves, to pittie all their smarts,
And for our selues, (although the worth be small)
We praie ye, to accept our humble hearts
Auoud to serue with praier and with praise,
Your Honors, all vnworthie other waies.

30

The Tragedie of Tancred
and Gismund.

Argumentum Tragediæ.

T*Ancred* the Prince of Salerne, ouerlous
His onely daughter (wonder of that age)
Gismund, who loues the Countie Palurin,
Guisbard, who quites her likings with his loue :
A Letter in a cane, describes the meanes
Of their two meetings, in a secret caue.
Vnconstant fortune leadeth forth the king
To this unhappie fight, wherewith in rage,
The gentle Earle he doometh to his death,
And greets his daughter with her louers hart.
Gismunda fills the goblet with her teares,
And drinkes a poison which she had distild,
Whereof she dies, whose deadly countenance
So grieues her Father, that he slew himselfe.

10

An

of Tancred and Gismund.

An other of the same more at large
in prose.



TANCRED king of Naples and Prince of Salerne, gaue his only daughter Gismund (whom he most dearely loued) in mariage to ²⁰ a foraine Prince, after whose death she returned home to her Father, who hauing felt great grieffe of hir absence whilst her husband liued, imme- surably esteeming her, determined neuer to suffer any second mariage to bereaue him of hir. She on the other side waxing wearie of that her fathers purpose, bent hir mind to the se- cret loue of the County Palurin: to whom (he being likewise inflamed with loue of her) by a Letter subtilly inclosed in a clouen cane, she gaue to vnderstand a conuenient waie for their desired meetings, through an old ruinous vault, whose ³⁰ mouth opened directly vnder her chamber floore. Into this vault when she was one day descended (for the conuaince of hir louer) hir father in the meane season (whose only ioy was in his daughter) came to hir chamber, and not finding her there, supposing her to haue bin walked abroad for hir di- sport, he threw him downe on hir bed, and covered his head with a curtain, minding to abide and rest there till hir re- turne. She nothing suspecting this hir fathers vnseasona- ble comming, brought vp hir louer out of the caue into hir chamber, where hir father espied their secret loue: and hee ⁴⁰ (not espied of them) was vpon this sight stricken with mer- uailous grieffe; but either for that the sodaine despight had amazed him, & taken from him all vse of speech, or for that he resolued himself to a more cōueniēt reuenge, he then spake nothing, but noted their returne into the vault, and secretly

The Tragedie

departed. Afterward bewailing his mishap, he commanded the Earle to be attached, imprisoned, strangled, vnbowelled, and his heart in a cup of golde to be presented to his daughter: she thankfully receiueth the present, filling the cuppe (wherein the heart was) with her teares, with a venimous 50
potion (by her distilled for that purpose) shee dranke to her Earle. Which her father hearing of, came too late to comfort his dying daughter, who for her last request besought him, that her louer and her selfe, might in one tombe be together buried, for a perpetuall memorie of their faithfull loues, which request he graunted, adding to the buriall, himselfe slaine with his owne hands, to his owne reproch, and the terror of all other hard hearted fathers.

Actus. i. Scæna. i.

i. i

Cupid commeth out of the heauens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth vpon the stage in a blew twist of silke, from his left hand Vaine hope, Brittle ioy. And with a carnation twist of silke from his right hand, Faire resemblance, Late Repentance.

Cupid. There rest my chariot on the mountaine tops,
I that in shape appeare vnto your sight
A naked boy, not cloathde but with my wings,
Am that great God of Loue, who with his might 10
Ruleth the wast wide world, and liuing things.
This left hand beares vaine hope, short ioyfull state,
With faire Resemblance, louers to allure,
This right hand holds Repentance all too late,
Warre, fire, blood, and paines without recure.
On sweete Ambrosia, is not my foode,
Nectar is not my drinke, as to the rest
„Of all the Gods: I drinke the louers blood,
„And

of Tancred and Gifmond.

- „And feed vpon the heart within his breast.
20 Well hath my power in heauen and earth bin tride,
And deepeft hell, my pearcing force hath knowen.
The marble seas, my wonders haue defcride,
Which elder age throughtout the world hath blowen.
To me, the king of Gods and men doth yeeld,
As witnes can the Greekiſh maide, whom I *Iſ.*
Made like a cow go lowing through the field,
Leaſt iealous Iuno ſhould the ſcape eſpie :
The doubled night, the Sunnes reſtrained courſe,
His ſecret ſtealths, the ſlander to eſchew, *Like to*
30 In ſhape transformd, we liſt not to diſcourſe. *Amphi-*
All that and more we forced him to do. *trio to*
The warlike Mars hath not ſubdude our might, *Alcmena.*
We feard him not, his furie nor diſdaine,
That can the Gods record : before whoſe fight
He laie faſt wrapt in Vulcans ſubtill chaine.
He that on earth yet hath not felt our power,
Let him behold the fall and cruell ſpoile
Of thee faire Troy, of Aſia the flower,
So foule deſaſt, and leueld with the foile.
40 Who forſt Leander with his naked breſt
So many nights to cut the frothie waues,
But Heroes loue, that lay incloſde in Seſt ?
The ſtoutest hearts to me ſhall yeeld them ſlaues.
Who could haue matcht the huge Alcides ſtrength, *Hercules.*
Great Macedon, what force might haue ſubdude ? *Alexand.*
Wiſe Scipio who ouercame at length,
But we, that are with greater force endude ?
Who could haue conquered the golden fleece
But Iaſon, aided by Medeaſ art ?
50 Who durſt haue ſtolne faire Helen out of Greece

The Tragedie

But I, with loue that boldned Paris heart?
What bond of nature, what restraint auailles
Against our power? I vouch to witnes truth.

Myrrha The Myrhe tree that with shamefast teares bewailes
Her fathers loue, still weepeth yet for ruth.
But now, this world not seeing in these daies,
Such present proofes of our al-daring power,
Disdaines our name, and seeketh fundrie waies,
To scorne and scoffe, and shame vs euerie houre,
A brat, a bastard, and an idle boy, 60
A rod, a staffe, a whip to beate him out,
And to be ficke of loue, a childish toy,
These are mine honors now the world about,
My name disgraft, to raise againe therefore,
And in this age, mine ancient renowme
By mightie acts, intending to restore,
Downe to the earth, in wrath now am I come.
And in this place, such wonders shall ye heare,
As these your stubborne, and disdainfull hearts,
In melting teares, and humble yeelding feare, 70
Shall soone relent by sight of others smarts.
This princely pallace, will I enter in,
And there inflame, the faire Gismunda, so
Inraging all her secret vaines within,
Through firie loue, that she shall feele much wo.
Too late repentance, thou shalt bend my bow.
Vaine hope, take out my pale dead heauie shaft,
Thou faire Resemblance, formost forth shalt go,
With Brittle ioy: my selfe will not be least,
But after me, comes death, and deadly paine. 80
Thus shall ye march, till we returne againe,
Meane while, sit still, and here I shall you shew

Such

of Tancred and Gismund.

Such wonders, that at last with one accord,
Ye shall relent, and saie that now ye know,
Loue rules the world, Loue is a mightie Lord, *Exit.*

*Cupid with his traine entereth into King Tan-
creds Pallace.*

*1. ii Gismunda in Purple commeth out of her Chamber, atten-
ded by foure maides that are the Chorus.*

90

Scæna. 2.

„ **O** Vaine, vnsteadfast state of mortall things, *Gismund.*
„ Who trusts this world, leans to a brittle stay,
„ Such fickle fruit, his flattering bloome forth
„ Ere it be ripe, it falleth to decay, (brings
The ioy and blisse that late I did possesse,
In weale at will, with one I loued best,
Is turned now into so deepe distresse,
As teacheth me to know the worlds vnrest.
For neither wit nor princely stomackes serue
100 Against his force that slaies without respect,
The noble and the wretch: ne doth referue,
So much as one, for worthines elect.
Ah me deare Lord, what well of teares may serue
To feed the streames of my foredulled eies,
To weepe thy death, as thy death doth deserue,
And waile thy want in full sufficing wise.
Ye lampes of heauen, and all ye heauenly powers,
Wherein did he procure your high disdaine,
He neuer sought with vast huge mounting towers
110 To reach aloft, and ouer-view your raigne,
Or what offence of mine was it vnwares,
That thus your furie should on me be throwen,
To

The Tragedie

To plague a woman with such endles cares,
I feare that enuie hath the heauens this showen.
The Sunne his glorious vertues did disdaine,
Mars at his manhood mightily repind,
Yea all the Gods no longer could sustaine,
Each one to be excelled in his kind.
For he my Lord surpast them euerie one,
Such was his honor all the world throughout, 120
But now my loue, oh whither art thou gone?
I know thy ghost doth houer here about,
Expecting me (thy heart) to follow thee:
And I (deare loue) would faine dissolue this strife,
But staie a while, I may perhaps foresee
Some meanes to be disburdend of this life,
„And to discharge the dutie of a wife,
„Which is, not onely in this life to loue,
„But after death her fancie not remoue.
Meane while accept of these our daily rites, 130
Which with my maidens I shall do to thee,
Which is, in songs to cheere our dying spirits
With hymnes of praifes of thy memorie.

Cantant.

Quæ mihi cantio nondum occurrit.

The Song ended,

*Tancred the King commeth out of his pallace with
his guard. Scæna. 3. I. iii*

Tancred. Faire daughter, I haue fought thee out with grieffe,
To ease the sorrowes of thy vexed heart. 140
How long wilt thou torment thy father thus?
Who daily dies to see thy needles teares,
Such bootlesse plaints that know nor meane nor end
Do but increase the flouds of thy lament,

And

of Tancred and Gismund.

And since the world knowes wel there was no want
In thee, of ought that did to him belong
Yet all thou seeft could not his life prolong.

Why thē doest thou prouoke the heauens to wrath?
His doome of death was dated by his ftarres,

150 „And who is he that may withstand his fate?
By these complaintes small good to him thou doest,
Much griefe to me, most hurt vnto thy selfe,
And vnto Nature greatest wrong of all.

Gif. Tell me not of the date of natures daies,
Then in the Aprill of her springing age:
No, no, it was my cruell destinie,
That spited at the pleasance of my life.

Tanc. My daughter knowes the prooffe of natures
„For as the heauens do guide the lamp of life (course
160 „So can they search no further forth the flame,
„Then whilst with oyle they do maintain the same.

Gif. Curst be the ftarres, and vanish may they curst,
Or fall from heauen, that in the dire aspect,
Abridgde the health and welfare of my loue.

Tanc. Gismund my ioy, fet all these griefes apart,
„The more thou art with hard mishap beset,
„The more thy patience should procure thine ease.

Gif. What hope of hap may cheere my haples chance
What sighs, what teares may counteruail my cares?
170 What should I do, but still his death bewaile,
That was the solace of my life and soule?

Now, now I want the wonted guide and stay
Of my desires, and of my wreaklesse thoughts,
My Lord, my loue, my life, my liking gone,
In whome was all the fulnes of my ioy,
To whom I gaue the first fruites of my loue,

B

Who

The Tragedie

Who with the comfort of his onely fight,
All cares and sorrowes could from me remoue.
But father, now my ioyes forepast to tel,
Doe but reuiue the horrors of my hell.

180

As she that seemes in darkenes to behold
The gladsome pleasures of the chearefull light.

Tanc. What then auailles thee fruitlesse thus to rue
His absence whom the heauens cannot returne:
Impartiall death thy husband did subdue,
Yet hath he spar'd thy kingly fathers life:

Who during life, to thee a double stay,
As father, and as husband will remaine,
With doubled loue to ease thy widowes want.

Of him whose want is cause of thy complaint,
Forbeare thou therefore al these needlesse teares,
That nippe the blossoms of thy beauties pride.

190

Gif. Father, these teares loue chalengeth of due.

Tan. But reason saith thou shouldst the same subdue.

Gif. His funerals are yet before my fight.

Tan. In endles mones Princes should not delight.

Gif. The turtle pines in losse of her true mate.

Tan. And so continues poore and desolate.

Gif. Who can forget a iewell of such price?

Tanc. She that hath learnd to master her desires.

200

„ Let reason worke that time doth easilie frame

„ In meanest wittes: to beare the greatest illes.

Gif. So plenteous are the springs

Of sorrowes that increase my passions,

As neither reason can recure my smart,

Nor can your care, nor fatherly comfort

Appease the stormie combats of my thoughts,

Such is the sweet remembrance of his life.

Then geue me leaue, of pittie pittie me,

of Tancred and Gismund.

210 And as I can I shall allay these griefes.

Tan. These solitarie walkes thou doest frequent,
Yeeld fresh occasions to thy secrete mones :

We wil therefore thou keep vs companie,
Leauing thy maidens with their harmonie.

Wend thou with vs, virgins withdraw your selues.

*Tan. and Gis. with the Gard, depart into the pallace, the
four maydens stay behind, as Chorus to the Tragædie.*

*The diuers haps which alwayes worke our care,
Our ioyes so farre, our woes so neere at hand,*

Chor. 1.

220 *Haue long ere this, and dayly doe declare*

The fickle foot on which our state doeth stand.

„ *Who plants his pleasures here to gather roote,*

„ *And hopes his happy life wil still endure,*

„ *Let him behold how death with stealing foote*

„ *Steps in, when he shall thinke his ioyes most sure.*

„ *No ransom serueth to redeem our daies.*

If prowess could preferue, or worthy deedes,

He had yet liu'd whose twelue labours displayes

His endlesse fame, and yet his honor spreades.

230 *And that great king that with so small a power*

Bereft the mightie Persian his crowne :

Doeth witnesse well our life is but a flower,

Though it be deckt with honor and renowne.

Alexan-
der.

„ *What growes to day in fauor of the heauen,*

Chor. 2.

„ *Nurft with the sun, and with the showers sweete,*

„ *Pluckt with the hand it withereth ere euen.*

„ *So passe our daies euen as the riuers fleete.*

The valiant Greekes that vnto Troya gaue

The tenne yeeres siege, left but their names behind.

240 *And he that did so long and onelie saue*

Hector.

His fathers walles, found there at last his end.

The Tragedie

Proud Rome her selfe, that whilome laid her yoke
On the wide world, and vanquisht all with warre,
Yet could she not remoue the fatall stroke
Of death, from them that stretcht her power so farre.

Chor. 3. *Looke what the cruell sisters once decreed*
The thunderer himselfe cannot remoue:
They are the Ladies of our destinie,
To worke beneath, what is conspirde aboue, 250
But happie he that ends this mortall life,
By speedie death, who is not forst to see,
The many cares, nor feele the sundrie griefes
Which we sustaine, in wo and miserie.
Heere Fortune rules, who when she list to play,
Whirleth her wheele, and brings the high full low,
To morow takes, what she hath giuen to daie,
To shew she can aduance, and ouer throw.
Not Euripus vnquiet floud so oft
Ebs in a daie, and floweth too and fro,
As Fortunes change, pluckes downe that was aloft, 260
And mingleth ioy, with enterchange of wo.

Chor. 4. „ Who liues below, and feeleth not the strokes,
„ Which often times on highest towers do fall,
„ Nor blustering winds, wherwith the strongest okes
Are rent and torne, his life is surste of all:
For he may scorne Fortune, that hath no power
On him, that is well pleasd with his estate.
He seeketh not her sweets, nor feares her sower,
But liues contented in his quiet rate,
And marking how these worldly things do wade, 270
Reioyceth to himselfe, and laughs to see
The folly of men, that in their wits haue made,
Fortune a goddesse, placed in the skie.

Finis Actus I. Exegit Rod. Staf.

of *Tancred and Gismund.*

II. i

Actus. 2. Scæna. 1.

DEare Aunt, my sole companion in distresse, *Gismund.*
And true copartner of my thoughtfull cares:
When with my selfe, I way my present state,
Comparing it with my forepassed daies,
280 New heapes of cares, afresh beginne t'assay
My pensive heart: as when the glittering raies,
Of bright *Phæbus*, are sodainely ore-spred,
With duskie clouds, that dim his golden light,
Namely, when I, laid in my widowes bed,
Amid the silence, of the quiet night,
With curious thought, the fleeting course obserue,
Of gladsome youth: how soone his flower decaies.
„How time once past, may neuer haue recourse,
„No more then may the running streames reuert,
290 „To climbe the hilles, when they bin rowled down
„The hollow vales, there is no curious art,
„Nor worldlie power, no not the gods can hold
„The sway of flying time, nor him returne
„When he is past: all things vnto his might
„Must bend, and yeeld, vnto the Iron teeth
„Of eating time: this in the shedy night,
When I record, how soone my youth withdrawes
It selfe away, how swift my pleasaunt spring
Runnes out his race, this this (Aunt) is the cause.
300 When I aduise me sadlie on this thing,
That makes my heart, in pensive dumps dismaid.
For if I should, my springing yeares neglect.
And suffer youth, fruitles to fade away:
Whereto liue I? or whereto was I borne?

The Tragedie

Wherefore hath nature deckt me with her grace?
Why haue I tasted the delights of loue?
And felt the sweets of Hymeneus bed?
But to say sooth (deare Aunt) it is not I
Sole and alone, can thus content to spend
My chearefull yeares : my father will not still 310
Prolong my mournings, which haue grieved him,
And pleased me too long. Then this I craue,
To be resolued of his princelie minde.
For, stode it with the pleasure of his will
To marrie me, my fortune is not such,
So hard, that I so long should still persist
Makelesse alone in wofull widowhood,
And shall I tell mine Aunt? come hether then,
Geue me that hand, by thine owne right hand,
I charge thy heart my counsels to conceale. 320
Late haue I seene, and seeing, tooke delight,
And with delight, I will not say, I loue,
A Prince, an Earle, a Countie in the Court.
But loue and duetie force me to refraine,
And driue away these fond affections,
Submitting them vnto my fathers heft.
But this (good Aunt) this is my chiefest paine,
Because I stand at such vncertaine stay :
For if my kinglie father would decree
His finall doome, that I must leade my life 330
Such as I doe, I would content me then
To frame my fancies to his princely heaft,
And as I might, endure the greefe thereof.
But now his silence doubleth all my doubts,
Whilest my suspitious thoughts twixt hope & feare,
Distract me into fundrie passions.

There-

of *Tancred and Gismund.*

Therefore (good Aunt) this labour must be yours,
To vnderstand my fathers will herein:
For wel I know your wisdome knowes the meanes,
340 So shall you both allay my stormie thoughts,
And bring to quiet my vnquiet mind.

Luc. Sufficeth this (good Neece) that you haue said,
For I perceiue what fundrie passions
Striue in your brest, which oftentimes ere this
Your countenance confused did bewray,
The ground whereof since I perceiue to grow
On iust respect of this your sole estate,
And skilfull care of fleeting youths decay,
Your wise foresight such sorrowing to eschew

350 I much commend, and promise as I may
To breake this matter, and impart your mind,
Vnto your father, and to worke it so,
As both your honor shal not be impeacht,
Nor he vnfatisfied of your desire.

Be you no farther greued, but returne
Into your chamber. I shall take this charge,
And you shall shortlie truely vnderstand
What I haue wrought, and what the king affirmes.

Gis. I leaue you to the fortune of my starres.

360 *Gis. departeth into her chamber, Luc. abiding on the stage.*

Luc. The heauens I hope will fauour your request.
My Neece shall not impute the cause to be
In my default, her will should want effect:
But in the king is all my doubt, least he
My suite for her new mariage should reiect.
Yet shall I proue him: and I heard it said,
He meanes this euening in the parke to hunt,
Here will I wait attending his approach.

Tancred

The Tragedie

Tancred commeth out of his Pallace with Guifzard the II. ii
Countie Palurine, Iulio the Lord Chamberlaine, Renu-
chio captaine of his Guard, all ready to hunt. 371

Scæna. 2.

Tancred. **V**Ncouple all our hounds: Lords to the chase:
Faire sifter Lucre, what's the newes with you?

Luc. Sir, as I alwaies haue imployd my power,
And faithfull seruice, such as lay in me,
In my best wife, to honour you and yours:
So now, my bounden dutie moueth me,
Your maiestie most humblie to intreat,
With patient eares, to vnderstand the state, 380
Of my pore neece, your daughter. *Tanc.* what of her?
Is she not well? Inioyes she not her health?
Say sifter, ease me of this iealous feare?

Lucr. She liues my Lord, & hath her outward helth,
But all the danger of her sicknes lies
In the disquiet of her princelie mind:

Tan. Resolue me? what afflicts my daughter so,

Lucr. Since when the Princes hath intoumb'd her
Her late diseased husband of renoune: (Lord
Brother, I see, and verie well perceiue, 390
She hath not clos'de together in his graue,
All sparkes of nature, kindnes, nor of loue:
But as she liues, so liuing may she feele,
Such passions as our tender hearts oppresse,
Subiect vnto th'impressions of desire:
For well I wot, my neece was neuer wrought,
Of Steele, nor carued from the stonie rocke,
Such stearne hardnes, we ought not to expect,
In her, whose princelie heart, and springing yeares,
Yet

of Tancred and Gismund.

400 Yet flowring in the chieftest heat of youth,
Is lead of force, to feed on such conceits,
As easilie befallles that age, which asketh ruth
Of them, whome nature bindeth by foresight
Of their graue yeares, and carefull loue to reach,
The things that are aboue their feeble force :
And for that cause, dread Lord although.

Tanc. Sister I say.

If you esteeme, or ought respect my life,
Her honor, and the welfare of our house,
410 Forbeare, and wade no further in this speech.
Your words, are wounds, I verie well perceiue,
The purpose of this smooth oration :
This I suspected, when you first began,
This faire discourse with vs : Is this the end
Of all our hopes, that we haue promised
Vnto our selfe, by this her widdowhood ?
Would our deare daughter, would our onely ioy,
Would she forsake vs ? would she leaue vs now ?
Before she hath closde vp, our dying eies,
420 And with her teares, bewaild our funerall ?
No other solace, doth her father craue,
But whilst the fates, maintaine his dying life,
Her healthfull presence, gladsome to his soule,
Which rather then he willing would for-goe,
His heart desires, the bitter tast of death :
Her late marriage, hath taught vs to our grieffe,
That in the fruits, of her perpetuall fight
Consists the onely comfort and reliefe,
Of our vnweldy age : for what delight
430 What ioy ? what comfort ? haue we in this world,
Now growen in yeares, and ouer-worne with cares,

The Tragedie

Subiect vnto the sodain stroke of death,
Already falling like the mellowed fruite,
And dropping by degrees into our graue.
But what reuiues vs? what maintaines our soule
Within the prison of our withered brest?
But our *Gismunda* and her chearefull sight.
O daughter, daughter, what desert of mine,
Wherein haue I beene so vnkind to thee?
Thou shouldst desire to make my naked house 440
Yet once againe stand desolate by thee?
O let such fanfies vanish with their thoughts,
Tell her I am her father, whose estate,
Wealth, honor, life, and all that we possesse,
Whollie relies vpon her presence here.
Tell her I must account her all my ioy,
Worke as she will: But yet she were vniust,
To haste his death that liueth by her sight
Lucr. Her gentle hart abhors such ruthles thoughts.
Tan. Then let her not geue place to these desires. 450
Lucr. She craues the right that nature chalengeth.
Tan. Tell her the king commaundeth otherwise.
Lucr. The kings cōmandment alwais should be iust.
Tan. What ere it be the kings commaund is iust.
Lucr. Iust to commaund: but iustlie must he charge.
Tanc. He chargeth iustlie that commands as king.
Lucr. The kings command concerns the body best.
Tan. The king commands obedience of the minde.
Lucr. That is exempted by the law of kinde,
Tan. That law of kind to children doth belong. 460
Lucr. In due obedience to their open wrong.
Tan. I then, as king and father, will commaund.
Lucr. No more then may with right of reason stand.
Tan.

of Tancred and Gismund.

Tan. Thou knowest our minde, resolute her, depart,
Returne the chase, we haue beene chac'd enough.

Tancred returneth into his pallace, & leaueth the hunt.

Luc. He cannot heare, anger hath stopt his eares.

And ouer-loue his iudgement hath decaide.

Ah my poore Neece, I shrewdly feare thy cause.

47^o Thy iust complaint shall neuer be relieu'd.

II. iii Gismunda commeth alone out of her chamber.

Scæna 3.

Gif. **B**Y this I hope my aunt hath mou'd the king.
And knows his mind, & makes return to me
To end at once all this perplexitie.

Lo where she stands. Oh how my trembling heart

In doubtfull thoughts panteth within my brest.

For in her message doth relie my smart,

Or the sweet quiet of my troubled minde.

48^o *Luc.* Neece, on the point you lately willed me

To treat of with the king in your behalfe,

I brake euen now with him so farre, till he

In sodain rage of grieffe, ere I scarce had

My tale out tolde, praid me to stint my suite,

As that from which his minde abhorred most.

And well I see his fansie to refute,

Is but displeasure gainde, and labor lost.

So firmly fixed stands his kingly will,

That til his body shalbe lai d in graue,

49^o He will not part from the desired sight

Of your presence, which silder he should haue,

If he had once allied you againe,

In marriage to any prince or peere.

The Tragedie

This is his finall resolution.

Gif. A resolution that resolues my blood
Into the Ice-fie drops of Lethes flood,

Luc. Therefore my counsel is, you shall not sturre,
Nor further wade in such a case as this :

But since his will, is grounded on your loue,
And that it lies in you, to faue or spill, 500

His old fore-wasted age : you ought t'eschew,
The thing that greeues so much his crazed heart,

And in the state you stand, content your selfe :

And let this thought, appease your troubled mind,

That in your hands, relies your fathers death,

Or blisfull life, and since without your fight,

He cannot liue, nor can his thoughts indure,

Your hope of marriage, you must then relent,

And ouer-rule these fond affections :

Least it be said, you wrought your fathers end. 510

Gif. Deare Aunt, I haue with patient eares indurde,
The hearing of my fathers hard behest :

And since I see, that neither I my selfe,

Nor your request, can so preuaile with him,

Nor anie sage aduice perswade his mind

To grant me my desire, In willing wise,

I must submit me vnto his command,

And frame my heart to serue his maiestie.

And (as I may) to driue awaie the thoughts

That diuersly distract my passions, 520

Which as I can, Ile labour to subdue,

But sore I feare, I shall but toile in vaine,

Wherein (good Ant) I must desire your paine.

Luc. What lies in me by comfort or aduice,

I shall discharge with all humilitie.

Gismund and Lucre depart into Gismunds chamber.

of *Tancred and Gismund.*

Chorus primus.

Who markes our former times and present yeres,
What we are now, and lookes what we haue bin,
530 He cannot but lament with bitter teares,
The great decay and change of all women.
For as the world wore on and waxed olde,
So vertue quaild, and vice began to grow.
So that, that age, that whilome was of golde,
Is worse than brasse, more vile than yron now,
The times were such, that if we ought beleuee
Of elder daies) women examples were,
Of rare vertues: Lucre disdained to liue
Longer then chaste: and boldly without feare
540 Tooke sharpe reuenge on her inforced heart,
With her owne hands: for that it not withstood
The wanton will, but yeelded to the force
Of proud *Tarquin*, who bought hir fame with blood.
Queene *Artemissa* thought an hepe of stones,
Chor. 2.
(Although they were the wonder of that age)
A worthlesse graue, wherein to rest the bones
Of her deare Lord, but with bold courage,
She dranke his heart, and made her louely breast
His tombe, and failed not of wifely faith,
550 Of promist loue, and of her bound behest,
Vntill she ended had her daies by death.
Vlysses wife (such was her stedfastnesse)
Abode his slow returne whole twentie yeeres:
And spent her youthfull daies in pensiuenes,
Bathing her widdowes bed with brinish teares.
The stout daughter of *Cato Brutus* wife, *Portia*
Chor. 3
When she had heard his death, did not desire
Longer to liue: and lacking vse of knife,

The Tragedie

(A most strange thing) ended her life by fire,
And eat whot burning coales: O worthy dame! 560

O vertues worthy of eternall praise!

The flood of Lethe cannot wash out thy fame,
To others great reproach, shame, and dispraise.

Chor. 4. *Rare are those vertues now in womens mind,
Where shall we seeke such iewels passing strange?
Scarse can you now among a thousand finde
One woman stedfast: all delight in change.
Marke but this princeesse that lamented here,
Of late so sore her noble husbands death,
And thought to liue alone without a pheare, 570
Behold how soone she changed hath that breath.
I thinke those Ladies that haue liu'd t ofore,
A mirror and a glasse to womenkinde,
By those their vertues they did set such store,
That vnto vs they none bequeath'd behinde.
Els in so many yeeres we might haue seene
As vertuous as euer they haue beene.*

Chor. 1. Yet let not vs maydens condemne our kinde,
Because our vertues are not all so rare:
For we may freshly yet record in minde, 580
There liues a virgin, one without compare:
Who of all graces hath her heauenly share.
In whose renowme, and for whose happie daies,
Let vs record this Pæan of her praise.

Cantant.

Finis Actus 2. Per Hen. No.

Actus. 3. Scæna. 1.

III. i

Cupid. **S**O, now they feel what lordly loue can d
that proudly practise to deface his nam

of Tancred and Gismund.

590 In vaine they wrastle with so fierce a foe,
of little sparkes arise a blazing flame.
„ By small occasions loue can kindle heate,
„ and wast the Oken brest to cinder dust :
Gismund I haue entised to forget
her widdowes weedes, and burne in raging lust :
Twas I enforst her father to denie
her second marriage to any peere :
Twas I allur'd her once againe to trie
the sower sweetes that Louers buy too deere.

600 The Countie *Palurin*, a man right wise,
a man of exquisite perfections :
I haue like wounded with her pearfing eyes,
and burnt her heart with his reflections.
These two shall ioy in tasting of my sweete,
to make them proue more feelingly the greefe
That bitter brings: for when their ioyes shall fleete,
their dole shalbe increast without releefe.
Thus loue shall make worldlings to know his might,
thus loue shall force great princes to obey.

610 Thus loue shall daunt each proud rebelling spirite,
thus loue shall wreake his wrath on their decay.
Their ghostes shall doe black hell to vnderstand,
how great and wonderfull a God is Loue :
And this shall learne the Ladies of this lande,
with patient mindes his mighty power to proue.
From whence I did descend now will I mount,
to Ioue, and all the Gods in their delights :
In throne of triumph there will I recount,
how I by sharpe reuenge on mortall wights,
620 Haue taught the earth, and learned hellish spirites
to yeeld with feare their stubburn hearts to loue :

Left

The Tragedie

Least their disdain, his plagues and vengeance proue
Cupid remounteth into the heauens.

Lucrece commeth out of Gismunds Chamber solitary. III. ii

Scæna. 2.

Luc. **P**itie, that moueth euery gentle heart,
To rue their griefs, that be distrest in pain,
Inforceth me, to waile my neeces smart,
Whose tender brest, no long time may sustaine,
The restless toyle, that her vnquiet mind, 630
Hath caufd her feeble bodie to indure,
But why it is, (alacke) I must not find,
Nor know the man, by whome I might procure
Her remedie, as I of dutie ought,
As to the law of kindshipp, doth belong,
With carefull heart, the secret meanes I sought,
Though small effect, is of my trauell sprong:
Full often as I durst, I haue assaid,
With humble words, the princes to require,
To name the man, which she hath so denaid, 640
That it abasht me, further to desire, (ceed,
Or aske from whence, those cloudie thoughts pro-
Whose stonie force: that smokie sighs forth send,
Is liuelie witnes, how that carefull dread,
And hot desire, within her doe contend:
Yet she denies, what she confest of yore,
And then conioynd me, to conceale the same:
She loued once, (she faith) but neuer more,
Nor euer will, her fancie thereto frame:
Though daily, I obserued in my brest, 650
What sharpe conflicts, disquiet her so sore,
That

of Tancred and Gismund.

That heavy sleep cannot procure her rest,
But fearefull dreames present her euermore
Most hideous fights her quiet to molest.
That starting oft therwith she doth awake,
To muse vpon those fancies which torment
Her thoughtfull heart with horror, that doth make
Her cold chil sweat break foorth incontinent
From her weake lims: and while the quiet night
660 Geues others rest, she turning to and fro
Doth wish for day. But when the day brings light,
She keepes her bed, there to record her woe.
As soon as when she riseth flowing teares
Stream down her chekes, immixt with dedly grones
Whereby her inward sorow so appeares,
That as salt teares the cruell cause bemones.
In case she be constrained to abide
In preace of company, she scarcely may
Her trembling voice restraine it be not spied
670 From careful plaints her sorrowes to bewray.
By which restraint the force doth so increase,
When time and place geue liberty to plaine.
That as small streames from running neuer cease,
Til they returne into the seas againe:
So her laments we feare wil not amend,
Before they bring her Princely life to end.
To others talke when as she should attend,
Her heaped cares her senses so oppresse,
That what they speak, or wherto their words tende
680 She knowes not, as her answeres do expresse.
Her chiefe delight is stil to be alone,
Her pensiuue thoughts within themselues debate,
But whereupon this restlesse life is growen,

The Tragedie

Since I know not nor how the same t'abate.
I can no more but wish it as I may,
That he which knowes it would the same allay,
For which the Muses with my song shal pray.

After the song, which was by report very sweetely repeated of the Chorus, Lucrece departeth into Gismunds chamber, and Guiszhard commeth out of the III. iii Pallace with Iulio & Renuchio, gentlemen, to whom he turneth, and saith.

Scæna. 3.

Guif. **L**eaue me my frends, this solitarie walke
Intiseth me to breake your companie.
Leaue me my frends, I can endure no talk.
Let me intreat this common curtesie.

The Gentlemen depart.

WHAT greuous pain they dure which neither may
Forget their Loues, ne yet enioy their loue. 700
I know by prooffe, and daily make assay,
Though Loue hath brought my Ladies hart to loue
My faithfull loue with like loue to requite :
This doeth not quench, but rather cause to flame
The creeping fire, which spreading in my brest
With raging heat, graunts me no time of rest.
If they bewaile their cruell destenie,
Which spend their loue wher they no loue can find
Wel may I plaine, since Fortune haleth me
To this torment of far more greuous kind. 710
Wherein I feele as much extremitie,
As may be felt in body or in minde.
For by that sight which should recure my paine,
My sorowes are redoubled all in vaine.
Now I perceiue that only I alone
Am her belou'd, her lookes assure me so :

of Tancred and Gismund.

The thought thereof prouokes me to bemone
Her heauy plight that greeueth at my woe.
This entercourse of our affections :

720 I her to serue, she thus to honor me,
Bewraies the trueth of our elections,
Delighting in this mutual sympathie.
Thus loue for loue intreates the Queen of loue,
That with her help Loues solace we may proue.
I see my mistres seekes as well as I
To stay the strife of her perplexed mind :
Full faine she would our secrete companie,
If she the wished way therof might finde.

Heauens haue ye seen, or hath the age of man
730 Recorded such a myracle as this ?
In equall loue two noble harts to frame,
That neuer spake one with anothers blisse,
I am assured that she doth assent,
To my reliefe that I should reape the same,
If she could frame the meanes of my content,
Keeping her selfe from danger of defame.
In happy houre right now I did receiue
This cane from her: which gift though it be small,
Receiuing it what ioyes I did conceiue,

740 Within my fainting spirits therewithall,
Who knoweth loue aright may wel conceaue,
By like aduentures that to them befall.
„ For needs the Louer must esteeme that well,
„ Which comes from her with whom his hart doth
Assuredly it is not without cause (dwel.
She gaue me this : something she meant thereby :
For therewithall I might perceiue her pause
Awhile, as though some waightie thing did lie

The Tragedie

Vpon her heart, which he conceald, becaufe
The standers by should not our loues descric, 750
This clift bewraies that it hath been disclosde.
Perhaps herein she hath something inclosde.

He breakes it.

O thou great thunderer! who would not serue,
Where wit with beautie chofen haue their place,
Who could deuise more wisely to conferue
Things from suspect? O *Venus*, for this grace
That daines me, all vnworthy, to deserue
So rare a loue, in heauen I should thee place.
This sweet letter some ioyfull newes conteines. 760
I hope it brings recure to both our paines.

He reades it.

*Mine owne, as I am yours, whose heart (I know)
No lesse then mine, for lingering help of woe
Doth long too long: Loue tendering your case
And mine, hath taught recure of both our pain.
My chamber floure doth hide a caue, where was
An olde vantes mouth: the other in the plaine
Doeth rise Southward, a furlong from the wall,
Descend you there. This shall suffice. And so 770
I yeeld my selfe, mine honor, life and all,
To you. Vse you the same as there may grow
Your blisse and mine (mine Earle) and that the same
Free may abide from danger of defame.
Farewell, and fare so well as that your ioy
Which onely can, may comfort mine annoy.*

Yours more then his owne, Gismund.

O blisful chance my forowes to affwage.
Wonder of nature, maruell of our age,
Comes this from *Gismund*? did she thus infold 780
This letter in the cane? may it be so?

of Tancred and Gismund.

It were too sweet a ioy, I am deceu'd.
Why shall I doubt, did she not giue it me?
Therewith she smilde, she ioyde, she raught the cane
And with her owne sweet hand she gaue it me:
And as we danst, she dallied with the cane,
And sweetly whispered I should be her king,
And with this cane the scepter of our rule,
Command the sweets of her surpris'd heart.

790 Therewith she raught from her alluring lockes,
This golden tresse, the fauour of her grace,
And with her owne sweet hand she gaue it me.
O peereles Queene, my ioy, my hearts decree;
And thou faire Letter, how shall I welcome thee:
Both hand and pen wherewith thou written wert,
Blest may ye be, such solace that impart,
And blessed be this cane, and he that taught
Thee to descric the hidden entrie thus:
Not onely through a darke and dreadfull vault,
800 But fire and sword, and through what euer be,
Mistres of my desires, I come to thee.

Guiszard departeth in hast vnto the pallace.

Chorus. 1.

Right mightie is thy power, O cruell Loue,
High Ioue himselfe cannot resist thy bow,
Thou sent'st him down, euen frō the heauens aboue,
In fundrie shapes here to the earth below,
Then how shall mortall men escape thy dart?
The feruent flame, and burning of thy fire?
810 Since that thy might is such, and since thou art,
Both of the seas and land the Lord and fire.
But why doth he that sprung from Ioues high head? Chor. 2.
And Phœbus sister shene, despise thy power?

The Tragedie

Ne feares thy bow? why haue they alwaies led
A maiden life, and kept vntoucht the flowre?
Why doth *Ægistus* loue? and to obtaine
His wicked wil, conspires his vncles death,
Or why doth Phædra burne? for whom is slaine
Theseus chaste sonne? or Helen false of faith?

„ For Loue assaults not but the idle heart, 820
„ And such as liue in pleasure and delight,
„ He turne th oft their gladfome ioyes to smart,
„ Their play to plaint, their sport into despite,
Tis true that *Dian* chaseth with her bow,

Chor. 3. The flying Hart, the Goat and fomie Bore,
By hil, by dale, in heat, in frost, in snow,
She recketh not, but laboureth euermore.

Loue seeks not her, ne knoweth where her to finde,
Whil'st *Paris* kept his heard on Ida downe
Cupid nere sought him out, for he is blinde. 830

But when he left the field to liue in towne,
He fel into his snare, and brought that brand
From Greece to Troy, which after set on fire
Strong Ilium, and al the Phryges land.

„ Such are the fruites of loue, such is his hire.

Chor. 4. Who yeeldeth vnto him his captiue heart,
Ere he resist, and holds his open breast

Withouten war to take his bloody dart,
Let him not thinke to shake off when him list
His heauy yoke. „ Resist his first assault, 840

„ Weake is his bow, his quenched brand is cold,
„ Cupid is but a child, and cannot daunt
„ The minde that beares him, or his vertues bold.
But he geues poyson so to drinke in golde.

And hideth vnder pleasant baites his hooke,

But

of Tancred and Gismund.

But ye beware, it wil be hard to hold
Your greedy minds, but if ye wisely looke
What flie snake lurkes vnder those flowers gay,
But ye mistrust some clowdie smokes, and feare
850 A stormy shower after so faire a day.
Ye may repent, and buy your pleasure deare,
For seldome times is Cupid wont to send
„ Vnto an idle loue a ioyful end.

Finis Actus 3. G. Al.

IV. i

*Before this Act Megæra riseth out of hell, with the o-
ther Furies, Alecto and Tyssiphone, dauncing an
hellish round: which done she saith.*

Actus. 3. Scæna. 1.

860 **S**ifters be gone, bequeath the rest to me,
That yet belongs vnto this Tragædie.

The two Furies depart down.

Vengeance and death from foorth the deepest hell
I bring the cursed house where *Gismund* dwels.
Sent from the grislie god that holds his raigne
In Tartars vglie Realm, where Pelops fire
(Who with his own sonnes flesh whom he had slain
Did feast the Gods) with famin hath his hire.
To gape and catch at flying fruites iu vaine,
And yeelding waters to his gasping throte,
870 Where stormie *Æoles* sonne with endlesse paine
Rowles vp the rock: where *Titius* hath his lot
To feede the Gripe that gnawes his growing heart.
Where proud *Ixion* wherled on the wheele,

Pursues

The Tragedie

Purfues himfelfe : where due deferued smart
The damned Ghosts in burning flame do feele,
From thence I mount : thither the winged God,
Nephew to Atlas, that vpholds the skie,
Of late downe from the earth, with golden rod,
To Stigian Firrie, Salerne foules did guide, 880
And made report, how Loue that lordly boy,
Highly difdaining his renownes decay,
Slipt downe from heauen, haue fild with fickle ioy,
Gismunds heart, and made her throw awaie
Chaftnes of life, to her immortall fhame,
Minding to fhew by prooffe of her foule end,
Some terror vnto thofe that fcorne his name.
Blacke Pluto (that once found Cupid his friend
In winning Ceres daughter Queene of hels)
And Parthie moued by the griued Ghost
Of her late husband, that in Tartar dwels, 890
Who praid due paines for her, that thus hath loft
All care of him, and of her chaftitie,
The Senate then of hell by graue aduice
Of Minos, Æac, and of Radamant,
Commands me draw this hatefull aire, and rife
Aboue the earth, with dole and death to dant
The pride and present ioyes, wherewith thefe two
Feed their difdained hartes, which now to do
Behold I come, with instruments of death.
This ftinging fnake which is of hate and wrath, 900
Ile fixe vpon her fathers heart full faft,
And into hers, this other will I caft,
Whofe rankling venome fhall infect them fo
With enuious wrath, and with recureleffe wo
Each fhall be others plague and ouerthrow.

„Furies

of Tancred and Gismund.

„Furies must aide when men surcease to know
„Their gods: and hel sends foorth reuenging paine
908 , On those whom shame from sin cannot restraine.

IV. ii Megæra entred into the pallace, and meeteth with
Tancred comming out of Gismunds chamber
with Renuchio and Iulia, vpon whom she thro-
weth her Snake.

Scæna. 2.

Tan. **G**ODs are ye guyds of iustice and reuenge?
GO thou great Thunderer, doest thou be-
holde

With watchful eyes the subtile scapes of men
Hardned in shame, fear'd vp in the desire
Of their owne lustes: why then dost thou withhold
920 The blast of thy reuenge? why doest thou graunt
Such liuely breath, such lewd occasion
To execute their shamelesse villanie?
Thou, thou art cause of al this open wrong,
Thou that forbear'st thy vengeance all too long,
If thou spare them raine then vpon my head
The fulnesse of thy plagues with deadly ire,
To reauē this ruthfull soule, who all too fore
Burnes in the wrathfull torments of reuenge.
O earth the mother of each liuing wight,
930 Open thy wombe, deuour this withered corps,
And thou O hel, (if other hel there be
Then that I feele) receiue my soule to thee.
O daughter, daughter, wherefore do I grace
Her with so kind a name? O thou fond girle,
The shamefull ruine of thy fathers house,

The Tragedie

Is this my hoped ioy? is this the stay
Must glad my grieffe-ful yeares that wast away?
For life which first thou didst receiue from me,
Ten thousand deaths shal I receiue by thee?
For al the ioyes I did repose in thee, 940
Which I (fond man) did settle in thy fight,
Is this my recompence? that I must see
The thing so shameful, and so villanous.
That would to God this earth had swalowed
This worthlesse burthen into lowest deepes,
Rather then I (accursed) had beheld
The fight that howerly maffacars my life.
O whether, whether flyest thou foorth my soule?
O whether wandreth my tormented mind?
Those paines that make the miser glad of death 950
Haue ceaz'd on me, and yet I cannot haue
What villains may commaund, a speedie death.
Whom shal I first accuse for this outrage?
That God that guideth all, and guideth so
This damned dede. Shal I blaspheme their names?
The gods the authors of this spectacle:
Or shal I iustly curse that cruel starre
Whose influence assigned this destinie?
But nay, that traitor, shal that vile wretch liue
By whom I haue receau'd this iniurie? 960
Or shal I longer make account of her
That fondly prostitutes her widowes shame?
I haue bethought me what I shall request.

He kneeles.

On bended knees, with hands heau'd vp to he auen
This (sacred senate of the Gods) I craue,
First on the traytor your counsming ire:

Next

of *Tancred and Gismund.*

Next, on the curfed strumpet dire reuenge :
Laft, on my felfe, the wretched father, flame.

970

He rifeth.

Oh could I ftampe, and therewithall commaund
Armies of Furies to affift my heart,
To profecute due vengeance on their foules.
Heare me my frends, but as ye loue your liues,
Replie not to me, hearken and ftand amaz'd,
When I (as is my wont) oh fond delight,
Went foorth to feek my daughter, now my death,
Within her chamber (as I thought) ſhe was,
But there I found her not, I demed then
980 For her difport ſhe and her maidens were
Downe to the garden walkt to comfort them,
And thinking thus, it came into my mind
There all alone to tarry her returne :
And thereupon I (wearie) threw my felfe
Vpon her widdowes bed (for fo I thought)
And in the curten wrapt my curfed head.
Thus as I lay anon I might beholde
Out of the vault vp through her chamber floore
My daughter *Gismund* bringing hand in hande
990 The Countie *Palurin*, alas it is too true,
At her beds feete this traitor made me fee
Her ſhame, his treafon, and my deadly grieſe.
Her Princelie body yeelded to this theefe.
The high deſpite wherof ſo wounded me
That traunce-like, as a ſenceles ſtone I lay,
For neither wit, nor tongue could vſe the meane
T'exprefſe the paſſions of my pained heart.
Forceleſſe, perforce, I funke downe to this paine,
As greedie famin doth conſtraine the hauke,

The Tragedie

Peecemeale to rent and teare the yeelding praie : 1000
So far'd it with me in that heauie ffound,
But now what shal I doe? how may I seeke
To ease my minde that burneth with desire
Of dire reuenge? For neuer shal my thoughts
Graunt ease vnto my heart, til I haue found
A meane of vengeance to requite his paines,
That first conueyd this fight vnto my soule.

Tan. Renuchio.

Renu. What is your Highnes will?

Tan. Call my daughter : my heart boyles till I see 1010
Her in my fight, to whom I may discharge
All the vnrest that thus distempereth me.
Should I destroy them both? O gods ye know
How neere and deere our daughter is to vs.
And yet my rage perfwades me to imbrue
My thirstie hands in both their trembling bloods,
Therewith to coole my wrathful furies heate.
But Nature, why repin'st thou at this thought?
Why should I thinke vpon a fathers debt
To her that thought not on a daughters due? 1020
But stil me thinks if I should see her die,
And therewithall reflexe her dying eyes
Vpon mine eyes, that fight would slit my heart.
Not much vnlike the Cocatrice, that slaies
The obiect of his foule infections.
Oh what a conflict doth my mind endure?
Now fight my thoughts against my passions :
Now striue my passions against my thoughts.
Now sweates my heart, now chil cold falles it dead.
Helpe heauens, and succour ye Celestiall powers, 1030
Infuse your secrete vertue on my soule.

shall

of Tancred and Gismund.

Shall nature winne? shall iustice not preuaile?

Shall I (a king) be proued partiall?

„ How shall our Subiects then insult on vs,

„ When our examples (that are light to them)

„ Shall be eclipsed with our proper deedes?

And may the armes be rented from the tree?

The members from the body be disseuer'd?

And can the heart endure no violence?

1040 My daughter is to me mine onlie heart,

My life, my comfort, my continuance,

Shall I be then not only so vnkinde

To passe all natures strength, and cut her off.

But therewithall so cruell to my selfe,

Against all law of kinde to shred in twaine

The golden threed that doth vs both maintaine.

But were it that my rage should so commaund,

And I consent to her vntimelie death,

Were this an end to all our miseries?

1050 No, no, her ghost wil still pursue our life.

And from the deep her bloodles gastsfull spirit

Wil as my shadow in the shining day,

Follow my footsteps till she take reuenge.

I will doe thus therefore: the traitor dies,

Because he scornd the fauor of his king,

And our displeasure wilfullie incurde:

His slaughter, with her sorow for his blood,

Shall to our rage supplie delightfull foode.

Iulio.

1060 *Iul.* What ist your Maiestie commaunds?

Tan. Iulio, if we haue not our hope in vaine,

Nor all the trust we doe repose in thee:

Now must we trie if thou approue the same.

The Tragedie

Herein thy force and wisdom we must see,
For our command requires them both of thee.

Iul. How by your Graces bounty I am bound,
Beyond the common bond wherein each man
Stands bound vnto his king, how I haue found
Honor and wealth by fauor in your fight,
I doe acknowledge with most thankfull minde. 1070

My truth (with other meanes to serue your Grace,
What euer you in honor shall assigne)

Hath sworne her power true vassall to your heft,
For prooffe let but your Maiestie command
I shall vnlock the prison of my soule,

(Although vnkindlie horror would gaine-say)

Yet in obedience to your Highnes will,

By whom I hold the tenor of this life,

This hand and blade wil be the instruments,

To make pale death to grapple with my heart. 1080

Tan. Wel, to be short (for I am greeu'd too long

By wrath without reuenge) I thinke you know

Whilom a Pallace builded strong

For warre, within our Court, where dreadlesse peace

Hath planted now a weaker entrance.

But of that pallace yet one vault remaines,

Within our Court, the secret way whereof

Is to our daughter *Gismunds* chamber laide :

There is also another mouth hereof,

Without our wall : which now is ouergrown, 1090

But you may finde it out, for yet it lies

Directly South a furlong from our place :

It may be knowen, hard by an auncient stoope,

Where grew an Oke in elder daies decaide,

There wil we that you watch, there shall you see

A vil-

of Tancred and Gismund.

A villain traitor mount out of a vault :
Bring him to vs, it is th'Earle *Palurin*,
What is his fault neither shal you enquire,
Nor list we to disclose, these cursed eyes
1100 Haue seene the flame, this heart hath felt the fire
That cannot els be quencht but with his blood.
This must be done : this will we haue you do.
Iul. Both this, and els what euer you thinke good.
Iulio departeth into the Pallace.

IV. iii *Renugio bringeth Gismund out of her chamber, to
whom Tancred saith.*

Scæna 3.

Renugio depart, leaue vs alone.

Exit Renugio.

1110 Gismund, if either I could cast aside
All care of thee : or if thou wouldst haue had
Some care of me, it would not now betide
That either thorow thy fault my ioy should fade,
Or by thy folly I should beare the paine
Thou hast procur'd : but now tis neither I
Can shun the grieffe : whom thou hast more thẽ slain
Nor maist thou heale, or ease the grieuous wound,
Which thou hast geuen me. That vntained life
Wherein I ioy'd, and thought it thy delight,
1120 Why hast thou lost it? Can it be restor'd?
Where is thy widdowhood, there is thy shame.
Gismund, it is no mans, nor mens report,
That haue by likely proofes enformd me thus.
Thou knowest how hardly I could be induc'd

To

The Tragedie

To vex my selfe, and be displeasde with thee,
With flying tales of flattering Sicophants.
No, no, there was in vs such fetled trust
Of thy chaste life, and vncorrupted minde:
That if these eyes had not beheld thy shame,
In vaine ten thousand censures could haue tolde, 1130
That thou didst once vnprincelike make agree
With that vile traitor Countie *Palurin*.
Without regard had to thy selfe or me,
Vnshamefastly to staine thy state and mine.
But I vnhappiest haue beheld the same,
And seeing it, yet feele th'exceding grieffe
That slaies my heart with horror of that thought.
Which grieffe commandes me to obey my rage,
And Iustice vrgeth some extreame reuenge,
To wreake the wrongs that haue been offred vs. 1140
But Nature that hath lockt within thy brest
Two liues: the same inclineth me to spare
Thy bloud, and so to keep mine owne vnspilt.
This is that ouerweening-loue I beare
To thee vnduetifull, and vnderferued.
But for that traitor, he shal surelie die,
For neither right nor nature doth intreat
For him, that wilfully without all awe
Of gods, or men, or of our deadly hate,
Incurde the iust displeasure of his king. 1150
And to be briefe, I am content to know
What for thy selfe thou canst obiect to vs,
Why thou shouldst not together with him die,
So to asswage the griefes that ouerthrow
Thy fathers heart.
Gif. O king, and father, humbly geue her leaue

To

of Tancred and Gismund.

To plead for grace, that stands in your disgrace.
Not that she reckes this life: for I confesse
I haue deseru'd, when so it pleaseth you,
1160 To die the death. Mine honor and my name
(As you suppose) distained with reproach,
And wel contented shall I meet the stroke
That must disseuer this detested head
Frō these lewd limmes. But this I wish were known
That now I liue not for my selfe alone.
For when I saw that neither my request,
Nor the intreatie of my carefull Aunt,
Could winne your Highnes pleasure to our will:
,, Then Loue, heate of the heart, life of the soule,
1170 ,, Fed by desire, increasing by restraint,
Would not endure controlment any more:
But violently enforst my feeble heart.
(For who am I alas, still to resist
Such endlesse conflicts) To relent and yeelde
Therewith I chose him for my Lord and pheare.
Guiszard mine Earle that holds my loue full deare,
Then if it be so setled in your mind,
He shall not liue because he dar'd to loue
Your daughter. Thus I geue your Grace to know
1180 Within his heart there is inclosde my life.
Therefore O father, if that name may be
Sweet to your eares, and that we may preuaile
By name of father, that you fauour vs.
But otherwise, if now we cannot finde
That which our falsed hope did promise vs.
Why then proceed, and rid our trembling hearts
Of these suspitions: since neither in this case
His good deserts in seruice to your Grace,

F

Which

The Tragedie

Which alwaies haue bin iust, nor in desires
May mittigate the cruel rage of grieffe. 1190
That straines your heart, but that mine Earl must die
Then all in vaine you aske what I can say
Why I should liue, sufficeth for my part
To say I wil not liue, and so resolute.
Tan. Dar'st thou so desperat decree thy death?
Gif. A dreadles heart delites in such decrees.
Tan. Thy kind abhorreth such vnkindly thoughts.
Gif. Vnkindly thoughts they are to them that liue
In kindly loue. *Tan.* As I doe vnto thee.
Gif. To take his life who is my loue to me. 1200
Tan. Haue I then lost thy loue? *Gif.* If he shal lose
His life, that is my loue. *Tan.* Thy loue. Be gone.
Returne vnto thy chamber. *Gif.* I wil goe.
Gismund departeth to her chamber.

Iulio with his gard bringeth in the County Pal. prisoner IV. iv
Scæna. 4.

Iu. **I**F it please your highnes hither haue we broght
This captiue Earl as you commanded vs.
Whō (as we wer fortold) euen there we found
Where by your maiesty we were inioin'd 1210
To watch for him. What more your highnes willes,
This heart and hand shal execute your heft.
Tan. Iulio we thank your paines. Ah Palurin,
Haue we deserued in such traiterous sort
Thou shouldst abuse our kingly courtesies,
Which we too long in fauor haue bestowed
Vpon thy false-dissembling hart with vs.
What grief thou therewithal hast throwen on vs
What

of Tancred and Gismund.

- What shame vpon our house, what dire distresse,
1220 Our foul endures, cannot be vttered.
And durst thou villen dare to vndermine
Our daughters chamber, durst thy shameles face
Be bolde to kisse her : th'rest we wil conceale.
Sufficeth that thou knowest I too wel know
All thy proceedings in thy priuat shames.
Herin what hast thou wonne? thine own content,
With the displeasure of thy Lord and king.
The thought whereof if thou hadst had in mind
The least remorse of loue and loyaltie
1230 Might haue restraind thee from so foule a fact.
But Palurin, what may I deem of thee,
Whom neither feare of gods, nor loue of him
(Whose Princely fauor hath been thine vpreare)
Could quench the fewel of thy lewd desires.
Wherfore content thee that we are resolu'd
(And therefore laid to snare thee with this bayt)
That thy iust death, with thine effused blood,
Shal coole the heate and choler of our mood.
Guiz. My Lord the king, neither do I mislike
1240 Your sentence, nor do your smoking fighes
Reacht from the entrals of your boiling heart,
Disturbe the quiet of my calmed thoughts :
For this I feele, and by experience proue,
Such is the force and endlesse might of loue,
As neuer shal the dread of carren death
That hath enuide our ioyes, inuade my brest,
For if it may be found a fault in me
(That euermore haue lou'd your Maiestie)
Likewise to honor and to loue your child,
1250 If loue vnto you both may be a fault,

The Tragedie

But vnto her my loue exceedes compare,
Then this hath been my fault, for which I ioy
That in the greatest lust of all my life,
I shall submitte for her sake to endure
The pangues of death. Oh mighty Lord of loue
Strengthen thy vassall, boldlie to receaue
Large wounds into this body for her sake.
Then vse my life or death, my Lord and king,
For your reliefe to ease your griued soule :
For whether I liue, or els that I must die, 1260
To end your paines I am content to beare :
Knowing by death I shall bewray the trueth
Of that sound heart which liuing was her owne,
And died aliuie for her that liued mine,
Tan. Thine *Palurin*, what, liues my daughter thine ?
Traitor thou wrongst me, for she liueth mine.
Rather I wish ten thousand fundrie deaths,
Then I to liue and see my daughter thine.
Thine, that is dearer then my life to me ?
Thine, whom I hope to see an Empreffe ? 1270
Thine, whom I cannot pardon from my sight ?
Thine, vnto whom we haue bequeath'd our crown ?
Iulio, we wil that thou informe from vs
Renuchio the Capten of our Gard,
That we commaund this traitor be conueyd
Into the dungeon vnderneath our Tower,
There let him rest vntil he be resolu'd
What further we intend, which to vnderstand,
We will *Renuchio* repaire to vs.
Iul. O that I might your Maiestie entreate 1280
With clemencie to beautifie your feate,
Toward this Prince distrest by his desires,

Too

of *Tancred and Gismunda.*

Too many, all too strong to captiuate

Tan. „ This is the soundest safetie for a king

„ To cut them off that vex or hinder him.

Iul. „ This haue I found the safetie of a king,

„ To spare the Subiects that do honor him.

Tan. Haue we been honoured by this leachers lust?

Iul. No, but by this deuout submission.

1290 *Tan.* Our fortune saies we must do what we may.

Iul. „ This is praise-worth, not to do what you may.

Tan. And may the Subiect countermaund the king?

Iul. No, but intreat him. *Tan.* What he shal decree.

Iul. What wisdom shall discern. *Iul.* Nay what our
Shal best determine. We wil not replie. (word

Thou knowest our mind, our heart cannot be easd,
But with the slaughter of this *Palurin.*

The king hasteth into his Pallace.

Guif. O thou great God, who from thy hiest throne

1300 Haft stooped down, and felt the force of loue,

Bend gentle eares vnto the wofull mone,

Of me poore wretch, to graunt that I require :

Help to perswade the same great God, that he

So farre remit his might, and slack his fire

From my deare Ladies kindled heart, that she

May heare my death without her hurt, Let not

Her face, wherein there is as cleere a light

As in the rising moone : let not her cheekes

As red as is the partie-coloured rose.

1310 Be paled with the newes hereof : and so

I yeeld my selfe, my fillie soul, and all,

To him, for her, for whom my death shall shew

I liu'd, and as I liu'd, I dide her thrall.

Graunt this thou Thunderer : this shal suffice,

The Tragedie

My breath to vanish in the liquid skies.

Guizard is led to prison.

Chorus primus.

Who doth not know the fruits of Paris loue,
Nor vnderstand the end of Helens ioy,
He may behold the fatall ouerthrow
Of Priams house, and of the towne of Troy. 1320
His death at last, and her eternal shame,
For whom so many noble knights were slaine.
So many a Duke, so many a Prince of fame
Bereft his life, and left there in the plaine.
Medeas armed hand, Elizas sword,
Wretched Leander drenched in the flood.
Phillis so long that waited for her Lord
All these too dearly bought their loues with blood.

Cho. 2. But he in vertue that his Lady serues 1330
Ne wils but what vnto her Honor longs,
He neuer from the rule of reason swarues,
He feeleth not the pangs, ne raging throngs
Of blind Cupid: he liues not in despaire
As done his seruants: neither spends his daies
In ioy, and care, vaine hope, and throbbing feare.
But seekes alway what may his soueraine please
In honor: he that thus serues, reapes the fruite
Of his sweet seruice: and no ielous dread
Nor base suspect of ought to let his fute 1340
(Which causeth oft the louers hart to bleed)
Doth fret his mind, or burneth in his brest:
He wayleth not by day, nor wakes by night,
When euery other liuing thing doth rest.
Nor findes his life or death within her sight.

Cho. 3. Remember thou in vertue serue therefore

Thy

of Tancred and Gismund.

Thy chaste Lady: beware thou do not loue
As whilom Venus did the faire Adonne,
But as Diana lou'd the Amazons sonne.

1350 Through whose request the gods to him alone
Restorde new life: the twine that was vndone
Was by the sisters twisted vp againe.

The loue of vertue in thy Ladies lookes,
The loue of vertue in her learned talke,
This loue yeelds matter for eternall bookes.

This loue intifeth him abroad to walke,
There to inuent and write new rondelaies
Of learned conceit, her fancies to allure
To vaine delights, such humors he allaies,

1360 And sings of vertue and her garments pure.

Cho. 4. Desire not of thy Soueraigne the thing
Whereof shame may ensue by any meane:
Nor wish thou ought that may dishonor bring.

So whilom did the learned Tuscan serue
His faire Lady: and glory was their end.

Such are the praises Louers done deserue,
Whose seruice doth to vertue and honor tend.

Finis Actus 4. Composuit Ch. Hat.

v. i Renuchio commeth out of the Pallace.

Actus 5. Scæna 1.

1371 *Renu.* **O**H cruel fate, oh miserable chaunce
Oh dire aspect of hateful destinies,
Oh wo may not be told: suffic'd it not
That I should see and with these eyes behold
So foule, so bloody, and so base a deede:

But

The Tragedie

But more to aggrauate the heauie cares
Of my perplexed mind, must onelie I
Must I alone be made the messenger,
That must deliuer to her Princelie eares
Such dismall newes? as when I shal disclose 1380
I know it cannot but abridge her daies.
As when the thunder and three forked fire
Rent through the cloudes by Ioues almighty power
Breakes vp the bosom of our mother earth,
And burnes her heart before the heat be felt.
In this distresse whom should I most bewaile,
My woe, that must be made the messenger
Of these vnworthie and vnwelcome newes?
Or shall I mone thy death, O noble Earle?
Or shall I still lament the heauie hap 1390
That yet, O Queene, attends thy funeral. (I see?)
Cho. 1. What mones be these? *Renuchio* is this Salerne
Doth here king *Tancred* hold the awful crown?
Is this the place where ciuill people be?
Or do the sauage Scythians here abound?
Cho. 2. What mean these questiōs? whether tend thes
Resolue vs maidens, & release our fears. (words?)
What euer newes thou bring'st, discover them,
Deteine vs not in this suspitious dread,
„The thought whereof is greater then the woe. 1400
Renu. O whither may I cast my lookes? to heauen?
Black pitchy clouds from thence rain down reuenge
The earth shal I behold? stainde with the gore
Of his heart bloud that dide most innocent.
Which way so ere I turn mine eyes, me thinks
His butchered corps stands staring in my face.
Cho. 3. We humbly pray thee to forbear these words
So

of Tancred and Gismund.

So ful of terror to our mayden hearts :

„ The dread of things vnknown breeds the suspect

1410 „ Of greater dread, vntil the worst be known.

Tel therfore what hath chaunst, and whereunto

This bloody cup thou holdest in thy hand.

Renu. Since so is your request that I shal doe,

Although my mind so sorrowful a thing

Repines to tell, and though my voice eschewes

To say what I haue seene : yet since your will

So fixed stands to heare for what I rue,

Your great desires I shall herein fulfill.

First by Salerne Citie, amidst the plaine,

1420 There stands a hil, whose bottom huge and round,

Throwen out in breadth, a large space doth contain

And gathering vp in height small from the grounde

Stil lesse and lesse it mounts : there sometime was

A goodly towre vpreard, that flowrde in fame

While fate and fortune seru'd, but time doth passe,

And with his sway suppresseth all the fame :

For now the walles be euened with the plaine.

And all the rest so fowly lies defast :

As but the only shade doth there remaine

1430 Of that which there was built in time forepast :

And yet that shewes what worthy work tofore

Hath there been reard: one parcel of that towre

Yet stands, which eating time could not deuoure :

A strong turret compact of stone and rock :

Hugie without, but horrible within :

To passe to which by force of handy stroke

A crooked straite is made, that enters in

And leades into this vgly loathsome place.

Within the which carued into the ground

G

A deep

The Tragedie

A deep dungeon there runnes of narrow space 1440
Dreadful and darke, where neuer light is found :
Into this hollow caue, by cruel heft
Of king *Tancred*, were diuers seruants sent
To worke the horror of his furious brest,
Earst nourisht in his rage, and now sterne bent,
To haue the same performde: I woful man
Amongst the rest, was one to do the thing
That to our charge so straitly did belong,
In fort as was commanded by the king.
Within which dreadful prison when we came, 1450
The noble Countie *Palurin* that there
Lay chain'd in giues, fast fettered in his bolts,
Out of the darke dungeon we did vpreare
And hal'd him thence into a brighter place,
That gaue vs light to worke our tyrannie.
But when I once beheld his manly face,
And saw his cheare, no more appauld with feare,
Of present death, then he whom neuer dread
Did once amate: my heart abhorred then
To geue consent vnto so foul a deede, 1460
That wretched death should reauē so worthy a man
On false fortune I cride with lowd complaint,
That in such fort ouerwhelmes nobilitie.
But he whom neuer grieffe ne feare could taint,
With smiling cheare himselfe oft willeth me,
To leaue to plaine his case, or sorrow make,
For him, for he was far more glad apaide
Death to imbrace thus for his Ladies sake,
Then life, or all the ioyes of life he said.
For losse of life (quoth he) greeues me no more, 1470
Then losse of that which I esteemed least,

My

of Tancred and Gismund.

My Ladies grieffe, least she should rue therefore,
Is all the cause of grieffe within my brest.
He praid therefore that we would make report
To her of those his last words he would say :
That though he neuer could in any fort
Her gentlenes requite, nor neuer lay
Within his power to serue her as he would,
Yet she posselt his heart with hand and might,
1480 To doe her all the honor that he could.
This was to him of all the ioyes that might
Reuiue his heart, the chiefeft ioy of al,
That, to declare the faithfull heart which he
Did beare to her, fortune so wel did fall,
That in her loue he should both liue and die.
After these words he staid, and spake no more,
But ioyfully beholding vs eachone,
His words and cheare amazed vs so sore
That stil we stooode : when forthwith thereupon
1490 But why slack you (quoth he) to do the thing
For which you come? make speed and stay no more
Performe your masters will : now tel the king
He hath his life for which he long'd so sore :
And with those words himselfe with his own hand
Fastned the bands about his neck. The rest
Wondring at his stout heart, astonied stand
To see him offer thus himselfe to death.
What stony brest, or what hard heart of flint
Would not relent to see this dreery fight?
1500 So goodly a man, whom death nor fortunes dint
Could once difarme, murdered with such despite.
And in such fort bereft amidst the flowers
Of his fresh yeares, that ruthfull was to seene :

The Tragedie

„ For violent is death, when he deuoures
„ Yong men, or virgins, while their yeares be green.
Lo now our seruants seeing him take the bands
And on his neck himfelfe to make them fast :
Without delay fet to their cruel hands,
And fought to worke their fierce intent with haft,
They stretch the bloody bands, and when the breth 1510
Began to faile his brest, they slackt againe.
Thrife did they pull, and thrife they losed him,
So did their hands repine against their hearts :
And oft times losed to his greater paine.

„ But date of death that fixed is so fast,
„ Beyond his course there may no wight extend,
For strangled is this noble Earle at last,
Bereft of life, vnworthy such an end.

Chor. O dāned deed. *Ren.* What deem you this to be
Al the sayd newes that I haue to vnfold? 1520

Is here (think you) end of the crueltie
That I haue seen? *Chor.* Could any heauier woe
Be wrought to him, then to destroy him so?

Ren. What, think you this outrage did end so well?
The horror of the fact, the greatest griefe,
The massaker, the terror is to tell.

Cho. Alack what could be more? they threw percase
The dead body to be deuourd and torne
Of the wild beasts.

Renu. Would God it had been cast a sauage prairie 1530
To beasts and birds : but lo, that dreadfull thing
Which euen the tyger would not work, but to
Suffice his hunger : that hath the tyrant king
Withouten ruth commaunded vs to doe,
Onely to please his wrathfull heart withal.

Happy

of Tancred and Gismund.

Happy had been his chance, too happy alas,
If birdes, or beafts had eaten vp his corps,
Yea heart and all: within this cup I bring,
And am conftained now vnto the face

1540 Of his deare Ladie to present the fame.

Chor. What kind of crueltie is this you name?
Declare foorthwith, and wherunto doth tend
This farther plaint. *Ren.* After his breath was gone,
Forced perforce thus from his panting brest
Straight they difpoiled him, and not alone
Contented with his death, on the dead corps
Which rauinous beafts forbear to lacerate,
Euen vpon this our villens fresh begunne
To fhew new crueltie: foorthwith they pearce

1550 His naked bellie, and vnript it fo,

That out the bowels guft: who can rehearfe
Their tyrannie, wherwith my heart yet bleedes.
The warme entralles were torne out of his brest.
Within their hands trembling not fully dead,
His veines fmok'd, his bowels all to reeked
Ruthleffe were rent, and throwen about the place:
All clotted lay the bloud in lumps of gore,
Sprent on his corps, and on his paled face,
His trembling heart, yet leaping, out they tore,

1560 And cruelly vpon a rapier

They fixt the fame, and in this hateful wife
Vnto the king this heart they do present:
A fight longd for to feede his irefull eies.
The king perceiuing each thing to be wrought
As he had wilde, reioyſing to behold
Vpon the bloudie ſword the pearced heart,
He calles then for this maſſie cup of gold,

The Tragedie

Into the which the wofull heart he cast,
And reaching me the same, now go, quoth he,
Vnto my daughter, and with speedy hast 1570
Present her this, and say to her from me,
Thy father hath here in this cup thee sent
That thing to ioy and comfort thee withal,
Which thou louedst best, euen as thou wert content
To comfort him with his chiefe ioy of all.

Cho. O hateful fact! O passing crueltie!
O murder wrought with too much hard despitie
O hainous deede, which no posteritie
Wil once beleue! *Ren.* Thus was Earle *Palurin*
Strangled vnto the death, yea after death 1580
His heart and bloud disboweled from his brest:
But what auaieth plaint? it is but breath
Forewasted all in vaine: why do I rest
Here in this place? why goe I not and doe
The hatefull message to my charge committed?
Oh were it not that I am forc'd thereto,
By a kings will, here would I stay my feet,
Ne one whit farder wade in this intent:
But I must yeeld me to my Princes heft,
Yet doth this somewhat comfort mine vnrest, 1590
I am resolu'd her grieffe not to behold,
But get me gone my message being told. (comes
Where is the Princesse chamber? *Cho.* Lo where she

Gismund commeth out of her chamber, to whom Ren. v. ii
nuchio deliuereth his cup, saying.

Scæna 2.

THy father, O Queen, here in this cup hath sent
The thing to ioy and comfort thee withall
Which thou louedst best, euen as thou wast content
To

of Tancred and Gismund.

1600 To comfort him with his chiefe ioy of all.

Gif. I thanke my father, and thee gentle squire,
For this thy trauell take thou for thy paines
This bracelet, and commend me to the king.

Renuchio departeth.

So now is come the long expected houre,
The fatall hower I haue so looked for,
Now hath my father satsified his thirst
With giltlesse blood which he so coueted.
What brings this cup? (ay me) I thought no lesse,

1610 It is mine Earles, my Counties pearced heart,
Deare heart, too dearely hast thou bought my loue:
Extreamely rated at too high a price.

Ah my sweet heart, sweet wast thou in thy life,
But in thy death thou prouest passing sweet.

A fitter hearce then this of beaten gold,
Could not be lotted to so good an heart:
My father therefore well prouided thus
To close and wrap thee vp in massie gold,
And therewithall to send thee vnto me,

1620 To whom of duety thou doest best belong.

My father hath in all his life bewraid
A princely care and tender loue to me:
But this surpasseth, in his later dayes
To send me this, mine owne deare heart to me.

Wert thou not mine, dear hart, whil't that my loue
Daunced and plaid vpon thy golden strings?

Art thou not mine (deere heart) now that my loue
Is fled to heauen, and got him golden wings?

Thou art mine owne, and stil mine own shalt be

1630 Therefore my father sendeth thee to me.

Ah pleasant harborough of my hearts thought!

Ah

The Tragedie

Ah sweete delight, the quickner of my soule
Seuen times accursed be the hand that wrought
Thee this despight, to mangle thee so foule:
Yet in this wound I see mine owne true loue,
And in this wound thy magnanimitie,
And in this wound I see thy constancie.
Goe gentle heart, go rest thee in thy tombe,
Receau' this token at thy last farewell:

She kisseth it.

1640

Thine owne true heart anon will follow thee,
Which panting hasteth for thy companie.
Thus hast thou run (poore heart) thy mortall race,
And rid thy life from fickle fortunes snares,
Thus hast thou lost this world, and worldly cares,
And of thy foe, to honour thee withall,
Receau'd a golden graue, to thy desert,
Nothing doth want to thy iust funerall,
But my salt teares to wash thy bloody wound.
Which to the end thou mightst receau', behold
My father sends thee in this cup of gold,
And thou shalt haue them, though I was resolu'd
To shed no teares, but with a chearefull face
Once did I think to wet thy funerall
Only with bloud, and with no weeping eye.
This done, foorthwith my soule shal fly to thee,
For therefore did my father send thee me.
Ah my pure heart, with sweeter companie,
Or more content, how safer may I proue
To passe to places all vnknownen with thee.
Why die I not therefore? why doe I stay?
Why doe I not this wofull life forgoe,
And with these hands enforce this breath away?

1650

1660

What

of Tancred and Gismund.

What meanes this gorgeous glittering head attir
How ill befeeme these billaments of gold
Thy mournfull widdowhood? away with them,
So let thy tresses flaring in the winde
Vntrimmed hang about thy bared necke:

*She vn-
dresseth
her haire.*

1670 Bolden my courage, strengthen ye my hands
Against their kind, to do a kindly deed:
But shall I then vnwreaken downe descend?
Shall I not worke some iust reuenge on him
That thus hath slain my loue? shall not these hands
Fire his gates, and make the flame to climbe
Vp to the pinnacles, with burning brands,
And on his cynders wreake my cruell teene.
Be still (fond girle) content thee first to die,
This venomd water shall abridge thy life,
1680 This for the same intent prouided I,
Which can both ease and end this raging strife.
Thy father by thy death shall haue more woe,
Then fire or flames within his gates can bring:
Content thee then in patience hence to go,
Thy death his bloud shall wreake vpon the king.
Now not alone (a grieffe to die alone)
„The onely myrror of extreame anoy,
But not alone, thou diest my loue, for I
Will be copartner of thy destinie.

*She taketh
a violl of
poyson out
of her poc-
ket.*

1690 Be merrie then my soule, canst thou refuse
To die with him, that death for thee did choose?
Chor. 1. What damned furie hath possesst our Queen
Why sit we still beholding her distresse?
Madame forbear, suppress this headstrong rage.
Gif. Maidens forbear your comfortable wordes.

H

Chor. 2.

The Tragedie

Cho. 2. O worthy Queene, rashnes doth ouerthrowe
The author of his resolution.

Gif. Where hope of help is lost what booteth feare?

Cho. 3. Feare wil auoyd the sting of infamie.

Gif. May good or bad reports delight the dead? 1700

Cho. 4. If of the liuing yet the dead haue care.

Gif. An easie griefe by councel may be cur'd.

Cho. 1. But hedstrong mischiefs princes should auoid

Gif. In headlong griefes and cases desperate?

Cho. 2. Cal to your mind (*Gif.*) you are the Queene.

Gif. Vnhappy widow, wife, and paramour. (king

Cho. 3. Think on the king. *Gif.* The king? the tyrant

Cho. 3. Your father. *Gif.* Yea, the murthrer of my loue

Ch. 4. His force. *Gif.* the dead fear not the force of mē

Ch. 1. His care & griefe. *Gif.* That neither car'd for me 1710

Nor greeued at the murder of my loue,

My mind is fetled, you with these vain words,

Withhold me but too long from my desire.

Depart ye to my chamber. *Cho.* We wil hast

To tel the king hereof.

Chorus depart into

Gif. I will preuent

the Pallace.

Both you and him. Lo here, this hartly draught

The last that in this world I meane to tast,

Dreadlesse of death (mine Earle) I drink to thee.

So now worke on, now doth my soul begin 1720

To hate this light, wherein there is no loue,

No loue of parents to their children,

No loue of Princes to their Subiects true,

No loue of Ladies to their dearest loues.

Now passe I to the pleasant land of loue,

Where heauenly loue immortall flourisheth :

The Gods abhorre the company of men,

Hel is on earth, yea hel it selfe is heauen

of *Tancred and Gismund.*

Compar'd with earth. I cal to witnes heauen,
1730 Heauen, said I? no, but hel record I call,
And thou sterne Goddesse of reuenging wrongs
Witnesse with me I die for his pure loue
That liued mine.

v. iii *Tancred in hast commeth out of his pallace with Iulio.* *Shee lieth
down and
couereth*
Scæna 3,

Tan. **W** Here is my daughter?

Iulio. Behold, here, wofull king.

Tan. Ai me, break hart, & thou fly foorth *haire.*

What, doth my daughter *Gif.* take it so? (my soul

1740 What hast thou done? oh let me see thine eyes,

Oh let me dresse vp those vntrimmed locks,

Looke vp, sweet child, look vp mine only ioy,

Tis I thy father that beseecheth thee:

Reare vp thy body, straine thy dying voice

To speake to him, sweet *Gismund* speake to me.

Gif. Who staies my soul? who thus disquiets me?

Tan. Tis I thy father, ah behold my teares

Like pearled deaw that trickle down my cheekes,

To wash my siluer haire. *Gif.* Oh father king

1750 Forbear your teares, your plaint wil not auaille.

Tan. Oh my sweet heart, hast thou receau'd thy life

From me, and wilt thou to requite the same,

Yeeld me my death? yea death and greater greefe

To see thee die for him that did defame

Thine honor thus, my kingdome, and thy name.

Gif. Yea therefore father gaue ye life to me,

That I should die, and now my date is done.

As for your kingdome, and mine own renowne,

Which you affirme dishonoured to be

1760 That fault impute it where it is, for he

The Tragedie

That flew mine Earle, and sent his heart to me,
His hands haue brought this shame and griefe on vs
But father, yet if anie sparke remaine
Of your deare loue, if euer yet I could
So much deserue, or at your hands desire,
Grant that I may obtaine this last request,
Tanc. Saie louely child, saie on, what ere it be,
Thy father grants it willingly to thee.

Gif. My life I craue not, for it is not now
In you to giue, nor in my selfe to saue,
Nor craue I mercie for mine Earle and me,
Who hath bin slaine with too much crueltie.

1770

With patience I must awhile abide
Within this life, which now will not be long.
But this is my request, Father I praie,
That since it pleased so your maiestie,
I should inioy my loue aliue no more,
Yet neretheles let vs not parted be,
Whom cruell death could neuer separate :

But as we liude and dide together here,
So let our bodies be together tombde,
Let him with me, and I with him be laid
Within one shrine, where euer you appoint,
This if you grant me, as I trust you will,
Although I liue not to requite this grace,
Th'immortall Gods due recompence shall giue
To you for this, and so vaine world farewell,
My speech is painefull, and mine eie-sight failes.

1780

Tanc. My daughter dies, see how the bitter pangs
Of tyrannous death, torments her princely heart,
She lookes on me, at me she shakes her head,
For me she grones, by me my daughter dies,
I, I, the author of this Tragedie.

1790

On

of Tancred and Gismund.

On me, on me, yee heauens throw downe your ire,
Now dies my daughter, hence with princely roabes
Oh faire in life, thrice fairer in thy death,
Deare to thy father in thy life thou wert,
But in thy death, dearest vnto his heart,
I kisse thy paled cheekes, and close thine eies,

1800 This duetic once I promist to my selfe,
Thou shouldst performe to me, but ah false hope
Now ruthful wretched king what resteth thee?
Wilt thou now liue wasted with miserie?
Wilt thou now liue that with these eies didst see
Thy daughter dead? wilt thou now liue to see
Her funerals, that of thy life was stay?
Wilt thou now liue that wast her liues decay?
Shal not this hand reach to this heart the stroke
Mine armes are not so weake, nor are my limmes
1810 So feebled with mine age, nor is my heart
So daunted with the dread of cowardice,
But I can wreake due vengeance on that head
That wrought the means these louers now be dead
Iulio come neare, and lay thine own right hand
Vpon my thigh, now take thine oath of me.
Iul. I sweare to thee, my liege Lord, to discharge
What euer thou enioynest Iulio.

Tan. First then I charge thee that my daughter haue
Her last request, thou shalt within one tombe
1820 Interre her Earle and her: and thereupon
Engraued some Royall Epitaph of loue.
That done, I swear thee thou shalt take my corps
Which thou shalt find by that time done to death,
And lay my bodie by my daughters side.
Sweare this, sweare this I say. *Iul.* I sweare.

The Tragedie

But will the king do so vnkingly now.

Tan. A kingly deed the king resolues to doe.

Iul. To kil himselfe. *Tan.* To send his soule to ease.

Iul. Doth Ioue command it? *Tan.* Our stars cōpell it.

Iul. The wiseman ouerrules his stars. *Tan.* So we 1830

Iul. Vndaunted should the minds of kings indure.

Tan. So shal it in this resolution.

Iulio forbear, and as thou louest the king,
When thou shalt see him weltring in his gore,
Stretching his limmes, and gasping in his grones
Then Iulio fet to thy helping hand,
Redouble stroke on stroke, and driue the stab
Down deeper to his heart, to rid his foule.

Now stand aside, stir not a foote, least thou

Make vp the fourth to fill this Tragedie.

1840

These eyes that first beheld my daughters shame,
These eyes that longed for the ruthful fight
Of her Earles heart, these eyes that now haue seene
His death, her woe, and her auenging teene:
Vpon these eyes we must be first auenged.

Vnworthy lamps of this accursed lump,
Out of your dwellings: so, it fits vs thus
In bloud and blindnes to goe seeke the path
That leadeth down to euerlasting night.

Why frightst thou dastard? be thou desperate,

1850

One mischief brings another on his neck,
As mighty billowes tumble in the seas.

Now daughter, seest thou not how I amerce

My wrath that thus bereft thee of thy loue,

Vpon my head? now fathers learn by me,

Be wise, be warnde to vse more tenderly

The iewels of your ioyes. Daughter, I come.

EPI-

EPILOGVS.

1860 *Iul.* **L**O here the sweets of grisly-pale despaire,
 These are the blossoms of this cursed tree
 Such are the fruits of too much loue and
 Orewhelmed in the fence of miserie. (care
 With violent hands he that his life doth end,
 His damned soul to endles night doth wend.
 Now resteth it that I discharge mine oath,
 To see th'unhappy louers and the king,
 Layd in one tombe: I would be very loath
 You should wayt here to see this mournful thing.
 For I am sure, and do ye all to wit,
 1870 Through grieffe wherin the Lords of Salerne be,
 These funerals are not prepared yet:
 Nor do they think on that solemnitie.
 As for the fury, ye must vnderstand,
 Now she hath seen the'ffect of her desire,
 She is departed, and hath left our land,
 Graunting this end vnto her hellish ire.
 Now humbly pray we that our English dames
 May neuer lead their loues into mistrust:
 But that their honors may auoid the shames
 1880 That follow such as liue in wanton lust.
 We know they beare them on their vertues bold
 With blisfull chastitie so wel content,
 That when their liues, and loues abroad are told,
 All men admire their vertuous gouernment.
 Worthie to liue where Furie neuer came,
 Worthie to liue where loue doth alwaies see,
 Worthie to liue in golden trump of Fame,
 Worthie to liue, and honoured stil to be.
 Thus end our sorrowes with the setting Sun:
 1890 Now draw the curtens for our Scæne is done.

FINIS.

R. W.

Introductio in Actum secundum.

BEfore the second Act there was heard a sweete noice of stil pipes, which sounding, Lucrece entred, attended by a mayden of honor with a couered goddard of gold, and drawing the curtens, shee offreth vnto Gismunda to tast thereof: which when shee had done, the maid returned, and Lucrece rayseth vp Gismund from her bed, and then it followeth vt in Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Introductio in Actum tertium.

Before this Acte the Hobaies sounded a lofty Almain, and Cupid
10 Vbereth after him, Guizard and Gismund hand in hand. Iulio and Lucrece, Renuchio and another maiden of honor. The measure strod, Gismunda geues a cane into Guiszards hand, and they are all ledde forrth again by Cupid, Et sequitur.

Introductio in Actum 4.

Before this Act there was heard a consort of sweet musick, which playing, Tancred commeth forth, & draweth Gismunds curtens, and lies down vpon her bed, then from vnder the stage ascendeih Guisz. & he helpeth vp Gismund, they amarously embrace, & depart. The king ariseth enraged, then mas heard & seen a storm of thunder &
20 lightning, in which the furies rise vp, Et sequitur.

Introductio in Actum quintum.

Before this Act was a dead march plaid, during which entred on the stage Renuchio capten of the Guard, attended vpon by the guard, they tooke vp Guisz. from vnder the stage, then after Guiszard had kindly taken leaue of them all, a strangling cord was fastened about his neck, & he haled foorth by them. Renuchio bewayleth it, & then entring in, bringeth foorth a standing cup of gold, with a bloody hart reeking whot init, and then saith vt sequitur.

Faultes escaped.

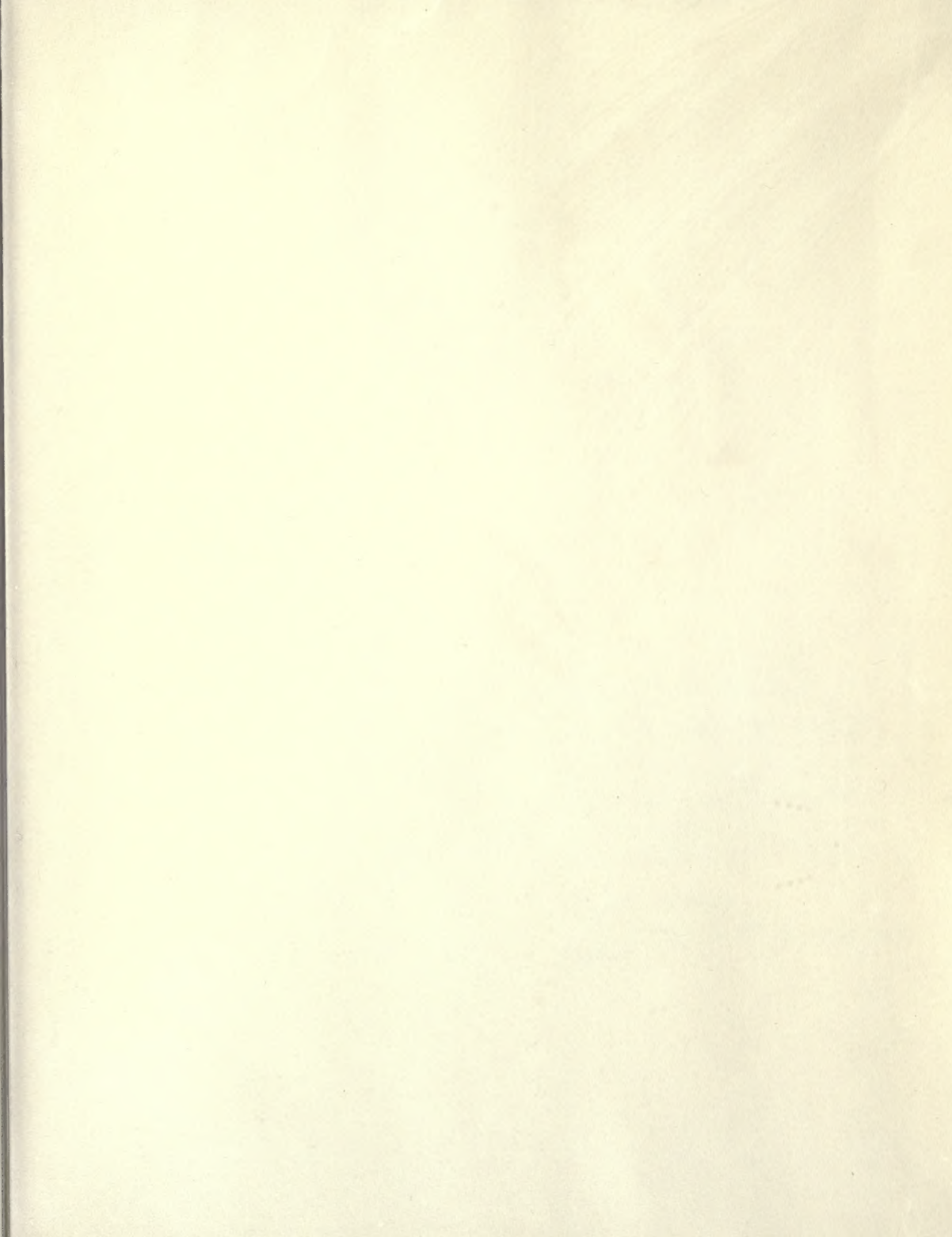
30 In the p̄face to the *D.* maids, line 3. geaml̄s, read gleams. befoze act 1. l. r. with, read & with. sce. ii. l. xxiii. foze fear that, r. feare of that. sce. i. act i. l. xlvii. foze by him, r. by thine. sce. i. act iii. l. xxv. foze distaind. r. distraind. sce. ii. l. vii. foze liuely bzeath, r. liberty. sce. ii. acte iii. foze but nay, r. but may. sce. iii. act iii. foze widowhood, r. widows bed. sce. ii. foze whilom a, r. whilom there was a. act iii. l. xxiii. hurt. reade let not.













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[Wilmot, Robert]
The tragedy of Tancred and
Gismund

