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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Valiant Welshman

“Written by R. A. Gent”

Date of earliest known quarto 1615

(B.M. C 34. b. 51.)

Reproduced in Facsimile 1913

127

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS LIBRARY

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 128]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Valiant Welshman

“Written by R. A. Gent”

1615

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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STAMP
Faint circular stamp with illegible text and a central emblem.

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The Valiant Welshman

“Written by R. A. Gent”

1615

*The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum,
Pressmark C 34. b. 51.*

*The “R. A. Gent” has been associated with Robert Armin,
the actor, but without corroborative evidence supporting this reading
of the initials. The late Mr. Dutton Cook (s.v. ARMIN in
“D.N.B”) said “the publisher may have wished the public to
infer that Robert Armin was the author.”*

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE
VALIANT
WELSHMAN,
OR
THE TRVE CHRONI-
cle History of the life and valiant
deedes of CARADOC the Great,
King of Cambria, now called
WALES.

As it hath beene sundry times Acted by
the Prince of Wales his seruants.

Written by R. A. Gent.



LONDON,

Imprinted by *George Purslowe* for *Robert Lownes*,
and are to be folde at his shoppe at the
Little North dore of Paules.

1615.





TO THE INGENVOVS READER.



It hath been a custome of long continuance, as well in Rome the Capitall City, as in diuers other renowned Cities of the world, to haue the liues of Princes and worthy men, acted in their Theatres, and especially the conquests & victories which their owne Princes and Captains had obtained, thereby to incourage their youths to follow the steps of their ancestors; which custome euen for the same purpose, is tolerated in our Age, although some peeuish people seeme to dislike of it: Amongst so many valiant Princes of our English Nation, vvhose liues haue already euen cloyed the Stage, I searched the Chronicles of elder ages, vvherein I found amongst diuers renouvd persons, one Brittain Prince, who of his enemies, receiued the title of *Valiant Brittain*, his name was *Caradoc*, he was King of *Siluria*, *Ordonica*, and *March*, which Countries are now called, *South-Wales*, *North-Wales*, and the *Marches*; and therefore being borne in Wales, and King of Wales, I called him the *valiant Welshman*; he liued about the yere of our Lord, 70. *Cornelius Tacitus* in his 12. booke, sayth, that hee held warres 9. years against all the Romane puissance; but in the end hee was betrayed by *Cartismanda* Queene of *Brigance*, and so conuayed to Rome in triumph, so that the name of *Caradoc* was famous in Rome at that time: wherefore finding him so highly commended amongst the Romans, who were then Lords of all the world, and his enemies; I thought it fit amongst so many Worthies, whose liues haue already been both acted and printed, his life hauing already bin acted with good applause, to be likewise worthy the printing; Hoping that you will censure indifferently of it; and so I bid you farevvell.



The Actors names.

<i>Fortune.</i>	<i>Gederus King of Brittain.</i>
<i>Barth.</i>	<i>Gald his brother.</i>
<i>Obtasian King of North-Wales.</i>	<i>Venusius Duke of Yorke.</i>
<i>Guiniver his daughter.</i>	<i>Cartismanda his wife.</i>
<i>Codigune his base sonne.</i>	<i>Claudius Cesar the Emperour.</i>
<i>The Duke of Cornewall.</i>	<i>Ostorius Scapula the Romans</i>
<i>The Earle of Gloster.</i>	<i>Lieutenant.</i>
<i>Morgan Earle of Anglesey.</i>	<i>Marcus Gallicus his sonne.</i>
<i>Pheander his sonne, the Fayry</i>	<i>Manlius Valens, and Cessius</i>
<i>champion.</i>	<i>Nasica, 2. Tribunes of the</i>
<i>Ratbane his man. A Ingler.</i>	<i>Romans.</i>
<i>Cadallan Prince of March, with</i>	<i>A Witch, and her sonne Bluso.</i>
<i>his three sons, and his daugh-</i>	<i>The Clowne with a company of</i>
<i>ter Uoads.</i>	<i>Rusticks.</i>
<i>Caradoc, Mawon and Constan-</i>	<i>A Shepheard.</i>
<i>ine.</i>	<i>An olde man.</i>
<i>Monmouth an vsurper.</i>	

THE



THE VALIANT WELSHMAN.

ACTVS I. SCENA I.

*Fortune descends downe from heauen: to the Stage, and then shee
calls forth foure Harpers, that by the sound of their Mu-
sicke they might awake the ancient Bardh, a kind of Welsh
Poet, who long agoe was there intoombed.*

Fortune.

THus from the high Imperiall Seate of *Ioue*,
Romes awfull Goddesse, Chaunce, descends to view
This Stage and Theater of mortall men,
Whose acts and scenes diuisible by me,
Sometime present a swelling Tragedy
Of discontented men: sometimes againe
My smiles can mould him to a Comicke vayne:
Sometimes like *Niobe*, in teares I drowne
This Microcosme of man; and to conclude,
I seale the Lease of mans beatitude:
Amongst the seuerall obiects of my frownes,
Amongst the sundry subiects of my smiles,
Amongst so many Kings housde vp in clay,
Behold, I bring a King of *Cambria*:
To whom great *Pyrrhus*, *Hector* poysde in scales
Of dauntlesse valour, weighes not this Prince of *Wales*.

Be

THE VALIANT

Be dumbe you scornfull English, whose blacke mouthes
 Haue dim'd the glorious splendor of those men,
 Whose resolution merites *Homers* penne:
 And you, the types of the harmonious spheares,
 Call with your siluer tones, that reuerend *Bardh*,
 That long hath slept within his quiet vrne,
 And let his tongue this Welshmans Crest adorne.

*The Harpers play, and the Bardh riseth from
 his Tombe.*

Bardh. Who's this disturbs my rest?

Fortune. None, Poet Laureat: but a kind request
 Fortune prefers vnto thy ayry shape,
 That once thou wouldst in well-tunde meeter sing
 The high-swolne fortunes of a worthy King,
 That valiant Welshman, *Caradoc* by name,
 That foylede the haughty Romanes, crackt their fame.

Bardh. I well remember, powerfull Deity,
 Arch-gouernesse of this terrestriall Globe,
 Goddesse of all mutation man affords,
 That in the raigne of Romes great Emperour,
 Ycleped *Claudian*, when the Bryttish Ile
 Was tributary to that conquering See,
 This worthy Prince suruiued, whose puissant might
 Was not inferiour to that sonne of *Ioue*,
 Who, in his cradle chokte two hideous Snakes.
 Which, since my Fortune is to speake his worth,
 My vtmost skill aliue shall paint him forth.

Fort. Then to thy taske, graue *Bardh*: tell to mens eare,
 Fame plac't the valiant Welshman in the spheare. *Exit.*

Bardh. Then, since I needs must tell the high designes
 Of this braue Welshman, that succeeding times,
 In leaues of gold, may register his name,
 And't care a *Pyramys* vnto his fame;
 This onely doe I craue, that in my song,

At-

W E L S H M A N.

Attention guyde your cares, silence your tongue,
 Then know all you, whose knowing faculties
 Of your diuiner parts scorne to insist
 On sensuall obiects, or on naked sense,
 But on mans highest Alpes, Intelligence.
 For to plebeyan wits, it is as good,
 As to be silent, as not vnder stood.
 Before faire *Wales* her happy Vnion had,
 Blest Vnion, that such happinesse did bring,
 Like to the azure roofof heauen full packt
 With those great golden Tapers of the night,
 Whose spheares sweat with their numbers infinite;
 So was it with the spacious bounds of *Wales*,
 Whose firmament contaynd two glorious sonnes,
 Two Kings, both mighty in their arch-cōmands,
 Though both not lawfull in their gouernement:
 The one *Oethanian* was, to whom was left,
 By lineall descent, each gouernment:
 But that proud Earle of *Munmouth* stealing fire,
 Of high ambition did one throne aspire,
 Which by base vsurpation he detaines.
 Of lawfull (right) vnlawfull treason gaines.
 Twise, in two haughty set Battalions,
 The base vsurper *Munmouth* got the day:
 And now *Oethanian* spurde with grieffe and rage,
 Conducted by a more propitious starre,
 Himselfe in person comes to *Shrewsbury*,
 Where the great Earle of *March*, great in his age,
 But greater in the circuit of his power,
 Yet greatest in the fortunes of his sonnes,
 The Father of our valiant *Welshman* calld,
 Himselfe, his warlike sonnes, and all doth bring,
 To supplant Treason, and to plant their King.
 No more Ile speake: but this olde *Barde* intreats,
 To keepe your vnderstanding and your seates.

THE VALIANT

ACTVS I. SCENA 2.

*Enter Orlavian, King of Northwales, Gloster, Codigunes
base sonne, Morgan, Earle of Anglesey, and his
foolish sonne with souldiers.*

*Orlavian. Gloster, Lord Codigune,
And Noble Morgan, Earle of Anglesey,
Can the vsurping name of Monmouth liue
VVithin the ayry confines of your soules,
And not infect the purest temprature
Of loyalty and sworne allegiance,
With that base Apoplexie of reuolt,
And egre appetite of soueraigne might,
Counting the greatest wrong, the greatest right?
Full many Moones haue these two aged lights
Beheld in peacefull wife: Now, to my griefe,
When the pure oyle, that fed these aged Lampes,
Is almost spent, and dimly shines those beames,
That in my youth darted forth spritefull rayes,
Must now die miserable and vndone,
By monstrous and base vsurpation.*

*Codig. Thrise noble king, be patient, this I reade,
The Gods haue feet of wooll, but hands of lead:
And therefore in reuenge as sure, as slow.
What though two Royall Armies we haue lost?
He that beares man about him, must be crost:
And that base Monmouth, that with his goldé head
Salutes the Sunne, may with the Sunne fal dead.
For base Rebellion drawes so short a breath,
That in the day she moues, she moues to death:
And like the Marigold opens with the Sunne,
But at the night her pride is shut and done.*

*Morgan. Harke you, me Lord Codigune,
By the pones of Saint Tamy, you haue prattled to the King
a greau*

W E L S H M A N.

a great deale of good Phisicke, and for this one of her good
 lessons and destructions, how call you it, be Cad, I know
 not very well, I wil fight for you with all the *George Stones*,
 or the *Urfa maiors* vnder the Sunnes. Harke you me, Kings:
 I pray you now, good Kings, leaue your whimbling, and
 your great proclamations: let death come at her, and ha
 can catch her, and pray God blesse her. As for the Rebell
Monmouth, I kanow very well what I will do with her. I
 will make Martlemas beefe on her flesh, and false dice on
 her pones for euery Conicatcher: I warrant her for Cafe
 bobby and Metheglin: I will make her pate ring noone for
 all her resurrections and rebellions.

Ostianian. But soft, what Drum is this, *The Drumme*
 That with her silent march salutes the ayre? *foundeth a-*
 Herald, go see. *farre off.*

Herald. And't please your Grace, *Cadallan*, Earle of March
 Spurred on by duty and obsequious loue,
 Repining at the Fortune of your foe,
 Whose rauening tyranny deuoures the liues
 Of innocent subiects, now in person comes,
 To scourge base vsurpation with his sonnes.

Osta. Conduct them to our presence. *Enter Marsh.*
 Welcome, braue Earle, with these thy manly sonnes:
 Neuer came raine vnto the Sunne-parcht earth,
 In more auspicious time, then thy supply,
 To scourge vsurping pride and soueraignety.

Cadallan. Oh my gracious Lord,
Cadallan comes drawne by that powerfull awe
 Of that rich Adamant his soule adores.
 The needles poynē is not more willing to salute the North,
 Man ioyfuller to sit inshrinde in heauen,
 Then is my loyalty to ayde my King.
 I know, dread Liege, that each true man should know,
 To what intent dame Nature brought him forth:
 True subiects are like Commons, who should feede
 Their King, their Country, and their friends at need.

THE VALIANT

Osta. Braue Earle of March, I need not here delude
 The precious time with vaine capituling
 Our own hereditary right, Graues to the dead,
 Balsum to greene wounds, or a soule to man
 Is not more proper, then *Ostasian*
 To the vsurped Title *Monmouth* holds,
 Then once more on : this be our onely trust;
 Heauens suffer wrongs : but Angels gard the iust. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS I. SCENA 3.

*Enter. Monmouth the vsurper in armes with
 Souldiers.*

Mon. Now valiant Countreymen, once more prepare
 Your hands and hearts vnto a bloody fight.
Mars beginnes to buckle on his helme,
 And waues his sanguine colours in the ayre :
 Recount, braue spirits, two glorious victories,
 Got with the death of many thousand soules.
 Thinke on the cause, for which we stand ingagde,
 Euen to the hazard of our goods and liues :
 That were *Ostasians* forces like the starres,
 Beyond the limits of Arithmetike :
 Or equall to the mighty *Xerxes* hoste :
 Yet like the poles, our dauntlesse courage stands,
 Vnshaken by their feeble multitudes. *The Drum.*
 But soft : what Drum is this? Souldiers, look out. *beats a-*
Did Cesar come, this welcome he should haue, *farre off.*
 Strong armes, bigge hearts, and to conclude, a graue.

Souldiers. My Lord *Ostasian*,
 Backt with the Earle of March and his three sonnes,
 Intends to giue you battell.

Mon. No more, no more: fond doting Earle :
 Is not there roome enough within Churchyards,
 To earth his a ged bodie, with his sonnes.

But

W E L S H M A N.

But hee must hither come to make their graues?
Drums, beat aloud. Ile not articulate.
My soule is drown'd in rage. This bloody fight
Shall tooombe their bodies in eternal night. *Exeunt. Alarm.*

Enter Cadallan wounded, with his sonnes.

Caradoc. Rot from his cursed trunk that villaines arme,
That gaue this farall wound to reuerend age.
How fares our Princely father?

Cad. As fares the sicke man, when the nights blacke bird
Beates at his calcments with his sable wings:
Or as the halfe dead captiue being condemn'd,
Awaites the churlish Taylors fearefull call
Out of his lothsome dungeon to his death:
So fares it with the wounded Earle of March:
The current of my blood begins to freeze,
Toucht by the Icy power of gelid death:
A sad Eclipse darkens these two bright lights:
My vitall spirits faint, my pulses cease,
And natures frame dissolues to natures peace,
All by that damn'd vsurper. *He dies.*

Cara. Eternal peace, free from the hate of men,
Inspheare thy soule, and mount it to the stars.
Brothers, surcease your grieffe, goe to the field,
Cheare vp the Souldiers, whilst I singe forth
This bloody *Monmouth*, that I may sacrifice
His canceld life vnto my fathers ghost,
And rid the land of this Egean filth,
His vsurpation stables. Oh, tis good,
To scourge with death, that crying sinne of blood.

Morgan meets Caradoc going in.

Morgan. Cousin *Caradoc*, well, in all these pribble prab-
bles, I pray you, how dooth our vncke *Cadallan*? bee
Cad, I heard he had got a knocke: if it bee so, I pray you
looke that the leane *Caniball*, what doe you call him that

THE VALIANT

eate vp *Iulius Cefars* and *Pompeyes*: a faucy knaue, that cares no more for Kings, then lowlie beggers & Chimney-sweepers.

Cara. Why, death, man.

Morgan. I, I, Death, a poxe on her: as Cad shudge mee, hee will eate more Emperours and Kings at one meale, then some Taylors halfpenny loaues, or Vsurers decayed shtentlemen in a whole yeare: therefore I pray you Cousin, haue a care of her vncl.

Cara. He is in heauen already.

Morgan. In heauen! why did you let her goe thither?

Cara. It is a place of rest, and Angels blisse.

Morgan. Angells! Cots blue-hood: I warrant her, there is ne're a Lawyer in the whole orld, but had rather haue e-leuen shillings, then the best Anshell in heauen. I pray you who sent her thither?

Cara. I cannot tell, but from his dying tongue He did report *Monmouth* the bloody meanes.

Morgan. *Monmouth*! Iesu Christ! did hee send her vncl to Saint *Peters* and Saint *Paules*, and not suffer her cousin *Morgan* to bid her *Nos Dhieu*? harke you, Cousin, Ile seeke her out be Cad. Farewell, Cousin, Ile make her pring packe her Nuncle with a venfance.

Cara. Farewell, good Cousin; whilst I range about
The mangled bodies of this bloody field,
To finde the Traytor forth, whose spotted soule
Ile send posthaste vnto that low Abisse,
That with the snaky furies he may dwell,
And ease *Promothens* of his paines in hell. *Alarum againe.*

*Enter at one dore Monmouth with Souldiers, at the other
Codigune: they fight: Monmouth beates them: in;
then enter Caradoc at the other.*

Caradoc. Turne thee, Vsurper, Harpey of this Clime,
Ambitious villaine, damned homicide.

Mon.

W E L S H M A N.

Mon. Fondling, thou speakest in too milde consonants :
 Thy ayry words cannot awake my spleene :
 Thou woundst the subtle body of the ayre,
 In whose concauity we stand immured :
 Thou giuest me cordials, and not vomits now :
 Thy Phyficke will not worke: these names thou speakst,
 Fill vp each spongy pore vviin my flesh,
 With ioy intolerable : and thy kind salutes
 Of villany, and ambition, best befits
 The royall thoughts of Kings: Reade *Machianell:*
Princes that would aspire, must mocke as hell.
Cara. Out, thou incarnate Deuill; garde thee, slaue:
 Although thou fear'st not hell, Ile dig thy graue.
Mon. Stay, Prince, take measure of me first.
Cara. The Deuill hath done that long ago. *Alarum there.*

They both fight, and Caradoc killeth him.
Enter Constantine.

Const. Surcease, braue brother; Fortune hath crownd our
 With a victorious wreath; Their Souldiers flee, (browes
 And all their Army is discomfited.
 The King sounds a retreat. What is the Traytor dead?
 This act hath purchast honour to our name,
 And crownde thee with immortall memory.
 Off with his head: and let the King behold,
 His greatest foe and care lies dead and cold.

A C T V S I. S C E N A 4.

*Enter Othmanian, Codigune, Cornwall, Gloster, Mauren with
 colours and souldiers.*

Otha. Here ends the life and death of bloody warre,
 Whose graue-like Paunch did neuer cry, Inough:
 And welcome, Peace, that long hath liu'd exile,

Lin.

THE VALIANT

Inmurde within the Iuory wals of blisse.
Ambition now hath throwne her snaky skin,
From off her venomde backe. Oh may shee die,
Congeal'd, and neuer moue again to multiply.

Enter Caradoc, Morgan and Constantine.

Morgan. God plesse her. Be Cad, Kings, all the Sybilles
in the whole orld speake not more tales and prophesies,
then our Cousin *Morgan*: Looke you now Kings, our cou-
sin *Caradoc*, and our cousin *Constantine*, breake our fasts with
mince-pyes and Gally: sawfryes of legs and armes. Is your
Grace a hungry? If you bee, I haue prought you a Calues
head in wooll, bee Cad; tis in my Knappclacke.

Oeta. Thanks, gentle Earle.

Mor. Thanks for a Pigge in a poake, tis pleeding new;
and I pray you thanke our cousin *Caradoc* for it: for as Cad
shudge me, hee was the Caterer: be Cad, hee did kill her
with one blow in the crag, as you vse to kill Conyes.

Oeta. Why, Cousin *Morgan*, I vse not to kill Conyes.

Mor. Do you not? Harke you me: you were a great deale
petter to kil al the Conyes in Wales, then they to kil her. Be
Cad, I haue knowne tall men as *Hercules*, beene wounded
to death, and kicke vp her heeles in an Hospitall, by the by-
ting of a tame Conyes in the City: therefore your wilde
Conyes in the Suburbs, that eate of nothing but Mandrakes
& Turne-her-yves, mark you me now, by Sheshu, are worse
then Dog dayes.

Oeta. VVell, Cousin, you are merry.

But now, braue plants of that vnhappy tree,
VVhom chance of warre hath leueld with the earth,
And in our cause: We cannot but lament
The sudden downefall of that aged Earle.
But since the wil of heauen is not confinde
Vnto the will of man: his soule's at rest.
Our bounties and our loue to you aliue,

Shall

W E L S H M A N.

Shall well confirme the loue we owe him dead.
 And first, because your worthy selues shall see,
 Our Royall thoughts adore no peafants god,
 Or dung-hill' baseness: but in that spheare we moue,
 Where honour sits coequall with high *Ioue*.
 To thee braue Knight, heauens chiefest instrument
 Of our new-borne tranquility and peace,
 We giue for thy reward, this golden Fleece,
 Our Royall daughter, beautious *Guiniver*,
 And after our decease, our Kingly right.
 Speake, valiant Knight, wilt thou accept of this?

Car. Accept of it, great King!

The Thracian *Orpheus* neuer entertayn'd
 More loy in sight of his *Euridice*,
 When with his siluer tunes he did inchaunt
 The triple-headed dog, and reassumde,
 His soules beatitude, from *Plutoes* Court,
 Then your deuoted seruant in this gift,
 Wherein such vnrespected loy concurs,
 That euery sense daunces within his blest circumference;
 And calls my blisse, A Newyeeres gift from *Ioue*;
 And not from that which reason or discourse
 Proudly from beasts doth challenge, as from man.
 In brieve, my Lord,

Looke how proud Nature in her store,
 Because shee hath one Phenix and no more,
 Whose indiuiduall substance being but one,
 Makes Nature boast of her perfection:
 So ist with me, great King; more blest in this,
 Then man turn'd constellation, starr'd in blisse.
 Her gracious answer, and I am content.

Mor. Her consent, Cousin *Caradoc*, I warrant her there
 is neuer a Lady in England, but consent to giue prike and
 prayse to a good thing; goe you together: I warrant
 her.

Osia. How now, my Lord, doe you play the Priest?

THE VALIANT

Mor. Priests! Cads blue-hood, I should be mad fellow
to make Priests: for marke you now, my Lord: the Priests
say, Let no man put her asunder: thats very good. But be-
lieue mee, and her will, it is a great deale better to put her
betweene; because the one is a curse, and the fruites of the
wombe is a great plesing.

OEda. Now Princely sonne, reach me each others hand.
Here in the sight of heauen, of God and men,
I ioyne your Nuptiall hands. Oh, may this howre
Be guided by a fayre and kind aspect.
Let no malevolent Planet this day dart
Her hateful influence, gainst these hallowed rites.
You heauenly Pilots of the life of man,
Oh, be propitious to this sacred cause,
That God and men may seale it with applause.
So now to Ceremonies. Musicke, sound shill thy note:
Tis Hymens holyday; Let *Bacchus* flote. *Exeunt.*

Mante solus Codignone.

Codig. Go you vnto the Church, and with your holy fires
Perfume the Altars of your country gods,
Whilst I in curses, swifter in pursute,
Then winged lightning, execrate your soules,
And all your Hymeneall iollity.
Now swels the wombe of my inuention,
With some prodigious proiect, and my brayne
Italianates my barren faculties
To Machiusian blacknesse. Welshman, stand fast;
Or by these holy raptures that inspire
The soule of Politicians with reuenge,
Blacke proiects, deepe conceits, quayne villanies,
By her that excommunicates my right
Of my creation, with a bastards name,
And makes me stand nonsuted to a crowne;
Hee fall my selfe, or plucke this Welshman down.
Cornwall, he kild thy brother. There's the base,
Whereon my enuy shall erect the frame

OF

W E L S H M A N.

Of his confusion. *Gloster*, I know,
 Is Natures master-piece of enuious plots,
 The Cabinet of all adulterate ill
 Enuy can hatch; with these I will beginne,
 To make blacke enuy Primate of each sin.
 Now, in the heate of all their reuelling,
 Hypocrisie, Times best complexion,
 Smooth all my rugged thoughts, let them appeare
 As brothell sinnes benighted, darkely cleare.
 Lend me thy face, good *laune*, let mee looke
 Iust on Times fashion, with a double face,
 And clad my purpose in a Foxes case. *Exit.*

ACTVS 3. SCENA 1. *Sound Musicke.*

*Enter Othanius, Caradoc, Guiniver, Gloster, Cornwall
 and Codignus vnto the Banquet.*

Otha. Sit, Princes, and let each man, as befits
 This solemne Festiuall, tune his sullen senses,
 To merry Carols, and delightfome thoughts,
 Comicke inuentions, and such pleasant straines
 As may decypher time to be well pleased.
 All things distinguisht are into their times
 And Iouiall howres, vsfit for graue designes.
 A health vnto the Bride and Bridegroom. Lords,
 Let it goe round. *They drinke round.*

Otha. How fares our princely Daughter?
 Me thinks, your looks are too composde for such a holiday.

Gui. Oh my good Lord, to put your Highnes out of your
 Which your weak argument draws from my looks: (suspect,
 Tis true, that heathen Sages haue affirmed,
*That Natures Tablet fixt within our looke,
 Gues scope to reade our hearts, as in a booke.*
 Yet this affirmatiue not alwayes holds;
 For sometimes as the vrine, that foretels

THE VALIANT

The constitution of each temperature,
It falsely wrongs the iudgement, makes our wit
Turne Mountybanke in falsely iudging it:
And like the outward parts of some fayre whore,
Deceiues, euen in the obiect we adore:

My Lord, my soule's so rapte
In contemplation of my happy choyce,
That inward silence makes it more complete,
By how much more it is remote
From custome of a superficial ioy,
Thats meereley incorporeall, a meere dreame,
To that essentiall ioy my thoughts conceyue.

Osta. How learnedly hath thy perswasive toung
Discovered a new passage vnto ioy,
In mentall reseruation? True ioy is strung
Best with the heart-strings, sounds onely in the tongue.
But where's Sir *Morgan*, Earle of Anglesey?
He promised vs some pleasant masking sight,
To crowne these Nuptials with their due delight.

Enter Morgans foolish sonne, Morion.

Morion. Oh my Lord, my father is comming to your
Grace, with such a many of Damsons and shee Shittle-
cockes: They smell of nothing in the world but Rozin
and Coblers waxe; such a many lights in their heeles, &
lungs in their hands, aboue all cry, yfaith.

*Enter the Maske of the Fayry Queene with foure Harpers;
before they daunce, one of them singeth a Welsh song: they
daunce, and then the foole, Earle Morgans sonne, falleth in
loue with the Fayry Queene.*

Morion. By my troth, my stomacke rumbleth at the ve-
ry conceit of this Iamall loue, euen from the sole of my
head, to the crowne of the foote. Surely, I will haue
more.

W E L S H M A N .

more acquaintance of that Gentlewoman; me thinks she
daunceth like a Hobby-horse.

After the daunce, a Trumpet within.

Osta. Thanks, Cousin *Morgan*.
But soft, what Trumpets this?

Constan. A messenger, my Lord, from King *Gederus*,
King of Brytayne, desires accessse vnto your Maiesty.

Osta. Admit him to our presence.

Enter Ambassadour.

Ambass. Health to this princely presence, and speci-
ally, to great *Ostaius*; for vnto him I must direct my
speech.

Osta. To vs: then freely speake the tenor of thy speech,
And wee as freely will reply to it.

Thy Master is a Prince, whom wee affect,

For honourable causes knowne to vs:

Then speake, as if the power we haue to graunt,

Were tied to his desire.

Amb. Then know, great King, that now *Gederus* stands,

As in a Labyrinth of hope and feare,

Vncertaine eyther of his life and Crowne.

The Romane *Claudius Cesar*, with an hoste.

Of matchlesse numbers, bold and resolute,

Are marching towards Brittain, arind with rage,

For the denying Tribute vnto Rome,

By force and bloudy warre to conquer it,

And cyther winne Brittain with the sword,

Or make her stoope vnder the Romane yoke.

Now, mighty King, since Brittain, through the world,

Is counted famous for a generous Ile,

Scorning to yeeld to forraine seruitude,

Gederus humbly doth desire your ayde,

To backe him gainst the pride of Romane *Cesar*,

And force his Forces from the Brittainish shores:

THE VALIANT

Which being done with speede, he vowes to tye
Himselfe to Wales, in bonds of amity.

Oct. Legate, this news hath pleas'd *Othavian* wel,
The Bryttaynes are a Nation free and bold,
And scorne the bonds of any forrayne foe;
A Nation, that by force was ne're subdude,
But by base Treasons politikely forst.

Claudius forgets, that when the Bryttish Ile
Scarce knew the meaning of a strangers march,
Great *Julius Cesar*, fortunate in armes,
Suffred three base repulses from the Clifles
Of chalky Douer:

And had not Bryttayne to her selfe pron'd false,
Cesar and all his Army had beene toombe
In the vast bosome of the angry sea.
Sonne Caradoc, how thinke you of this worthy enterprife?
Yet tis vnfit, that on this sudden warning,
You leaue your fayre wife, to the Theoricke
Of matrimoniall pleasure and delight.

Cara. Oh my good Lord, this honourable cause
Is able to inflame the coward brest
Of base *Thersites*, to transforme a man,
Thats Planet-strooke with *Saturne*, into *Mars*;
To turne the Caucasus of peasant thoughts,
Into the burning *Aetna* of reuenge,
And manly Execution of the foe.

What man is he, if Reason speake him man,
Or honour spurs on, that immortall fame
May canonize his Acts to after times,
And Kingly *Homers* in their Swanlike tunes
Of sphcarelike Musicke, of sweet Poesie,
May tell their memorable acts in verse;
But at the name of Romanes, is all warre,
All courage, all compact of manly vigour
Totally magnanimious, fit to cope
Euen with a band of Centaures, or a hoast

W E L S H M A N.

Of Cretan Minotaur's? Then let not me be bard:
The way to honour's craggy, rough, and hard.

Olla. Go on, & prosper, brave resolu'd Prince.

Car. Faire Princeesse, be not you dismaid at this;
Tis honour bids me leaue you for a while.

T will not long be absent. All the world,
Except this honourable accident,
Could not intreat, what now I must performe,
Being ingadg'de by honour. Let it suffice,
That ioy that liues with thee, without thee dies.

Guin. Sweet Lord, ech howre whilst you return, Ile pray,
Honour may crowne you with a glorious day.

Car. Then here Ile take my leaue; *He kisses his*
First, as my duty binds, of you great King. *hand.*
Next, of you, fayre Princeesse. *He kisses her.*
Come brothers, and Lord *Morgan*, I must intreat
Your company along.

Mor. Fare you well, great King: our Cousin *ap Caradoc*
and I, will make *Cesars*, with all her Romanes, runne to
the Teuils arse a peake, I warrant her. *Exeunt.*

I pray you looke vnto her sonne there: bee Cad, hee
hath no more wit in his pates, then the arrantest Cander
at Coost fayre. *Exit.*

Olla. Come, daughter, now let's in.
He that loues honour, must his honour winne. *Exeunt.*

A C T V S 2. S C E N A 2.

Enter the Bard, or Welsh Poet.

Bard. Thus haue you seene, the valiant *Caradoc*,
Mounting the Chariot of eternall fame,
Whom, mighty Fortune, Regent of this Globe,
Which Nauigators call terrestriall,
Attends vpon: and like a careful Nurse,
That sings sweet Lullabies vnto her babe,

CROWNS

THE VALIANT

Crowns her beloued Minion with content,
 And sets him on the highest Spire of Fame.
 Now to *Gederns*, King of warlike Brittainye,
 Opprest with Romane Legions is he gone,
 Spur'd on vvith matchlesse resolution,
 And in the battell, as your selues shall see,
 Fights like a *Nemean Lyon*,
 Or like those Giants, that to cope vvith *Ioue*,
 Hurl'd *Ossa* vpon *Peleon*, heap'd hill on hill,
 Mountaine on mountaine, in their boundles rage.
 But in the meane time dreadlesse of trecherous plots,
 The Bastard playes his *Rex*, whose ancient sore
 Beginnes to fester, and now breakes the head
 Of that Impostume malice had begot.
 Now *Cornewall*, *Gloster*, twinnes of some *Incubus*,
 And sonne and heyre to hells Imperiall Crowne,
 The Bastard *Codigune*, conspire the death
 Of olde *OEtanian*. Those that faine would know
 The manner how, obserue this silent show.

*Enter a dumbe show; Codigune, Gloster and Cornwall at the
 one dore: After they consult a little while, enter at the o-
 ther dore, OEtanian, Guininer, and Vooda, the sister of Cara-
 doc: they seeme by way of intreaty, to inuite them: they
 offer a cup of wine vnto OEtanian, and he is poysoned. They
 take Guininer and Vooda, and put them in prison. Codigune
 is crowned King of Wales.*

Bardb. The trecherous Bastard, with his complices,
Cornewall and *Gloster*, did inuite the King,
 Fyre *Guininer* and beautilous *Vooda*,
 The sister of renowned *Caradoc*,
 Vnto a sumptuous feast, vvwhose costly outside
 Gaue no suspition to a foule intent.
 And had *Cassandra* (as she did at *Troy*)
 Foretell the danger of the *Grecian* horse,

That



WELSHMAN.

That *Simon* counterfeyted with his teares,
 Prefaged this Treason; like to some nightly dream
 Of some superfluous brayne begot in wine,
 It had beene onely fabulous, and extinct
 Euen with the same breath, that she brought it forth,
 Like some abortiue Oracle, so beguiles
 The Syrens songs, and teares of Crocodiles.
 At this great banquet, great *Ostianian*
 Was poysoned, and the wife of *Caradoc*,
 Together with his beautious sister led
 Vnto a lothsome prison, and the Crowne
 Inuested on the head of *Codigune*
 The enuious Bastard. Here leaue we them a while:
 And now to Bryttayne let vs steare the course
 Of our attention, where this worthy Sunne
 That shines within the firmament of Wales,
 Was like himselfe, thrice welcom'd, till the spleene
 Of that malicious *Gloster* did pursue
 In certaine letters, sent to *Gederus* King,
 Whose sister he had married, his defame
 Wales lost, in liuely Scenes weele shew the same.

ACTVS 2. SCENA 3. *Exit Bardh.*

*Enter Gederus, King of Bryttaine, Prince Gald,
 Caradoc, Lord Morgan, Masron and
 Constantine.*

Gede. Once more, braue Peeres of Wales, welcome to
 Herein *Ostianian* shewes his kingly loue, (Bryttayne.
 That in this rough sea of inuasion,
 When the high swelling tempests of these times
 Oreflow our Bryttish banks, and *Cesars* rage,
 Like to an Inundation, drownes our land,
 To send so many warlike Souldiours,
 Conducted by the flowres of famous Wales.

D

Now

THE VALIANT

Now *Cesar*, vvhhen thou dar'st, vvee are prepared.
Brittaines vvhould rather die, then be outdared.
But soft, vvhhat messenger is this?

Enter a Messenger with a letter.

Speake Messenger, from whom, or whence thou comest.
Mess. From Wales, my Lord, sent in all post-haste,
From noble Earle of Gloster, to your Grace,
With this letter. *Gedernus reads it.*

Mor. From Wales! I pray you, good postes and messengers, tell vs, how fares all our friends, our Cousin *ap Guininer*, *ap Caradoc*, *ap Uoda*.

Mess. I know them not. *He strikes him.*

Morgan, Cads blue-hood, know not our Cousin? Ile giue her such a blow on the pate, Ile make her know her cousins. Cads zwownes, hee had best tell her, he knowes not her nose on her face. This fellow was porne at hogs Norton, where pigges play on the Organ. Posts call you her? Sploud, were a simple Carpenter to build house on such posts: not know our Cousins?

Gedernus. This letter from our brother *Gloster* sent, Intreates me, not to trust the gilded outsidcs Of these strangers. We know our brother well: He is a man of honourable parts, Iudicious, vpon no slight surmise, Giues vs intelligence, it shall bee so. Weele trust a fricad, afore an vnknowne fae. Prince *Caradoc*, you with your forces lye vpon yon hills: From whence, vnlesse you see our Army faint, Or discouraged by the Romane bands, There keepe your standing. *A Drum strikes off.*

Harken, Romane *Cesar* comes: now Brittaines fight,
Like *Brutus* sonnes, for freedome and for right. *Alarm.*

Exeunt Gedernus and his company.

Caradoc, Mauron, Constantine, & Morgan remain.

Car. Disgraced by letters: Mistred to a hill

W E L S H M A N.

Fond King, thy words, and all the trecherous plots
 Of secret mischiefe, sinke into the gulfe
 Of my obliuion: memory, be dull,
 And thinke no more on these disgracefull ayres,
 My fury relisht. King,
 Set punies to keepe hills, that scarce haue read
 The first materiall Elements of warre,
 That winke to see a Canoneere giue fire,
 And like an Aspin, shakes his coward ioynts,
 At musket shot. Within these noble veynes,
 There runnes a current of such high-borne blood,
Achilles well may father for his owne.
 These honourable sparkes of man wee keepe,
 Descended linially from *Hectors* race,
 And must be put in action. Shall I stand,
 Like gazing Figure-flingers on the starres,
 Obseruing motion, and not moue my selfe?
 Hence with that baseness. I that am a starre,
 Must moue, although I moue irregular.
 Goe you vnto the hill, in some disguise.
 Ile purchase honour by this enterprisc. *Exeunt. Alarum.*

ACTVS 2. SCENA 4.

Enter at the one dore Gederus, and Prince Gald: at the other, Claudius, and common Souldiers. They fight. Claudius beates them in. Then enters Caradoc, and pursues Claudius. Presently enters Cesar and Caradoc fighting.

Claud. Hold, valiant Bryttaine, hold thy warlike hands

Cara. Then yeeld thy selfe, proud Romane,
 Or by those gods the Bryttaines doe adore,
 Not all thy Romane hoste shall saue thy life.

Claud. Then souldiour, (for thy valour speakes thee so,)
 Know, that thou hast no common prisoner,

THE VALIANT

But such a one, whose eminence and place
 Commaunds officious duety through Rome:
 Then if thy inward parts deserue no lesse
 In honours eye, then thy meane habite shewes,
 Release me, that a publike infamy
 Fall not vpon me by the scandalous hoste,
 Whose Criticke censure, to my endlesse shame,
 Will runne diuision on the chauce of warre,
 And brand my fortune with blacke obloquy:
 And by my honour, that the Romanes hold
 As deare as life, or any other good
 The heauens can giue to man, the battell donne,
 Ile pay my ransome in a treble some.

Ca. Know, Romane, that a Bryttayne scorns thy gold.
 Let *Midas* broode adore that Deity,
 And dedicate his soule vnto this saint:
 Souldiours haue mines of honourable thoughts,
 More wealthy then the Indian veynes of gold,
 Beyond the value of rich Tagus shore:
 Their Eagle-feathered actions sco me to stoope
 To the base lure of vsurers and slaues.
 Let painefull Marchants, whose huge riding ships
 Teare vp the furrowes of the Indian deepe,
 To shun the slauish load of pouerty,
 Gape after massie golde: the wealth we craue,
 Are noble actions, and an honoured graue.
 Ile take no money, Romane:
 But since thou seemest no counterfeit impression,
 But bear'st the Royall Image of a man,
 Giue me some priuate token from thy hands,
 That's generally knowne vnto thy friends,
 That if by chance I come to Rome,
 I may be knowne to be your friend.

Claud. Here, worthy Bryttayne, take this golden Lyon,
 And weare it about thy necke: This when thou comest,
 Will quickly finde me out. Souldiour, adieu.

Cesar

W E L S H M A N.

Cesar is bound both to the gods and you.

Exit.

Enter Prince Gald. They found a retreat.

Gald. The Romane Eagle hangs her haggard wings,
 And all the Army's fled; all by the strength
 And opposition of one common man,
 In shew, not farre superiour to a Souldiour,
 That's hyred with pay, or prest vnto the field:
 But in his manly carriage, like the sonne
 Of some vnconquered valiant Mermedon.
 Sure, tis some god-like spirite, that obscures
 His splendour in these base and borrowed clouds
 Of common Souldiours habit. All my thoughts
 Are wrapt in admiration, and I am deepe in loue
 With those perfections, onely that my eye
 Beheld in that fayre obiect. Thus haue I left the field,
 To interchange a word or two with him.
 And see, in happy time he walkes alone.
 Well met, braue souldiour: may a Prince be bolde
 To aske thy name, thy nation and thy birth?

Cara. Fayre Prince, you question that you know already.
 I am not what I seeme, but hither sent, *He disclofes*
 On honourable termes, to ayd this King: *himselfe.*
 Which he vnkingly, basely did refuse,
 And in reward of this his proffered good,
 Vngratefully returnd (what other Kings
 With princely donatiues would recompence)
 My seruice with iniurious contempt:
 But I, in lieu of this disgracefull wrong,
 Haue done him right, and through the iawes of death,
 Haue brought a glorious triumph to his Crowne,
 And hung sweet peace about his palace gates.
 True honour should doe that, which enuy hates.

Gald. Fayre Map of honour, where my reason reades
 Each nauigable circle, that contains

THE VALIANT

My happy voyage to the land of fame :
 Say, vertuous Prince, may *Gald* become so blest
 To follow thy fayre hopes, and linke his soule
 In an vnited league of endlesse loue :
 Nor scorne a Princes proffer : for by heauen,
 What I intrude, thy vertue hath inforst,
 And like the powerfull Loadstone, drawne my thoughts
 To limne out vertue: for exactly done,
 By artificiall nature, to the life,
 In thy fayre modell shaddowed curiously,
 How like *Pigmalion*, do my passions dote
 On this fayre picture! will you accept me Prince?
Cara. Most willingly, kind Prince :
 And may as yet this *Embrio* of our loues
 Grow to his manly vigour : 'tis loue alone,
 That, of diuided soules, makes onely one.
 Who then adores not loue, whose sacred power
 Vnites those soules, diuision would deuoure?
 Come, gentle Prince, let vs goe see our friends
 I left vpon yon Hill, to keepe our forts,
 And thence to Wales, where double ioyes attend
 A beautidus wife, and a most constant friend. *Exeunt,*

ACTVS 2. SCENA 5.

*Enter Morion, the foolish Knight, and his man
 Rasbane.*

Morion. Come, *Rasbane*: Oh the intolerable paine that
 I suffer for the loue of the Fayry Queene I my hoesles are all
 kybde in the very heate of my affection, that runnes down
 into my legs : me thinkes I could eate vp a whole Brokers
 shoppe at a meale, to be eased of this loue.

Rarf. Oh master, you would haue a villainous many of
 pawnes in your belly. Why, you are of so vveake a nature,
 you vwould hardly digest a Seruingmans Liucry in your
 belly, vwithout a vomit. *Mo-*



W E L S H M A N.

Morion. I assure thee, thou sayest true, tis but grosse meate. But *Ratsbane*, thou toldst mee of a rare fellow, that can tell misfortunes, and can coniure: prethee bring me to him. He giue him somewhat, to helpe mee to speake with the Fayry Queene.

Whose face like to a Butchers doublet lookes,
Varnisht with tallow of some be autious Ox;
Or like the aprons of some Pie-corner Cookes,
Whose breath smels sweeter then a hunted Foxe:
Whose eyes, like two great foot-balls made of lether,
Were made to heate the gods in frosty weather.

Ratsb. Oh, happy that man, that hath a bedfellow of these amiable parts. Oh master, if her visible parts bee such, her inuisible parts are able to make an Italian run mad: hee loues an armful. But master, see, heres the man I told you of.

Enter the Juggler and his man.

Juggler. You know my mind, sir, be gone.
I haue obseru'd this Idiot, and intend,
To gull the Coxcombe: therefore I did translate
My selfe this day into this cunning shape.
I oft haue heard the foole strongly perswade
Himselfe, to be the Fayry Queenes chiefe Loue,
And that by her he shall subdue the Turke,
And plucke great *Otoman* from off his throne.
This I will worke on.

Morion. Sir, and't shall please you, I come to know some of that excellent skill, the world hath blisterde mine cares with.

Jug. Sir *Thomas Morion*, for so are you called,
Darling vnto the be autious Fayry Queene;
Your fortunes shall bee such, as all the world
Shall wonder at *Pheanders* noble name:
For otherwise, so are you also named.
I know to what intent you hither come:
You come to see your Loue, the Fayry Queen:
And talke with her here in this silent place,

Her

THE VALIANT

Her nimble Fayries, and her selfe do vse
 Oft to repayre : and long it will not be,
 Ere she com hither: but thus much you must know
 You must not talke to her, as to a Queene
 Of earthly substance : for she is a pure
 And simple spirit, without Elements:
 Wherefore, without any mortall thing
 That may annoy her most immortall sense,
 You must goe, humbly creeping on your hands,
 Without your Doublet, Rapier, Cloke or Hose,
 Or any thing that may offend her nose.
 And see, see, yonder she comes; if you wil speake with her,
 You must doe as I tell you.

Enter the Fayry Queene.

Morion. Oh helpe me quickly;
 Come, *Ratsbane*, vncase, my loue is come.
He strips himselfe, and creepes vpon his hands, with his man.
 Great Queene, thou soueraigne of *Pheanders* heart,
 Vouchsafe a word vnto thy Mayden Knight,
 That bowes his guts vnto thy mighty face.

Fayry Q. Follow me this way.

*Shee fals downe vnder the Stage, and he followes her, and
 fals into the ditch.*

Morion. Helpe, *Ratsbane*, helpe, helpe.

Ratsf. Help? why, where are you? I thought you had been
 in the hole by this time; Come, giue me your hand. You
 follow the Fayry Queene?

Mor. Come, come, say nothing : wee le goe home like
 fooles as we came.

Come, my clothes, my clothes.

Ratsf. Cods lid, clothes! Now we may go home worse
 fooles then we came. Sfoot, this cunning Rascall meanes
 to set vs a hay making. Sfoote, we are fitte for the Dogge-
 house, we are flayde already.

Mor. Well, we may goe home with the naked truth.
 Its no matter, A mans a nian, though hee haue but a hose
 on his head.

Enter

WELSHMAN.

ACTVS 3. SCENA I.

Enter Codigune, Gloster, and Cornwall with Souldiours vp in Armes.

Codig. Now friends and fellow Souldiours in iust Arms,
Prepare your selues against the haughty foe,
Who, as wee heare, marches not farre from hence.
What we haue done, by force wee leaue it good,
Or seale our bold attempts, with death and bloud.

Glof. King, keepe your owne; maugre all opposition,
If he come hither to demanda your right,
And with his rebell troopes disturbe the peace
Of what both gods and men haue made your own,
Maintain the quarrell with your awfull power,
Be it right or wrong; behaue your selfe like *Ioue*,
And strike with thunder his base insolence:
Discourse not what is done, nor how, nor when.
Onely Kings wils are Lawes for other men.

Enter a Messenger.

Codig. What tidings brings this sweating Messenger?

Messen. My Lord, Prince *Caradoc*, returnd from Brittain,
Is with his Army marching hitherwards.

Cod. He comes vnto his death. Now, *Codigune*,
Banish al timorous thoughts: think what thou art;
A King. That word is able to infuse
Boldnesse, as infinite, as that we call
The worlds first mouer. Why, the name of King
Were able to create a man of stone,
With more then animall courage, to inspire
Dulnesse, with nerued resolution.
Then, *Codigune*, like *Atlas*, on thy backe,
Support thy Kingdomes Arch, vntill it cracke.
March forward.

Exeunt.

THE VALIANT

ACTVS 3. SCENA 2.

*Enter Caradoc, Gald, Masron, Constantine, Lord Morgan,
Earle of Anglesey, with colours and Souldiours.*

Cara. I was not wont, deare friends, to be so dull.
I am all lead, as if my subtle soule
Had left his lodging in this house of clay.
Each empty corner of my faculties,
And vnderstanding powers, swell with dreames
And dire presages of some future ill:
Gastly and fearefull specters haunt my sleepe.
And, if there be; as Heathen men affirme,
Some godlike sparks in mans diuining soule,
Then my propheticke spirite tels me true,
That some sad newes attends my steps in Wales.
I long to heare what mischief, or what good,
Hath hapned, since I parted from the King.

Enter Morion.

Morion. Oh father, father, sfoot, I sweate, as if I had been
buried in a Tunne of hote graynes.

Morg. Come you Coxecombe, leaue your proclamati-
ons and your preambles, and tell her the naked truth.

Morion. My Father knowes all.

Indeed, father, the naked truth is, that the Fayry Queene
robd me of all my clothes: you might haue seen me as poore
as an Open-arse. But I can tell you newes; the King is
poysoned; Lord *Codigune* crowned; The Lady *Guinuer*, &
the young Gentlewoman imprisoned.

Morgan. But harke you me, sonne *Morion*; is all this true,
or inuented of her owne foolish pates and imaginashions?

Morion. Why, I pray you, father, when did you heare a
Gentleman of Wales tell lyes?

Morgan. Her tell her true in that; tis the praucest Nati-
on vnder the Sunnes for that. Harke you me, sonnes; be Cad,
n

W E L S H M A N.

it is a great teale petter to be a thiefe, then a liar, I warrant her.

Gald. What, Royall Prince, can chaunce predominate
 Ouer a mind, that, like the soule, retaynes
 A harmony of such concordant tunes?
 No sudden accident should make to iarre.
 This tenement of clay, in which our soule
 Dwels in, vntill the Lease of life indures,
 Of learned men was well called, *Microcosme*,
 Or, little world: ouer whose mortall parts
 The starres doe gouerne, whose immortall power
 Sometimes begets a fatall birth of woe;
 Sometimes againe inuerts their sullen course
 To v unexpected Reuels, turnes our Critticke howres
 To Cricket merriment; yet is there meanes that barrs
 Their hatefull influence. Wisdome rules the starres.
 You haue lost a Father: Vse the Athenians breath,
Graue Solons; No mans happy vntill death.

Cara. Oh, louing Prince, thus the Physician speakes
 To the disordered Patient: thus healthfull Arte
 Conferres with wounded Nature. Tis a common trick,
 Men being found, giue Phisicke to the sicke.
 Fayre Prince, misconster not my discontent;
 I griue not, that *Othauian* is depriued
 Of life; but that he hath exchanged
 His life, for such a miserable death.
 What villaine, but a prodigie of nature,
 Ingendred by some Comet, would haue forst
 His aged soule to wander in the ayre?
 Bearing a packet of such ponderous finnes,
 Would cracke the Axel-tree of heauen to beare.
 And not haue giuen him liberty to pray?
 But I am armed with patience. First with words
 Weeke seeke to conquer; and if not, by swords.
 March round; I heare their Drummes.

THE VALIANT

ACTVS 3. SCENA 3.

*Enter Codigune, Gloster, Cornewall, with
colours and souldiours.*

Codig. Now, *Caradoc*, what ist thou canst demanda?

Morg. Cousin *Caradoc*, I pray you hold her peace a little.

Codig. Ile heare no mad men speake.

Morg. Cads blu-hood, take her for Bedlems, & mad mens?

He offers to strike him.

Car. Be patient, Cousin. *Codigune*, in briefe,
I come to clayme my right, that thou vsurpest,
And by sinister meanes, blacke as thy sinnes,
Hast basely stolne: surrender first my wife,
My sister, and the Kingdome of Southwales;
Or by the gods, to whom I stand obliged,
In sacred bonds of Orizons and thanks,
For life and motion: if thou refuse to doe it,
Or moue that bloud boyles within my veynes,
At the memoriall of thy hellish sinne,
Ile teare the Crowne from off thy cursed head,
And eyther die my selfe, or strike thee dead.

Cod. *Caradoc*, thou claymest South-Wales of vs.
Nor that, nor wife, nor sister shalt thou haue;
But if thou long st for any, aske a graue.
The high-swolne pride of Maiesty and loue,
Brookes no competitors; its thus decreede,
Who shares with them, must for the booty bleed.
Ech Planet keeps his Orbe, which being resign'd,
Perhaps, by greater lights would be outshinde.

Car. Sweet Patience, yet instruct my toung awhile
To speake the language of a temperate soule.

Codigune, marke vwhat Ile offer thee:
Since that the wrongs, which basely thou hast bred
Cannot be reconciled, but by the death

WELSHMAN

Of millions, that must suffer for vs two;
 And we the authors of what wars and blood
 Shall in her frantike outrage launsh out:
 (For tis a thing that honour scornes to doe,
 That multitudes should perish for vs two:)
 Thou art a man, if actions like thy words,
 Be but proportionable, that disdaynest
 To fight with crauen basenesse all on odds:
 Nor doe I thinke thy honour so profuse,
 That guiltlesse men should bleed for thy abuse:
 Then, if thou darest: And once more to augment
 Thy Bastard courage, againe; I dare thee fight,
 Euent in a single Monomachy, hand to hand
 And, if by chance (as man is nought but chance)
 Thou conquerest me, I will become thy slaue,
 Confirme my right to thee, and to thy heyres;
 And if I ouercome, doe thou the like:
 How sayest thou? wilt thou accept this offer?
Cod. It pleaseth me, and here in sight of heauens,
 By all my hopes of immortality,
 I will performe what thou hast brauely spoken:
 I loue thee for these honourable termes,
 And will as fearelesse entertaine this fight;
 As a good conscience doth the cracks of Ioue:
Cara. Then as we are, Souildiers, begin vs round,
 And let no man disturbe the Combatants,
 Till one, or both, fall to the ground:
 For thus be vvell assured, the cause being right,
 Immortall spirits doe for iustice fight.

They fight at Poleaxe, Codrines
is conquered.

Gloster, flie and strike thy head with shame.
Morg. Cads blue hood, perced with praynes for calling
Cara. Rise, He paye thy selfe, John D ouil, the Bedles.
 Revenge.

THE VALIANT

Reuenge sufficient for thy damned facts;
 For to a scared conscience these doe well,
 Long life, mens hate, and a perpetuall hell.
 Yet, that thou mayest liue, to atone thy soule
 Vnto the angry heauens, I freely giue
 The Kingdome of North-Wales for terme of life,
 To thy dispose; onely reseruing tribute to my selfe,
 In iust acknowledgement of me and mine.

Cod. Know, *Caradoc*, since by the chance of war,
 I must be forst to render vp that right,
 That like a slaue I might haue kept by might,
 I scorne thy gifts, and rather chuse to liue
 In the vast wildernes with farall Owles,
 Free from the malice of base buzzard Chaunce,
 And there in husht vp silence rauing goe;
 Then earth, except be hell, no place so low.
 Then with high almes, *Aside.*

Ile to the Romanes, and there plot, pell mell.
 Vessels that once are seasoned, keep their smell.
 Welshmen, farewell; and *Caradoc* adieu;
 Vnder the heauens, we haue no foe but you. *Exit.*

Cornewall. Now Royall Prince, since happy victory
 Hath set a period to a bloody fight,

Cornewall, in humble manner, here presents
 Himselfe and seruice to your Princely Grace.

Cara. *Cornewall*, although thy actions not deserue
 The least respect of vs, in taking part
 With the aspiring Bastard, and the rest
 Of his adherents; yet we doe omit
 All former iniuries, and reunite
Cornewall vnto our loue.

Corn. Then Princes, ioyne with *Cornewall*, and in throne
 True honour and deserts, with what's her owne.
 Ascend your Chayre, fayre Prince.

The Trumpets flourish, omnes. They crowne him.

Omnes. Long liue *Caradoc*, King of Wales.

CARA.

W E L S H M A N.

Car. We thanke you Princes. This being done, weele see
Our beaution Queene and sister both set free.

Enter Gloster solus.

Now, *Gloster*, in this still and silent wood,
Whose vnfrequented pathes do lead thy steps
Vnto the dismall caue of hellish fiends;
With whom, a Witch, as vgly to confront,
As are the fearefull Furies she commaunds,
Liues in this solitary vncouth place;
Begin thy damned plots, banish that thred-bare thought
Of Vertue,

Which makes vs men so senselesse of our wrong,
It makes vs beare the poyson of each tongue.

No, *Gloster*, no; he, whose meeke bloud's so coole
To beare all wrongs, is a religious foole:
Or he that cannot finely knit reuenge,

Like to *Aracne*, in a curious web,
May wounds still fit a Nightcap for his head.

Since I am forst to flie with foule disgrace,
And since of gods or men no hope I finde,
Ile vse both hell and Fiends to ease my minde.

Here dwels a famous Witch, who, with her sonne,
As blacke in arte, as arte it selfe is blacke,

Both memorable for their Magicke skill,
That can command sterne vengeance from beneath
The center of the earth, for to appeare

As quicke as thought. To her Ile tell the tale
Of my reuenge, and with the golden Chimes
Of large rewards, inchaunt her hellish eares.

And see: their monstrous shapethemselues appeares.

ACTVS 3. SCENA 4.

Enter the Witch and her sonne from the Cane.

Gloster. Thou famous Mistresse of the vnknown depths
Of

THE VALIANT

Of hels infernall secrets, oh vyhat reuenge
 Shall a deiected, miserable man,
 Chafed from the confines of his native land,
 By vvrong oppression, and insulting pride,
 Disgrace, contempt, and endlesse infamy,
 Giue, for redresse from thy commanding arte
Witch. Gloster, I know thee wel, although disguised:
 Thou comest to craue our helpe, for thy reuenge
 Gainst *Caradoc*, who now hath vanquished
 The Bastard *Codigme* in single fight.
 Know *Gloster*, that our skill
 Commaunds the Moone drop from her siluer sphere,
 And all the staires to yayle their golden heads,
 At the blacke horror that our Charmes present,
Atlas throwes downe the twinckling Arch of heauen,
 And leaues his burthen at our dreadfull spels,
 This pendant element of solid earth,
 Shakes with amazing Earth quakes, as if the frame
 Of this vast continent would leaue her poles,
Neptune swels high, and with impetuous rage,
 Dashes the haughty *Argosey* with winds,
 Against the Christall battlements of heauen,
 The troubled ayre appears in flakes of fire,
 That, till about the ayres circumference,
 We make the ypper Region
 Thicke, full of fatall Comets, and the skie
 Is filde with fiery signes of armed men,
 Hell roares, when we are angry, and the Fiends,
 As schole-boyes, tremble at our Charming rod,
 Thus, when we are displeas'd, or male-content,
 Both hell obeyes, and euery Element.

Gloster. Thou matchles wonder, worke but my reuenge,
 And by the triple *Hecate*, and the povvers
 Your Charmes adore, Ile load you vvith a vvaight
 Of gold and treasure, till you cry, No more.
 Inuent, great soule of arte, some stratagem,

Whose

W E L S H M A N .

Whose fame may draw him to these dismal woods,
 No danger can out-dare his thirsty soule
 In honourable enterprises: he is a man,
 Should hell oppose him, of such dauntlesse mettall,
 That were but fame the end of his atchieuement,
 He would as boldly cope with it, as with things
 Of common danger.

Witch. Then *Gloster*, harke: Here in this dismal Groue,
 By arte I will create a furious beaft,
 Mou'd by a subtill spirit, full of force
 And hellish fury, whose deuouring iawes
 Shall hauocke all the borderers of Wales,
 And in short space vnpeople all his Townes.
 Now, if he be a man that seeks for fame,
 And grounds his fortunes on the popular loue,
 Or Kinglike doe preferre a common good,
 Before a priuate losse; this famous taske,
 Whose fearefull rumour shall amaze the world,
 Will egge him on: where being once but come,
 He surely meetes with his destruction.
 Sonne, to this purpose, straitway to thy booke,
 Enter the Caue, and cal' a powerfull spirit by thy skill,
 Commaund him instantly for to appeare,
 And with thy Charms, binde him vnto the shape
 Of a deuouring Serpent, whilest without
 We doe awayte his comming. *Exit Magician.*

Thunders and Lightning.

Now whirle the angry heauens about the Pole,
 And in their fuming choler dart forth fires,
 Like burning *Aetna*, being thus intraged
 At this imperious Necromantike arte.
Dis trembles at our Magicall commaund,
 And all the flaming vawtes of hells *Abisse*,
 Throw forth sulphureous flakes of scorching fire.
 The iangling hell-hounds, with their hellish guizes,

THE VALIANT

Daunce damned rounds, in their infernall rage,
And to conclude, earth, water, ayre, and fire,
And hell grow sicke, to see mans arte aspire,
A generall enuy makes them malecontent,
To see deepe arte commaund each element.
See, *Gloster*, see, thinkes he, this monstrous shape

Enter the Serpent.

Will not abate the courage of his foe,
And quell the haughty pride of *Caradoc*?

Gloster. Yes, mighty Artist, were he thrice inspirde
With more then humane courage, he may as soone
Conquer those matchlesse Giants, that were set
To keepe the Orchard of Hesperides,
Or match the labours of great *Hercules*.

Enter the Serpent. It thunders.

Witch. Goe shrowde thy horrid shape within this wood,
And seize on all thou meetst. Come, *Gloster*, in,
And here awhile abide within this Caue.
Thy eyes shall see what thy vext soule did craue. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 3. SCENA 5.

*Enter Ostorius Scapula, Marcus Gallicus, Manlius
Valens, Cessius Nasica, and Codigune in Armes.*

Ostorius. Now, valiant Romanes, once more do we tread
Vpon the bosome of the Bryttish ground:
And by the gods that doe protect great Rome,
Weele now acquite great *Cesars* foule disgrace,
Or die like Romanes in this forrayne place.

Marcus. Me thinks, it is a shame to Rome and vs,
That haue beene counted famous through the world,
For matchlesse victories, and feates of armes,
That such a petty Hand should repulse
So huge an army of the Romane strength,
Able to sacke the spacious walles of Troy,

To



W E L S H M A N.

To Ieuell Babels pride euen with the ground :
 An Ile, that in respect of *Cesars* power,
 Is like the Center, to the ample heauens;
 A poynt, vnto a large circumference;
 Small atomes, to the body of the Sunne.
 Sure, this Welshman works by Magicke spels,
 Or, tis impossible, if he be a man,
 Compos'd of flesh and bloud, sinewes and nerues,
 He should out-dare so puissant an host.

Codig. Great Generall, that which he holds, is mine ;
 And though infor't by violence and wrong,
 From that which Nature left my heritage :
 Yet, since I see such hopes, so fayrely sprung
 From such an honourable head, as Rome,
 Whose fame for honour, cheualry and' armes,
 Out-shines all Nations with her glorious rayes :
 This *Caradoc*, whom men doe causlesse feare,
 Is of condition insolent and proud,
 Ambitious, tyrannous, speckled with euery vice
 The infectious time can harbour. Say, we confesse him bold,
 And of a courage that grim visag'd death,
 The obiect of true valour, cannot daunt;
 Though *Proteus*-like, he came in thousand shapes,
 What's he, comparde to numbers infinite?
 Or that Imperiall Rome, whose Eagle eyes
 Haue gaz'd against the sunne of matchlesse tryumphs,
 Should basely feare a weake and silly Fly?
 This Welshman is all superficiall,
 Without dimensions, and like a mountaine swels,
 In labour onely with great ayry words,
 Whose birth is nothing, but a silly Mouse;
 Actions without their measure or their weight.
 Then, Romanes, derogate not from the worth,
 That time in ancient Chronicles records
 Of your eternall honours got in warre.
 But if you prize your honours more then life,

THE VALIANT

Or humane happinesse, here's a noble cause
 Of wrong and vsurpation, to erect
 A statue to your dying memory.
 Then on, great Generall, waue the Romane Eagle,
 Euen to the Tents of haughty *Caradoc*,
 And with my bloud Ile second this braue fight,
 Or hide my shame by death in endlesse night.
Ostor. Brauely resolu'd, Ere long, assure thy selfe,
 Weele seate thee in thy ancient dignity,
 And force to *Cesar* homage, and to Rome:
 And, though we feare not one particular man,
 Yet, for because we truely are inform'd,
 That *Caradoc* is strong and puissant,
 For ten dayes wee intend to make a truce,
 And in the meane time to make strong our hoste:
 Which if he doe refuse, the time expired,
 To render vp thy right, which he detaines;
 Warre, like some gnawing vulture shall attend
 Vnto their finall ruine, and their end.
 And to that purpose, *Marcus Gallicus*
 Shall as a Legate both from Rome and vs,
 Instantly giue them knowledge: the time's but short:
 And till the date's expirde, prepare for sport. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. 4. SCENA I.

*Enter Caradoc, Guiniuer. Uoada, his sister, Maxron,
 Constantine, Gald, Lord Morgan.*

Cara. Now, beautious Queen & sister, though our tedious
 In warlike Bryttaine, hath beene the cause (absence
 Of your imprisonment, yet, at our returne,
 The gods in iustice haue repayde the wrong.
 Done to your beauties by base trechery,
 And forst that damned instrument of sinne,
 To hide his bastard head in endlesse shame.

Then,



W E L S H M A N.

Then, Royall Queene, (for that's a stile befits
The royall vertues of such peerelesse lustre)
Ascend your Throne, vvhilest equally with me,
You part, vvith full applause, your foueraignety.

A flourish. Shee is crowned.

Omnes. Long liue Queene *Guiniver*, Queene of Cambria.

Guin. Thanks, Royall Lord. Oh, may these smiling stars,
That kindly haue conioynd each others loue,
And of two bodies louingly made one,
Crovvne all thy actions vvith a gracious looke,
And make thee fortunate in peace and vvarre.
Not all the trecherous complots of that Fiend,
Restraint of free ayre, close imprisonment,
Could vvith their strange appearances imprint
Such feeling Characters of sudden woe,
As your great conquest doth create nevv ioy,
And exultation of your dangers past.

Cara. Thanks, gentle Loue. Now sister *Uoada*,
The duty and the care that cuer since
My reason could distinguish, and that fraternall loue
Nature imposed, that many Moones and yeeres
Haue been imployde vnto the good I owe
Thy riper yeeres, shall in this minutes space
Befull discharged: Therefore, thrice noble friend,
I giue vnto thy hand an Orient Pearle
Of more esteeme, then that, which at a health
Great *Cleopatra* did carouse in wine,
To Romane *Anthony*. Loue her well, sweet Prince;
Let it suffice, part of our Royall bloud
Runs through the chanel of her Azure veynes,
And that she is our sister.

Gald. Right noble Prince, when *Gald* in lieu of this
So Kingly and so rare a benefite,
(In whom the mirrour of bright Excellence
So cleare, and so transparantly appears)
Forgets to honour thee or her in loue,

THE VALIANT

May he liue branded with some heauy curse,
 Worfe then oppreffion of the vviddowes right;
 Or when I shall forget to offer vp
 A sacrifice of my immaculate loue,
 Vnto thy beautious altar, let me haue
 A base deformed obiect to my graue.

Voada. And Princely Lord, may no delightfome gale
 Of sweet content blow on this mortall state
 Of what I now possesse, if from my heart
 The deepe impression of my loue depart.

A Trumpet within.

Cara. Cousin *Morgan*, looke what Trumpet's this.

Morgan. I warrant her, tis for more knocks on the pate.
 Romans call you her? Be Cad, scuruy Romanes, that cannot
 let her alone, in her own Countries. Ile choke some
 of her with cause bobby, or drowne her in hogsheds of
 Perry and Metheglin.

He goes to the dore. Enter Marcus Gallicus.

I pray you, from whence come her?

Marcus. From Rome.

Morgan. From Rome! And I pray you, what a poxe ayles
 her, that you cannot keepe her at home? haue you any
 Waspes in her tayles? or liue Eeles in her pelly, you cannot
 keepe her at home? Harke you me: I pray you, how toth
 M. *Cesar*? toth he neede era parbour? Looke you now: let
 him come to Wales, and her Cousin *Caradoc* shall trim his
 crownes, I warrant her.

Marc. I vnderstand you not.

Morg. Cads nayles? Cood people, doth *Morgan* speake
 Hebrewes or no? Vnderstand her not?

Cara. Now, Romane, for thy habit speaks thee so:
 Is it to vs thy message is directed?

Marc. Yes, Prince. And thus the Romane General sayes,
 If within ten dayes space thou wilt resigne
 Thy Kingdome to the heyre, Lord *Codigune*,
 From whom thou doest detayne it wrongfully,

Thou

W E L S H M A N.

Thou shalt haue peace : but if thou doest deny,
Sterne warre by force, shall force it presently.

Morg. Harke you now, Cousin, Cads blue-hood, if you
had beate out her praynes, you had peene quiet. Shefu, more
troubles and sex ahhions! what a orld is this?

Cara. Dares that damn'd Traytour ope his hellish throat
Against our right? Or ist your Romane guize,
To backe blacke Treasons and conspiracies?
Embassadour, returne vnto thy Lord :
Within these ten dayes he shall heare from vs. *Aside.*
But by the gods that doe vphold the frame
And fabricke of the world, lest it should fall
Vpon the head of that damn'd murderer,
It shall be to his cost. Come, let's a way.

Enter a shepheard running hastily.

Shep. O mighty King, pittie thy peoples wrongs,
And cease the clamors of both young and old,
Whose eyes doe penetrate the gates of heauen,
To looke vpon the tragicall mishaps,
And bloody spoyle of euery passenger.
Our sheepe deuoured, our shepheards dayly flaine,
All by a furious Serpent, not farre hence,
Whom lesse, great King, you doe preuent in time,
A timelesse massacre ouerruns your land,
And danger waites, euen at your Palace gates,
And your selfe's as incident to death,
As euery common Hynde it hath deuoured.
Therefore delay not, mighty Soueraigne.

Cara. A Serpent? where? when? how came it thither?
Ile not demurre, Shepheard, leade on the way.
Ile follow thee. There's danger in delay.
Come, Cousin *Morgan*, goe along with vs.
Princes, farewell awhile.

Morgan. Cads blue-hood, fight with Tcuils. I warrant her,
some

THE VALIANT

Some Embassadors from Belzebubs shortly. Here's a great teale of sturres. I pray Cad plesse her from Teuils. They are a great teale worse then Marshall men, and Bum-Bayly. From all of them, Cood Lord deliuer her. I come, Coufin.

Gwinier. Good Angels guide thy dange rous enterprise,
And bring thee backe, with conquest to thy friends.
Some powerfull Spirit houer ouer the head
Of my deare Lord, and gard him from the rage
Of that fell Monster. Come, Princes, let's away.
A womans feares can hardly stint or stay. *Exeunt.*

Manet Marcus Gallicus. He lookes after Uoada.

Marcus. I haue not scene a beauty more diuine,
A gate more like to *Innoes*, Queene of heauen.
I cannot tell; but if there be a *Cupid*,
Arrowes and flames, that from the sacred fires
Of loue and passion, that fond men inspires
With desperate thoughts, kindles our vain desires:
Then in this brest their locall place must be.
Oh Loue, how powerfull is thy Deity,
That binds the vnderstanding, blinds the eye!
Yet here's an obie&t for the eye so rare,
Deceyt can ne're beguile, it is so fayre.
This chafe Ile keepe, and eyther winne the game,
Or lose the golden Fleece vnto my shame. *Exit.*

ACTVS 4. SCENA 2.

Enter Shepheard, Caradoc, Morgan.

Carad. Now, shepheard, are we yet within the ken
Of this fell monster?

Sheph. Not yet, my Lord: and yet, me thinks, this place
Should not be farre.

Carad.

W E L S H M A N.

Cara. Then here weele stay: it may be, being hungry,
The dreadfull monster now vwill seeke his prey, *Enter*
And range towards vs. Come, let's walke about. *old man.*

Old man. Stay, ventrous Prince, and from an old mans
Receyue the meanes, that sacred heauens decree, (hand,
To rid thy Land from this perplexity.

No force of sword can conquer hellish fiends,
By blacke inchantments made to take thy life:
Thou maist with greater ease cleaue rocks asunder,
Or with thy hands breake Adamants in twayn,
Which nought but bloud of Goates can mollifie,
Then pierce the skales of this infernall Monster.
About thee take this precious soueraigne herbe,
That *Mercury*, to wise *Ulisses* gaue,
To keepe him from the rage of *Cyrces* charmes.
This precious herbe, maugre the force of hell,
From blackest sorcery keepes sound and well.
Farewell, great Prince. *Exit.*

Cara. Thanks, gentle Father. And see, the Serpent comes.

*Enter the Serpent. Caradoc shewes the herbe. The Serpent
flies into the Temple. Caradoc runs after. It thunders.*

Now *Caradoc*, pursue this hellish Fiend.

He drags the Magician out by the heeles.

Curst Imposter, damn'd Inginer of plots,
As blacke in curst purposes, as night,
When by your hellish charmes, she mournes in blacke
And fable vestments; tell me, thou sonne of darkenesse,
Where that Inuenter of mischieuous ill
Gloster remaynes.

Bluso. There in that caue: but he is fled from thence,
And being frantike with the horrid sight
Of fearefull apparitions, in despayre
Runnes vp and downe these solitary Groues,
Where shortly Furies, with their diuelish haunts,
Will leade him to a sad and violent death.

Cara. Wert thou the authour? tell vpon thy life.

G

Bluso. No,

THE VALIANT

Bluso, No, Prince : for in this horrid Caue
There liues my aged mother, deepe in skill
Of Magicke Exorcismes, as the art it selfe
Exceeds the boundlesse depth of humane wit.
With her the Earle conspird, to draw you hither
By this inuention.

Cara. Rise, come forth, thou vgly Hagge, from thy darke
Cell. *He plucks the Wuch out by the heeles.*

Cousin *Morgan*, throw her into the flames
Of the burning Temple.

Hee carries her, and throwes her in.

Morgan. I warrant her. By shefu, tis a hote whore.

Cara. On this condition doe I giue thee life,
That first, if such an hellish art as this
May serue to vertuous vses, then direct
The scope of all thy skill, to ayde poore men,
Distrest by any casualty or chance,
And specially our friends.

Bluso. This *Bluso* vowes to keepe inuiolable.

Cara. Come, Cousin *Morgan*, Kings in this are known,
That for their subiects liues, neglect their owne.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 3.

Enter a company of Rustickes bearing the body of Gloster.

Cara. How now, Sirs, what heauy spectacle affronts our
eyes?

Clowne. Come, my masters, euery man his part, hee shall
be examined, ere we part with him.

Neighb. Tis fit, neighbour, for he that has no more care
of himselfe, what will he haue of another fellow?

Cara. Whose body is that, my friends?

Clown. Tis not a body, Sir, tis but a carkase, sir, some
Gentleman it scemes; for if hee had beene a poore man, that
labours for his liuing, he would haue found somewhat else

W E L S H M A N.

to doe, and not to haue hangde himselfe.

Cara. Alacke, alacke, a wretched case.

Clown. Nay truly, neuer bestow pittie on him, that could not pittie himselfe.

Bluse. Tis *Glosters* body, noble *Caradoc*.

Cara. A Traytors body, then heauens iustice showne,
That in contriuing mischief for his owne.

Mor. If his head were taken from his shoulders, 'twere very well, and poale his head on a high cragge.

Clown. You may poale his head here, if it please you, but truly it is not worth the labor, for it is a fleece of the lovv-zest haire that euer was hanged.

Morg. You are a pratling Coxcombe, I would haue his head mounted on a poale, for all false knaues to see and behold.

Clow. Why sir, you may see it now, and the rest shall see it hereafter.

Mor. The rest sir, mercy vpon vs, doe you reckon me a false knaue? by S. *Danie*, I will melt a stone of tallow from your kidneyes.

Cara. Nay, good Sir *Morgan*.

Morg. Pray you Cousin, let me goe.

Clow. Let your Cousin, let him come, you shall haue diggon of Chymrade, I warrant you.

Morg. Harke you, harke you Cousin, he speakes Brittish, by shefu, I not strike him now, if he call mee three knaues more. God plesse vs, if he do not speake as good Brittish, as any is in Troy walles. Giue me both your right hands, I pray you, let vs be friends for euer and euer.

Clown. Sir, you shall be friends with a man of credit then: for I haue a hundreth pound in blacke and white, simple as I stand here: and simple as I stand here, I am one of the Crowners quest at this time.

Omnes. I, for, simple as we all stand here, wee are no lesse at this time.

Clown. And it may be, as simple as we are here, if we say,
he

THE VALIANT

he shall be buried, he shall, and if we say not, it may not be neyther.

Morg. But he is dead, whether you will or no.

Clo. Not so, for he died with my good will, for I neuer wept for him.

Morg. And his body shall be dust, whether you wil, or no.

Clo. It may be not neyther, as in our wisdomes we shall conclude, perhaps weele burne him, then he shall be burned to ashes.

Mor. By *S. Davies*, it is very true.

Cl. For anter, not so neither, weele sell him to the Apothecaries for mūmey. For anter not so neyther, it may be weele hang him vp for the Crowes meats, and then he shall be turned to that that fals vpon their heads, that has no new clothes at Whitsontide.

Morg. Hold your tongue there, I besecch you.

Clo. You must take it as it fals, and as the foolish Fates, and so the quest decrees.

Car. Leau it to themselues, they cannot dispose too ill of the remainder of so blacke a villaine. Our hidious worke is done.

Exit Caradoc & Morgan.

Manent Rufficks.

Clo. My masters, and fellow questmen, this is the point, we are to search out the course of law, whether this man that has hangde himselfe, be accessary to his own death or no.

1. *Nei.* Tis a hard case burlady neighbors; to iudge truly.

2. *Nei.* Sure, I do thinke he is guilty.

Clo. Take heed, your conscience must be vmpier in the case. I put this point to you, whether euery one that hangs himselfe, be willing to die or no?

2. *Neig.* I, I, sure he is willing.

Cl. I say no, for the hangman hangs himselfe, and yet he is not willing to die.

3. *Neig.* How dos the hangman hang himselfe?

Cl. I mary dos he, sir; for if he haue not a man to doe his office

W E L S H M A N.

office for him, he must hang himselfe: *ergo*, euery man that hangs himselfe is not willing to die.

1. *Neigh.* He sayes very true indeed: but now fir, being dead, who shall answere the King for his subiect?

Cl. Mary fir, he that hangd his subiect.

2. *Nei.* That was himselfe.

3. *Neighb.* No fir, I doe thinke it was the halter that hangde him.

Cl. I, in a sort, but that was, *se offendendo*, for it may be, he meant to haue broke the halter, and the halter held him out of his owne defence.

1. *Neigh.* But is not the Ropemaker in danger that made it?

Cl. No, for hee goes backward, when tis made, and therefore cannot see before, what will come after; neyther is the halter in fault, for hee might vige the halter, *volens volens*, (as the learned say) neyther is he in fault, because his time was come that he should be hanged: and therefore I doe conclude, that he was conscious and guiltlesse of his owne death: Moreouer, he was a Lord, and a Lord in his owne precinct has authority to hang and draw himselfe.

2. *Nei.* Then neighbour, he may be buried.

Cl. Of great reason, alwayes he that is aliue must die, and he that is dead must be buried.

2. *Neigh.* Yet truly in my conscience, he dos not deserue to be buried.

Cl. Oh, you speake partiously neighbor *Crabtree*, not deserue to be buried? I say, he deserues to bee buried aliue that hangs himselfe.

3. *Neig.* But for his clothes neighbour.

Cl. His clothes are the Hangmans.

2. *Neigh.* Why then he must haue them himselfe.

Cl. This is a shrewd poynt of law, this might he do now, because he would saue charges, and defeat the Hangman: this must be well handled, did he make a Will?

THE VALIANT

3 *Neigh.* No, he died detestable.

Cl. Why then, they fall to his right heyre male, for a female cannot inherite no breeches, vnlesse she weares them in her husbands dayes.

1 *Neigh.* But where shall we finde him?

Cl. Tis true, well then for want of issue, they fall to the chiefe mourner; I will be he to saue you all harmeles, I will take his clothes vpon mine owne backe, I will begin with his cloke, do you take euery man his quarter, and I will follow with dole and lamenation.

2 *Neigh.* Then thus the verdit is giuen vp.

Clow. I, I

3 *Neigh.* Alas Neighbour, how mournfully you speake already!

Clow. It is the fashon so to doe.

Clown. Beare vp the body of our hanged friend,
Silke was his life, a halter was his end:
The Hangman hangs too many (gracelesse else)
Then why should any man, thus hang himselfe?
If any aske, why I in teares thus swimme?
Know, I mourne for his clothes, and not for him.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 4.

Enter Bardb, or Chorus.

Bardb. Thus haue you seen a man, whose daring thoughts,
Euen hell it selfe, the treasury of terrours,
Whose very shapes make Nature looke agast,
Cannot outface. Now once more turne your eyes,
And view the sudder mutabilities,
That wayte vpon the greatest fauourite
That euer Fortune fauourde with her loue,
Sterne *Caradoc*, vertuously returnd,

No.

W E L S H M A N.

Hoping to see his beautilous Queene and friends,
 His sister *Voada*, whom he had left
 With trecherous *Cornwall*, who villain-like betraid
 The Towne and *Voada*, as yet a mayde,
 Vnto the hands of *Marcus Gallicus*,
 Sonne to the Romane General, who, as we saw,
 Was farre inamor'd of that warlike Dame,
 And to the Romane Band conducts her safe,
 Whilest *Gald*, her husband, flies to saue his life,
 And in disguise, seekes the Magician forth,
 Intreating him by prayers, sighes and teares,
 To helpe him by his Arte, whilest *Caradoc's* fayre Queene,
 Together with her daughter, made escape,
 And fled vnto her Lord, who being enraged,
 His manly courage doubled his resolute,
 The Romane hoste pursuing of his Queene
 And her young daughter. Who, when *Caradoc* espide,
 Arm'd with a strength inuincible, he fought
 In single opposition gainst an hoste:
 Which famous battell, because histories,
 Aboue the rest, to his immortal fame,
 Haue quoted forth, willing to giue it life
 And euerlasting motion, with the rest
 Shall be in liuely Sceanes by him exprest..

Alarum.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 5.

*Enter Caradoc in haste, Guiniver, her daughter,
 and Morgan.*

Morg. Cads blue-hood, Cousin, take her to her heeles:
 was neuer in such tanshers. Will her not sturre? why looke
 you now, the Romanes come vpon her with as many men,
 as Mercers keepe Wenshes; or Wenshes decayed shentle-
 men. Harke you: Ile call her Cousin *Mawron*, and our Cou-
 sin *Constantine*, and come to her presently.

Cara.

THE VALIANT

Cara. Damned *Cornewall*, mayst thou sinke to hell for
Wrackt by the Furies on *Ixioms* wheele, (this,
And whipt with Steele for this accursed treason. *Alarm.*

Enter the Romanes with their Souldiours.

Ostor. Yeeld thee, proud Welshman, or weele force thee
yeelde.

Cara. Art thou a Romane, and canst speake that language,
The mother tongue of fugitiues and slaues?
No, Romanes: spare the setwo; and if I flie,
The Romane hoste shall beare me company.

*They fight, sometimes Caradoc rescueth his Wife, sometimes
his daughter, and killeth many of the Romanes, & at last,
they beate him in, and take his Wife and Daughter.*

Ostorius. Come, Lady, you must goe along with vs.

Guin. Euen where you will, if *Caradoc* suruiue,
My dying soule and ioyes are yet aliuie. *Exeat.*

Enter Caradoc disguised in a Souldiours habit.

Cara. Fashion thy selfe, thou great and glorious light,
To my disguise, and make thy sub till fight,
That peepes through euery cranny of the world;
Put on thy night-gowne of blacke foggy cloudes,
And hide thy searching eye from my disgrace.
Oh *Cornewall*, *Cornewall*, this thy trecherous act,
That hath eclips'd the glory of great Wales,
Shall to succeeding ages tell thy shame;
And honour sound, to heare of *Cornewalls* name.
The gods with forked thunder strike thy wrong,
And men in shamefull Ballads sing thy fact,
That basely thus hast recompens't thy King.
But curses are like arrowes shot vpright.

That

W E L S H M A N.

That oftentimes on our owne heads do light:
 And many times our selues in rage proue worst.
 The Foxe ne're better thriues, but vwhen accurst.
 This is a time for policy to moue,
 And lackey vvith discretion, and not rage.
 My thoughts must now be suted to my shute;
 And common patience must attend the helme,
 And stere my reason to the Cape of hope.
 At Yorke the noble Prince *Venusius* dwels,
 That beares no small affection to our selfe,
 To him Ile write a letter, whose contents
 Shall certifie th'affaires concerne my selfe,
 Which I my selfe in this disguise will beare,
 And found the depth of his affection,
 Which if but like a friend, he lend his hand,
 Ile chase the Romanes from this famous land.

Exit.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 6.

*Enter Gald in a Shepheards habit, and Bluso
 the Magician.*

Gald. Deare *Bluso*, thus farre haue my weary steps,
 Through passages, as craggy as the Alpes,
 Silent and vnknowne wayes, as intricate,
 As are the windings of a Laborynth,
 Search't out the vncouth Cell of thy abode.
 The Romane hoste haue seizd my beaurious wife,
 And with the rude and ruggy hand of force,
 As *Paris* kept bright *Hellen* from the Greekes,
 Denying ransome, more like Canibals
 Then honourable Romanes, keepe her still.
 And neuer more shall *Gald* inioy the sight
 Of his soules flourishing obie&t, till thy skill,
 Exceeding humane possibilities,
 Worke her enlargement, and my happinesse.

H

Bluso.

THE VALIANT

Bluso. Fayre Prince, I were ingratefull vnto him,
That next to heauen, preferued, and gaue me life:
And more, by soiemne othe I am obliged,
In forset of my soule, and hope of blisse,
To vse the skill I haue, to vertuous ends;
Amongst the which, this is the capitall.
Then doubt not, Prince, but ere this night be spent,
She shall be free, and you shall rest content.

Gald. Thanks, learned *Bluso*, this thy courtesie
Hath bound Prince *Gald*, in endles bonds of loue,
To thee, and to thy art. Now stretch thy spels,
And make the winds obey thy fearefull Charmes.
Strike all the Romanes with amazing terrour
At our approches: let them know,
That hell's broke loose, and Furies rage below.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 7.

*Enter Venusius, Duke of Yorke, with other attendants,
and his wife Cartamanda.*

Venu. I long haue mist those honourable warres,
Which warlike Rome against the Bryttaines hold:
But since we heare, and that by true report,
And credible intelligence from many,
Who lately haue returned from the Campe,
That Wales and Rome begin fresh bleeding war,
I doe intend with speed to see the Army,
And pay my loue, as tribute vnto Rome.
But yet I grieue, that such intestine iarre
Is falne betwixt such an heroike Prince,
As is the King of Wales, and powerfull Rome.
The Romanes doe in multitudes exceede.
He, well instructed in true fortitude,
A Graduate in Martiall discipline,
And needs no Tutour: for in pupill age

He

WELSHMAN.

He was brought vp in honours rudiments,
And learnde the elements of warlike Arts.
Then much I muse, why *Cesar* should beginne,
That scarce hath ended with the Bryttish warres;
Or who's the Author of these firebrands
Dissention thus hath kindled.

Cart. It may be, noble hus baud, the desire
Of Principality and Kingly rule,
As yet is boundlesse and vncircumscribde:
But if our reasons eye could see our selues,
That's neereest to vs, and not like prospectiues,
Behold afarre off, great men were themselues:
Or, if like *Philip* King of Macedon,
Whose boundlesse minde of soueraigne Maiesty
Was like a Globe, whose body circular
Admits no end, seeing by chance, the length
Of the impression, which his body made
Vpon the sands, and onely by a fall,
Wondred, that such a little space contayn'd
The body, when the minde was infinite,
And in this Morall plainly did foresee
The longitude of mans mortality.
But soft, what Souldiour's this?

Enter Caradoc disguised.

Cara. And't please you, Madam, from the King of Wales,
I bring this letter to *Venusius*,
Your Royall hus band.

Venn. Come, souldiour, prithee let me see:
I long to heare from noble *Caradoc*.

He reads fr. T

Carta. Say, souldiour, camest thou from Wales?
What newes betwixt the Welshmen and the Romanes?

Cara. Madam, a glorious victory to Rome,
The Towne of Gloster vildely being betray'd
By *Cornewals* complots and conspiracies,
Euen in the dead of night: and to augment
His Treasons to the height of his desert,

THE VALIANT

Euen in the absence of his Lord and King,
 Whilest *Caradoc*, at his returne, in rage,
 Though single, and inuiron'd round with foes,
 Fought like a Lybian Lion: But to conclude,
 Not *Hercules* against a multitude.
 And thus at odds was forst to flee the place.

Venu. Souldiour, come hither, where is *Caradoc*?

Car. In Wales, my Lord, and staves for your reply.

Venu. Souldiour, I wish, if wishes could preuayle,
 Thy princely Master were with vs awhile,
 Till all these cloudes of blacke contention
 Were eyther ouerblowne, or else dissolued.
 Fame hath not left a man, more fit for talke
 Or disputation in bright honours scholes,
 Then is thy noble Master. When I behold
 His noble portrayture but in conceit,
 Me thinks, I see the reall thing it selfe
 Of perfite Honour and Nobility,
 And not fantastically apprehend
 Onely the ayry fictions of the brayne.
 I now repent, that thus long I haue spent
 My honour and my time, in ayding Rome,
 And thus far haue digrest from Natures lawes,
 To ayde a forrayne Nation 'gainst mine owne.
 Were but thy Master here, he soone should see,
 He hath his wish, and Wales her liberty.

Caradoc puts off his disguise.

Car. Then know, kind Prince, that thus I haue presum'd,
 To put thy honoured loue vnto the test,
 In this disguise, and with auricular boldnesse
 Haue heard your tale of profest amity.
 And noble friend, then here stands *Caradoc*,
 Who now is come petitioner to thy ayde,
 Betrayde vnto the Romanes by a villayne.
 And whilest by dint of sword I fearelesse past,
 Thorow the Legions of the puissant hoste.

My

W E L S H M A N .

My Queene and daughter they haue prisoners tane,
Whose memory quickens my dangers past,
And adds new fuell to my bleeding soule.
Then, if thou beest not verball, but thy tongue
Is with a single string strung to thy heart,
All Wales shall honour thee and thy desert.

Venu. Braue Prince, as welcome to *Venusius*,
As sleepe to wearied Nature. But now the time
Fits not for friuolous complements. Awhile
Repose your selfe with me, where you shall be
As secret, as men would keepe their sinnes
From the worlds eye, whilest in the meane time, I
Prepare my forces. Wife, view this noble Prince:
This is that man, that, in despite of Rome,
This nine yeares space hath brauely waged warre,
And now by Treason's forst vnto his friends.
Then, wife, as thou doest tender our regard,
Respect this Prince, and keepe him priuately,
Vntill I doe returne. Farewell, noble Prince.

Exit.

Carta. Welcome, great Prince. Here thinke your selfe
As in a Sanctuary, from your foes.
My husband oftentimes hath worne out time,
Discourfing of your worths superlatiue:
And I am proud of such a worthy ghest.

(secure,

Cara. Lady, I shall be troublesome: but ere long,
I hope once more to meet this trayterous host,
And seale my wrongs with ruine of my foes.
Fame wrongs the Romanes with these noble stiles
Of honour, and vnseconded deserts.
These attributes are onely fitte for men,
That God-like should be qualified with hate
Of such infectious sinnes as Treasons are.
Weake-pated Romanes! what fidelity
Can be in Traytors, who are so vniust,
That their own Country is deceiued in trust?
Come, Madam, will you shew the way?

Exeunt.

THE VALIANT

ACTVS 5. SCENA 1.

Enter Bluso the Magician, and Gald.

Gald. Now, *Bluso*, thus farre haue wee by thy *Arte*,
Euen to their priuate lodgings, fearelesse past
Inuisible to any mortall eye.

But, *Bluso*, tell me, are we yet arriued
At our expected Hauen?

Bluso. This is her Chamber: here will we stand vnscene,
And yet see all that passe.

Tis almost dead of night: and now begins
Sleep, with her heavy rod to charme the eyes
Of humane dulnesse. Here stand we yet awhile,
And in this silent time obserue the loue,
The Romane Generals sonne beares to your wife,
Who long hath borne the siege of his hore lust:
And now behold, like bloody *Tarqum* comes,

*Enter Marcus Gallicus, with a candle in his
hand, and his sword drawne.*

Being non-suted, to satiffie the heate
Of his insatiate and immoderate blood,
That boyling runs through his adulterous veynes.
A little while giue way vnto his practise,
And when we see a time, preuent his purpose.

Mar. Night, that doth basely keepe the dore of sinne,
And hide grosse murders and adulteries,
With all the mortall sinnes the world commits,
From the cleare eye-sight of the morning Sunne:
Thou, that ne're changest colour for a sinne,
Worse then Apostasie, stand Centinel this houre,
And with thy Negroes face vayle my intent,
Put out thy golden candles with thy fogs,
And let originall darkenesse, that is fled
With Chaos to the Center, gard my steps.

How

W E L S H M A N .

How hufht is all things! and the world appears
Like to a Churchyard full of dead.

Deaths picture, Sleepe, looks, as if passing bels
Went for each vitall spirit, and appears,
As if our foules had tooke their generall flight,
And cheated Nature of her motion.

Then on, vnto thy practise : none can descry
Thy blacke intent, but night and her blacke eye.

*He goes to her bed upon the Stage, and
lookes upon her.*

Behold the locall residence of loue,
Euen in the Rosie tincture of her cheeke,
I am all fire, and must needs be quencht,
Or the whole house of nature will be burnt.

Fayre *Uoada*, awake: tis I, awake. *He awakes her.*

Uoad. Am I adreamd? Or, doe I wake indeed?

I am betrayd. Fond Lord, what make you here
At this vnseasonable time of night?

Is't not inough that you importune
Each houre in the day? but in the night,

When euery creature nods his sleepy head,
You seeke the shipwracke of my spotlesse honour?

For shame forbear, and cleare a Romans name,
From the suspition of so foule a sinne.

Perhaps youle say, that you are flesh and bloud.

Oh my good Lord, were you but onely so:
It were no sinne, but naturall instinct :

And then that noble name that we call man,
Should vndistinguisht passe, euen like a beast.

But man was made diuine, with such a face,
As might behold the beauty of the starres,

And all the glorious workemanship of heauen.
Beasts onely are the subiects of bare sense:

But man hath reason and intelligence.

Beasts foules die with them: but mans soule's diuine:

And therefore needs must answere for eche crime.

Marcus.

THE VALIANT

Marcus. Thy speeches are like oyle vnto a flame,
I must enioy thee. If thou wilt yeeld to me,
Ile be thy friend for euer: but if denide,
By force I will attempt, what by fayre meanes
I cannot compasse. Besides, thou art my captiue,
And standst a suter for thy liberty.

Vanda. I, for my body: but my soule is free.

Gald. I can no longer heare these arguments.
Come, *Bluso*, helpe me to conuey her hence.

*They unble Marcus ouer the bed, and take
her away.*

Mar. What Fury hath deprived me of my ioy,
And crost my blood, euen in the heat of lust?
What, is she gone? Oh all you sacred powers,
Remit this sinne, vnacted, but by thought:
And by those heauenly patrones of chaste minds,
Vertue, like to my soule, shall wholly be
Diffused through euery member. Thus powers about
Doe, with vnknowne means, scourge vnlawfull loue. *Exit.*

Enter Cartamanda with her Secretary.

Carta. Already I haue posted to the Generall,
To tell him, *Caradoc* is in our hands,
And bid him make haste: for this, ere the day,
A womans wit shall serue for to betray.
And see, he comes. Welcome, thrice-honoured Lord.

Enter Generall with his Army.

Warily, Souldiours; there his Chamber is,
And he not yet abed. Beset him round.
What wars haue mist; a woman shall confound. *Exit.*

*The Generall drawes the Curtaines, and finds
Caradoc a reading.*

Oforius. Now *Caradoc*, thy life is in our hands:
Behold, thou art ingirt with a whole hoste.
And couldst thou borrow force of beasts and men,

Thou

W E L S H M A N .

Thou couldst by no means scape.

Car. What! Souldiours in euery corner set?
The Romane Generall, I am betrayde.
Inhospitable woman, this with your sexe began:
The Serpent taught you to betray poore man.
When God, like Angels, man created first,
God man him blest, but woman most accurst.
And since that time, the chiefest good in women,
Is to beguile most men, and true to few men.
Yet Romanes, know, that *Caradoc* here stands,
In bold defiance, were you like the sands.

Ostor. Assault him then.

*They fight, and Caradoc beates and ouerthrowes
many of them.*

Ostor. Hold, noble Welshman:
Thou seest it is impossible to scape,
Hadst thou the strength of mighty *Hercules*,
If thou wilt yeeld; I vow by all the gods
That doe protect *Cesar* and mighty Rome,
By all the honours that the Romane power
Haue won, since *Romulus* did build their walls,
Because thou art a man vnpareld,
Of honourable courage, Ile ingage
My life for thine to *Cesar* for thy freedome.
Cesar himselfe admires thy fortitude,
And will with honour welcome thee at Rome.
He is a King, whom basenesse neuer toucht,
And scorns to plucke a Lyon by the beard,
Being a carkafe. Speake, will you trust our oath?

Caradoc flings downe his Armes:

Car. I take thy word, great Generall.
And thinke not, for any feare of death,
I prostitute my life to *Cesars* hands:
But for I know, *Cesar* is like a King,
And cannot brooke a base mechanicke thought:
But for to see those famous towres of Rome,

THE VALIANT

This golden Lion shall enlarge me soone.

Ossor. Then, *Manlius Valens*, you shall beare him thither;
 And for your gard, take the ninth Legion,
 Surnamed, The valiant: and by the way,
 At London staves his daughter, wife and brother:
 Let them to *Cesar* beare him company. *Exit Caradoc.*
 Farewell, braue Prince. Now Romanes once againe,
 Seing the Welshmens glory is eclips'd,
 Let vs prouide to meet Lord *Morgan*,
 And Lord *Constantine*,
Venusius, and the rest that gather head,
 And seate Prince *Codigune* in what's his right,
 That now haue gathered strong and fresh supply.
 This battell shall adde honour to our name,
 And with triumphant Lawrell crowne our fame. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 5. SCENA 3.

*Enter Venusius, Constantine, and Lord Morgan,
 with Souldiours in Armes.*

Venu. Thus, noble Lords, *Venusius* armed comes,
 In loue to *Wales*, and that much wronged Prince,
 Who now at *Yorke*, liues priuate from his foes,
 From whence we now will call him, and awake
 His ancient courage, that long time hath slept,
 Vpon the downy pillowes of repose.
 Good Angels, guide vs: this our latest strife
 Shall set a period to our death or life.

Const. Me thinks, right noble Lord, yet I presage
 The horror of this battell we intend,
 Will cost a masse of bloud; nor doe I stand
 Firmely resolu'd: and the least sparke of valour
 Turnes to a Flame of Magnanimity.
 Oh, were my brother *Caradoc* but here,
 Our minds were made inuincible, all our thoughts

Were:

W E L S H M A N .

Were fixt on warlike Musicke, or any thing
Beyond a common venter. And see, in time
Our princely brother, and our sister comes.

Enter Gald, Blinso, and Vooda.

Welcome, deare brother, how escapt you danger,
And purchast such a happy liberty?

Gald. All that I haue, I freely doe ascribe
Vnto this learned man, whose secret Arte,
Beyond the strayne of deepe Philosophy,
Or any naturall science vnder heauen,
Possess me of this Jewell of my soule,
And through the Romane hoste inuisible,
Conuayde vs both safe, as you see we are.

Morgan. Harke you me, you remember our Cousin *Ca-
radoc* and *Morgan*, do you not? Giue me your hands. Be Cad,
I shall loue the Teuill, til breath's in her pody, for this trick.
Be Cad, he hath done more good then any Iustice of Peace
this seuen yeres, for all her stocks and whipping posts. Harke
you me now.

Const. Harke, harke, the Romanes march to vs with speed.
Now Royall Princes, thinke on our vilde disgrace,
Their Treasons, falshoods, and conspiracies;
And double resolution whet your rage.
Oh *Caradoc*, there's nothing wants but thee,
And now too late to buckle on thy Armes.
If in this bloody Skirmish I suruiue,
Triumphs shall crown the glorious brow of Wales.
Bastard, begot at the backe dore of nature,
Cornewall the author of these bleeding wounds,
That many a wretch shall suffer for their wrongs.
Behold, we come arm'd with a triple rage,
To scourge your base indignities with steele.
Noble Prince *Gald*, here in our brothers stead,
Conduct our Army foorth as Generall.
Romanes, come on, your pride must catch a fall.

THE VALIANT

ACTVS 5. SCENA 4.

*Enter Ostorius, Marcus Gallicus, Cessius, Codigune,
Cornewall with Souldiours.*

Ostor. Now Bryttaines, though the wrongs done to this
And to our selues, deserue a sharpe reuenge; (Prince,
Yet, for wee pittie the effusion
And hauocke that these cruell broyles intend,
Once more in peace we craue this Princes right,
Which your weake Army can no way detainne.
Perhaps you stand vpon the idle hopes
Of *Caradoc*: Know then, you are deceyued:
For hee's our prisoner, and to *Rome* is sent
With *Manlius Valens* to the Emperour.
Then yeeld your selues, or trie the chance of warre.

Gald. Then so we will, base Romanes.
Henceforth, in stead of honourable names,
Succeeding times shall brand your flauish thoughts,
With the blacke coales of treasons and defame.
Princes, since now you know the worst of all,
Let vengeance teach your valiant minds to mount
Aboue a common pitch, inspire your soules
With the remorselesse thoughts of bloud and death;
And this day spit defyanee in the face
Of trecherous Rome, and thinke on this disgrace.

Codig. Stay, Prince, and let me speake.

Gald. Some Cannon shot ramme vp thy damned throar.
Peace, hell-hound, for thou singst a Rauens note. *Alarum.*

They fight, and beat in the Romanes.

Enter at one dore Gald, and at the other Codigune.

Gald. Well met, thou Fiend of hell: by heauen Ile die,
Or be reuenged for all thy trechery.

Codig. Weake Prince, first keepe a dyet for a time,
To adde fresh vigour to thy feeble limmes,

And



W E L S H M A N.

And then, perhaps, weele teach thee how to fight. (Treason.

Gald. Villayne, the heauens haue strength inough against

They fight. Gald killeth Codigme.

Enter Cornewall at one dore, and Morgan at the other.

Morg. Cad plesse her. *Cornewals*, be Cad, you are as arrant a Knaue, as any Proker in Longlanes. Harke you me, Ile fight with her for all her trefasons and coniurations.

They fight, and Morgan killeth Cornewall.

Morg. Fare you well, Cousin *Cornewall*, I pray you commend vs to *Plutoes* and *Proserpines*, and tell all the *Teuils* of your affinity and acquaintance, I thanke them for our Cousin *Gald*.

Enter at one dore the Romane Standard-bearer of the Eagle, and at the other dore, Constantine.

Const. Lay downe that haggard Eagle, and submit Thy Romane Colours to the Bryttaines hands: Or by that mighty Mouer of the Orbe, That scourges Romes Ambition with reuenge, Ile plucke her haughty feathers from her backe, And with her, bury thee in endlesse night.

Standerdb. Know, Bryttaines, threats vnto a Romane brest, Swell vs with greater force, like fire supprest, If thou wilt haue her, winne her with thy Armes.

They fight, and Constantine winneth the Eagle, & waueth it about.

Const. Thus, not in honour, but in foule disgrace, We waue the Romane Eagle spight of foes, Or all the puissant Army of proud Rome.

Enter Marcus Gallicus.

Marc. Proud Welshman, redeliuer vp that Bird, Whose siluer wings thou flutcrest in the ayre; The Veruels that she weares, belong to Rome, And Rome shall haue, or Ile pawne my bloud.

Const. Romane, behold, euen in disgrace of this and thee, And all the factious rout of trecherous Rome, Ile keepe this Eagle; winne it if thou darest.

They fight, and are both slaine.

THE VALIANT

Enter Gald, Voada, Venusius, Morgan.

Gald. Sound a Retreat. This day was brauely fought.
Cornewall and Codigunc, vv hose infectious breath
Ingendred noysome plagues of bloud and death,
With all the Romane hoste is put to flight.
Thus by the hand of heauen, our peace is vppone,
And all our foes funke to confusion.

ACTVS 5. SCENA 5.

*Enter first the Pretorian bands armed; they stand in rowes:
then enter Mawron, Guininer, her daughter Helena,
and Caradoc bound: they passe ouer the Stage.
Then enter Cesar, the Empresse, with
the Senate.*

Cesar. Novv famous Rome, that lately lay obscure
In the darke cloudes of Bryttish infamy,
Appeares victorious in her conquering Robes,
And like the Sunne, that in the midst of heauen
Reflects more glory on the teeming earth:
So fares it with triumphant Rome this day.
Bring forth these Bryttish Captiues: Let them kneele
For mercy, and submit to *Cesars* doome.

*Enter Mawron, Guininer, her daughter, and
Caradoc: They all bend their knees
to Cesar, except Caradoc.*

Cesar. What's he that scornes to bow, when *Cesar* bids?
Cara. *Cesar*, a man, that scornes to bow to *Ioue*,
Were he a man like *Cesar*: such a man,
That neither cares for life, nor feares to die.
I vvas not borne to kneele, but to the Gods,
Nor basely bow vnto a lumpe of clay,
In adoration of a clod of earth.
Were *Cesar* Lord of all the spacious vvorld,
Euen from the Articke, to the Antarticke polses,

And

W E L S H M A N.

And but a man; in spite of death and him,
 Ide keepe my legs vpright, honour should stand
 Fixt as the Center, at no Kings commaund.
 Thou mayest as well inforce the foming surge
 Of high-swolne *Neptune*, with a word retire,
 And leaue his flowing tide, as make me bow.
 Thinks *Cesar*, that this petty misery
 Of seruill bonds, can make true honour stoope?
 No, tis inough for Sicophants and slaues,
 To crouch to Tyrants, that feare their graues.
 I was not borne when flattery begd land,
 And eate whole Lordships vp with making legs.
 Let it suffice: were *Cesar* thrice as great,
 Ide neyther bow to Rome, him nor his seate.

Cesar. So braue a Bryttaine hath not *Cesar* heard.
 But soft; I am deceyued, but I behold
 The golden Lyon hang about his necke,
 That I deliuered to a valiant Souldiour,
 That ransomlesse releast me of my bonds.
 Great spirit (for thy tongue bewrayes no lesse)
 If *Cesar* may intreat thee, kindly tell,
 Where, or from whom hadst thou that golden lyon,
 That hangs about thy necke?

Car. From *Cesar*, or from such another man,
 That seem'd no lesse in power then *Cesar* is,
 Whom I tooke captiue, (and so *Cesar* was)
 And ransomlesse sent backe vato his Tents.
 Then, if in all he like to *Cesar* be,
Cesar, I am deceyu'd, but thou art he.

Ce. But he that tooke me, was a common souldier.

Car. No, *Cesar*: but disguis'd I left my troupes,
 Being forbidden by the Bryttish King,
 To fight at all, and rusht into the hoste,
 Where, from thy hands I tooke this golden Lyon.

Ce. Thy words confirme the truth. For this braue deed,
 And kind courtesie shewed to *Cesar* in extremes,

THE VALIANT

We freely giue you all your liberties,
And honourably will returne you home
With euertlasting peace and vniuy.
And this shall *Cesar* speake vnto thy Fame,
The valiant Welshman merits honours name.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter Bardb.

Bardb. Time cuts off our valiant Welshmans worth,
When longer Seanes more amply might haue shoune;
But that the Storys tedious to relearse,
And we in danger of impatient eares,
Which too long repetition might beget.
Here leaue we him with *Cesar* full of mirth:
And now of you old *Bardb* intreates to tell,
In good or ill, our Story doth excell.
If ill, then goe I to my silent Tombe,
And in my thowde sleepe in the quiet earth,
That did intend to giue a second birth.
But if it please, then *Bardb* shall tune his strayne,
To sing this Welshmans prouyes once againe,
Bells are the dead in w^{ch} m^{ch}icke: ere I goe,
Your Clapper sound will tell me I, or no. *Exit.*

EPILOGVE.

*We are your Tenants, and are come to know,
Whether the Rent we payde, hath pleas'd or no.
If not, our Lease is vnde: but tis your Lands;
And therefore you may seale it with your hands.*



FINIS.

