

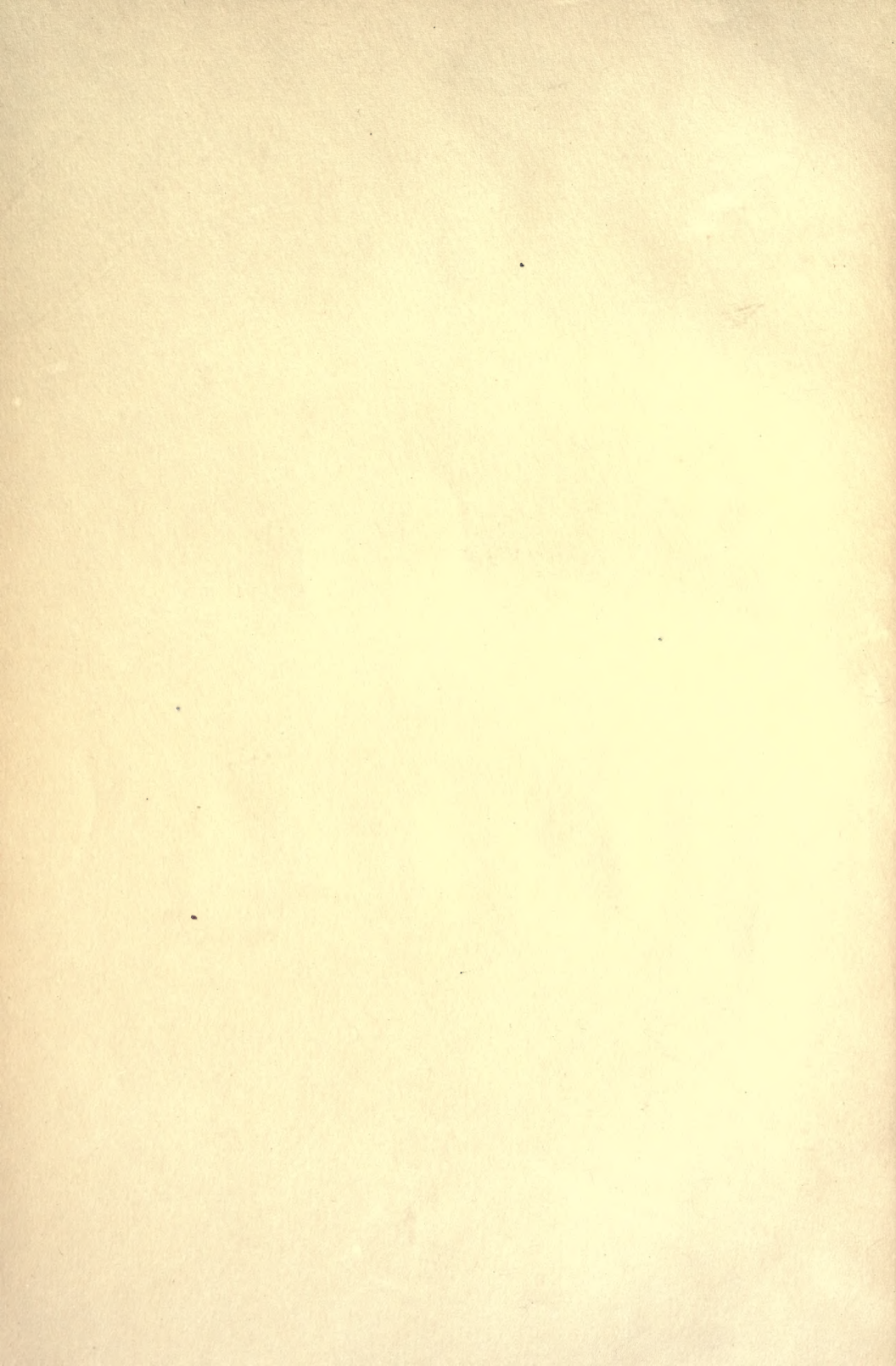
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Materialien zur Kunde
des
älteren Englischen Dramas

Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas

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BEGRUENDET UND HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

W. BANG

o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Universität Louvain

ZWEI UND VIERZIGSTER BAND

LOUVAIN
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1914

WILLIAM SAMPSON'S

VOW - BREAKER

HERAUSGEGEBEN

VON

HANS WALLRATH.



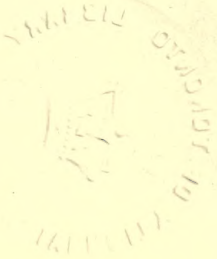
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Einleitung.

Die herrliche Blüte des shakespeareischen Dramas verwelkte nach dem Tode des grossen Stratforders Meisters sehr rasch. Seine hohe Kunst war dem Publikum und den meisten ihn nachahmenden erfolgreichen Dichterlingen der nachshakespeareischen Zeit nicht hell aufgegangen, und zwanzig Jahre nach seinem Tode wurde in London ein Drama gedruckt, das eine Nachahmung der unsterblichen Werke des grossen Toten darstellt. Aber nur rein äusserlich — in dem Aufbau der Scenen, in der Sprache und in den Bildern. Was aber ewig an Shakespeare wird bewundert werden, die psychologische Tiefe seiner Stücke, das kam dem Verfasser des in Frage stehenden Dramas gar nicht zum Bewusstsein. Dass William Sampsons 'Vow-Breaker or, The Faire Maide of Clifton' in Nottinghamshire gern gesehen und oft aufgeführt wurde¹⁾, liegt daran, dass der Dramatiker in der Haupthandlung ein örtliches Ereignis behandelte, das in einer Ballade lebendig geblieben war, und in der Nebenhandlung einen lokalen Helden aus der Zeit der Queen Bess feierte, Clifton, einen wackeren, kernigen Kerl, von dem man sich wohl in Nottinghamshire noch manches erzählte. Dass das Stück sonst Anklang fand und gedruckt wurde, liegt vor allem an der teils recht tragischen, teils recht komischen Behandlung des an sich wirksamen Vorwurfs. Dieses 'murder play', um mit Schelling²⁾ zu sprechen, ist eins der charakteristischsten Stücke der nachshakespeareischen Zeit. Es ist nach Schelling 'not without a homely force of its own', aber Sampson ist zu wenig Menschenkenner und Psychologe als dass er uns heute befriedigen könnte. Zu den Taten und Worten des schönen Mädchens von Clifton werden wir manchmal den Kopf schütteln. Nicht aber

¹⁾ vgl. Titelblatt des Neudrucks.

²⁾ cf. Schelling, Elizabethan Drama I, 348.

hat das Stück die stiefmütterliche Behandlung verdient, die man ihm in der Wissenschaft hat zuteil werden lassen. Das hat natürlich seinen Grund auch darin, dass es nicht allen zugänglich ist. Es sind uns nicht allzuvieler Exemplare erhalten. Von den drei Londoner Quartos sind zwei im Britischen Museum (Press Marks : 162 d 66 und 644 f 45) und eine in der Dyce Collection des Victoria and Albert Museums, des früheren South Kensington Museums (Catalogue I. 8331). Auch in der Bodleian Library zu Oxford befindet sich das Stück. An der Hand meines Neudrucks, dem die Londoner Exemplare zu Grunde liegen, gehe ich näher darauf ein als das bisher geschehen ist.

Was wir nämlich über Sampsons 'Vow-Breaker' in der Wissenschaft erfahren, ist recht wenig. Meistens ist nur der Titel angegeben. So bei Giles Jacob ¹⁾, Winstanley ²⁾ und Langbaine ³⁾, was schon Singer in seiner Dissertation erwähnt (Das bürgerliche Trauerspiel in England, Leipzig 1891). Von Baker ⁴⁾ an kennen wir die alte Ballade, die Sampson benutzt und zum Teil in seinem Drama zitiert hat. Godfrey ⁵⁾ hebt die offensichtlichen Mängel und Vorzüge des Stückes hervor, ohne dabei in die Tiefe zu gehen. So ist ihm ein Irrtum unterlaufen, wenn er mit folgenden Worten Sampson einer Inkonsequenz beschuldigen will : ' In the course of an excellent speech, the Mayor (who affirms he has "noe Lawyers eloquence, our Recorder cannot whistle") refers to the town arms of Nottingham in these terms', etc. Die Klammer ist nicht nötig. Denn wenn der Bürgermeister auch nicht die Gabe der Beredsamkeit empfangen hat — er scheint sie wirklich nicht zu besitzen —, so kann man ihm doch zutrauen, dass er die 'excellent speech' ablesen kann. Wir haben uns das Stadtoberhaupt mit einem Pergament in der Hand vorzustellen. Godfrey hat sicherlich des Bürgermeisters Worte übersehen : ' Give reason, brother Sheepskin, second me' etc, und auch Elizabeths Aufforderung : ' On, to your Charter!' hat er nicht beachtet. Im übrigen stimme ich Godfrey in den meisten Stücken zu. Auch Singers

¹⁾ The poetical register. 1719, unter Sampson.

²⁾ Lives of the poets. London, 1687. S. 151.

³⁾ The Lives and Characters of the English Poets. London, 1699.

⁴⁾ Biographia Dramatica. London, 1812.

⁵⁾ William Sampson. 1894.

Bemerkungen in der oben erwähnten Abhandlung lasse ich unwidersprochen, von einem kleinen Irrtum abgesehen, auf den ich später zu sprechen komme. Während Godfrey nur ganz kurz auf den Inhalt eingeht, erzählt Singer die Haupthandlung sehr ausführlich, kommt aber auf die sehr wichtige Nebenhandlung kaum zu sprechen — das Thema seiner Arbeit rechtfertigt ja dieses Vorgehen. Auch Schelling in dem oben zitierten Buche lässt die Kriegshandlung aus dem Spiel. Und doch enthält sie so viel Historisches, dass dem Stück ein Platz in seinem *English Chronicle Play* (New York 1902) wohl eingeräumt werden könnte. Im *Dictionary of National Biography* gibt Sidney Lee auch noch in ein paar Worten den Inhalt unseres Dramas an, und Eckhardt ¹⁾ endlich gewährt einer kurzen Bemerkung über die schottische Sprache einer Scene (II, i) Raum, die ich in meinen Anmerkungen zitieren werde. Keiner aber von allen geht etwas näher auf das Stück ein. Keiner weist hin auf den stark historischen Einschlag, von dem ich eben sprach: Es werden uns da Namen und Ereignisse aus der Belagerung von Leith berichtet, für die unter den sonst gebräuchlichen Chroniken Quellen nicht aufzutreiben sind. Keiner weist hin auf die starke Abhängigkeit von Shakespeare, die dem Stück manches Reizvolle einträgt. Keiner weist darauf hin, dass sich anderseits hier wieder so recht deutlich der tiefe Stand des Geschmacks der nachshakespeareschen Zeit offenbart, der Obzönitäten und Zoten ertrug, wie sie uns Akt IV, Scene 2 geboten werden. Bei der Lektüre solcher Stellen wird uns der Hass der Puritaner gegen das Theater verständlich, und wir wundern uns nicht, dass solche Erzeugnisse mit zu dem Gedanken verhalfen, die Theater, 'the abodes of the Devil', zu schliessen, wie es dann 1642, sechs Jahre nach dem Druck unseres Dramas, tatsächlich geschah.

¹⁾ Dialekt- und Ausländertypen. Bangs Mat. XXVII.

William Sampson.

Über William Sampson, den Verfasser unseres Dramas 'The Vow-Breaker', ist nicht allzuviel bekannt. Wir haben nur ganz spärliche Anhaltspunkte. Ganz zufällig fand ich im Britischen Museum ein Schriftstück, das uns Sampsons Geburtsjahr erschliessen lässt. Auch das Todesjahr muss ich in eine andere Zeit verlegen, als wo man es bisher gesucht hat, einen terminus a quo wenigstens habe ich auch hier feststellen können. Sonst ist uns heute im wesentlichen nicht viel mehr bekannt als was schon Giles Jacob ¹⁾ wusste. Was er über Sampson schreibt, hat Singer in seiner Dissertation "Das bürgerliche Trauerspiel in England" mitgeteilt; es heisst da S. 61: 'A gentleman retain'd in the Family of Sir Henry Willoughby of Richley in Derbyshire, in the Reign of King Charles I. He writ one Play (= Vow-Breaker) dedicated to Mrs. Anne Willoughby. He also join'd with Mr. Markham in his 'Herod and Antipater'. Jacob korrigierend, bemerkt Singer dazu, dass es sich hier übrigens um 'Miss' Anne Willoughby handele — ihr sei diese Widmung zugebracht. Nur muss man dabei bedenken, dass früher auch vor die Namen der Unverheirateten 'Mrs.' geschrieben wurde und nicht 'Miss' wie heute. Auch was Winstanley ²⁾, Langbaine ³⁾ und Baker ⁴⁾, berichten, kann man bei Singer nachlesen — Neues bringt er nicht, ebenso wenig wie Fleay ⁵⁾. Von der bei Baker erwähnten Komödie Sampsons 'The Widow's Prize' wird uns im Lansdowne Manuscript 807 mitgeteilt, dass Warburtons berühmte gewordene Köchin die Handschrift verbrannte. In dem einzigen Buche, das Sampson allein zum Gegenstand hat — das Buch

¹⁾ Poetical register s. v.

²⁾ Lives of the poets a. a. O.

³⁾ Lives and Characters. pag. 120.

⁴⁾ Biographia Dramatica. I, 383 u. II, 397.

⁵⁾ A Biographical Chronicle of the English Drama. London, 1891.

ist allerdings von winzigem Umfange —, in Godfreys ‘William Sampson’¹⁾ wird uns erzählt, dass der Dramatiker wahrscheinlich in South Leverton geboren ist, dass er als religious man beschrieben wird und dass er ausser den Dramen noch einen kleinen Gedichtband ‘Virtus post funera vivit’ verfasst hat, dessen Gedichtüberschriften und Gedichte selbst zum Teil in dem Werkchen abgedruckt sind. Hunters schlecht leserliches Manuscript endlich (Addit. Ms. 24488) weist auf Sir Henry Willoughbys Testament hin, das sich Addit. Ms. 6688 befindet, zwar nicht als solches, sondern breit ausgeführt in einer langen Klageschrift. Beide Handschriften führt Sidney Lee im ‘Dictionary of National Biography’ an, die Klageschrift hat er aber wohl nicht eingesehen — er wäre sonst vor manchem Irrtum bewahrt geblieben, den jetzt diese vollständigste aller Darstellungen von Sampsons Leben aufweist.

Zwar dass er schon das Geburtsjahr des Dramatikers, wenn auch mit aller Vorsicht, ziemlich schief angibt, liegt daran, dass er ein Schriftstück nicht kannte, das ich zufällig fand. Es ist Harl. Ms. 99 (18) — nicht, wie der Katalog des Britischen Museums sagt, Harl. Ms. 99 (15). Das Dokument ist dort bezeichnet als ‘William Sampson’s Affidavit, as to the Age of Dame Elizabeth Wife to S^r Simonds D’Ewes, & Youngest Daughter to S^r Henry Willughby. Dat. 29 Sep^r 1649’ und lautet :

I William Sampson now aged about fourty nine Yeeres doe declare
℥ testifie that Dame Elizabeth d’Ewes now wife of S^r Simonds d’Ewes
of Stowhall in the county of Suffolk Knight and Baronett and Youngest
Daughter of S^r Henry Willugby of Risle in the County of Darby
Baronett, was borne vpon Sunday the nine ℥ twentieth day of June
being S^t Peters day in the afternoone betweene two ℥ three of the clocke
in the yeare 1628. my selfe being then Servant vnto the said S^r Henry
Willughby. In witsesse whereof I haue subscribed my name this
29th of September 1649.

Septemb the 29th

1649

William Sampson.

Dieser William Sampson kann kein anderer sein als unser Dramatiker. Wir erfahren also hieraus :

Sampson ist im Jahre 1600 geboren und hat 1649 noch gelebt

¹⁾ William Sampson, seventeenth century poet and dramatist. 1894.

— die ganze Lebenszeit ist also etwa 10 Jahre später anzusetzen als Sidney Lee es tut, d. h. der Dramatiker ist nicht, wie Sidney Lee weiter sagt, gleich nach der Veröffentlichung seiner Gedichtsammlung 'Virtus post funera vivit' 1636 gestorben; auch kann dann natürlich Sampsons verwitwete Gattin 1637 nicht Obadiah Grew geheiratet haben. Wenn alles belegt werden kann, was unter Grew, Obadiah im Dictionary of National Biography gesagt wird — He married (25 Dec. 1637) Helen (born February 1603, died 19 Oct. 1687) daughter of Gregory Vicars of Treswell, Nottinghamshire, widow of William Sampson of South Leverton, Nottinghamshire, and mother of Henry Sampson — so muss es sich um einen anderen William Sampson handeln. Nach unserem 'Affidavit' hat jedenfalls Sir Henry Willoughbys servant noch 1649 gelebt, ja wir haben sogar ein Zeugnis, dass er am 15. Februar 1655 noch nicht gestorben war — die oben erwähnte Klageschrift mit dem Testament Sir Henry Willoughbys, die ja Sidney Lee nicht eingesehen hat. Die 30 Seiten lange Handschrift ist nicht vollständig, so dass uns die Unterschriften fehlen. Aber soviel ist klar: Die Vollstrecker von Sir Henry Willoughbys Testament, Sampson und zwei andere servants, beantragen vor Gericht Strafe gegen eine Anzahl Leute, die ihnen Fälschungen bei Ausübung ihres Amtes vorgeworfen haben. Der Anfang der Schrift ¹⁾ lautet:

15th February 1655.
Hales./

To the Right ho^{ble} the
Lords Comm^{rs} for the great
Seale of England.

Humbly Complaining shewe unto your Lordships your Lordships daily Orato^{rs} Henry Smith William Sampson and Michael Cowle all late of Risley in the County of Derby gent Excecuto^{rs} of the last Will and Testament of Sir Henry Willoughby of Risley aforesaid Barro^{net} That whereas the said Sir Henry Willoughby heereto fore that is to say in or about the sixt day of October in the yeare of our Lord One thousand six hundred ffifty and three made his last Will and Testament etc.

¹⁾ Addit. Ms. 6688 f. 142.

Also 1653 ist Sampson noch Testamentsvollstrecker bei Sir Henry Willoughbys Tode und 1655 noch Kläger vor Gericht. So liegt also seine mindestens etwa 10 Jahre längere Lebenszeit — bei Sidney Lee 46, hier 55 Jahre — 10 Jahre später als das Dictionary of National Biography angibt.

Ob Sampson in South Leverton geboren ist, muss dahin gestellt bleiben. Wahrscheinlich ist es allerdings, was ja auch Godfrey und Sidney Lee sagen, da nach einem Abschnitt über South Leverton in Thorotons 'History of Nottinghamshire' ¹⁾ die Sampsons Ende des 16. und besonders Anfang des 17. Jahrhunderts dort sehr bekannt waren. Ausser einer Notiz vom Jahre 1575 nämlich, in der ein Alexander Sampson genannt wird, haben wir eine andere vom Jahre 1612, in der drei Gentlemen desselben Familiennamens mit den Vornamen Thomas, Henry und William angeführt werden. So können wir wohl annehmen, dass auch unser Dramatiker dort geboren ist, vielleicht sogar, dass jener William Sampson, einer der 'owners of South Leverton town', sein Vater war. Noch zwei jüngere Sampsons von dort sind uns nach den Epitaphien bei Thoroton bekannt, zwei Brüder William und Henry, die Sidney Lee als Söhne des Dichters anspricht. Allein das ist ohne weiteres nicht anzunehmen: beide sind in einer Zeit geboren, da Sampson nach dem Affidavit schon in Risley war — nach 1628 ²⁾. Willoughby aber erwähnt ihn auch 1653 noch als seinen servant in dem Testament:

hee the said Sir Henry Willoughby did in and by his said last Will and Testament... giue... To his servants Henry Smith... William Sampson... Michaell Cowle so much blacke Cloath as to make them suites and cloakes... ³⁾

Auch wissen wir, dass er Testamentsvollstrecker war. Also noch 1653 ist er in 'Risley in the County of Derby', wo er schon 1628 und auch 1649 war ⁴⁾. Sollte es da nicht ein anderer William Sampson gewesen sein, der Vater der beiden in 'Leverton

¹⁾ ed. Throsby. Nottingham, 1790. III, 271.

²⁾ Henry 1629? und William 1635.

³⁾ Add. Ms. 6688 f. 142 S. 4.

⁴⁾ cf. Affidavit.

in the County of Nottingham' geborenen Brüder und Gatte der 'Helen, daughter of Gregory Vicars' war ?

Nur wenn wir das annehmen, löst sich auch die Frage betreffs Sampsons Ehe — irgend einer von all den Namensvettern aus South Leverton, der auch William hiess, kann sehr wohl 1636 gestorben sein als Gatte Helens. Dass 1636 von des Dramatikers 'widow' nicht die Rede sein kann, wurde schon gezeigt. Von seiner 'Gattin' erfahren wir etwas wenigstens aus Willoughbys Testament. Auf Seite 4 unseres Manuscripts heisst es von dem Verschiedenen : '(And further thereby did giue) to Mrs Smyth and Mrs Sampson either of them Mourning gownes...' Also 1653 lebten beiden Gatten und, wie wir gleich sehen werden, ihre Tochter Hanna ; sie alle sind in dem Testament erwähnt.

Hanna Sampson muss die Vertraute von Sir Henry Willoughby gewesen sein. Die Stellen des Testaments, die sie angehen, lauten (Seite 4 und 5) :

(And further thereby did giue...) To Hanna Sampson the disposing of all his weareing Cloathes and all that belongs to him as well woollen as linnen with the Cloathes and Truncks they were in To the said Hanna Sampson his Ruby hatband with studds of gold and his Case of Silver Instrum^{ts}... (Seite 5.) And further the said Sir Henry Willoughby did declare in and by his said last Will and Testam^t that in case any of his plate were left after his debts were paid and funeralls discharged then his minde and will to be that the said plate and what ever was left should be equally distributed amongst his three daughters the plate to be divided by the said Hanna Sampson amongst them as in a perticuler hee had told her...

Hanna Sampson ist von Willoughby am reichsten von allen Erben bedacht worden und, was den Haushalt angeht, Vollstreckerin seines letzten Willens, sogar seinen eigenen Töchtern gegenüber. Wir haben es hier zweifellos mit Sampsons Tochter zu tun, denn auf derselben Seite 4, auf der von ihr als 'Hanna' geredet wird, findet sich auch der zitierte Satz von der 'Mrs Sampson', was Sidney Lee allerdings nicht gesehen zu haben scheint — wenn er überhaupt das Manuscript eingesehen hat. Deshalb nimmt er Hanna nur zögernd als Sampsons Tochter an — er weiss nicht, wie sie, deren Vater nach seiner Ansicht schon 1636 gestorben war, 1653 zu Sir Henry Willoughby kommen sollte. Wir gehen wohl nicht fehl, wenn wir unserem

Dichter zwar eine Tochter Hanna, nicht aber zwei Söhne zuschreiben, von denen wir wissen, dass sie in South Leverton das Licht der Welt erblickt haben. Denn das intime Verhältnis der Sampsons zu ihrem Herrn, wie es aus dem Testament klar hervorgeht, macht es höchst wahrscheinlich, dass mindestens von 1628 an William Sampson mit seiner Familie ständig in Risley weilte.

Noch zwei kleine Verbesserungen sind bei Sidney Lee vorzunehmen. Willoughbys Tod ist nicht 1649, sondern 1653 eingetreten. Das geht aus dem zitierten Anfang und folgender Stelle unserer Klageschrift hervor :

(pag. 7) And ymediately after the said Will soe made the said Sir Henry Willoughby dyed...

Dann findet sich Sampsons längeres Gedicht *Loues Metamorphosis : or : Apollo and Daphne* nicht Harl. Ms. 6949 (41), sondern 6947 (42), und zwar pag. 318-336.

Wenn ich das Besprochene zusammenfasse, so ist folgendes an wichtigen Daten für Sampsons Leben im Dictionary of National Biography richtig zu stellen : Sampson hat gelebt von 1600 bis mindestens 1655. Von spätestens 1628 an bis 1653 war er in Diensten von Sir Henry Willoughby of Risley in the County of Derby, wo er mit seiner Gemahlin und Tochter Hanna lebte. Das Verhältnis seiner Familie zu dem Herrn war ziemlich vertrauter Natur, was ja auch aus der warmen Widmung unseres Dramas an Mrs. Anne Willoughby, die Tochter des Herrn, hervorgeht. Ausser von Hanna haben wir keine Kunde von Sampsons Kindern. Die beiden in South Leverton geborenen Brüder, William und Henry, sind schwerlich seine Söhne.

Die Werke William Sampsons sind bei Sidney Lee zusammengestellt. Es sind drei Dramen zunächst :

- 1) ' Herod and Antipater ' Trag. 1622 ; by Gervase Markham and William Sampson. (British Museum : Press Mark 644 b 67). Nach dem Dict. of Nat. Biogr. soll sie schon etwa 1612 entstanden sein. Ich glaube mit F. E. Schelling und Joseph Quincy Adams ¹⁾, dass es sich bei dieser

¹⁾ vgl. des letzteren Aufsatz : *Every Woman in Her Humor and The Dumb Knight in Modern Philology* 10 January 1913. S. 414 und 427.

Angabe um einen Druckfehler handelt, so dass statt 1612 1621 als Entstehungsjahr in Betracht käme. 1612 ist schon deshalb unmöglich, weil ja Sampson erst 1600 geboren ist, nicht 1590, wie man früher annahm.

- 2) 'The Vow-Breaker.'
- 3) 'The Widow's Prize.' Com. 1653 am 9 Sept. in den Stationers' Registers zum Druck freigegeben. Das Stück ist nicht erhalten, wie schon erwähnt wurde.

Dann besitzen wir an Gedichten von Sampson noch :

- 1) Eine Gedichtsammlung 'Virtus post Funera vivit' 1636 ¹⁾.
- 2) Ein längeres Gedicht 'Loues Metamorphosis or Apollo and Daphne'. (noch ungedruckt).

¹⁾ Im Britischen Museum sind zwei Exemplare : G 11555 und 1076 i 27.

The Vow-Breaker
or
The Faire Maide of Clifton.

Die Entstehung des Dramas.

Es ist schwer zu bestimmen, wann Sampsons 'Vow-Breaker' entstanden ist, da uns nur das Datum des Druckes 1636 als Anhaltspunkt geboten wird. Mitteilungen von Zeitgenossen über das Stück fehlen uns, und aus seinem Inhalt erfahren wir nichts, was entscheidend für die Datierung ins Gewicht fiele, weder in der Haupt- noch in der Nebenhandlung.

Dass die Haupthandlung auf eine Ballade zurückgeht — beider Verhältnis zueinander werde ich später genauer beleuchten —, bringt uns nicht weiter: wir haben auch das Datum der Ballade nicht. Schelling ¹⁾ meint, ein zweiteiliges Drama 'Black Bateman of the North' von Chettle, Dekker, Drayton und Wilson sei Vorlage für unser Stück gewesen. Das Doppeldrama ist bei Henslowe erwähnt, aber nicht erhalten, kommt also für unseren Zweck nicht in Betracht.

Die historische Nebenhandlung nun ist auch durchaus unergiebig für uns. Dass Sampson Anstoss damit erregte, war nicht beabsichtigt. Er knüpfte an die Haupthandlung an: sie spielte wie die Ballade in Clifton in Nottinghamshire — so musste auch die Nebenhandlung etwas mit Clifton zu tun haben. Er dachte da sofort an die bekannte Familie, die ihren Namen von dem Orte herleitet. Als Sheriffs von Nottinghamshire sind zwei Edelleute aus der Familie, beide Sir Gervase Clifton geheissen, 1572 bezw. 1610 in Dickinsons 'History of Newark' ²⁾ verzeichnet. Und einer desselben Namens hatte einst unter Elisabeth im Felde wacker kämpfend am Ruhme Englands mitgearbeitet.

¹⁾ Elizabethan Drama. I, 348 u. II, 546.

²⁾ Newark 1816. Seite 341, 343.

Diesen wählte sich Sampson zum Helden seiner Nebenhandlung. Er suchte im Holinshed nach seinem Namen und fand ihn im zweiten Regierungsjahre der jungfräulichen Queen Bess. So kam er dazu, die Belagerung von Leith dramatisch vorzuführen, ein Stück englisch-schottisch-französischer Geschichte, das Anfang des 17. Jahrhunderts nicht so recht passte. Warum gerade jetzt, da eben die beiden Kronen von England und Schottland auf einem Haupte vereinigt waren, die Kämpfe zwischen Schotten-Engländern und Schotten-Franzosen vorführen, wozu jetzt, da eben schottische Könige auf Englands Thron sassen, die grosse Elisabeth so feiern? — so fragte man sich. Aber Sampson kamen diese Fragen garnicht in den Sinn. An keiner Stelle des Dramas werden die religiösen Verhältnisse in Schottland beleuchtet, die zur Belagerung von Leith führten, an keiner Stelle wird auf die Ähnlichkeit mit den religiösen Wirren in Schottland zu Sampsons Zeit hingewiesen. Im Anfang des Dramas wird von Clifton für einen Feldzug nach Schottland geworben. Von der Veranlassung dazu hören wir kein Wort. Hauptsache ist, dass wir mit Clifton ins Feld ziehen. Es ist klar: die ganze Nebenhandlung ist einfach eine Dramatisierung von Taten dieses einen Helden.

Das erklärt auch, weshalb Sampson in dem 'Prologue to Censurers' auf deren Einwände gegen die Nebenhandlung keine rechte Antwort weiss:

Their Magistracy laught at! as if now
What Ninty Yeeres since dy'd, afresh did grow:
To those wee answer, that ere they were borne,
The story that we glaunse at, then was worne
And held authentick: and the men wee name
Grounded in Honours Prowesse, Vertues Fame. (Zeile 11 ff.)

Das sagte damals nicht viel, und für unseren Zweck sagt es garnichts.

Wenn wir endlich bedenken, dass, wie wir sehen werden, als Quelle und Vorbild eigentlich nur Shakespeare für Sampson in Betracht kommt, dessen Werke ihm seit 1623 auch gesammelt bequem zugänglich waren, so müssen wir es aufgeben, das Entstehungsjahr genau zu bestimmen. Es ist wohl noch in den 20er Jahren zu suchen. Denn nach dem Titelblatt soll das Stück 'diuers times' von 'severall Companies' aufgeführt worden sein; es muss also ein ziemlicher Zeitraum zwischen

Abfassung und Druck gelegen haben. Wer mit den 'severall Companies' gemeint ist, habe ich nicht feststellen können; das Drama ist in keinem der Repertoires verzeichnet, die in Maas¹⁾ 'Äusserer Geschichte der Englischen Theatertruppen' zusammengestellt sind; auch Murray²⁾ gibt uns keinen Aufschluss darüber.

Die Quellenfrage.

Die Ballade 'Bateman's Tragedy'.

Im vorigen Kapitel wies ich schon darauf hin, dass 'The Vow-Breaker' auf eine Ballade zurückgeht. In Ritsons Sammlung 'Ancient Songs and Ballads'³⁾ finden wir sie unter dem Titel 'Bateman's Tragedy'. Der Balladensammler fügt hinzu: 'The full title of the old copy is, A Godly Warning for all Maidens, by the Example of Gods Judgement shewed upon one Jermans Wife of Clifton, in the County of Nottingham, who, lying in childbed, was born away, and never heard of after. A tragedy entitled 'The Vow Breaker', written by one William Sampson, and printed in 1636, is founded on this ballad, and quotes two or three verses from it, as 'a lamentable new ditty'. Zum Vergleich mit unserem Drama mag sie hier nach Ritson abgedruckt werden:

You dainty dames, so finely fram'd
Of beautys chiefest mold,
And you that trip it up and down,
Like Lambs in Cupids fold,
Here is a lesson to be learn'd;
A lesson, in my mind,
For such as will prove false in love,
And beare a faithless mind.

Not far from Nottingham, of late,
In Clifton, as I hear,
There dwelt a fair and comely dame,
For beauty without peer;
Her cheekes were like the crimson-rose;
Yet, as you may perceive,
The fairest face, the falsest heart,
And soonest will deceive.

¹⁾ Maas in Bangs Materialien XIX.

²⁾ English Dramatic Companies. London, 1910.

³⁾ London, 1829.

This gallant dame she was belov'd
Of many in that place
And many sought, in mariage-bed,
Her body to embrace ;
At last a proper handsome youth,
Young Bateman call'd by name,
In hopes to make a married wife
Unto this maiden came.

Such love and liking there was found,
That he, from all the rest,
Had stol'n away the maiden's heart,
And she did love him best :
Then plighted promise secretly
Did pass between them two,
That nothing could, but death itself,
This true loveknot undo.

He brake a piece of gold in twain,
One half to her he gave ;
The other, as a pledge, quoth he,
Dear heart, myself will have.
If I do break my vow, quoth she
While I remain alive,
May never thing I take in hand
Be seen at all to thrive.

This passed on for two months space
And then this maid began
To settle love and liking too
Upon another man :
One Jerman who a widower was,
Her husband needs must be,
Because he was of greater wealth,
And better in degree.

Her vows, and promise lately made
To Bateman she denied ;
And in despite of him and his
She utterly defied.
Well then, quoth he, if it be so,
That you will me forsake,
And, like a false and forsworn wretch,
Another husband take,

Thou shalt not live one quiet hour,
For surely I will have
Thee either now alive, or dead,
When I am laid in grave :
Thy faithless mind thou shalt repent ;

Therefor be well assur'd,
When, for thy sake, thou hear'st report
What torments I endur'd.

But mark how Bateman died for love,
And finish'd up his life,
That very day she married was,
And made old Jermans wife ;
For with a strangling cord, god wot,
Great moan was made therefor,
He hang'd himself in desperate sort
Before the brides own door.

Whereat such sorrow pierc'd her heart,
And troubled sore her mind,
That she could never, after that,
One day of comfort find ;
And wheresoever she did go,
Her fancy did surmise
Young Batemans pale and ghastly ghost
Appear'd before her eyes.

When she in bed at night did lie,
Betwixt her husbands arms,
In hope thereby to sleep and rest
In safety without harms ;
Great cries and grieves groans she heard,
A voice that sometimes *cried* ¹⁾
O thou art she that I must have
And will not be denied.

But she [then] being big with child,
Was for the infants sake,
Preserved from the spirits power,
No vengeance could it take :
The babe unborn did safely keep
As god appointed so,
His mothers body from the fiend
That sought her overthrow.

But being of her burden eas'd,
And safely brought to bed,
Her care and grieve began anew
And farther sorrow bred :
And of her friends she did intreat,
Desiring them to stay ;
Out of the bed, quoth she, this night,
I shall be born away.

¹⁾ said

Here comes the spirit of my love,
With pale and ghastly face,
Who till he bear me hence away,
Will not depart this place ;
Alife or dead I'm his by right,
And he will surely have,
In spite of me and all the world,
What I by promise gave.

O watch with me this night, I pray ;
And see you do not sleep :
No longer than you be awake
My body can you keep.
All promised to do their best ;
Yet nothing could suffice
In middle of the night to keep
Sad slumber from their eyes.

So being all full fast asleep,
To them unknown which way,
The child-bed-woman that woeful night,
From thence was born away ;
And to what place no creature knew,
Nor to this date can tell :
As strange a thing as ever yet
In any age befell.

You maidens that desire to love,
And would good husbands choose,
To him that you do vow to love
By no means do refuse :
For god, that hears all secret oaths,
Will dreadful vengeance take
On such that of a wilful vow
Do slender reckoning make.

Der Vergleich mit unserem Drama zeigt sofort, dass Sampson jeden Zug der Ballade übernommen hat. Allein er braucht mehr zu einem fünftaktigen Drama als nur den Stoff dieser seiner Quelle. So fügt er hinzu, was er nötig hat, oder ändert gelegentlich. Zunächst bringt er ein anderes Balladenmotiv in sein Stück hinein, den in den Krieg ziehenden Liebhaber, der seine Geliebte als Treulose in den Armen einer anderen findet, als er nach ruhmreichen Taten zu ihr zurückkehrt. Sampson tut das, um eine Verbindung mit der Nebenhandlung herzustellen. In Schottland bei der Belagerung von Leith tut sich Young Bateman hervor — so wird die Nebenhandlung angesponnen.

Nachher wird sie selbständig weitergeführt; schon von der zweiten Scene des zweiten Actes an sorgt Bateman nicht mehr für die Verbindung der beiden Handlungen. Der Dramatiker muss eben seine fünf Akte füllen: in der Kriegshandlung stehen ihm handelnde Personen bequem zur Verfügung.

Ein ander Mal lässt er einfach eine allerdings recht wenig handelnde Person verschwinden, weil er nichts mehr mit ihr anzufangen weiss. Es ist German, ein alter, reicher Witwer nach der Ballade, alt und reich bei Sampson zweifellos auch, aber wohl auch als Witwer gedacht, obwohl es an keiner Stelle klar gesagt wird. Folgende Bemerkung aber scheint darauf hinzuweisen (Dr. I, 4, 23): 'You follow the fashion of our Country Knights that marry your old London Widowes.' Hier wird Anne mit den country Knights und German mit den old London Widowes verglichen — nicht eben sehr glücklich. Dieser German nun, der in der Ballade einfach nicht mehr genannt wird, nachdem er seine Rolle ausgespielt hat, wird bei Sampson auf ganz sonderbare Weise beseitigt. Er verlässt nämlich seine Gemahlin gleich am ersten Tage nach der Hochzeitsnacht und geht auf zwölf Monate nach Newcastle. Die Geburt des von ihm gezeugten Kindes und der Tod seiner Gattin bleiben ihm wohl unbekannt — wir hören nichts mehr von ihm. Man könnte von ihm sagen, wie es in dem ausführlichen Titel der Ballade heisst: he 'was brought away — vom Dichter nämlich — and never heard of after'! Das gilt aber bei Sampson nicht von dem schönen Mädchen selbst. Er weiss, 'to what place she was born': der Geist ihres Bateman, der sich ob ihrer Untreue erhängt hat, führt sie durch die Fluten des Trent in die Unterwelt. Ihr Leichman wird bald dem betroffenen Vater gebracht, der nun seine Klage mit der seines Nachbarn vereinigen kann. In dem beiderseitigen Schmerz um das einzige Kind reichen sich die streitenden Väter die Hand zur Versöhnung — wie die Montecchi und Capuletti.

Bei Sampson ist also das Motiv der streitenden Familien hinzugekommen. Doch lernen wir nur die Väter kennen, von den Müttern erfahren wir garnichts. Eine Vertraute in Gestalt der Ursula, der geschwätzig Base, ist wenigstens der Anna zur Seite gestellt, und ihr selbst steht wieder ein Liebhaber, Miles, gegenüber. So haben wir zwei parallele Paare: Bate-

man-Anne und Miles-Ursula; das eine tragisch, das zweite komisch. Ausser diesen beiden typischen komischen Theaterfiguren Ursula und Miles sorgen noch Annas Freundinnen und Young Batemans Bekannte, die Handwerker, für den nötigen Humor; auch sie sind ständige Bühnentypen.

Sampson hat also aus der Ballade dadurch ein Drama gemacht, dass er zu den Balladentypen, bei ihm die Hauptpersonen, echte Dramenfiguren, die Nebenpersonen, hinzugefügt hat. Keine einzige seiner Gestalten zeigt individuelle Züge — ein Zeichen für seinen Mangel an Phantasie. Wir können uns ihre Wirkung auf uns leicht denken. Das 'tragische' Geschick der auf die Bühne verpflanzten Balladengestalten rührt uns kaum, der derbe Witz der Nebenpersonen nicht viel mehr. Wir vermissen die psychologische Vertiefung, besonders in der Haupthandlung. Zwar, ein Ansatz dazu scheint bei Sampson der Ballade gegenüber vorhanden zu sein: die Untreue des Mädchens wird etwas mehr begründet. In der Ballade ist bloss das Geld und die bessere Stellung Germans der Grund, Sampson fügt ja den Streit der Väter hinzu, 'who never could agree till both of them were drown'd in misery' ¹⁾. Dadurch wird uns ja wohl der Charakter der Anna etwas sympathischer, aber nur, um uns nachher ein desto grösseres psychologisches Rätsel aufzugeben. Wie kann sie Batemans Vater und ihren früheren Geliebten selbst, dem sie Treue bis in den Tod geschworen hat, bei dem Anblick seiner Leiche so schmähen? Wir verstehen es nicht. Charakteristik und psychologische Erklärung ist eben nicht Sampsons Stärke.

¹⁾ cf. Prologue to Censurers.

Sampson und Holinshed.

Ähnlich wie die Personen der Haupthandlung unseres Dramas lassen sich auch die der Nebenhandlung charakterisieren, die, wie wir sahen, fast nichts mit der eigentlichen Vow-Breaker-Handlung zu tun hat. Auch hier finden wir nur Typen, wenn wir von Clifton, dem Helden, absehen — ich meine nicht Typen im engeren Sinne, wie die Personen der Haupthandlung, sondern Theaterfiguren ohne Leben, Menschen ohne Fleisch und Blut, Schatten. Das wundert uns freilich nicht sehr; denn die Quelle, die Sampson für seine Nebenhandlung benutzt hat, Holinshed, bringt weiter nichts als Namen, und der Dramatiker stellt keine Persönlichkeiten dahinter. Er richtet sich in allem genau nach der Chronik, und oft nimmt er ganze Stellen wörtlich hinüber. Dabei verfährt er mit der Zeit nicht so genau, sondern dehnt die kurze Spanne, die nach Holinshed vom März 1560 bis zum Frieden von Leith am 7. Juni 1560, also ein gutes Vierteljahr, währt, zu einer Zeit aus, in der ein schönes Mädchen sich verloben, untreu werden, sich wieder verloben und verheiraten kann. Das ist noch nicht so merkwürdig. Dass aber das Mädchen in demselben Vierteljahr ausserdem ihren ersten Geliebten in den Tod treibt, dem angetrauten Gatten eine Tochter schenkt und sich am Ende 'haunted by Bateman's Ghost' im Trent ertränkt — das ist schon nicht mehr so leicht zu fassen. Sampson denkt darüber nicht nach; Haupthandlung und Nebenhandlung gehen parallel nebeneinander her, ohne sich zu berühren. Bei der Abfassung des Stückes denkt er immer nur an die eine Handlung, die ihn gerade beschäftigt, um die andere kümmert er sich erst wieder von der nächsten zu ihr gehörigen Scene ab. Dass er auch in der Kriegshandlung einmal ein Ereignis zeitlich falsch stellt, will nicht viel sagen. Nach Holinshed kommt Arguile mit seinen 2000 Schotten erst am 6. Mai, während Trombull schon am 5. April von der Regentin von Schottland

zu den Engländern geschickt wird. Bei Sampson kommt 'Trumball', nachdem eben am selben Tage Arguile eingetroffen ist. Sonst geht er aber sehr genau nach Holinshed vor.

Die Veranlassung zum Zuge nach Schottland lässt er fort. Sie ist bei Holinshed ¹⁾ so dargestellt: 'Anno Reg 2 (1560): In the meane time, through controuersie raised betwixt the Scottish nobilitie, and the queene Dowager of Scotland, which chanced espaciallie about matters of religion, certaine of the lords there minding a reformation therein; and the queene resisting them to hir power, in purpose to mainteine the old popish religion, which some name catholieke; diuerse companies of souldiers and men of war were sent out of France into Scotland to aid the said queene, where they were placed in diuerse townes and forts, to the high displeasure of the more part of the Scottish nobilitie'. Die Lords schliessen sich jetzt gegen die Regentin zusammen — das sind die 'federary Lords' unseres Dramas. 'The Scots', sagt Holinshed weiter, 'sue to the queens maiestie of England for aid against the French'. Und eine weitere Randbemerkung lautet: 'The queens maiestie determineth to aid the Scots'. Hier setzt unser Drama ein. Clifton wirbt Soldaten, eine Scene, zu der Holinshed unserem Dramatiker natürlich keinen Anhalt bot. Nun zieht er nach Norden, und in der folgenden Scene der Kriegshandlung sind wir schon vor Leith, das den verbündeten Schotten und Franzosen abgenommen werden soll. Von hier aus werden die schottischen Geiseln nach England geschickt. Lord Grey of Wilton, der Anführer der Engländer, liest ihre Namen vor (Dr. I, 3, 13-22). Holinshed registriert, zum Teil ergänzend (vgl. die Namen):

(IV, 192) The same daie (= 5. April) the Scottish hostages were imbarked to passe into England:

(IV, 190) The lord Claud Hamilton fourth sonne vnto the duke of Chateau le reault; Robert Douglas halfe brother to the lord Iames Steward, Archebald Campbell lord of Longhennell, George Gream second sonne to the earle of Menteith, Iames Coningham, sonne to the earle of Glencarne.

Einer der Federary Lords, Arguile, hat sich schon mit 2000 Schotten zu Grey gesellt. Es werden aber noch weitere Verstärkungen erwartet (Dr. I, 3, 23-30).

¹⁾ Neudruck London 1807, IV, S. 188.

H. IV, 196 : This daie (Mondaie the sixt of Maie) the earle of Argile, and diuerse other noble men of Scotland, came to Edenburgh with two thousand horssemen and footmen...

H. IV, 198 : Wednesdaie the fifteenth of Maie, sir Francis Leake came to the campe with a supplie of fue hundred men from Barwicke.

Inzwischen hat die Regentin von Schottland einen Boten abgeschickt, der um eine Unterredung mit den englischen Lords bitten soll (Dr. I, 3, 50-65).

H. IV, 191 : At their comming thither (Lestericke bei Leith), Trombull, the queene regents trumpet, came to my lord lieutenant, and brought with him a safe conduct, given under hir hand and seale, for the safe repaire of sir Iames Croft, sir George Howard, and six others to accompanie them. Wherevpon they preparing themselves to go to hir they departed towards Edenburgh, where the said queene as then laie within the castell.

Während der Verhandlungen soll Waffenstillstand herrschen (Dr. I, 3, 66-68), aber die Franzosen, 'constant in nothing but Inconstancy', brechen unversehens hervor. Lord Grey fordert sie auf, sich zurückzuziehen. Aber sein Bote Crosse kann ihm als Antwort der Franzosen nur melden, dass sie zum Angriff übergegangen sind. Grey lässt auf das Bombardement der Feinde antworten, und es entsteht ein Gemetzel, in dem die Franzosen ziemliche Verluste erleiden, während die Engländer nur einen Mann verlieren (Dr. I, 3, 96-110 und 121-137). Holinsheds Bericht ist, zum Teil etwas abweichend, folgender (IV, 191):

Whilst they were in conference with the queene, although an abstinence of all hostilite by appointment taken betwixt my lord Greie and the said queene ought to haue ceassed, the Frenchmen to a number of *nine hundred*, or a thousand *shot*, backed with *five hundred corselets* and pikes and about fiftie horssemen, were *come foorth of Leith*, under the conduction of monsieur *Doisell*, and the counte *Martigues*, coronell¹⁾ of the French footmen. My lord Greie understanding thereof, came vp to the hill, appointed an officer at armes called Rouge Crosse, to go vnto them, with commandement from him, that they should retire their forces forth of the field into the towne of Leith : for if it were not for the promise which he had made to the queene Dowager, he would cause them to depart, not much to their ease. The herald dooing his message, receiued answer, that they were upon their maister and mistresse ground, and therefore meant not to remouue

¹⁾ Die hervorgehobenen Worte entsprechen fast genau Sampsons 'Versen' 96-99 :

*Nine hundred shot, and five hundred Corslets,
Came forth of Leith, under the conduct
Of Mortigue, and Doysells, their Colonells.*

from it. Rouge Crosse returning with this answer, was sent againe from my Lord lieutenant, to command them eftsoons to go their way backe to Leith : for if they did not, he would suerlie send them awaie with a mischiefe.

But scarce had the herald doone this second message, when the Frenchmen stepping foorth, discharged a whole volée of their shot into the field against my lord Greie and his companie. Hereupon, the Englishmen and they fell in skirmish, which continued for the space of foure houres and more, so hot and earnestlie maintained on both parts, that the like had not lightlie beene seene many a daie before. Yet at length, the Englishmen droue the French footmen ouer the hill, wan the crag from them, and put them from a chappell, where they had stood a great while, using it for a couert and safegard for them against the Englishmens shot...

To conclude, they (the Frenchmen) were put from their ground, and forced to retire into Leith, being followed welneere to the verie gates of that towne. There were slaine in this skirmish of the French, about a seuen score, and amongst them twelue men of name, besides some of them that remained prisoners. (Of the Englishmen, there were also diuerse slaine, and manie hurt.)

Einzelheiten des Gefechts sind bei Sampson nur in den Befehlen Greys (I, 3, 125-6) angedeutet. Bei Holinshed heisst es genauer (IV, 191) :

Then the enemies that were in Leith shot off diuerse peeces of their great artillerie out of the towne against the Englishmen, who on the other part brought foorth two field peeces, and couered them with a troope of horssemen ; and hauing planted them to some aduantage, discharged the same among the enemies : who perceiuing that, gaue place, and suddenlie the English dimilances gaue a charge, brake in amongst them, and slue diuerse.

Sampson hat den breiten Bericht des Chronisten stark kondensiert, aber fast nichts unbenutzt gelassen. Manchmal ist er so kurz, dass er ohne Holinshed unverständlich bleibt. Ohne ihn versteht man z. B. nicht, was mit 'the Crag, and Chappell' (Dr. I, 3, 123) gemeint ist, da beide bei Sampson an dieser Stelle zum ersten Mal genannt werden. Holinshed gibt uns Aufschluss : 'the chapel' kennen wir aus dem eben zitierten Bericht, von 'the crag' spricht er schon IV, 190/191 ; es ist ein 'crag called Arthurs seat', der sich eine halbe Meile von Lesterike, dem Lager der Engländer vor Leith, entfernt befindet.

Die Franzosen aber sinnen immer auf neue Falschheit und List. Jetzt schleichen sich neun aus ihrer Reihe als schottische Weiber verkleidet in das feindliche Lager. Plötzlich fallen sie über die Engländer her, von denen sich einige leichtfertiger-

weise mit den 'nine stout Viragoes' abgegeben haben, ergreifen einen und köpfen ihn. Dass die Anführer der Franzosen selbst, Mortigue und Doisells, auch diese kleine Truppe kommandieren, ist befremdlich und nicht von Holinshed berichtet ¹⁾ (Dr. II, 1, 1-7 und 114-115):

H. IV, 192 : The same daie (Sundaie the fourteenth of Aprill, being Easter daie), nine Frenchmen appavelled like women, came fourth of Leith, and counterfeiting some like demeanor to the apparell wherein they were disguised, trained one of the English skouts within their danger, whome they tooke, and chopped off his head, which they set vpon the top of one of their church steeples.

Die als Gemahlin des französischen Königs Franz II. ²⁾ in Frankreich weilende Königin von Schottland, Maria Stuart, hört von den Verwüstungen der vor Leith liegenden Truppen ihrer königlichen Verwandten ³⁾ Elisabeth und schickt 'Monlucke, Bishop of Valens', zu ihrer Mutter in Edinburgh, der mit dieser über den Frieden mit England und den schottischen Lords beraten soll. Er muss dabei natürlich durch das englische Lager hindurch; hier wird er empfangen und unversehrt hindurchgeführt. (Dr. III, 3, 1-10 und 12-33).

H. IV, 193 : Sundaie the one and twentieth of Aprill, the bishop of Valence named Monluc came to Lesterike.... After they (die Engländer) had received him with salutations according unto the manner, he was conducted by Rouge Crosse the officer of armes from the campe into Edenburgh, and so went up to the castell to conferre with the queene Dowager.

Aber die Unterredung mit der Regentin hat nicht zum Frieden geführt. Man schreitet zur Erstürmung von Leith. Für die Schilderung des Sturmes, die ziemlich eingehend ist, scheint der Dramatiker ausser Holinshed noch eine andere Quelle benutzt zu haben. Im wesentlichen aber folgt er dem Chronisten (Dr. IV, 1, 9-65):

H. IV, 196 : In the morning by too of the clocke the seuenth of Maie being tuesdaie diuers bands passed fourth towards the towne, and entring the ditches offered the scale : other capteins with their men approched the bulworks, and other there were appointed to enter beside the mils. Beside the English bands commanded

¹⁾ Eckhardt in seinen 'Dialekttypen' a. a. O. irrt sich, wenn er sagt: Ein wenig bekannter Dramatiker, William Sampson, lässt in seinem Stück 'The Vow Breaker' 2 Engländer, Mortigue und Doysells, sich eine Zeit lang, um unerkannt zu bleiben, für Schotten ausgeben, wobei Doysells zugleich in Frauenkleidung auftritt.

^{2), 3)} cf. Anmerkungen zu unserem Drama.

thus to give the assault, there were a thousand Scots joined with them, whereof five hundred with capteine Vaughan, and such other capteins as were commanded to attempt the bulworke next to Montpelham, and other five hundred went with such of the English capteins as were commanded to assault the breach beyond the water. Moreover, as well the lances as light horsmen were assigned to gard the fields : sir George Howard with the lances keeping betwixt the fort of Montpelham and the sea westward, and sir Henrie Persie with the light horsmen betwixt the campe and the sea eastward. The rest of the footmen that went not to the assault, were also appointed to gard the trenches and field, in such wise as was thought expedient. So that perfect direction was giuen in euerie behalfe by the lord lieutenant, and other of the councill. And upon warning giuen by capteine Randall sergeant maior, such as had beene commanded to give the assault in their seuerall appointed places, preased forward with courage inough, and boldlie aduentured to clime the wals, and enter at the breaches, but yet their attempt wanted the wished success :... by reason of the vnfitnessse of the ladders, being too short by two yards and more, the assailants were repelled. For during the whole time of the assault, which continued for the space of an houre and a halfe, the French shot off their flankers, and maintained their shot from the wals so thicke, that it seemed a verie hell for the time....

But yet neuerthesse, manie there were that entred the towne in sundrie places, of the which some came backe againe, although others were beaten downe and slaine. To conclude, at length all that escaped with life, were forced to retire with the losse of seauen or eight score Englishmen, some haue said two hundred, which were slaine outright, beside those that were wounded, being in number at the least two or three hundred : and amongst other, there were diuerse capteins and gentlemen that were hurt, as sir Thomas Hesketh, master Sutton, master Newport, master Conweie, capteine Wood, Thomas Fitton, with others.

Es ist genug Blut vergossen worden, Friedensverhandlungen werden angeknüpft. England und Frankreich haben je eine Kommission gebildet. Sie gebieten jede für ihre Partei Waffenstillstand für die Dauer der Verhandlungen. (Dr. IV, 1, 81-98).

H. IV, 198 : The thirteenth of Iune, sir William Cicill, principal secretarie to the queenes maiestie, and doctor Wotton deane of Canterburie and Yorke came to Barwicke, appointed commissioners on hir said maiesties behalfe, to treat of an accord with the conte de Randon, and the bishop of Valence, commissioners sent for that purpose from the French king, and his wife Marie queene of Scotland...

On saturdaye the sixt of Iune, the lord Greie lord lieutenant, master secretarie Cicill, and sir Ralfe Sadler, betwixt three and foure of the clocke in the afternoone, gaue order that there should no peece be shot, nor shew of hostilitie made till seauen of the clocke the same night ; and herewith sent sir Geruis Clifton vnto all the souldiers that warded in the trenches and bulworks on the west side of Leith, to command them to obserue the like order.

Das Resultat der Verhandlungen ist der Friede von Leith. Die Stadt wird den Engländern geöffnet, und die Artikel werden bekannt gegeben (Dr. V, 1, 12-54).

H. IV, 199 : The peace now in the meane time being concluded, on the morrow being sundaie, and seauenth of Iune, sir Francis Leake, and sir Geruis Clifton, accompanied with two French gentlemen, were sent to the towne of Leith, to signifie vnto monsieur Doisell, the bishop of Amiens. la Brosse, Martigues, and other the French lords and capteins, that they were come thither by commandement from the commissioners, to cause the peace alreadie concluded to be proclaimed : which accordinglie was doone in maner as followeth. The most mightie princesse, Elizabeth by the grace of God, queene of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c : and the most christian king, Francis and Marie, by the same grace of God king and queene of France and Scotland : haue accorded upon a reconciliation of a peace and amitie to be inuiolablie kept, betwixt them, their subjects, kingdomes and countries. And therefore in their names it is strictlie commanded to all maner of persons borne vnder their obeisances, or being in their seruice, to forbear all hostilitie either by sea or land, and to keepe good peace each with other this time forwards, as they will answer therevnto at their uttermost perils.

(IV, 200) But now concerning the articles of the peace, being about thirteene in all, the cheefest may seeme to rest heerein, that the French souldiours and men of warre should depart out of the realme of Scotland within a short time limited of twentie daies, as Ludouico Guiciardini hath noted ; six score of them onlie excepted, as three score to abide in Insketh, and three score in the castell of Dunbar, they to be answered their wages at the hands of the estates of Scotland, and to be subiect vnto the lawes and ordinances of that realme. That the fortifications about Leith should be razed and demolished : and likewise the fort which had beene built and raised before the castell of Dunbar by the French, for a strength thereto. That the Frenchmen should not conueie into Scotland anie men of warre, or munitions without consent of the parlement assembled of three estates of that realme. That the king and queene of France and Scotland should not from thenseforth beare the armes of England, sith the same appertained onlie to the queens maiestie of England and to no other person.

Der letzte Teil dieses Berichtes ist bei Sampson fast wörtlich in Versen zu lesen. Der Dramatiker ist also nicht nur inhaltlich, sondern manchmal auch formell von seiner geschichtlichen Quelle abhängig — das deutete ich oben schon in einer Anmerkung an (cf. Dr. I, 4, 96-99). An dieser Stelle kann ich die Verse nicht so glatt aus Holinshed herausheben wie ich es oben in dem kleinen Beispiel tat. Deshalb stelle ich sie ihrem Originalwortlaut gegenüber (Dr. V, 1, 34-53) ; die Artikel des Vertrags lauten also bei Sampson so :

That the French Souldiers, and all men of warre
Leave the Realme of Scotland in twenty daies,
Six score Souldiers onely are excepted,
Three score of them to remaine at Insketh,
And three score, at the Castle of Dun-barr,
Their wages to be paid from the estates
of Scotland; and to live lawfull subjects
To the Lawes, and ordinances of that Realme;
All fortifications in, or about Leith
Which by the French was built shalbe defaced;
That France conveigh not any man of warre
Nor ammunition into this Land,
Without a free consent in Parliament
Of the three estates of these great Kingdomes.
That Francis and Mary, King, and Queene of France,
From henceforth beare not the Armes of England
Which solely appertaine to our dread Mistris,
The Queene of England, and to no other.

Auf beiden Seiten ist man hocheifrig über den endgültigen Frieden, und Mortigue bietet seinem ehemaligen Feinde Clifton, der ihn in einem Zweikampf besiegt hat — eine Scene, die Sampson seinem Helden Clifton zuliebe unabhängig von Holinshed einfügte ¹⁾ — von seinen noch vorhandenen Delikatessen an, ein Anerbieten, das Clifton gerne annimmt. Natürlich sind aber diese Delikatessen der ausgehungerten Stadt etwas eigenartigen Charakters (Dr. V, I, 58-61 und 116-123).

H. IV, 200: Immediatly after this proclamation was ended, sir Francis Leake and sir Gerueis Clifton were brought to monsieur Doisels lodging, where was prepared for them a great banket of thirtie or fortie dishes: and yet not one either of flesh or fish, sauving one of the flesh of a powdred horsse, as a certaine person hath written that tasted thereof, as he himselfe auoucheth.

Die Franzosen sind bereit, das Land zu verlassen; Elisabeths Truppen ziehen nach England zurück, und die Belagerung von Leith hat ein Ende (Dr. V, I, 115 und 141).

H. IV, 201: After that the Frenchmen were departed..., the queens maiestie called backe hir armie without reteining anie peece within Scotland to hir owne vse.

Soweit geht Sampson nach Holinshed vor — von dem, was nun noch im Drama folgt, Elisabeths Besuch in Nottingham, weiss der Chronist nichts. Wir begegnen in den letzten Scenen einer interessanten Unterhaltung zwischen der Königin und

¹⁾ cf. Dr. II, 3.

dem Bürgermeister der Stadt über die Schiffbarmachung des Trent und sind zuletzt Zeugen einer wirksamen Massenscene, in der Elisabeth den Helden von Leith für ihre Taten dankt, während sie von ihnen, besonders von Clifton, begeistert gepriesen wird.

Von diesen Schlusscenen abgesehen bietet Sampson uns den dramatisierten Holinshed mit wenigen Zutaten in seiner Nebenhandlung unseres Dramas. Dass er ganze Partien fast wörtlich übernimmt und mit kleinen Variationen als Verse druckt, zeigt uns, wie wenig es ihm hier auf Eigenes ankommt. Wenn er trotzdem einiges ändert, so tut er es kaum, um die Personen plastischer hervortreten zu lassen. Er stellt uns dieselben Holinshedschen leblosen Chronikhelden vor, keine Menschen von Fleisch und Bein. Nur eine Ausnahme muss hervorgehoben werden, Sampsons Held Clifton. Er lebt, der biedere Alte mit seiner Tapferkeit und seinem Patriotismus, der derbe Haudegen mit seinen 'Nottinghamshire boys', der mit hoch und niedrig gleich gut fertig wird, der begeisterte Stockengländer, der schon unter Heinrich VIII. gefochten, und dem jetzt der blosse Gedanke an seine Bess das Herz höher schlagen lässt. So fand Sampson ihn nicht in der Chronik — in Nottinghamshire selbst sammelte er wohl das Material zu dieser Gestalt.

Sampson und Artemidor.

Haben wir bisher die tragisch-heroische Seite unseres Stückes in bezug auf ihre nichtdramatischen Quellen betrachtet, so fassen wir jetzt seine komische Seite etwas näher ins Auge, wobei wir wieder zwischen Haupt- und Nebenhandlung scheiden. Recht viel Humor in der Haupthandlung zunächst will Sampson dem Publikum in der Scene kurz nach der Geburt des Mädchens bieten (Dr. IV, 2), für uns eine Scene von fast unerträglicher Abgeschmacktheit. Hier wird oft Artemidorus zitiert — gemeint ist Artemidorus Daldianus, ein Traumdeuter, dessen Lebenszeit Krauss ¹⁾ in der Einleitung zu seiner Übersetzung des Griechen 135-200 n. Chr. ansetzt. Natürlich hat Sampson das griechische Original nicht benutzt, sondern das wenige, was er tatsächlich aus Artemidor übernommen hat, aus einer englischen Übersetzung geschöpft; vieles, was er als Zitat des Griechen bringt, ist nicht echt, wie wir sehen werden. Schon 1563 lag nach Krauss 'A pleasaunt Treatise of the interpretation of sundrie dreames gathered parte out of the woorce of the Learned Philosopher Ponzettus and parte out of Artemidorus by Th. Hill. Lond.' vor, ein Werk, das 1644 auch in 8° erschienen sein soll. Vielleicht meint Krauss 'The Interpretation of Dreames' by R. W., London 1644, die Übersetzung von Artemidor, die mir vorgelegen hat — eine andere konnte ich nicht einsehen. Jedenfalls muss eine englische Übersetzung vorhanden gewesen sein, bevor Sampson sein Drama zu schreiben anfang, so dass er daraus schöpfen konnte. Nur wenn wir das annehmen, lässt sich folgende Schwierigkeit aus dem Wege räumen. Im 4. Akt, Scene 2, 154 heisst es :... 'looke you, Gossip Barren, could you once dreame of sore eies you should be sure of children'. Das heisst bei Artemidor ²⁾

¹⁾ Symbolik der Träume. Leipzig, 1881.

²⁾ ed. Hercher. Leipzig, 1864.

Buch I, Cap 26 : τρεῖς δὲ ἔχεν ὀφθαλμούς ἢ τέσσαρας ἢ καὶ πλείονας γῆμαι προφητημένῃ καὶ ἀπαιδι ὁμοίως ἀγαθόν · τῷ μὲν γὰρ γυνή, τῷ δὲ παῖς ἔστα · καὶ οὕτω περὶ ἓν σῶμα πλείονες ἔσσονται ὀφθαλμοί. Es stimmt alles dem Sinne nach bis auf 'sore eies' statt 'drei, vier oder mehrere Augen'. Wie kommt Sampson dazu, 'sore eies' zu schreiben? Er denkt schwerlich an eine andere Stelle des Artemidor, wo wirklich von Augenleiden gesprochen wird. Da ist die Deutung des Traumes eine ganz andere (Artemidor, Buch IV, Cap. 24) : οὖον γυνή ἔδοξε τὰ ὄμματα ἀλγεῖν. ἐνόησαν αὐτῆς οἱ παῖδες. Sehr wohl kann hier aber von dem Dramatiker das Versehen aus einer englischen Quelle mit hinübergenommen worden sein — die Ähnlichkeit der damaligen Drucktypen von f und s (*f, f*) mag den Irrtum erklären. Hätte er die Stelle aus dem griechischen Original übersetzt, so müsste sie etwa lauten, wie sie später (1644) richtig bei R(ob.) W(ood) zu lesen steht : 'To have three or foure Eyes to him that determines to take a Wife, and hath no children and desires to have, it is good.'

Diese Übersetzung von R. W. 'The Interpretation of Dreames' soll auch weiterhin zum Vergleich mit Sampsons Drama herangezogen werden. Sie bietet nämlich ein paar Mal frappante Ähnlichkeiten mit dem Text unseres Stückes. Vielleicht haben wir es gar mit einer späteren Ausgabe von Sampsons Quelle zu tun, die er als 'Booke of Dreames', 'The Modernes' und 'The Problems' zitiert ¹⁾ — ich wüsste wenigstens nicht, was sonst man heute unter Artemidors 'Modernes' und 'Problems' verstehen könnte. Tatsächlich führt Sampson aus dem 3. Buche der 'Modernes' eine Stelle an, die ich in Artemidors 'Onirocriticon' Buch III, Cap. 16 wiederfinde (Dr. IV, 2, 134-136) : 'to walke on the Seas specifies to a man, delight, but to a woman dissolute life, for the Sea is like a harlot, a glicery face and a broken heart.' Artemidor Buch III, Cap. 16 in der Woodschen Übertragung lautet :

To walke upon the Sea.

.... To a young man, this dream is love of a delightfull woman, to a woman it is dissolute life of her body, for the Sea is like to a harlot because it hath a fair appearance and show, but in the end she brings many to evill...

¹⁾ The fourth edition newly corrected. Br. Mus. E. 1158 (2).

Im ersten Buche des Artemidor, Cap. 14, heisst es nach Wood:

To be big with child :

He which hath no wife shal have a gentle one.

Das lautet bei Sampson so (Dr. IV, 2, 156-157) :

... the first time I dream'd, I was with child, I got a husband presently.

Ich habe mich bemüht, in Artemidors viertem Buche folgende Stelle zu finden (Dr. IV, 2, 7-10): ... 'an Infants smileing, and a Lambes bleateing is a signe of fertility; it is so in Artimedorus; you frown'd when you were borne, and thats the reason you are so sterill; Artimedorus saith so in his fourth booke', aber es ist mir nicht gelungen. Auch die anderen Bücher weisen nichts von solchen Dingen auf. Vergeblich wird man auch in Artemidors 'Onirocriticon' nach folgendem Zitat aus den 'Problems' suchen (Dr. IV, 2, 16-18): 'Had it bene manchild, their had bene three evident signes of an whoremaster; a Roman Nose, Cherry Lip, and a bald Pate, for so Artimedorus in his Problems.' Nicht besser geht es uns mit dieser Stelle (Dr. IV, 2, 25 ff.): ... 'itis a great signe of frugality if the Starrs, and Planets be concordant, for saith Artimedorus; if it be borne under Venus, it will be faire as you are, if under Sol, Rich as you are, and if under Mercurie — ... and saith Artimedorus in his third booke of his Modernes; if borne under Castor, and Pollux, store of children...' Wohl spricht Artemidor von Göttern und Göttinnen und legt uns dar, inwiefern es günstig oder ungünstig ist von dieser oder jener Gottheit zu träumen. Wir müssen uns aber wundern, dass Sampson den kleinen Diskurs über den Einfluss der Konstellation bei der Geburt eines Menschen auf dessen Schicksal gerade als Artemidors Weisheit präsentiert — er gibt doch nur die allgemeine Annahme seiner Zeit wieder. Auch Shakespeare hatte überall in seinen Werken auf die Beeinflussung des Menschengeschicks durch die Gestirne hingewiesen: Parolles muss unterm Mars geboren sein — er sagt es ja selbst,¹⁾ und Edmund sagt im König Lear I, 2, 40: 'and my nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.' Weitere

¹⁾ All's well that ends well, I, 1. 204 ff.

Beispiele hat Anders ¹⁾ in seinen Werk über Shakespeare's Books angeführt.

Wohl auch nur aus Sampsons eigener Zeit heraus zu verstehen ist ein anderes angebliches Zitat aus Artemidor — jenes geistreiche Gespräch über Vater und Mutter, 'the surer side', 'a very facetious point, as Artimedorus in his booke of dreames sets it downe' (Dr. IV, 2, 46 ff.). Unser Autor wollte eben noch mehr Pikantes geben, als der Grieche ihm bot, und brachte seine eigene Bemerkung über die damaligen wenig erbaulichen sittlichen Zustände unter Artemidors Namen. Mother Prattle, die alle diese Dinge zu erzählen weiss, wird nicht müde, auch fürderhin alles, was sie sagt, mit der Bemerkung: 'just as Artimedorus saith' oder ähnlich zu belegen. Sie zählt eine lange Liste von Speisen auf, die alle Träume hervorrufen sollen (Dr. IV, 2, 94 ff.); sie weiss, dass 'to dreame of Flowers is very good to a woman in child-bed; it argues she shall soone enjoy her husband' (Dr. IV, 2, 132), sie berichtet uns von ihren Zwillingen, und wie ein Traum ihre Geburt angekündigt habe (Dr. IV, 2, 161 ff.); selbst hierbei kommt sie ohne Artemidor nicht aus, schade nur, dass wir die von ihr zitierten Stellen nicht belegen können. Zwar spricht unser Traumdeuter von vielen Speisen, aber er sagt uns bloss, ob es vorteilhaft ist, im Traum gewisse Speisen zu verzehren. Zwar spricht er von Blumen, aber er sagt uns bloss, welche Folgen es hat, wenn man von Blumenkränzen träumt — von Blumen im allgemeinen erzählt er uns nichts. Die Kränze aber geben ganz andere Deutungen. Angeregt ist Sampson zweifellos von Artemidor in all diesen Beispielen. Etwas mehr als eine Anregung haben wir vielleicht sogar in einem etwas unästhetischeren letzten Beispiel; doch ist die Übereinstimmung von griechischem Original und unserem Text nicht vollständig — bei Wood fand ich die Stelle nicht verzeichnet. Ich stelle darum hier Sampson und den griechischen Text nebeneinander (Dr. IV, 2, 159 ff.): 'To dreame to have Lyce, eyther in head or body, in some quantity signifies a proper man well appointed.' In der Hercherschen Ausgabe des Artemidor Buch III, Capitel 7 lesen wir: Φθέραις

¹⁾ Seite 347 ff.

ὀλίγους ἔχειν καὶ εὐρίσκειν ἐν τῷ σώματι ἢ ἐν τοῖς ἱματίοις καὶ τούτους ἀναιρεῖν ἀγαθόν· πάσης γὰρ λύπης καὶ φροντίδος ἀπαλλαγῆναι προαγορεύει τὸ ὄναρ·

Das meiste also, was uns von Sampson als Artemidors Eigentum aufgetischt wird, ist nicht nachweisbar. Ihm kam es vor allem auf die Wirkung seiner Scene an. Da dachte er, es müsse sich die ewige Wiederholung des vollen Namens 'Artimedorus' in dem humoristisch gedachten Gewäsch der Mother Prattle ganz gut ausnehmen. Die echten Proben selbst, die wir aus der 'Symbolik der Träume' zu hören bekommen, sind im Original garnicht scherzhaft, denn es steckt Geist dahinter; natürlich sollen sie aber bei Sampson auch mit dazu beitragen, die Lachmuskeln der Zuschauer in Bewegung zu setzen. Deshalb wählt er gerade diese sonderbaren Träume aus der grossen Fülle der bei Artemidor verzeichneten heraus. Einmal braucht er ein Beispiel für seine Zwecke der Deutung des Traumes wegen (Dr. IV, 2, 134 ff.). Sonst spielt bei Sampson der Kern des Traumbuches, das eigentliche Traumdeuten und die geistreiche Begründung der Auslegung, gar keine Rolle. Es ist schade, dass das geistvolle und gelehrte Buch des fleissigen und gewissenhaften Traumsammlers und -deuters so missbraucht wurde. Der weise Grieche passt in die Gesellschaft der zechenden Weiber nicht hinein. Diese komische Scene unseres Dramas kann uns nicht sonderlich gefallen.

Das 'Painted Cloth' in Sampsons 'Vow-Breaker'.

Sampsons Humor kommt recht eigentlich nur in der Nebenhandlung unseres Dramas zur Geltung. Während bloss eine längere komische Scene — die eben besprochene — den schnellen Lauf der tragischen Vow-Breaker-handlung der Ballade einen Augenblick aufhält, finden wir zwischen die historischen Szenen der Kriegshandlung manche komische Intermezzi eingestreut. Ihr Hauptheld ist 'Marmaduke Joshua, a Painter-stainer by Art and a limner by profession', wie er sich selbst vorstellt (Dr. I, 2, 39 ff.). Als solcher kennt er das 'painted cloth' sehr genau. Kein Wunder, dass er an allen möglichen und unmöglichen Stellen auf Bilder und Sprüche anspielt, die damals allgemein zur Zierde des Heims die Wände schmückten. Wir dürfen aus seinen Worten II, 1, 32 ff. schliessen, dass die Fabel vom Fuchs und den Weintrauben dargestellt wurde, und dass dabei die Worte zu lesen waren :

By fortune came a Fox where grew a pleasant Vine,
I will no Grapes said the Fox, the fruit is none of mine ¹⁾.

Geschichten vom Fuchs, dem beliebten Tier aus der Fabel, scheinen überhaupt gern dargestellt worden zu sein. Wenn Joshua feierlich Gericht hält über seine böse Katze, wie er es aus dem painted cloth kennt : 'and thus I ascend to judgment, as it is in the painted cloath...Tybert the Cat; as it is in the painted cloath of the Bull and Cocke...' (Dr. III, 2, 40 ff.), so denkt er zweifellos an Darstellungen aus dem bekannten Reinke Vos, dessen Übersetzung, eines der ältesten Bücher Englands, ja schon Caxton 1481 als 'The History of Reynard the Fox' druckte ²⁾. Auf Tybert the cat spielt ja auch Shakespeare verschiedentlich an ³⁾; in Romeo und Julia etwa (II, 4, 18) :

¹⁾ Im Drama als fortlaufende Prosa gedruckt.

²⁾ Translated and printed by William Caxton. June 1481.

³⁾ cf. Anders, Shakespeare's Books.

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than the prince of cats.

oder III, 1, 78 :

Mer. Tybalt, you rat-catcher...

Aus Shakespeare wissen wir auch, dass die 'Nine Worthies' zur Dekoration der Wände herhalten mussten¹⁾. Auch Joshua erzählt von ihnen : ' And doe they fight, as it is in the painted cloth of the nine worthies, of Joshua, Hector, Cæsar, Arthur, Charle-Magne, Judas Machabeus, and Godfrey Bollogine ? (Dr. I, 3, 114 ff.) Ausser Judas Machabeus hält er wohl auch Charle-Magne oder Godfrey Bollogine für ein Doppelwesen — oder er hat sich verzählt.

Eine besondere Specialität von Joshua ist das Hersagen von Wandsprüchen, die sich seinem Gedächtnis im Laufe der Zeit unauslöschlich eingeprägt haben. Ich stelle sie hier zusammen :

II, 1, 73 ff. unseres Dramas heisst es :

In morning still when thou doost rise, see that in minde thou have
To spend the day that doth ensue as bed might be thy Grave.

Dr. II, 1, 86 ff. :

Be meeke, and gentle, and thy selfe shall finde
A quiet conscience, and a tranquill minde.

Dr. III, 2, 20 ff. :

When the Cat's away,
The Mouse will play.

Dr. III, 2, 22 ff. :

Beware in time, for too much patience
To Dog or Cat will breede io much offence.²⁾

Wir haben es hier offenbar mit echten Wandsprüchen aus Sampsons Zeit zu tun ; so liefert diese kleine Zusammenstellung einen interessanten Beitrag zur Kunde der Wandpoesie jener Tage, die manchmal recht erbaulichen Charakters gewesen zu sein scheint.

¹⁾ Love's Labour's Lost V, 2, 78.

²⁾ Wie die oben zitierten Septenare sind auch diese Verse in unserem Drama alle als Prosa gedruckt.

Literarische Einflüsse : Shakespeare. (Romeo und Julia).

Als im Jahre 1636 'The Vow-Breaker' von William Sampson erschien, lagen Shakespeares gesammelte Werke schon in der zweiten Ausgabe vor, jenem Foliobande, der des jungen Milton begeisterte Verse als 'An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet, W. Shakespeare' enthielt. Auch Sampson hatte diesen 'admirable dramatick poet' schätzen gelernt und seine Werke so fleissig gelesen, dass ihm manches seiner Worte in sein Drama hineinfiel. Bewusste und unbewusste Anklänge an seinen grossen Vorgänger lassen sich leicht aufdecken.

Shakespeare war Sampsons Vorbild zunächst in dem Aufbau wirksamer Szenen. Für die der Haupthandlung nimmt er sich meistens Romeo und Julia zum Muster. Die Prologe beider Dichter weisen schon auf die Ähnlichkeit der Situationen hin. Beide verraten uns, dass sie den Zwist und die Versöhnung zweier Familien vorführen werden, die nur durch den Untergang der sich liebenden Kinder aus den feindlichen Häusern zu Stande kommt. Bei Shakespeare (Prolog, 9 ff.)¹⁾ heisst es :

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage.

Sampson in 'The Illustration', der Erklärung des Holzschnittes, die man auch als Prolog ansprechen könnte, sagt Zeile 5 :

There Parents iarr'd, and never could agree,
Till both of them were dround in misery.

Anders als bei Shakespeare sind bei Sampson unter 'Parents' bloss die Väter zu verstehen, die Mütter lernen wir garnicht kennen, wie ich früher schon hervorhob. Die streitenden Parteien werden nun bei beiden Dramatikern gleich im Anfang des Stückes gegenüber gestellt, bei Shakespeare mit blanken

¹⁾ Ich zitiere nach der Globe-edition.

Waffen, bei Sampson, dem Milieu seines Stückes entsprechend, bloss mit scharfen Worten (vgl. Romeo und Julia I, 1 und Drama I, 1, 75 ff.). Der Vater des Mädchens will in beiden Dramen diesem einen anderen Gatten als den Geliebten aufdrängen; der Erbkorene ihres Herzens, der Sohn des Feindes, darf nicht den gegnerischen Grund und Boden betreten (vgl. Romeo und Julia II, 2, 65 ff. und Dr. II, 2, 81 ff.). Julia sagt zu Romeo, der die Gartenmauer überstiegen hat, um zu ihr zu gelangen:

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Etwas unhöflicher sagt Anna zu Bateman, als dieser sie nach seiner Rückkehr aus Schottland in die Arme schliessen will:

If you be Bateman,
T' were best you travel'd from my fathers ground
Least he indite you.

Die Jünglinge fürchten aber weder Vettern noch Vater, wenn die Geliebte bei ihnen ist. Doch Bateman sieht sich bald in seinem Vertrauen zu Anna getäuscht; sie ist ihm untreu worden. Das will er den Zweigen des Baumes klagen, unter dem er um sie warb (Dr. II, 4, 56 ff.):

... oft would he say
He woo'd her underneath a Plume-Tree,
And underneath that Tree he vow'd to sit,
And tell his sorrowes to the gummy boughes...

Auch Romeo hatte sich ja im Feigenhain seinen Liebeskummer vom Herzen geweint (Romeo und Julia I, 1, 137 ff.):

Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs...

Ohne Geliebte kann Bateman nicht weiter leben — lieber geht er in den Tod. Das tragische Ende des Liebespaares lässt die Väter einander die Hand zur Versöhnung reichen, und sie beschliessen, die durch ihre eigene Schuld zu Grunde gerichteten Kinder nach Gebühr zu ehren — just so wie die Montecchi und Capuletti. Wir sind am Ende der Tragödie von Anna und Bateman, und Sampsons letzte Worte sind (Dr. IV, 2, 305-6):

For never was a story of more ruth,
Then this of him, and her, yet nought but truth.

Shakespeares letzte Worte am Schluss seiner Tragödie von Romeo und Julia lauten (V, Schlussscene) :

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

Der Einfluss von Shakespeare ist unverkennbar. Doch ist die Nachahmung nur eine ganz äusserliche. Tiefer in Shakespeare eingedrungen ist Sampson nicht. Das zeigt sich besonders auch in den Geister Szenen, für die er sich 'Hamlet' zum Muster genommen hat.

Der Geist in Shakespeares Hamlet und Sampsons Vow-Breaker.

Wie Singer ¹⁾ in seiner Dissertation schon hervorhebt, stellt der Geist, der in unserem Drama erscheint, das schlechte Gewissen Annas dar :

Thou now hast touch'd the point ;
Tis conscience is the Larum Bell, indeede,
That makes us sensible of our good or bad ! (Dr. III, 1, 48 ff.) ²⁾

Er ist Symbol der Gewissensqualen, wie etwa der in 'Macbeth', 'Richard III', 'Julius Caesar' oder der 'Witch of Edmonton', um nur einige Stücke aus der Liste herauszuheben, die Ankenbrand ³⁾ in seiner Abhandlung 'Die Figur des Geistes im Drama der englischen Renaissance' zusammengestellt hat. Und doch zeigt Batemans Geist das Gebahren einer Shakespeareschen Geistererscheinung, die nicht zu dieser Klasse gehört, dafür aber das bekannteste Beispiel bei Shakespeare ist — des Geistes von Hamlets Vater.

Es ist sonderbar, dass Batemans Geist, wie der im Hamlet, mit dem Hahnenschrei in die Unterwelt zurückkehren muss (Dr. III, 1, 64 ff.) :

I have a time limited to walke,
Vntill the morning Cocke shall summon me
For to retire to misty Erebus.

Das ist sonderbar ; denn er lässt Anna doch auch bei Tage keine Ruhe, überall und immer ist er da (Dr. III, 1, 3 ff.) :

It haunts me as my shaddow or a vision !
It will not let me rest, sleepe, nor eat.

Sie wundert sich, dass sie einmal einen Augenblick Ruhe vor ihm hat (Dr. III, 1, 8 ff.) :

I wonder tis not here ;
This is a gentle respit, and not usuall ;
Since German went I never had so much.

¹⁾ Das bürgerliche Trauerspiel in England. S. 65.

²⁾ Singer, der dieselbe Stelle zitiert, hält sich überall in seiner Abhandlung streng an die alte Zeichensetzung.

³⁾ Seite 86.

Denn der Geist ruht nicht, bis er sie mit sich in die Wohnung der Schatten geführt hat (Dr. III, 1, 67 ff.) :

My pilgrimage has no cessation,
Vntill I bring thee with me to the place
Where Rhadamant, and sable Æacus dwell.

Dort unten aber ist es schauerlich (Dr. III, 1, 71 ff.) :

To tell the story where we spirits live
Would plucke Vermilion from thy Rosie cheekes,
And make them pale, as Snowy Apennines,
And from thine eies draw liquid streames of teares
More full of issue then a steepy Fountaine.

Das Ganze ist eine mechanische Nachahmung der Shakespeareschen Hamlet-Geist-scene im fünften Auftritt des ersten Aktes, daher die Inkonsequenz in der Auffassung des Geistes bei Sampson. Der Verlauf der ganzen Scene ist bei Shakespeare genau vorgezeichnet. Nicht nur muss auch der Geist von Hamlets Vater mit dem Hahnenschrei hinab in das Reich der Schatten — auch er findet keine Ruhe, bis der schändliche Mord gerächt ist — auch er könnte eine Schilderung seines Aufenthaltsortes geben, die das Menschenkind vor Entsetzen und Grausen starr machen würde. Die Shakespeareschen Parallelstellen zu unseren Zitaten sind folgende :

Hamlet, I, 2, 17 ff.:

But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Hamlet I, 5, 2 ff. :

My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Hamlet I, 5, 9 ff. :

I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prisonhouse,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,...

Eine ähnliche Wirkung übt schon der blosse Anblick von Batemans Geist auf die erstarrte Anna aus (Dr. III, 1, 78 ff.) :

Distraction like an Ague seizes me,
I know not whether I see, here, or speake ;

My intellectuall parts are frozen up
At sight of thee, thou fiery Effigies
Of my wrong'd Bateman.

Das 'frozen up' ist sicher von Shakespeare eingegeben.

Nur Anna allein sieht das Phantom, nicht ihr Vater und Ursula, die bei ihr sind — ebenso wie Hamlet allein seines Vaters Geist im dritten Akte sieht, nicht seine Mutter, mit der er die Unterredung hat. Wie Hamlet beschreibt auch Anna erst die Erscheinung, um dann zu fragen, ob die anderen nichts sähen oder hörten. Wie Hamlet endlich stellt sie fest, dass der Geist aufs Haar dem gleiche, den er darstellt (Dr. III, 1, 89 ff.):

See ! how like a dreadful magistrate it standes,
Still pointing at me, the blacke offender ;
And like a cunning poysoner, will not kill me,
But lets me linger on for daies and yeares.
It stares, beckons, points, to the peece of Gold
We brake betweene us ; looke, looke there, here, there !
Bo. I see nothing, perceive nothing, feele nothing !
Vrs. Nor I, nor quicke thing, neyhter cloath'd nor nak'd...
Gho. Thy time is not yet come...
An. You doe not heare it neyther ?
Bo. Whom should we heare ?
An. Young Batemans visage
In every limbe as perfect as he liv'd.

Bei Shakespeare heisst das so (Hamlet III, 4, 125 ff.):

Look you, how pale he glares !
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me...
Queen. To whom do you speak this ?
Ham. Do you see nothing there ?
Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there ! look, how it steals away !
My father, in his habit as he lived !

Der genau parallele Verlauf der Szenen zeigt uns ganz klar, dass wir hier eine Beeinflussung Sampsons durch Shakespeare zu konstatieren haben. Der Anna tritt Batemans Geist, ihr eigenes böses Gewissen, im wesentlichen als die in die bürgerlichen Verhältnisse übertragene königliche Erscheinung des 'Hamlet' gegenüber.

Ausser Anna glaubt auch ihr Vater einmal Batemans Geist zu sehen (Dr. V, 2, 88 ff.). Auch er sagt ähnlich, wie Hamlet zum Geist seines königlichen Vaters sagt :

Bee'st thou the devill, I will talke with thee ;
... Art thou of aire, of earth, heaven or hell,
Or art thou of some Incubusses breede ?
Is there more walking Batemans ? answer me,...

Hamlets Worte sind (I, 4, 40 ff.) :

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

. . . .
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me !

Also auch hier eine deutliche Anlehnung an Shakespeare. 'Hamlet' und 'Romeo und Julia' scheinen Sampsons Lieblingsstücke seines Lieblingsdichters Shakespeare gewesen zu sein. So deutlich wie diese beiden hat keines von den anderen Stücken des Stratford Dramatikers seine Spuren in Sampsons 'Vow-Breaker' zurückgelassen.

Shakespeares übrige Werke und Sampsons 'Vow-Breaker'.

Wenn wir uns unser Drama auf Anklänge an Shakespeares Werke ausser 'Romeo und Julia' und 'Hamlet' hin ansehen, so bemerken wir, dass nicht wie dort ganze Parteen von Shakespeare eingegeben sind, sondern nur vereinzelte Situationen, Bilder oder kurze Sätze. Schon gleich der Anfang des Dramas erinnert an 'All's Well That Ends Well'. Hier wie dort macht das Mädchen dem erwählten Manne Vorwürfe wegen des unterlassenen Abschiedskusses. Anna sagt zu Bateman (Dr. I, 1, 2 ff.):

Had I but one entire affected Pearle
Inestimable unto vulgar censure
And is there none to play the Theife but thou !
Oh misery would'st have thy love entrans'd,
Without an echo that would sigh farewell.
Common curtesie amongst rurall Hyndes
With this formallity disciplines them
At the departure, and you to steele away
Without my Privity ?

Bei Shakespeare sagt Helena zu Bertram (II, 5, 84 ff.):

I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I say 'tis mine, and yet it is ;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have ?

Hel. Something ; and scarce so much : nothing, indeed.

I would not tell you what I would, my lord :

Faith, yes ;

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Doch bevor Bateman Anna endgültig verlässt, um nach Schottland in den Krieg zu ziehen, schwören die beiden Liebenden einander ewige Treue¹⁾, genau so wie Troilus und Cressida sich versprechen, treu zu bleiben, als diese zu den Griechen muss.²⁾ Troilus fürchtet, sie könne ihr Herz an einen

¹⁾ Dr. I, 1.

²⁾ Troilus and Cressida IV, 4, 59 ff.

Griechen verlieren — Anna ermahnt Bateman, sie nicht zu vergessen, denn :

Souldiers in Warre make any saint their owne
Forgetting those they are devoted too ! (Dr. I, 1, 35 ff.)

Aber auch Bateman soll nicht zu sehr auf Anna bauen, denn 'women by kinde are fickle' (Dr. I, 1, 124). Das weiss auch Ursula : 'we young wenches in our loves are like Lapwinges, if once we creepe out o'th shells, we run from our ould loves like Scopperells...' (Dr. I, 1, 68 ff.); das erinnert mich an Hamlet V, 2, 193-194, wo Horatio von Osrick sagt : 'This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head'.

Es wäre sicherer, wenn sie sich jetzt mit Bateman vereinigen könnte, allein ihr Vater will seine Einwilligung dazu nicht geben. Old Bateman macht ihm deshalb Vorwürfe und erklärt ihm, dass sein Sohn der Anna durchaus ebenbürtig an die Seite gestellt werden kann (Dr. I, 1, 94 ff.) :

Does not his birth, and breeding equall hers ?...
... his purity of bloud
Runs in as sweete a streame and naturall heate
As thine, or hers ; his exterior parts
May parallell hers, or any others...

Auch in Shakespeares King John wird ein Paar mit einander verglichen : Lewis, the Dauphin und Blanch of Spain (II, 1, 426 ff.) :

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch ?
... If love ambitious sought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete.

Old Boote lässt sich nicht von seinem Unrecht überzeugen. Er freut sich, dass Bateman mit Clifton nach Norden zieht, der eben ankommt, um zu werben. Die Werbeszene (Dr. I, 2.) ist eine schwache Nachahmung der bekannten Falstaffscene in Heinrich IV. (Teil 2, Scene 2 des III. Aktes), wie schon Singer in seiner Dissertation hervorhebt. ¹⁾ Der grösste Teil des englischen Heeres ist schon vor Leith, Grey, der General, darf im 'Kriegeshandwerk' — 'in the trade of warre', der Aus-

¹⁾ Das bürgerliche Trauerspiel i. Engl. S. 62.

druck, der sich bei Shakespeare im Othello (I, 2, 1) findet — keine Schritte über seine Befugnisse hinaus tun (Dr. I, 3, 2 ff.):

we in the trade of warre
.... Are like small Rivers that must keepe their bounds,
Till the Queene Ocean command them rise.

In Shakespeares 'King John' finden wir ein ähnliches Bild (V, 4, 52 ff.):

We will...
... like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.

Mittlerweile ist auch Clifton mit seinen 'Nottinghamshire boys' vor Leith angekommen. Einer seiner tapferen Mannen hat eine Katze mitgebracht, mit der er in die Schlacht stürmen will. Schon in 'Gammer Gurton's Needle' hatte die Katze eine grosse Rolle gespielt. Doch Joshuas Tier — denn er ist der Besitzer — scheint nicht von ihr abzustammen. Sie hat vielmehr Ähnlichkeit mit Lanz' Köter in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'. Auch sie macht ihrem Herrn ob ihrer bösen Manieren viel zu schaffen und soll zur Strafe gehängt werden. Aber wie der Köter entgeht auch sie dieser Strafe mit knapper Not. Mit ihr unterhält sich Joshua ebenso angelegentlich wie Lanz mit Krabb, und das kluge Tier zeigt sein Verständnis für die Reden seines Herrn durch fleissiges Miauen an, besonders, wo es, an einen Strick gebunden, sein Todesurteil hören muss. Die bei Shakespeare und bei Sampson in Betracht kommenden Szenen sind folgende:

Dr. I, 3, 89 ff. und III, 2.

Two Gentlemen of Verona II, 3 und IV, 4.

Während droben in Schottland Young Bateman sich im Kampfe hervortut, entwindet sich Anna leicht der Liebe zu dem fernen jungen Helden und wählt einen 'reiferen' Gatten (Dr. I, 4, 9 ff.):

In nat'rall things we see that Herbes, and Plants
In autumne ever doe receive perfection,
As they, so man never attaines his height
Till in the autumne of his growing age.

Ein ähnlicher Gedanke findet sich im Sommernachtstraum II, 2, 117-118:

Things growing are not ripe until their season :
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason...

Wenn auch German schon im Herbst des Lebens steht, so ist er doch dem alten Boote als Schwiegersohn willkommen, denn er ist reich. Auch Anna nimmt ihn als Gatten gern an, denn sie glaubt, dass Gold kann

Make the deformed faire, the faire seeme fowle. (Dr. I, 4, 50-51)

Das erinnert an ' Macbeth ' I, 1, 10 :

Fair is foul, and foul is fair.

Der zweite Akt unseres Dramas beginnt mit der Nebenhandlung. Die listigen Franzosen wollen die Engländer überfallen (Dr. II, 1) :

They (= die Engländer) now are healthing, and carrowsing deepe.
Now is our time to worke a stratagem.

In Shakespeares Heinrich VI. will Talbot die Franzosen aus ihrem Rausch aufwecken (Erster Teil, II, 1, 11 ff.) :

This happy night the Frenchmen are secure
Having all day caroused and banqueted :
Embrace we then this opportunity.

Im englischen Lager aber ist jeder auf seinem Posten. Nur Bateman bittet um seine Entlassung, da er, von bösen Träumen gequält, in die Heimat zurückkehren will. Miles, der Müller von Rudington, der sich in Ursula verliebt hat, bittet ihn, sie zu grüssen und ihr zu bestellen (Dr. II, 1, 64 ff.) : ' I fight for her sake, and will live as long as I can, dy when I can no longer live. ' Ganz ähnlich sagt Nym in Shakespeares Heinrich V. (II, 1, 15 ff.) : ' I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it ; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may. ' Der einzige Unterschied liegt in dem Wörtchen ' dy ' statt ' do '. Wie in der Globe-edition, nach der ich zitiere, finden wir in den modernen Shakespeare-ausgaben wie in der Übersetzung von Schlegel-Tieck die Lesart ' do ', Dyce allein aber hat ' die ', wie unser Drama. Wahrscheinlich geht seine Korrektur auf Mason zurück, von dem Delius in seiner Shakespeare-ausgabe sagt : ¹⁾ "M. Mason verwischte die charakteristische Rede-weise Nym's und machte sie vernünftiger, als Shakespeare beabsichtigte, indem er verbesserte : I will die as I may ". Shakespeare hat zweifellos ' do ' geschrieben — trotz unseres

¹⁾ Anmerkung zu Heinr. V. ; II, 1, 15.

Dramas. Denn die Folioausgaben von 1623 und 1632 und die Quarten von 1600 und 1608 haben alle deutlich 'do' oder 'doe'. In dem Quartdrucke von 1617 ist die fragliche Stelle nicht zu finden, wie mir ein Freund mittheilt, der für mich die alten Shakespeareausgaben im Britischen Museum eingesehen hat.

Bateman kommt nach Clifton. Dort redet er Ursula an, die eben einen Monolog über die Unbeständigkeit der Frauen gehalten hat, in dem es von Anna heisst (Dr. II, 2, 11 ff.): 'and now married shees sicke of the sullens, shee wants youth to enflame, and give satietie a fresh appetite.'

Iago in seinem Gespräch mit Rodrigo äussert sich ganz ähnlich über das Verhältnis Desdemonas zu Othello (Othello; II, 1, 229 ff.): 'When the blood is made dull with the act of sport there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners and beauties: all which the Moor is defective in.'

Wenn Bateman eben noch hoffte, der kalte Gruss seiner Bekannten und seines Vaters bei der Rückkehr in die Heimat bedeute nichts Schlimmes — 'Heaven has a hand in all things' (Dr. II, 2, 32) sagt er sich (cf. Shakespeares Richard II.; V, 1, 37: 'But heaven hath a hand in these events') —, so lässt er jetzt seine Hoffnung fahren, als er erfährt, dass Anna heute Hochzeit feiert. Die junge Gattin Germans tritt ihm entgegen — sie kennt ihn nicht. Das ist ihm unbegreiflich (Dr. II, 2, 74 ff.):

I wonder then how I dare know my selfe,
When thou forget'st me. I had thought
Had I ben sullide with the sooty Moore,
Or tan'd with heate like some Egiptian slave,
Or spotted like the Persian Leopardest,
Or in the worst forme can be termn'd
Or imagin'd, yet thou coulds have knowne me.

Dabei werde ich an 'Macbeth' erinnert, wo Banquos Geist von dem neuen Schottenkönige also angedredet wird (III, 4, 100 ff.):

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.

Anna trägt den Trauring am rechten Finger — Bateman

bemerkt es und ahnt die grausame Antwort auf seine Frage, wem der Ring gehöre (Dr. II, 2, 108-109) :

And like the deadly bullet from a Gun,
Thy meaning kills me, e're thy words gets vent.

Fast dieselben Worte finden sich in Shakespeares 'Venus und Adonis' Zeile 461-462 :

Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

Die Untreue Annas tut Bateman weh (Dr. II, 1, 137 ff.) :

... such an overture, and flood of woes
Surroundes me, that they almost droun'd
My understanding.

Bei diesem Bilde denkt Sampson sicher an Heinrichs VI. Worte (Heinrich VI. Zweiter Teil ; III, 1, 198 ff.) :

... my heart is drown'd with grief
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes,
My body round engirt with misery...

Das Tageslicht darf des Mädchens schwarze Tat nicht sehen (Dr. II, 4, 38 ff.) :

Night be auspicious, draw thy sable weedes,
For day-light is asham'd of her blacke deeds.

Macbeths düstere Wünsche sollen die Sterne nicht sehen (I, 4, 50-51) :

Stars, hide your fires ;
Let not light see my black and deep desires.

Bateman erhängt sich (Dr. II, 4, 40-41) :

One twich will do't, and then I shall be wed
As firme unto my grave, as to her bed.

Julia sagt von Romeo (I, 5, 136-137) :

... if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Old Bateman sucht in der Nacht mit einer Fackel seinen Sohn, findet ihn an einem Strick hängend und schneidet ihn ab — genau wie Jeronimo in der 'Spanish Tragedy' ¹⁾. Er will seines einzigen Sohnes Bild in seine Kammer hängen, um sich wenigstens mit ihm zu unterhalten (Dr. II, 4, 133 ff.) :

I'll have thy picture hung up in my Chamber,
And when I want thee, I will weepe to that.

Auch in Shakespeares 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' soll

¹⁾ Singer in seiner Dissertation (S. 63) macht schon auf diese Ähnlichkeit aufmerksam.

einmal ein Bild eine Person vertreten. Da Silvia Proteus unzugänglich ist, bittet er sie wenigstens um ihr Bild, das er an ihrer statt verehren möchte (IV, 2, 120-123) :

Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber ;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep.

Während Old Bateman über der Leiche seines Sohnes jammert, verlacht Anna das ganze tragische Schauspiel. Aber bald regt sich ihr Gewissen : Batemans Geist verfolgt sie (Dr. III, 1, 4) :

It will not let me rest, sleepe, nor eat.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep...

sagt Portia im 'Julius Cäsar' zu Brutus, als sie ihn bittet, sie seinen Kummer wissen zu lassen (II, 1, 252). Anna wird von dem Geist zunächst noch nicht in die Unterwelt geführt, weil sie schwanger ist (Dr. IV, 1, 101) :

Thy time is not yet come.

Ähnlich ruft die Jungfrau von Orléans Talbot zu, als sie mit ihm gekämpft hat (Heinrich VI. Erster Teil. I, 5, 13) : 'thy hour is not yet come.' Beide Dichter denken hier wohl an das Bibelwort. Es heisst John VII, 30 : 'Then they sought to take Him, but no man layd hand on Him because His houre was not yet come.'¹⁾

Bevor Anna abberufen wird, ist ihr Zeit zur Reue gegeben. Sie geht zu Old Bateman, den sie vorher gehöhnt hat, um ihn um Verzeihung zu bitten. Der Alte glaubt nicht daran, dass sich ihr Herz erweichen könne — es ist so hart wie das Shyllocks (Dr. III, 4, 38 ff.) :

.... to gaine
Relenting teares from thy obdurate harte
'Tis as impossible as to force Fire from snow,
Water from flint, say the Sun shall not shine,
As well upon the begger as the King,
That is alike indifferent to all.

Die Stelle im 'Merchant of Venice', an die Sampson zweifellos gedacht hat, steht IV, 1, 70 ff. und fängt an :

You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height...

¹⁾ Carter : Shakespeare and Holy Bible, pag. 76.

und schliesst :

You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that — than which what's harder ? —
His Jewish heart.

Aber Ursula bittet Batemans Vater, der reuigen Sünderin zu vergeben und zu bedenken (Dr. III, 4, 45) :

Forgiveness is an Attribute to Heaven,
wie auch Portia in ihrer bekannten Rede Shylock zu bedenken rät (Merchant of Venice IV, 1, 195) :

But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
.... It is an attribute to God himself.

Old Bateman tut es herzlich gern, nicht aber seines Sohnes Geist, der eben wieder erscheint. Anna bittet ihn, ihr möglichst bald die verdiente Strafe zuteil werden zu lassen und sie nicht vorher noch lange zu quälen. Sie ist gefasst (Dr. III, 4, 61 ff.) :

My eies set heere un-mou'd, i'le gaze with thee,
Untill the windowes of my head drop out.

Dieses Bild findet sich bei Shakespeare öfter. King Richard III ; V, 3, 116 :

Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes...

und Romeo und Julia IV, I, 100 :

thy eyes' windows fall..

Noch immer ist Annas Stunde nicht gekommen — der Geist muss erst die Geburt ihres Kindes abwarten. Unmittelbar darauf aber hat Anna einen schlimmen Traum, der ihr sagt, dass sie in der Nacht von Batemans Geist geholt wird. Deshalb sollen ihre Freundinnen bei ihr wachen. Die aber werden bald schläfrig und schlafen schliesslich ganz ein (Dr. IV, 2, 170 ff.) :

You begin to be sleepy, sagt Mother Prattle, I can prescribe you a medecine of Poppy, Mandragora, and other drowsy Syrops.

Iago sagt zu Othello als Einleitung zu seiner Taschentuch-intrige (III, 3, 330 ff.) :

Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday.

Sobald die Frauen schlafen, kommt der Geist und weckt Anna (Dr. IV, 2, 180) :

Awake, fond mortall, ne' re to sleepe againe —

auch Macbeth ja 'shall sleep no more' (II, 2, 243). Und nun führt er sie hinweg über

Turrets, Towres, and Steeples
O're shady Groves, brineish Mears, and Brooks,..
O're steepy Mountaines and the craggy Rocks,
Whose heights Kisse Starres, and stop the flying Clouds.

(Dr. IV, 2, 193 ff.).

Ich werde da an Edgars Worte aus dem Terzett der Tollern im 'König Lear' erinnert (III, 4, 51 ff.):

Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlipool, o'er bog and quagmire...

Othello spricht I, 3, 141 von

Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven.

Man findet Annas Leiche im Trent. Das ist eigentlich das Ende der Tragödie. Aber im fünften Akte tritt Old Boote noch einmal auf. Sein schlechtes Gewissen lässt ihn in Miles Bate-mans Geist sehen — ein an und für sich tragischer Zug, den Sampson in einer Prügelsecene verwendet hat. Aber der Alte kennt keine Geisterfurcht (Dr. V, 2, 93 ff.):

... I will beate thy carcas into a forme
That is full substantiall, and has feeling,
Seeing, hearing, smelling, and sweete-tasting.

Diese Worte erinnern mich an den 'Sturm'. Miranda hält Ferdinand für einen Geist (I, 2, 411 ff.):

It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit,

aber Prospero klärt sie auf:

No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such.

Das ist die einzige Stelle im ganzen fünften Akt, die an Shakespeare erinnert, während uns die vier vorhergehenden eine ganz hübsche Auslese aus seinen Werken bieten. Allerdings war in diesem Teil unseres Dramas nur noch wenig Platz für Anklänge an Shakespeare vorhanden, denn die erste Scene ist fast wörtlich von Holinshed übernommen, wie wir gesehen haben, und die letzte erinnert an zwei andere Dramatiker jener Tage, wie im folgenden gezeigt werden soll.

Literarische Einflüsse ausser Shakespearé.

In der letzten Scene unseres Dramas erscheint Königin Elisabeth auf der Bühne. Wir befinden uns in Nottingham, wo sie ihre heimkehrenden Helden von Leith empfängt. Die Stadt hat ihr zu Ehren ein Georgsspiel aufgeführt. Die Rollen sind verteilt worden, wie die Fähigkeit der Teilnehmer es gebot. Dem Master Major fällt die Begrüßungsrede zu. Er überreicht auch die Petition betreffs Schifffahrt auf dem Trent, die sofort gewährt wird (Dr. V, 2). In 'A Knack to Know a Knavé' findet sich eine ganz ähnliche Scene. Hier beraten die drei Mad men of Gotham, wer der würdigste und weiseste sei, dem König ihre Petition betreffs Bier zu unterbreiten. Der Schuster wird dazu ausersehen, und der König genehmigt sie sofort. Die Scene findet sich in der von Hazlitt herausgegebenen Dodsleyschen Sammlung von Old English Plays, Band VI, pag. 565 ff. ¹⁾.

Unser Bürgermeister führt sich naiv-vertraulich bei Seiner Majestät ein — just so, wie Old Hobson in Heywood's 'If you know not me, you know nobody' ²⁾. Unser plaine honest Tanner steht allerdings noch intimer mit der Königin als Heywoods Haberdasher — für ihn ist sie in der Anrede ganz einfach 'Besse' (Dr. V, 3, 15 ff.), während Hobson doch wenigstens 'Queen Bess' sagt (ed. Collier im Auftrage der Shakespeare Society, pag. 136) :

God bless thy grace, Queen Bess !

Ein paar Zeilen aus jedem Stücke mögen uns zeigen, welchen Ton die beiden der Königin gegenüber anschlagen. Beide stellen sich ihr vor. Unser Major so (Dr. V, 3, 15 ff.) :

I am a plaine honest Tanner, my brother aldermen here, one a Shoo-maker, to' ther a Felmonger; we are all downe right toth'hide ; I ha' noe Lawyers eloquence, our Recorder cannot whistle, but, by the bones of sweete St-Lucy, welcome, on welcome.

Old Hobson so (ed. Collier p. 136) :

God bless thy grace, Queen Bess !

¹⁾ London, 1874.

²⁾ London, 1605/6.

Queen. Friend, what are you?

Hob. Knowest thou not me, Queen? then, thou knowest nobody.
Bones a me, Queen, I am Hobson, old Hobson,
By the stocks: I am sure you know me,

wobei zu bedenken ist, dass Elisabeth zwar Geld von ihm geliehen, ihn aber nie gesehen hat.

In den letzten Zeilen unseres Dramas dankt die junge Königin dem Himmel für seine Gunst bei ihrem ersten grösseren Unternehmen und ihren Wackeren für ihre Taten vor Leith (Dr. V, 3, 97):

Thanks unto heaven, next your valiant hands.

Dr. V, 3, 115-116:

Heaven for our victory we first will pay,
And praise our subjects that redeem'd the day.

Dasselbe tut Elisabeth bei Heywood, als die spanische Armada vernichtet worden ist (ed. Collier. pag. 163):

Next under Heaven your valours have the praise!...
Our thanks to Heaven,...
For though our enemies be overthrown,
'Tis by the hand of Heaven, and not our own.

Am Schluss beider Dramen wünschen alle Anwesenden der Königin im Chor ein langes Leben. Die Wirkung der ganzen Scene mag hier wie dort dieselbe gewesen sein.

Sonstige literarische Einflüsse von Dramatikern neben Shakespeare habe ich nicht finden können. Sie sind spärlich genug: Shakespeare überragte alle seine Zeitgenossen und die Dichter der Folgezeit auf dramatischem Gebiet. Auf epischen Gebieten war der alle überragende Geist Spenser, der Schöpfer der 'Faerie Queene'. Auch an ihn klingt unser Drama manchmal an. Allerdings nicht zu häufig. Elisabeth empfängt Clifton mit den Worten (Dr. V, 3, 56 ff):

War-like Clifton, fame has ben before thee,
And with her shrill Trumpe sent your praises home,
E're your arrival.

Das Bild, die Fama mit der Trompete, findet sich auch bei Spenser (Sonnet 84, Schluss):

Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shal thunder,
Let the world chose to envy or to wonder.

Die Klage um die verlorene Geliebte ist in einzelnen Zügen nach der Art der Spenserschen 'Daphnaïda: an Elegy upon the Death of the noble and Vertuous Douglas Howard etc'.

Der trauernde Liebhaber ruft seine Genossen auf, mit ihm zu klagen (Dr. II, 2, 142 ff.) :

You constant Lovers, that have truely lov'd..
Come waile with me,...

vgl. Daph. VII, 15 ff. :

And ye, true Lovers !...
Help me to wayle my miserable case...

Am liebsten möchte auch der Geliebte sterben, aber der grausame Tod kommt nicht in seine Nähe — er hört die Bitte des Lebensmüden nicht (Dr. II, 4, 6 ff.) :

Pale monster, in the meagerest aspect,
Come, and affront me...
But, cowardly monster, thou approachest none
But those that fly thee...

Dr. II, 4, 20 ff. :

For I have sought thee through the unpend groves,
The shady cells where melancholly walkes,
And eccho-like thou answerst me with Death,
But darst not show thy face.

vgl. Daph. 19-21 :

But heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry ;
And cruell Death doth scorne to come at call,
Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

Die Klage ist also auf den Ton der Elegie gestimmt, wie ihn Sampson bei Spenser ja vor allem so wunderbar vorfand.

In den wenigen kleinen Szenen unseres Dramas, die nicht auf eine Quelle zurückgeführt worden sind, bietet uns Sampson meist Eigenes. Einzig die Schlusscene des Stückes — vor allem die Charta — scheint noch auf eine historische Quelle zurückzugehen, die ich aber nicht finden konnte. Sonst sind die fraglichen Szenen von Sampson bühnenwirksame Episoden, die in einem Schema des dramatischen Aufbaus unseres Stückes nur eine kleine Rolle spielen, während die auf Quellen basierenden Hauptscenen dort den meisten Raum beanspruchen — ich sehe dabei ab von den wenigen oben besprochenen Zusätzen, womit Sampson die Vow-breaker-handlung bereichert hat. Die folgende Übersicht über das Drama soll uns auch noch einmal kurz die Hauptquellen vor Augen führen, die Sampson benutzt hat ; ich füge sie deshalb in Klammern bei.

Dramatischer Aufbau.

Die Szenenfolge in unserem Drama ist folgende :

- I, 1 : Das liebende Paar — die streitenden Väter (Ballade, Shakespeare).
- 2 : Werbescene — Bateman geht nach Schottland : Anknüpfung an die Nebenhandlung (Shakespeare, Sampson).
- 3 : Trumball — Vorstoss der Franzosen. Batemans Tapferkeit (Holinshed, Sampson).
- 4 : Verlobung Annas mit German (Ballade).
- II, 1 : Die neun verkleideten Franzosen. Bateman will in die Heimat zurück (Holinshed, Sampson).
- 2 : Batemans Rückkehr und Fluch (Sampson, Ballade).
- 3 : Episode : Duell zwischen Clifton und Mortigue (Sampson).
- 4 : Batemans Tod (Ballade).
- III, 1 : Batemans Geist (Ballade, Shakespeare).
- 2 : Episode : Joshua und seine Katze. (Sampson, Shakespeare).
- 3 : Monlucke im englischen Lager : von hier an geht die Nebenhandlung selbständig weiter (Holinshed).
- 4 : Annas Reue (Sampson).
- IV, 1 : Erstürmung von Leith (Holinshed).
- 2 : Annas Tod — Versöhnung der Väter (Ballade, Artemidor, Shakespeare).
- V, 1 : Der Friede von Leith (Holinshed).
- 2 : Vorbereitung zum Empfang der Königin in Nottingham (' A Knack to Know a Knave ').
- 3 : Elisabeth in Nottingham (? , Heywood).

Wir haben also hier die Tatsachen der Ballade mit einigen Zusätzen des Dichters und einigen Shakespeareschen Motiven und die Belagerung von Leith nach Holinshed. Im ersten Akte werden wir gleich in medias res geführt — eine genaue Expositi-

tion gibt es nicht. Auch die Kriegshandlung wird unvermittelt begonnen ; was den Zug veranlasst hat, was überhaupt vorher geschehen ist, erfahren wir auch hier nicht. Zuerst verknüpft Bateman beide Handlungen. Dann gehen sie nebeneinander her, ohne sich irgendwie zu berühren. Es ist kein Versuch gemacht, sie sachlich oder auch zeitlich zusammenzubringen ; denn auch die Zeit in beiden ist verschieden. So kommen Unstimmigkeiten zu Stande, wie ich sie am Anfang des Holinsheadkapitels angedeutet habe. Es wundert uns bei dieser Arbeitsweise Sampsons nicht, dass die Scenen der Nebenhandlung an beliebigen Stellen in das Stück eingestreut sind. Wir können also von einem kunstvollen Aufbau der ganzen Handlung nicht reden : in die tragischen Balladenseenen mit den komischen Ursulaauftritten und die heroische Kriegshandlung mit den scherzhaften Joshuaepisoden lässt sich eine Ordnung nach einem Gesichtspunkt nicht hineinbringen. Und die beiden Teile, einzeln betrachtet, sind im ganzen ziemlich genau nach den Quellen wiedergegeben — ohne besondere dramatische Verwicklungen und Höhepunkte. So ist also unser Stück eine Verschmelzung von zwei Dramen, einem tragischen und einem heroischen, die beide durch komische Intermezzi belebt werden, so dass das Ganze ein nicht uninteressantes Gemisch von Scenen bildet, das dem damaligen Publikum zusagen mochte, uns heute aber nicht mehr behagt.

Nicht mehr als die Handlungen unseres Stückes entwickeln sich seine Personen. Es sind keine Menschen, sondern blosse Typen. Anna ist 'the Vow-Breaker' — kaum 'the fair maid of Clifton' ; Bateman, der treu liebende Jüngling der Ballade ; die Väter sind streitende Väter ; Ursula ist die geschwätzige Base Annas etc. etc. Das gilt noch mehr von der Nebenhandlung : Grey ist der General, alle anderen sind Untertanen in einem bestimmten militärischen Rang, die französischen Feinde natürlich ausgenommen. Nur Clifton ist von Sampson mit Liebe behandelt — er steht uns plastischer vor Augen.

Von Sampson ist unser Stück, wie der Titel zeigt, als bürgerliche Tragödie gedacht. Wenn wir es als solche betrachten, dabei aber die abgetrennte Nebenhandlung auch berücksichtigen, so müssen wir es so charakterisieren : Es ist in seiner

Anlage und in seinem Aufbau ein durchaus romantisches Drama mit zahlreichen verschiedenartigen Personen, die zu verschiedenen Zeiten an verschiedenen Orten sehr verschieden handeln und auch verschieden reden, wie wir gleich sehen werden. Als einziges ursprünglich antikes Moment tritt uns der Geist entgegen, doch fand ihn Sampson bereits bei seinem romantischen Vorbild des öfteren verwendet.

Sprache und Metrik.

Unser Drama ist ein pathetisches Versdrama mit eingestreuten Prosascenen. Die Verse sind manchmal als Prosa gedruckt. Die wichtigsten habe ich in den Anmerkungen zu dem Drama zu Verszeilen zusammengestellt. Im allgemeinen sind sie sehr oft nicht leicht zu lesen, dafür aber natürlich für den Schauspieler bequem zu sprechen — wir haben also oft schlechte, auf der Bühne aber wirksame Verse vor uns. Meistens endigen sie männlich, aber recht eigentlich eintönig werden sie nur in längeren Parteen, wo das Enjambement nicht für Belebung sorgt. Manchmal nähern sie sich sogar bedenklich der Prosa, am auffallendsten da, wo Holinshed mit kleinen Streichungen und Zusätzen als Vers abgedruckt ist (Dr. V, 1, 35 ff.). Sampson gebraucht zur Ausschmückung des Verses gern den Reim, am liebsten an Stellen, die wirken sollen; so besonders, ausser in den Prologen ('The Illustration' und 'Prologue to Censurers'), an Akt- und Scenenschlüssen, genau wie Shakespeare. Daneben aber finden wir bei ihm auch oft die Alliteration. Das beste Beispiel bietet wohl Vers 26 in der dritten Scene des ersten Aktes:

Two thousand hardy Scots,
... Such as will fight, and face the fiery French.¹⁾

Die Sprache der Verse bietet nichts Neues. Shakespeare hat Sampson manches Bild geliehen, und auch sonst finden wir Vergleiche und Bilder, wie sie damals in der Dramenliteratur gang und gäbe waren. Sampson hat für seine Verse im allgemeinen eine angemessene Sprache gefunden.

Eine ganz andere Sprache bietet er uns in den Prosascenen: sie sind oft von einer unglaublichen Derbheit. Prosa wird in unserem Drama an allen nicht pathetischen Stellen gesprochen.

¹⁾ Auch die Prosa unseres Dramas enthält manch alliterierendes Wort, etwa I, 4, 36 ff.: 'reject a Mine of vertue for a Mountaine of muck?' oder '... he has blinded thee as blind as a Bat.'

Ganz konsequent geht der Dramatiker allerdings dabei nicht vor. Im allgemeinen aber ist die Stimmung das massgebende Element bei der Frage, ob Vers oder Prosa in Betracht kommt — etwa wie Janssen ¹⁾ es für Shakespeare nachgewiesen hat : auch in unserem Drama spricht dieselbe Person hier in Versen, dort in Prosa je nach der Stimmung der Scene. An manchen scheinbar abweichenden Stellen des Druckes habe ich die Prosa in Verse zergliedern können, wodurch dann die Einheitlichkeit auch äusserlich wiederhergestellt wurde (Dr. I, 4, 102 ff. und II, 1, 129 ff. und Anmerkungen dazu). Überhaupt habe ich manche metrische Unstimmigkeit, die alle zweifellos nicht Sampson, sondern dem nicht immer einwandfreien Originaldruck zuzuschreiben sind, in den Anmerkungen zu beseitigen versucht.

¹⁾ Die Prosa in Shaksperes Dramen. Strassburg, 1897.

Abdruck.

Dem Neudruck unseres Dramas liegt die Quarto der Dyce Collection im Victoria and Albert Museum zu London zu Grunde. Ich stellte dort eine Abschrift her und verglich sie mit den beiden Drucken des Britischen Museums. Grosse Unterschiede ergaben sich dabei nicht. Die Varianten habe ich dem Neudruck als Fussnoten beigegeben. Ich unterscheide die drei Londoner Quartos folgendermassen :

A : Exemplar der Dyce Collection (Catalogue I, 8531).

B : Exemplar des Britischen Museums (Press Mark 162 d 66).

C : Das andere Exemplar des Britischen Museums (Press Mark 644 f 45).

Das letztere ist unvollständig. Es fehlen : Titelseite, Holzschnitt, die dazugehörigen Verse und die erste Seite des Vorworts 'The Epistle'. Es beginnt mit oben links beschädigter Seite dieses Vorworts und schliesst mit oben rechts beschädigter Seite des Dramas. Der Abdruck ist möglichst genau, in alter Rechtschreibung und Zeichensetzung—nur bei unverständlichen oder unklaren Stellen des Originaldruckes habe ich andere Zeichen gesetzt. Den A und B schmückenden Holzschnitt gebe ich nach A wieder,

Personen.

Queen Elizabeth.

Lord Grey of Wilton, general of the English army.

Sir Gervase Clifton, leader of the Nottinghamshire troops.

Arguile, leader of the Scots.

Crosse, herald of Arms.

Mortigue, }
Doysells, } Colonels of the French force.

Monlucke, bishop of Valence.

Trumball, trumpeter to the Queen Regent of Scotland.

The Mayor of Nottingham.

Old Boote.

Ann, his daughter.

Ursula, niece to Old Boote and cousin to Ann.

German.

Mother Prattle,

Magpy, }
Long-tongue, } friends to Ann.

Barren,

Old Bateman.

Young Bateman, his son.

Miles, the miller of Ruddington.

Joshua, a painter-stainer.

Ball.

A shoemaker.

Young Bateman's Ghost.

Soldiers, Prisoners, Frenchmen, Aldermen, Attendants.

THE

V O W

B R E A K E R .

OR,

T H E F A I R E M A I D E

of *Clifton*.

*In Nottinghamshire as it hath bene diuers times Acted by
severall Companies with great applause.*

By WILLIAM SAMPSON.

Virg : Æn : lib : 2.77.

Obstupui, steterantque Comæ, & vox fausibus hæsit.

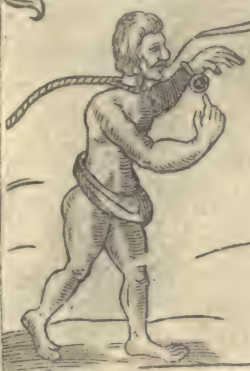
LONDON.

Printed by JOHN NORTON and are to be sold by
ROGER BALL at the signe of the *Golden
Anchor* in the Strand, neere Temple-
Barre, 1636.

The Illustration.

THis faithlesse woman, by her friends consent
Plighted her troth to *Bateman* ! streight not cōtent
With his revenue ! Coveting for more
Shee marries *German* for his wealthy store.
5 There Parents iarr'd, and never could agree
Till both of them were dround in misery.
Young *Bateman* hangs himselfe, for love of her :
Shee drownds her selfe (guilt plaies the murtherer.)
His Ghost afrights her, sad thoughts doe her annoy
10 (Alive or dead : tis shee, he must enioy.)
The Morrall is Maides should beware in choise,
And where they cannot love, divert their voice.
Parents must not be rash, nor too vnkind,
And not for wealth to thwart, their Childrens minde.
15 All is not gaind, that's got, (ill purchasde wealth,
Never brought comfort, tranquill, peace, and health.)
This president, this principle doth allow
Weddings are made in Heaven, though seald below.

Thinke on thy promise alſue
or dead I muſt and will
enjoy thee.



Hees come waſch mee or
I am gone.



O how happy had I
beene if ſhee had
lived.

O how happy had I
beene if hee had
lived.



TO

THE WORSHIPFULL

and most vertuous Gentlewoman

Mistris *Anne Willoughby* Daughter of the

Right Worshipfull, and ever to be Honoured

Henry Willoughby of *Risley*, in the

County of *Derby*

Baronet.

Worthiest, and Noble Mistris,

T
 HIS infant received breath, and being vnder
 your noble Fathers roofe (my ever honored Ma-
 ster) and therefore as an Aire-lover belonging
 5 to that Hospitable Fabricke ¹⁾, it properly prostrates
 it selfe to you for a patronnesse. The title of it saith
 ignorant Censurers (those Critticall Momes that
 have no language but satirrick Calumnie) sounds
 grosse, and ignare, expressing smal wit, and lesse
 10 judgement, in the Author to dedicate (A vow-breaker)
 under the protection of A Lady, of your Candor,
 beauty, goodnes, and vertues : against those foule
 mouthd

¹⁾ Fabricke

mouthd detractors, who asmuch as in their venomous
 hearts lay, sought to villifie an unblaunchd
 15 Laune, a vest all puritie, a truth like Innocence,
 a temple of sanstitie ¹⁾, the Altar of reall goodnes,
 against those brainles Momes, I comply my selfe
 with Plinies naturall similie of the Almond-
 tree : picke of the Rind, cracke the shell, yet
 20 set the kernell upright in earth, and by na-
 tures helpe it regaines maturity and growth :
 so have your noble vertues, even with the Diamond
 eclipsed darknesse, and from obscurity gaind greater
 lustre even then when the two eldest sons of
 25 sin Enuy, and Malice, sought to obscure them :
 but shee that hath not left the earth, divine
 Astrea, sacred iustice, the eye, and soule of the
 law, hath vindicated those foule mouthd detractors :
 as you are great in goodnes, so shine there still,
 30 and let the Sun-raies of your vertues ever yeild
 honored hatchments, & portments, to your most
 noble father, & his honored families, of whom you
 are a principall Columne : continue ever in that
 noble pedigree of vertues, which your virgin purity
 35 hitherto hath justly maintained; heaven keepe you
 from faunning parasites, and busie gossips,
 and send you a Husband, and a good one, else
 may you neuer make a Holliday for Hymen ;
 as much happines as tongue can speake, penn
 40 write, heart thinke, or thoughts imagine, ever
 attend on you, your noble father, and all his
 families, to whom I ever rest, as my bounden
 duty,

A faithfull servant,

WILLIAM SAMPSON.

¹⁾ sanetitie

7

The Prologue to Censurers.

T Ruth saies the Author, this Time will be bold
To tell a Story, truer ne're was told,
Wherein he boldly vouches all is true
That this Time's spoke by vs, or heard by you,
5 If Chronicle, that ever yet gain'd favour
May please true Judgments : his true endeavour
From serious houres has gain'd it : for vs
He hopes our labours will be prosperous.
And yet me thinks I here some Criticke say
10 That they are much abus'd in this our Play.
Their Magistracy laught at ! as if now
What Ninty yeeres since dy'd, afresh did grow :
To those wee answer, that ere they were borne,
The story that we glaunse at, then was worne
15 And held authentick : and the men wee name
Grounded in Honours Prowesse, Vertues Fame.
Bring not the Author then, in your mislikes,
If on the Ages vice, quaintly he strikes
And hits your guilt ! most plainly it appears
20 He like a Taylor that hath lost his sheares
Amongst his shreds, he knockes upon the board,
And by the sound themselues they doe afford.
If in his scenes, he any vice have hit
To you farre' better knowne then to his wit,
Tak't to your selves alone : for him, his Penn
Strikes at the vices, and not mindes the men.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima ¹⁾.

Enter young Bateman meeting Anne.

A

ANNE, My Bateman.

Y. Ba. My sweetest Nan ?

An. Had I but one entire affected Pearle
Inestimable unto vulgar censure

And is there none to play the Theife but thou !

5 Oh misery would'st have thy love entrans'd,
Without an eecho that would sigh farewell.
Common curtesie 'amongst rurall Hyndes
With this formality disciplines them
(Kisse ^{*2)}) at the departure), and you to steale away

10 Without my Privity ?

Y. Ba. Pray thee, no more !

Teares are the Heralds to future sorrowes,
I have collected all that's man together
And wrastld with affections as with streames,
And as they strive that doe oppresse the billowes

15 So doe I fare in each externall part.

My Actes are like the motionall gymmall
Fixt in a VVatcht, who winde themselves away
Without cessation ; here if I stay, I finde
I must be where thou art ! which when I am

20 Thy Fathers rage encreases like a flame

Fedd by ungentle blastes ! my absence

May

¹⁾ Schauplatz : Clifton.

²⁾ Die Sternchen weisen auf längere Anmerkungen hin.

May worke those bitter sweeteings from his hart
And smooth the rising furrowes in his brow.

It is sufficient that I know thee firme
25 Fixt as a Rocke in constancy, and love,
Able to ship-wracke greatnes, and despiseth
A violated heart, as a disease.
I goe to Leith as children goe to schoole
Studying what shall please my Mistris best,
30 My lesson cond, I will returne againe
And dedicate my labours unto thee.

An. Sweete, doe not goe ; and yet if that you will
Leaving me here like a forsaken Lover,
Prethee, forget me not ; nay, be not angry,
35 Souldiers in Warre make any saint their owne
Forgetting those they are devoted too !
Tis I have vow'd to have thee quicke or dead,
Flattering honours, nor dissembling beauties
Workes me not from thee.

Y. Bat. Swear not, sweete *Nan* !
40 The booke of fate, as now may be unclasp'd
And record what thou speak'st.

An. Be it writ in brasse,
My love shall be as durable as that !
Now by this kisse, nay, I will second that,
When I this hand bequeath to any one
45 But my sweete *Bateman*, then may I ever
From heaven, and goodnes rest a cast-away,
If e're I give this hand to any one
But my sweete *Bateman*.

Y. Bat. Thy constancy I resalute.
Death onely separates me from thy love.
50 Alive or dead I shall enjoy thee then
Spite of thy fathers frownes.

Enter Vrsula.

Vrs. Why then, up-with your bag, and baggage, and
to Saint *Maries* presently ; the Priest staves, the Clarke
whynes to say *Amen* ! and for th' official, schollers
55 love butterd loaves, an Angell will perswade him to
consent,

consent, we that live by the sinnes of the people may
dispense with veniall toyes.

Y. Bat. Thou art merry still.

Vrs. Faith, and shalbe as long as I keepe me out of
60 *Cupids* mannaeles, doost heare, Lover? take her now,
thou hast her i' th vaine, trust not, we wenches, theirs
asmuch truth in us, as in Knightes o'th post, if she
swear love to day, shee'le unswear it to morrow with
a safe consciense; stand not: shall I — shall I — take me
65 her to have, and to hold, and if eyther of you repent
your bargaine within a twelue-month —

An. VVhat then!

Vrs. Then you shall fetch no Bacon at *Dunmowe* *; we
young wenches in our loves are like *Lapwinges*, if once
70 we creepe out o'th shells, we run from our ould loves
like *Scopperells*; weomens minds are plenetary, and
amble as fast as *Virginalls Jackes*, if you stop'em not
in true time, you marre all your musique. See,
heres your Fathers.

Enter ould Boote, old Bateman.

75 *Y. Ba.* Alas, what wilt thou doe?

An. Not shrinke a jot for thee.

Bo. I charge thee on my blessing, leave that boy.

An. Father! sir.

Bo. Come, come, come.

Must your appetite be married to beggery?

Is this the onely *Phœnix* of the World?

80 *O. Ba.* Boote, boote, boote, thou art malapert, false, proud,
A wretched miscreant, and dissembler,
H' shall enjoy her, shees his lawfull wife,
Thy hand enstated hers, though falsely ¹⁾ now
Thou plaist the counterfet.

85 *Vrs.* Well said, ould cocke, would thy spurrs were new
rowell'd that thou mightst picke out his eyes.

Bo. Still are your eyes gadding that way, know this:

I'le sooner marry thee unto some slave

Whom mine owne will can subordinate

90 Rather then to him.

Y. Ba. Is vertue growne to so absurd a rate

It gaines

¹⁾ falsely BC.

It gaine no better credit with base wordlings ¹⁾.

O. Ba. Tell me *Boote*,

Does not his birth, and breeding equall hers,

95 Are not my revenues correspondent

To equall thine ? his purity of bloud

Runs in as sweete a streame, and naturall heate

As thine, or hers ; his exterior parts

May parralell hers, or any others

100 In a true harmony of lawfull love.

Wast not thine owne motion, didst not give way,

And entercourse to their privacies ?

Didst thou not make me draw conveighances,

Did not th' assurance of thy ²⁾ Lands seeme proball ?

105 *Boote, Boote* thou shall not carry it thus,

I'll make thee know theirs justice to be had,

If thou denyest it.

Bo. Say I grant all this !

With my selfe having deliberated

I doe not like 'thassurance of thy Lands

110 Thy titles are so bangld with thy debts,

Which thou wouldst have my daughters portion pay.

Sir, sir, it shall not !

O. Ba. hang thee, hang thee, miser !

Tis thy base thoughts forges these false conceits,

And but for thy daughter, I'de, i'de, i'de. *

115 *Bo.* I'de — come, come !

An. Father !

Y. Ba. Deere sir, spare your fury !

Anger in old men is a Lunacy

That woundes the speakers, not the spectators.

My thoughts are now embarqu'd to go for Leith

And see the VVars, I hope e're my returne

120 I shall finde temperate weather in your lookes,

And all these stormes vanishd.

O. Ba. Art thou so built on her fidelity ?

Take heede boy ; women by kinde are fickle,

Absence in lovers brings strange events ;

Lovers

1) worldlings. 2) my

125 Lovers that hourelly kisse finde due regard,
 But those that absent are oft lose reward.
 I doubt not of her firmenes, but tis common :
 An absent lover thrives not with a woman.
 Tis good counsell boy, and worth observance,

130 But thou darst trust her.

Y. Ba. With my life, sir.

O. Ba. Goe on then in thy entended purpose ;
 Noble sir *Jarvis* whose man thou art,
 I know will furnish thee.

Bo. This works to my designe, and gives free way

135 For wealthy Germane to my daughters love.
 Come hither, *Nan*.

Vrs. I thought the wind was in that doore ; by my vir-
 ginity, a young wench were better be heire to a swine-heards
 chines, then a rich mans bagges ! we must be coupld
 140 in wed-locke like your *Barbary* horse, and *Spanish* Gennet,
 for breede sake, house to house, and land to land ; the
 devill a jot of love ! poor simple virginity, that us'd
 to be our best Dowry, is now growne as bare as a serving-
 mans cloake that has not had a good nap this seven yeeres.

(Scene 2). Enter *Clifton*, and a *Shoomaker*.

O. Ba. Well, *Boote*, time may make us friends.

Bo. Weele thinke on't, *Bateman* !

Clif. How many paire of shooes, knave, ha ?

Sho. By Saint *Hugh*, sir *Jarvis*, foure thousand paire.

5 Clif. For every knave two paire good sauce against kyb'd
 heeles, by my hollidam ; * well shod, and clad will mak'em
 fight like men ! the North is could, subject to frostes,
 and snowes, and tis bad fighting without vittle, and cloth !
 for which I have provided well for both ; forty horse loades,
 10 and twenty Carrs of vittle, twill stop a good breach in a
 souldiours belly ! my man shall pay thee, huffit ; my
Hollidam ! my old Neighbour rich *Boote*, and *Bateman*,
 in this brabling matter ended yet ? shall he have her ?
 by my *Hollidam*, not yet, the knave shall serve his
 15 Queenē first, see the warres, where twill do him good

to see

¹⁾ fayer

to see knocks passe as fillips ; say, i'st done ?

Enter Miles.

O. Ba. Hees at your service.

Clif. By my *Hollidam*, he shall not want for that.

But I am tardy, and my time is precious.

20 *My Hollidam*, wheir's this knave ?

Mi. Faith, sir, trading as other knaves doe ! sir, yonders the *Tailor*, the *Weaver*, and I the *Miller*.

Clif. My *Hollidam*, knaves all three ! put me a *Tailor*, a *Weaver*, and a *Miller* into a bag.

25 *Mi.* And what then, sir ?

Clif. Why, he that first comes out will be a knave.

Mi. Vnder correction, sir, put me a Justice of peace, an Officiall, an under Sherriffe into a bag —

Enter Ball, Joshua.

Clif. And what then, knave ?

30 *Mi.* Why, and they will not come out, let em'tarry their like knaves as they are.

Clif. ¹⁾ What a knave is this ?

Mi. Sir, heres two more appeares ! th'one is mad *Ball*, old *Huffits* man, tho'ther may be a knave in graine, for
35 any thing I know i'me sure hees much given to colours, hees a Painter-stainer.

Clif. Y'are both pres'd, and willing to serve the Queene.

Bal. I am bend leather, and will endure it.

Josh. My name is *Marmaduke Joshua* a Painter-stainer
40 by Art, and a limner by profession. I am given to the meanes, and doe fructifie among the brethren ; it were obnoxious, and inutiable, and contrary to the sages to presse me.

Clif. Weele see how you can edifie our Campe.

45 *Josh.* For the sistren commisserate.

Clif. Come, my old neighbours, let our Drum beat a free march, weele have a health to Queene *Besse*, cry *St. George*, and a fig for *St. Dennis*.

Enter Omnes, nisi Bateman, Anne. ²⁾

Mi. Mistris *Vrsula*, tis not unknowne that I have
lov'd

¹⁾ *Clif.* ²⁾ *Exeunt Omnes, nisi Bateman, Anne, Miles, and Vrsula.*

50 lov'd you; if I die, it shall be for your sake, and it
 shall be valiantly; I leave an hand-kercher with you,
 tis wrought with blew coventry; let me not at my
 returne fall to my old song, she had a clout of mine
 sowde with blew coventry, and so hang my selfe at
 55 your infidelity; desiring Jove to blesse you from better
 fortunes I leave you. *Exeunt* ¹⁾

Vrs. The foole doates, but tis no matter, tis no matter;
 tis Lady like, why should not I have my *Monkey* to play
 withall?

60 *Y. Ba.* Prethee, leave us.

Vrs. Heavens blesse me out of your company, for fooles
 I found you, and so I must leave you in spite of my hart. *Exit.*

Y. Ba. Now, *Nan*, heres none but thou, and I; thy love
 Emboldens me to speake, and cheerfully.

65 Here is a peece of gold, tis but a little one
 Yet big enough to ty, and seale a knot,
 A jugall knot on Earth, to which high heaven
 Now cryes *Amen*; say thou so too, and then
 When eyther of us breakes this sacred bond
 70 Let us be made strange spectacles to the world,
 To heaven, and earth.

An. Amen, say I.

And let heaven loth me when I falsifie.

Y. Ba. Thou now art like a pollishd jvory Table
 In purenes without or staine or blemish.

75 If thou shouldst soile this whitenes with blacke deedes
 Thinke what a monster thou wouldst make thy selfe.
 I doubt thee not, but give this cautionary.
 Harke, the Drum beates, from the armes of love
 I now must burnish in the Armes of warre, adue.

80 *An.* When I prove false of thee; oh, may I then
 Beheld ²⁾ the scorne of heaven, earth, and men. *Enter severally* ³⁾.

(Scene 3). *Grey**, *Arguile*, *Crosse*, *Souldiours*, *drume*, *Colors* ⁴⁾).

As farre as my Commission, *Arguile*,
 I have proceeded; we in the trade of warre
 Whose Mart consists in blowes, and batteries,

Are

¹⁾ *Exit Miles.* ²⁾ behold ³⁾ *Exeunt severally.* ⁴⁾ Im englischen Lager vor Leith.

Are like small Rivers that must keepe their bounds,
5 Till the Queene Ocean command them rise.

Dunbarr * can witnes where we skuirmishd last.

I require the hostages be deliverd

Twixt *England*, and the federary Lords.

Arg. Peruse this bedroule from *Duke Chattenreault* *

10 Wherein their names are, their persons attend

At *Inskeith*, and with willingnes are bound

To attend the mighty Queene of *England*.

Grey. Lord *Claud Hambleton*, fourth son of the *Duke**, *Robert Dowglasse*, brother to the Lord *James Stuart*! *Archi-*

15 *bald Dowglasse*, Lord of *Loughennell*, *George Gram*, second

son to the *Earle* of *Menteich*; *James Coningham*, son to the *Earle* of *Glencorne*: all Hostages to the Queene of *England* till the Articles be performed betwixt her, and the *Federary* Lordes. *Herald* of *Armes*, conduct these noble

20 pledges from the red *Brayes** to *Inskeith*, see'em delivered

to *James Croft**, and *George Howard**, *Knights*; from thence to be embarqd for *England*.

Cro. I shall, my Lord.

Gr. What number speake your powers?

Ar. Two thousand hardy *Scots*,

25 With glaved blades, bum daggers, and white Kerchers,

Such as will fight, and face the fiery *French*.

Gr. Our numbers then are eight thousand,

And still we looke for more, sir *Francis Leake*,

And gentle Sir *Jarvis*; two spirits

30 That in peace are lambes, in warr two ravening *Lyons*.

A march; Enter Clifton, Souldiers.

Clif. A Souldiers wishes blesse my noble Generall.

Gr. Thanks, valiant *Clifton*; they can deserve no lesse

Comming from thee. I see you emulate

That we should take the glory to our selves,

35 I'll give the first *Alar'm*, youle be one.

Clif. I, by my *Hollidam*, at warre as at a feast

I'll scramble for my part, and if I catch a knocke.

~ That

That honour which a Souldiour wins in warrs
Is of low price unles he bring home searrs.

40 *Gr.* What number, sir *Jaruis* ?

Clif. Five hundred, and fifty tall white coates,
Fellowes that will face a murdering Cannon,
When it blowes rancks into the Aire as Chaffe,
Yet dreadles they shall stand it, and not shrinke ;

45 Right *Nottingham* shire Lads.

Gr. Tis well don !

Our bands are well divided, yours, my Lord,
Keepe the greene Bul-warke, mine the west Gate,
You, sir *Jarvis*, the water-ports to Inskeith,
*Pelham** from *Pelhamus* Mount plaies at the Towne.

50 How now, what Trumpets this ?

A Trumpet; Enter Trumball.

Trum. From the Queene Regent of *Scotland* I come
To thee, Lord Generall of the *English* Force.

She craves a treaty with the Lords of *England*
To know why thus they enter on her groundes,

55 Depopulate her Countries, Plough her Plaines.

If lawfull cause she finds on enterveiue ¹⁾

She will subscribe to *England*, sue for peace,
Otherwise by Article sheele confirm't ;

This is under her highnes hand, and seale.

60 This is my message.

Gr. Whats thy name ?

Trum. Trumball, Serejant, Trumpetter to her Grace.

Gr. Her Princely offer we accept. *Rowge Crosse*,
Herrald at Armes, command sir *George Howard*,
Sir *James Crofts*, and my son *Arthur Grey*

65 To shew her Grace my Soveraignes grevances.

I'th interim wee'le sheath our burnishd blades
Which had bene dide in scarlet long ere this
But for thy message.

Enter

¹⁾ entrveiuē C.

Enter Trumball. ¹⁾.*Trum.* I shall report you honourable.*Clif.* My *Hollidam*, I like not these signes of peace.70 These *French Flyes* worke on advantages,
I'll not trust'em.*Gr.* To prevent which each stand on his guard; your
eares, my Lord.75 *Jos.* Resolve me; doe they kill men ith warrs, and ne're
give warning?*Mi.* Not so much time *Jo*, as a theife has at *Nottingham*
Gallowes.80 *Jos.* Tirany, tirany; may a not pray in sincerity nor re-
quest the breethren, and sisters to have care of a departing
brother?*Mi.* No *Jo*! nothing but downe-right blowes, just as you
fell Okes, or kill Oxen.*Jos.* Most heathenish, and diabollicall; and do the ²⁾ shoote
Bullets?85 *Mi.* I, *Jo*, as thicke as haile; a man may hit his owne father.90 *Jos.* Oh *Infidells*, and *Barbarians*; what will not the
wicked doe, kill men with bullets! oh these Guns, they are
dangerous things, they sprung from the whoore, a *Fryer* was
the inventor, and the smell of the Dragon! oh, my poore
Pusse-cat; sinfull man thou art, *Jo*: to bring the poore
Pusse forth to dy by a Gun! a poore Pusse, silly harmelesse Pusse.*Mi.* Ty her behind, then if thou runst shee may save thee.*Jos.* I run! thõ prophane translater I scorne to run, my
Cat, and I will enter battell 'gainst the wicked! I run.95 *Gr.* Why returne so soone?*Enter Crosse* ³⁾.*Cros.* This my Lord,
Making for *Edenborough* to the Queene,
Nine hundred shot, and five hundred Corslets,
Came forth of *Leith*, under the conduct
Of *Mortigue**, and *Doysells**, their Colonells.
100 We wish'd them peaceably returne to *Leith*

Since

¹⁾ *Exit Trumball, Crosse.* ²⁾ they ³⁾ *Re-enter Crosse.*

Since contrary to all Lawes of Armes
 They now had issu'd. *Mortigue* replide,
 They on their masters ground resolved stood
 And from their mistris would not budge a foote
 105 For any *English* breathing. *Exit Crosse* ¹⁾.

Gr. Were not our promise given to the Queene
 On which they build advantages, i'de make
 These *French* Rats run as Wolves from fire;
 Bid'em retire, and tell them thus from us,
 110 Weele make them win their ground ere the ²⁾ stand on't,
 Nothing but circumvention in the *French*.

Clif. By my *Hollidam*, juglers, constant in nothing
 but Inconstancy, thats the *French* Merchandize.

Jos. And doe they fight, as it is in the painted cloth
 115 of the nine worthies, of *Joshua*, *Hector*, *Cæsar*, *Arthur*,
Charle-Magne, *Judas*, *Machabeus*, and *Godfrey Bollogine*?

Mil. Yes, *Jo* : they doe.

Jos. In the painted cloth *Joshua* stands formost.

Bal. With his Cat in stead of a Scutehion.

120 *Jos. Ball*, thou art full of rebukes —

Enter Crosse ³⁾.

Cros. Arme, arme, arme ! regardles of true honour
 Your message is defide, and facing the van
 Dischargd a thousand shot ; the Crag*, and Chappell*
 They make a refuge 'gainst our great Artillery.
 125 *Gr.* Let the bow-men shoute their flightest Arrowes,
 As thicke as haile, the Musketeers shall follow.
 Alarum then ; tis our first enterprise.
 When cowards fall the valiant spirits rise. *Ex. Omnes.*

*After skirmishes, Enter Grey, Arguile, young Bateman
 with Colors, Clifton, Souldioers, prisoners.*

Gray : The Crag, and Chappells ours, and the *French*
 130 Like Hares are leapt out of fierce Greyhounds gripes.
Doysells, and *Mortigue*, out-ran their Collours,
 And with

¹⁾ Die Bühnenanweisung gehört zu Vers 110. ²⁾ they ³⁾ Re-enter Crosse.

And with all expedition tooke the Towne.

Y. Ba. Whose Colors I display.

Gr. How many of the *French* this day are false?

135 *Arg.* Seven score, my Lord, and prisoners of noble worth.

Poiteers, Augois, Burbon, Shamoont, Shaloone,
Labrosse, and of the *English* meerey one man slaine.

Gr. Thanks unto heaven whose arme was our defence;
What's he that beares the *French* armes displaid?

140 *Clif.* A servant of mine, his name *Bateman*.

Gr. Ther's forty Angells for thy good daies service,
And if thy merit retaines, an Ancients place.

Y. Ba. I thanke your honour.

Jos. My prisoner is an *Anabaptist*, all I desire is that
145 I may convert him.

Mi. It must be in's drinke then, else hees none
o'th right brethren;

Gr. Can ¹⁾ noble *Arguile*, and worthy *Clifton*,
After these toiles of blood, and massacre,

150 Let's quench our raging motions in the Grape,

And in the *French-mans* Vine drinke his confusion.

Proud *France* shall know that our *Elizaes* Name

Drives to confusion those that steale her Fame. *Ex.Omnes.*

(Scene 4.)²⁾ *Enter Anne, and Vrsula.*

An. Do'st thou not beleeeve it?

Vrs. Let me faile of my best wishes, and I doe; I
cannot amuse my thoughts to't; thou maist as soone
perswade me that a Spiders VWeb will catch a swarme
5 of Bees as thou marry *German!* his head's like a *Welch-*
mans Crest on *St. Davies* day; he lookes like a hoary Frost
in *December*, now *Venus* blesse me, i'de rather ly by a Statue.

An. Thou art pleasant still.

In nat'rall things we see that Herbes, and Plants

10 In autumnne ever doe receive perfection,

As they, so man, never attaines his height

Till in the autumnne of his growing age.

Experience like a Mistris beautifies him

With

¹⁾ Come, ²⁾ Schauplatz: Clifton.

With silver haire, badges of experience,
 15 Of wisdom, honours, counsell, knowledge, arts,
 With all th'endowmens vertue hath in store.
 Contrarily, greene headed youth,
 Being in the spring or summer of his age,
 Is prone to surfets, riots, intemperancies,
 20 And all the stocke of ill that vice is queene of.

Urs. Thou wrests a good text to an ill sense, but none
 but fooles would ly in beds of snow that might couch in
 Roses; but it may bee, Cozen; but it may bee, Cuz; you
 follow the fashion of our Country Knights that marry your
 25 old *London* Widowes; tis but keeping a handsome Chamber-
 maide, they are necessary evils, and will serve with a
 small Dowery afterwards to make parsons wives! you
 know my meaning, Cuz.

An. He brings wealth, promotion, and tis the way —

30 *Vrs.* To your ruine; to your blacke father presently! cocke
 him with the herbe Moly that will put bloud in's cheekes!
 let him be dieted like your *Barbary* horse! heele neere
 stand to his tacklings else; feede him with *Vipers* flesh
 that will make his white head blacke! doost thou refuse
 35 youthfull *Bateman* to ly with wealthy *Germane*? reject
 a Mine of vertue, for a Mountaine of muck? *Cupid*
 blesse thee, for i'le sweare, he has blinded thee as blind as
 a *Bat*.

An. I lov'd young *Bateman* in my childish daies,

40 Have vow'd to have him, and he againe to me,
 But what of that, foolish lovers vows,
 Like breath on steele, as soone are of, as on;
German is wealthy and by him I gaine
 Recourse amongst the modest sages dames.
 45 Wealth has a priviledge that beauty cannot ¹⁾,
Bateman is young, embellish'd with a naturall,
 Active, and generous, unspotted beauty;
German is old, indebted much to age,
 Yet like ould *Aeson*, gold can make him young,
 50 Gold like a second nature can elixate,
 Make the deformed faire, the faire seeme fowle,

And

¹⁾ has not, ?

And we that love not, must be tide to th' face ;
 A sparkling eye, or a smooth pleading tongue
 Will not keepe hospitality with time.

55 Maides that love young men gaine their loves by stealth,
 We that love old men, wed not man but wealth.

Vrs. If I beleeve thee not, may I turne Nun before my
 probation ; to be serious, let me touch thy conscience ; if
 young *Bateman*, to whom I know tha'st vow'd thy faith,
 60 should at thy falsehood fall into some malevolencies in
 himselfe, or on thee, t' wood greive thee to have Ballads
 made on thee, to the tune of the inconstant Lover,
 and have thy periuries pind on euery Post.

An. Conscience ! pray, no more o'nt.

65 *Vrs.* No, introth, for I thinke th'ast asmuch pleasure
 in't as a hand man has of his pardon, or a Dog with
 a Glasse bottle at's taile ; see heres thy father, with him
 the man that must be, not the fore-man o'th Parish,
 but a bucke o'th first head.

Enter Boote, Germane.

70 *An.* My lovely *Germane* !

Ger. My fairest Mistris !

Vrs. If I had not rather Kisse a muffle made of Cats-skins,
 then these mouldy chops of his, wood I might die an *An-*
choresse.

75 *Bo.* Now neece, whats your conceit of this ?

Vrs. Faith Vnele, i'me a woman, and they say, a woman
 is a wether-Cocke, for mine owne part some are, I thinke ;
 and when I thinke they are not, i'le tell you my conceit,
 till then i'le pay you with thinking.

80 *Ger.* Sweet beauty, rumor, that betters nothing,

But disproportionates every act,

Gives it out thus ; that you are affianc'd

To youthfull *Bateman*. I wood not have the curse

Of contract breaking fall upon my head ;

85 (If it be so, fairely I here acquit you,

From all engagements twixt your selfe, and me,

If not, like to a blessing I embrace you).

That

That joynture which your father most desir'de
I have confirm'd, nothing now remaines,

90 But your reply, or mine, or whose you please.

An. Sir, I am yours.

I lov'de young *Bateman* with an inward joy
Affected him beyond a common rate,

Yet not so farr, but that I might reduce

95 My vowes, and my affections to my will ;

For when I saw how disproportionable

Our jarring fathers were, I then began

To alienate all love, here I renue

To whom it comes as free, as bright, and pure

100 As are these unstaind Lampes beyond the Moone.

Ger. Which as a blessing from the heavens I take.

Bo.* You shall be marryed instantly ! and Girle, thou shalt
have one Bagg more fore this ; it gladdes me yet, thou art so
free from *Bateman*. I look'd for other demonstrations !

105 come *German*,

this night wee'le feast, to morrow thou shalt be wed ;

At night enfold a maiden in thy bed.

Vrs. Which if he does, may she dy of the pip, and goe
to the grave as a Sallet for the wormes. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus secunda. Scena prima ¹⁾.

*Enter Mortigue, Doysells, and the Frenchmen in Womens apparell
with Pistols.*

Mor. Omit this, Doisells,

They now are healthing, and carrowsing deepe.

Now is our time to worke a stratagem,

Gaining these Trenches that oppresse the towne.

5 Thus as we are, we passe without suspect,

Nine *Bona Robas*, nine stout Viragoes,

Nine manly lasses which will stand the squeake ;

Jove went a wenching, as we goe to'th warrs ;

If this exploit take roote, we build a strength

That

¹⁾ Vor Leith.

10 That nine months seidge cannot againe redeeme.

Do. The scotch language I am perfect in :
 Encaule your selves, the ¹⁾ enter on their guard.
Leroy's the word, till then let no man stir,
 The second *Leroy* bids every man to kill.

15 Close, and observe.

Enter Clifton, Bateman, Joshua, Ball, Miles, Souldiers.

Clif. Each man betake him to his instruments.
 Keepe safe this Port, for 'tis the sole defence
 To our new Trenches, and raised Bul-warkes ;
 If any issue from the Towne give fire,
 20 And the Alarum shalbe answered quicke ;
 The *French* are subtle, and in various shapes,
 Combine themselves ; therefore to gaine the best,
 Prevent the worst ;

Jos. And they be women, may we not cease on'em for lawfull prize?

25 *Clif.* To women, and children, be mercifull,
 But trust none, the politicke Fox somtimes
 VVrapps himselfe within the *Lions* skin,
 So working prey upon the innocent Lambe,
 These *French* are subtle Foxes.

30 *Mi.* I thought so, for a man may smell their footings
 As farr as a fitchers ; ²⁾

Jos. And they be Foxes we may smell 'em out ; for as
 it is in the painted cloath, by fortune came a Fox where
 grew a pleasant Vine, I will no Grapes said the Fox, the
 35 fruit is none of mine.

Y. Ba. Sir, have you dispatched me ?

Clif. My *Hollidam*, thats true ?

VVhat sudaine busines of so maine import
 Calls thee from the ³⁾ warrs, where thou seest
 40 Resolved spirits rate their lives at nought
 Regardles of all miseries, for honours ;
 Thou, a proficient in warrs Academ,
 Hast profited well ; the first day an Ancient
 In single duell taken ! I tell thee, *Bateman*,
 45 It has wonne a great impression in my Lord.

Resolve

¹⁾ they ²⁾ fitchews, fitchets ³⁾ thee C.

Resolve thee so ; I would not have thee goe
To fish for shaddowes and let goe the substance,
Thou knowst my meaning, *Bateman*.

Y. Ba. I conster it

That your suspition deemes it to be love ;
50 In sooth, it needes not, such a constant rocke
My love is built on that it cannot fall.
I cannot fasten jelousie in my thoughts,
Knowing her loyaltie ; great excuses
For my intended journey know I none :

55 And to frame any were but negatives.
Yet in my sleepes I have strange visions,
VVhich waking I cannot thrust from memory.
I doe beseech your licence, let me goe.

Clif. My letters want but sealing, follow me

60 To the Generalls Tent. *Exeunt.* 1)

Mi. Fellow *Bateman*, farewell, commend me to my old
windmill at *Rudington*, oh, the *Mooter dish*, the *Millers*
thumbe and the maide behinde the *Hopper* ! tell mis-
tresse *Vrsula*, I fight for her sake, and will live as long as
65 I can, dy when I can no longer live, yet will love her in
spight of her hart ; in stead of nutmeggs, and ginger, I
send her the three bawbees I got at *Dundee*. I will fly
on her at my returne with the verses out of now *Hero*,
and *Leander*, oh *Vrsula*, *Vrsula* pity me with a *dildo*, *dildo*,
70 *dillory* !

Ba. Commend me to the Bells of *St. Maries*, and tell'em
my Chops water to chime all in !

Jos. As it is in the painted cloath, in morning still
when thou doost rise see that in minde thou have to
75 spend the day that doth ensue as bed might be thy Grave ;
commend me to my learned brother *Spritchall* the Cobler
of *Notingham* brig²⁾, and bid him looke up, and give me
a coale, wishing him good health, as my cat, and I was at
the making hereof*.

80 *Y. Ba.* I will be mindfull of you all, farewell³⁾.

Mor. Now is the time, make your appearance !

Mi. Shoote, shoote !

*Doy.** An the bred an gad man, speare the bonny lasses !

Ball.

1) *Exit.* 2) bridge, 3) *Exit.*

Ball. Downe with the bonny Bels !

85 *Jos.* Have some compunction th'are the weaker Vessels, for
as it is in the painted cloath, be meeke, and gentle, and thy
selfe shall finde a quiet conscience, and a tranquill minde.

Mi. By 'th masse, a prety boote, halling, hansome pagies ;
each one take one, and examine the prickers !

90 *Jos.* Thy counsels smels of piety, and thus I begin the
conversion of a sinner ! — um — she Kisses well, verily ;
again, I will edifie on your lips — are you of the Family
of Love, sister — ha —

Mor. An the beanes of me, ise a pure lurden.

95 *Mi.* And what are you, prety morsell ?

Doy. An the dele an the crag, ise a Lardes wife ganging
to seeke my Lourden ;

M. ¹⁾ And you are ganging to your Lurden, that your
Lurden may catch you by the crag, and claw you are the
100 weame, till your guts garr haggergath, haggergath.

Jos. VVill you be contented to leave the wicked, and live
among the familists, exercising your body in the brether-
hoods cause ?

Mor. An the Lard nare thee with an my bare bones.

105 *Jos.* Kisse againe, then — in sincerity, she Kisses open
mouthed like a zealous sister —

Bal. And you can wash, and scoure, and helpe to launder
the campe, and dresse the booties we steale, and at night be
content to Kennell with me in straw ?

110 *Sol.* I, by Saint *Andrew* !

Jos. Let us congregate our selves, and ponder on their
miseries.

Doy. Now is the time, each man draw, and fight. *Shoote, and*
Alarum.

Alarums, the French beate of, place themselves on the Walls
hanging out a head ; Enter Clifton, Souldiers.

Clif. VVell fought, my harts : though we have lost one man
115 VVhose head they basely pearch upon the VValls.

Base minded *Doysels*, cowardly *Mortigue*,
Though all advantages in warr are lawfull

Th'are

¹⁾ *Mi.*

Th'are not commendable ; you came like your selves

Frenchifi'd truls, to scould us from our Trenches

120 But not to beate us. come either of you single,

And fight with *Clifton*, if not one, come both,

And by my countries honour, no man heere

Shall dare to touch you but this arme of mine.

Doy. Vex not thy selfe, old man, tis but one head,

125 VVe came for more, but rest suffiz'd with this.

Clif. And for that one a thousand dastard *French*

Shall deerely pay ; *Count*, I shall meete thee ?

Mor. *Clifton*, thou maist !

*Clif.** By my *Hollidam* ; our meeting will seeme rough,
130 our parting faire ! make this thy quarrel, I pronounce
thy Queene defective in beauty, vertues, honours, unto my
mistris, *Englands* royall BESSE !

Mor. Traitor, thou lvest !

Clif. Have I sturd thy bloud ?

135 *Mor.* VVith such an overture, but thy barbarous head
nothing can calme it !

Clif. VVhen next we meete we'le try it !

Each man unto his charge, for one mans head

A thousand *Frenchmen* shall be slaughtered.

Ex. Omnes.

(Scene 2.) ¹⁾ *Enter Vrsula.*

Vrs. Good VVives, VVidowes, and young wenches, pardon me,
for I am touched in conscience to raile on my owne sexe ;
I blame not those mysogynists that say women are froward, in-
constant, and what not ; I protest, I begin to mistrust mine owne
5 thoughts ; I'am quite out of love with all womens goodnes ;
fie upon us weather-cocks, of all things sublunary the worst
of creatures ; we painted sepulchers, rotten braveries, silly
Ciphers untill mens figures supply us, and yet we cannot
render 'em a constant minute ; all this is manifest in my new
10 Bride, she that yesterday gave faith to one, the next day mar-
ried another ; and now married shees sicke of the sullens,
shee wants youth to enflame, and give satietie a fresh
appetite ; fie upon us Moone Calves, and created Fooles be
those

4) Schauplatz : *Clifton.*

those men that credits us ! see, i'me cut off.

Enter young Bateman.

15 *Y. Ba.* I weare that visage formerly I did,
Six Moones has not so metamorphos'd me,
But that I may be knowne ; all my friends,
My familiar sociates, and acquaintance
Carelessly passe me with a heavy glance,
20 As if I were some rioter, or prodigall
VWho having ship-wraekt reputation
After an act of banquerout, compounds
VWith debtor, and creditour ; others
Shake me by'th hand, but with such lenity
25 As if I burnt them, or that I from the warrs
Had brought home some diseases, as Killing
As the Plague, or more infectious.
My father whether for joy or sorrow,
As teares be answerable to both passions,
30 But he wep'd, cride, welcome home, and sight,
As if some drops of bloud fell from his hart.
Heaven has a hand in all things ; if that
My *Nan* be well, we will dispense with greifes
Of lower kindes Kind ; cozen *Vrsula* !

Musique.

35 *Vrs.* Y'are welcome home, sir.

Y. Ba. How fares my sweetest *Nan* ?

Vrs. Sooth, badly, she has beene Planet-strucke e're since you went ; she fell into a Lethargy since none, a kind of qualme came o're her stomacke like a Crampe or a Conuulsion.

40 *Y. Ba.* The meaning of this *Musique* ?

Vrs. VVe had a VWedding to day, and the young fry tickle trench-more. *Jervis, and Nan are*

Y. Ba. A VWedding, and here this day ! *in the Window* ¹⁾.
Blesse me, what prodigious Object

45 Is yond, that blasts mine eies, and like a theife,
Steales my understanding ! certes tis shee.
Is it not ? speake *Vrsula* !

Vrs.

¹⁾ *German, and Nan are in the Window.*

Vrs. I know not, for had shee as many bodies as harts, she might be here, and yonder too.

50 Y. Ba. Now, by my life —

Vrs. Nay, sweare not ; if you have any ill language to spare I'll send my Cozen to you presently. *Exeunt* ¹⁾.

Y. Ba. Strange feares assaile my senses, and begins
Conflicts of despaires, doubts, and feares,
55 And but I have a resolution fixt
On her fidelity, this frontispice
And other entertainments might confirme
Former presages.

Enter Anne, Vrsula.

An. VVho ist would speake with me ?

60 Vrs. One that may be jealous though he weares no yellow.

Y. Ba. Her sight like to a cordiall has expell'd
All former grosse suggestions, me thinkes
I tast my happines e're I touch it.

An. Beshrew thy hart for this.

65 Vrs. Beshrew your owne false ; if their be ill tis of your
owne begetting ; i'll provide Cocke-brothes, and caudles for
your old Cock-sparow. *Exeunt* ²⁾.

Y. Ba. Shees dumbe with joy, and I like to a man
Intranc'd with joyes un-utterable, cannot speake.

70 But I have lost my selfe, I am awake,
And see a substance more then dreamers doe ;
Thus in the armes of love I doe enfold thee.

An. I doe not know you — touch me not !

Y. ba. I wonder then how I dare know my selfe,
75 When thou forget'st me. I had thought
Had I ben sullide with the sooty *Moore*,
Or tan'd with heate like some *Egyptian* slave,
Or spotted like the *Persian Leopardes*,
Or in the worst forme can be termn'd,

80 Or imagin'd, yet thou coulds have knowne me ;
I am thy *Bateman, Nan* !

An. If you be *Bateman*,

T'were

¹⁾ *Exit.* ²⁾ *Exit.*

T'were best you travel'd from my fathers ground
Least he indite you ?

Y. ba. If he should, yet if thou stand the judge
85 I know thou wilt acquite me of the crime.

But thou art pleasant, and like to a tender nurse
Heightens my infant joyes before it comes ;
Be not so strange, this nicety in you
Hat ¹⁾ not beene usuall.

90 *An.* It must be now, for *I* am married.

Y. ba. I know thou art, to me, my fairest *Nan*.
Our vowes were made to Heaven, and on Earth
They must be ratifide, in part they are
By giving of a pledge, a peice of Gold,
95 Which when we broke, joyntly then we swore
Alive or dead for to enjoy each other,
And so we will spight of thy fathers frownes.

An. You talke idely, sir ; these sparks of love
That were twixt you, and *I*, are quite extinct.
100 Pacifie your selfe ; you may speede better ;
Youle show much wit, and judgement if yon ²⁾ doe.

Y. ba. She floutes me.

An. If you will be wise, and live one yeere a batchelour
tis ten to one, thats odds, I bury my husband, e're *I* weare
105 out my wedding Ring.

Y. ba. Ha ! a Ring, and on the right finger two ! ³⁾
Thou plaist the cruell murtherer of my joyes,
And like the deadly bullet from a Gun,
Thy meaning kills me, e're thy words gets vent.

110 Whose Ring is that ?

An. My Husbands.

Y. ba. And art thou married ?

An. I am.

Y. ba. When ?

115 *An.* This Day.

Y. ba. Accursed Day ! to whom ?

An. To wealthy *German*.

Y. ba. To wealthy misery !

Now

¹⁾ Has ²⁾ you ³⁾ too !

Now my presaging visions doe appeare ;
 120 Th' unusuall gestures of my mornefull friends
 I now perceive was thine ; false woman
 As subtle in deceit as thy first grandam,
 She but deceiv'd her selfe, deceiving man
 As thou, her jmpe of subtilty, has done.

125 Strengthen me, you ever Hollowed ¹⁾ Powers,
 Guard me with patience that *I* may not curse,
 Because *I* lov'd her ; be assured this,
 Alive or dead thy promise thou shall keepe
 I must, and will enjoy thee !

130 *An.* And may I tell you, if youle stay my husbands
 Funerall, I'le promise you, i'le mourne, and marry all in a
 month.

Y. ba. Ah monstrous ; she plaies with my disasters
 As boyes with bubbles blowne up into aire ;
 135 You that have care of innocents, be my guard
 Least *I* commit some outrage on my selfe.
 For such an overture, and flood of woes
 Surroundes me, that they almost droun'd
 My understanding ; thy perivries shall be writ
 140 With pens of Diamonds upon Leaves of steele,
 And kept as statutes are to show the world.
 You constant Lovers that have truely lov'd
 Without foule thoughts or lustfull appetites,
 Come waile with me, and when your swelling breasts
 145 Growes big with curses, come sit downe, and sigh.
 Such an inconstant faireon I have met
 Whose deeds I shame to nominate, yet she
 Sham'd not to doe them.

An. Prety passion this, ha, ha, ha !

Y. ba. Take thy good night of goodnes ; this night
 150 Thy bridall-night take leave of sacred vertue.
 Never thinke for to be honest more,
 Never keepe promise, for thou now maist sweare
 To any, thou never mean'st to doe.
 Hold, swelling heart, for thou art tumbling downe
 155 A hill of desperation ; darke thoughts

Assaults

¹⁾ Hallowed

Assaults my goodness : but thou shalt keep promise,
 Alive or dead, I will enjoy thee yet.
 I have not curs'd thee yet, remember that :
 And when th'ast stain'd thy innocent sheets with lust,
 160 And with society ¹) fill'd thy empty veins,
 Wear'd the night with wanton dalliances,
 More prime than Goats, or Monkeys in their prides,
 Call then to mind how pleasant this had bene,
 Had it not bene adulterate : for German
 165 Is not thy husband : tis Bateman is the best,
 (I have not curs'd thee yet, remember that.)
 He muster up the forces of a man,
 To quench the rising flames that harbor here,
 And if I can forget thee, by my hopes, I will
 170 And never curse the Arch-deese of my ill.
 I have not curs'd thee yet ! now remember,
 Alive or dead tis I that must enjoy thee. *Exeunt 2).*

Enter Frank.

Fr. By my virginity, the Groome cries to bed, night goes
 to Ghost, how now, another Vowe torn'd to stone, blasse
 175 me, has the Conjuror bene here ?

F. Ba. Alive or dead I must, and will enjoy thee,
 It was my promise, I cannot chuse but weape,
 I have not curs'd thee yet, remember that.

Fr. Hey day, what inundations are here, will you come
 180 away, and the Groome should geld himselfe for anger there
 would be fine sport.

An. I have lost my selfe, and know not where I am !

Enter Bate.

Ba. Come, come, I have burn'd till every joynt about
 me grows stiffe but that which should not to bed, wench,
 185 the groome, he's out-gone thee, he's warming the sheets
 the first night, I haue.

An. To bed ! oh heavens, would it were so my gowne,
 So I might never here of my misdoings.

I haue

¹ society ² Exit, signified see Vers 178.

I have not care if these god' remember that.

195 *Alse* or *dead* I must, and will enjoy thee.

How like the deadly howling of a Bell,

A peal of wail passages were his words.

Be. Ha, weeping: this is not customary on *berth*-nights.

Some, who was with your *Car* last night?

200 *Vra.* *Vack*, there was a certain man.

Be. I, I, but where is that certain man?

Vra. There is the woman, but the certain man is gon.

Ar. A certain man, indeed, for whom I now

Could weep a *Sea*, to wash out my pollutions.

205 *Be.* But *ninte* *Claps*, *tingie* *Brother*, *Seath* *Taling*, *W'* *Maggy*.

What was this certain man called?

Vra. With reverence, *Vack*, his name was *Jatenant*.

Be. An undermining *Kaave*. I will infect him.

For daring to set foot upon my ground.

210 This day his father hath arrested me

Vpon an action of a thousand pounds.

A presentment between his son, and thee.

To test my words, *Jatenant* shall surely find

Me master of my words, when his proves void. *Ex. Omnes.*

(*Scene 2*) Enter *Wortgie* meeting *Clifton*.

Clif. Thou keepst thy promise, *Wortgie*.

Wor. In all things as befie a man of worth.

Thou hast done'd my private mistress name,

Sully'd her reputation with insinues.

5 Had from thy throat, as from a serpents chape,

Belch'd a poison 'gainst the Dowager of *France*.

To prove these false I made thee sully both

Study to exculpate thee.

Clif. By my *Hollies*,

I'm glad I've said'd thy vengeance:

20 The end still finds it self in every act,

And so shalt thou in thy presumptuous leaches.

The honour of my mistress makes me young.

Her name-shoots majesty into my looks.

Valour

Valour into my hart, strength to this arme
 15 Which thou shalt feel to thunder on thy Helme ;
 Guard thee, *Frenchman*, i'me sure thou canst not fly ;
 Bravely i'le kill thee, or else bravely dy.
 Th'art my prisoner, *Doysells*.

Fight, Clifton disarms him; Enter Grey, Arguile, Souldiers.

Mor. Through chance of warre I am.

Arg. Hew him in peeces !

Clif. By my *Hollidam*,

20 My life shall stand betweene him, and danger ;
 He's my prisoner, and by the Law of Armes
 Yeilding himselfe a Captive to our mercy,
 His life is ransomable ; let our Generall
 Decree his ransome, and after dispose of him.

25 *Gr.* Noble *Clifton*, his ransome is thine owne,
 Dispose of him as thou pleasest.

Clif. By my *Hollidam*, and will.

There take thy Armes, returne backe to *Leith*
 With our best convoy ; I tell thee, *Mortigue*,

30 My hatred is not capitall, though honour,
 And warrs necessity made me storme ;
 When to these walls thou seest my white coates come
 With scaling ladders to assault the Towne
 Be mercifull as I have bin to thee ;

35 This is all *Cliftons* ransome.

Mor. I shall report thee noble !

Gr. Thanks, noble *Clifton*,

Thou still ad'st honour to thy Countries fame ;
 Make scaling Ladders, for we straight intend,
 By heavens assistance to mount these walls ;
 40 Courage, brave spirits, every act finds end,
 Weele teach the *Frenchman* keepe within his bounds
 Or send him home full of heroicke wounds. *Exeunt Omnes.*

(Scene 4.) ¹⁾ *Young Bateman ins shirt, a halter about his necke.*

Y. Ba. It tis ²⁾ resolved ! life is too burthensome,

I've

¹⁾ Schauplatz : Clifton. ²⁾ It is

- I've borne while I can, and have suppress
 All insurrections pale Death has made.
 It is my terrour that I live to thinke
 5 I beare a life that is offensive to me.
 Pale monster in thy meagerest aspect,
 Come, and affront me ; fill thy unpauncht nerves
 With my harts blood ; till with the overture
 Thy never satisfied maw be sated !
- 10 But, cowardly monster, thou approchest none
 But those that fly thee, and like to greatnes
 Wouldst be so elivated for doing good,
 That of thy selfe thou never didst intend.
 Poore Snakes, that in wordly sorrowest sowrst ¹⁾,
 15 Cannot participate thy *Ebon* Dart.
 Tis said thou art not partiall, and dost winde
 The Prince, the begger, and the potentate
 All in one mould ; but they doe falsifie
 That say thou art so tiranously just ;
- 20 For I have sought thee through the unpend groves,
 The shady cells where melancholly walkes,
 And eccho-like thou answerst me with Death,
 But darst not show thy face ; the worlds monarch
 In three fits of an Ague di'd. Some flies,
 25 Some silly gnats can kill ! let me consume,
 then maist thou brag thy conquest, that thou slewst
 What neyther love nor hatred could destroy.
 Sincé thou disdainst me, I disdaine thy power,
 There be a thousand waies to cozen Death.
- 30 Behold a Tree, just at her doore, a fruitlesse Tree
 That has in autumnne cast her leavy boughs
 Sorry to show such fruit as she produces.
 The night seemes silent, sleep charmes the house,
 And now the periurd woman is a topping ;
 35 I'le clime as high as she, yet i'le not rest ;
 My airy ghoast shall find her where she lyes,
 And to her face divulge her perjuries.
 Night be auspicious, draw thy sable weedes,

For

¹⁾ sowr

For day-light is a asham'd ¹⁾ of her blacke deeds.
 40 One twich will do't, and then I shall be wed
 As firme unto my grave, as to her bed.

Falls, hangs, Enter old Bateman i'ns shirt, & Torch.

O. Ba. I've miss'd my boy out of his bed to night.
 Heavens grant that he be well, for in his eyes
 Sad discontentment sits ! till yesterday
 45 I never saw him so propense to sorrow,
 Nor deeply touch'd with distemperature ;
 When I began to tell him of his mistris
 Which I in violence of wordes branded
 With damned perjury, as Heaven knowes
 50 She has consum'd her goodnes, then would he
 Sit by, and sigh, and with salt teares trilling
 Downe his cheekes, entreat me not to name her ;
 Curse her I must not ! then would he steale to bed,
 As full of mournfull sorrowes as a sinner.
 55 Tis almost morne, and I suspect him here
 Hovering about this house ! oft would he say
 He woo'd her underneath a *Plume-Tree*,
 And underneath that Tree he vow'd to sit,
 And tell his sorrowes to the gummy boughes
 60 Though she disdaind to here them ! protect me !
 Good Angells, guard me, what heavy sight is this
 That like a sullen sadnes reaves my sense ?
 Prove false, mine eies, that this may prove untrue !
 Better you never had seen then to see this.
 65 Leave your slimy cesternes, and drop out ;
 Tis he, tis he, would I could tell a ly,
 The falsest one that e're was tould by man
 That this might prove untrue ; but tis in vaine
 To darke the Sunne, or wrastle 'gainst the truth.
 70 Murtherers, looke out, i'le rowze the thunderer,
 To rowze you from your sleepes ! false feinds, come out,
 And see a deede, the day wilbe asham'd of
 Caus'd by your perjuries.

Bo.

¹⁾ is ashamed

Bo. Whoes that which calls *Boote, Anne,*
With horrid terrour, and such affrightments *Vrsula, above.*

75 As when skath fires devast our villages? ¹⁾

O. Ba. Looke this way, monster! see, thou adultresse!
Behold the miserablest Map of woe
That ever father mourn'd for; my poore boy,
Hard-harted fate that brought thee to this end,

80 Hated *Vipers* they that were the causers,

Bo. How darst thou, *Bateman*, come upon my ground!

O. Ba. Curs'd be thy ground, and curs'd be all trees
That brings forth such a bortive ²⁾ fruit as this!

Bo. Ha, ha, has — he hang'd himselfe, and sav'd justice
85 a labor?

An. I never look'd for better end of him, he had a
malevolent aspect in his lookes, ha, ha, ha!

O. Ba. Laughst thou, *Crocodile*?
Are miseries lamented with contempts?

90 The bookes of fate are not so closely shut,
But they may open, and record the scornes
Dwelling in every Region of thy face!

A fixt decree may be set downe for thine,
And thou maist Swan-like sing a Funerall O'de,

95 Who then shall laugh at thee?

Bo. I laugh to see, how well sorrow becomes thee.

O. Ba. Such dire becomings maist thou never want;
Thou that wert once the Jewell of these eies,
Looke here, and see the ruines of pale death,

100 How soone a Gorgeous Pallace is suncke downe;
Though he has surfetted upon this peece

He has not tane the colour of his cheeke;
Nature contests with death, and will out-doe him;
Canst not thou spare one teare to balme him in,

105 Nor lend a sigh as sorry for his fall?

If not to day i'le come againe to morrow;
So thou wilt shed two teares, and one poore sigh,
Then gentle *Charon* will assigne him wafftage;
Thy greifes are violent, and worke within.

110 Tis a fowle signe of an unpersant hart

When

¹⁾ vilages BC ²⁾ abortive

When as the eyes cannot impart a teare.
 Since none of you will weepe, i'le weepe alone
 Till *Niobe* like my teares convert to stone.

An. Had you disciplind your sonne in's youth
 115 You might then have prevented your teares !

Cause he was bad, and *I* did shun his evils,
 Must *I* be held the cause'res of his ils,
 Must my vertues beget his perversnes,
 Or my obedience breede his shamefull death ;

120 If the World ballance me uprightly just
 I care not then which way you turne the Scales ;

O. Ba. Worse then the worst that ever could be nam'd.

An. My best counsell is that you bury him as the custome
 of the Country is, and drive a staেকে through him ; so perhaps
 125 *I* that had no quietnes with him, whilst he liv'd, may
 sleepe in peace now he's dead.

O. Bat. I will not curse thee, t'was my boyes request.
 Such deedes as these sinke not in oblivion,
 The justnes of my cause *I* leave to Heaven.

130 Maist thou live mother of many children,
 And may they prosper better then did mine.
 Come, poore boy, these armes have borne thee oft ;
 I'le have thy picture hung up in my Chamber,
 And when *I* want thee, *I* will weepe to that.

135 Deaths Leaden Plummets draw thine eielids downe ;
 Since none will sing sadd obsequies but *I*,
 I'le call the *Linner*, *Red-brest*, and the *Throstle*,
 The *Nightingale* shall beare the burthen two,
 For she is exquisite in tragicke notes ;

140 Weele have a Funerall hymne, and o're they ¹⁾ herse,
 This womans perjuiries i le pen in verse. *Enter* ²⁾.

An. How now, cozen, weeping ?

Vrs. Troth, Cozen,

Though griefes of lower kinds assaile me not,
 145 I never was so touch'd unto the hart ;
 Mine eies so flexible are to melt in teares,
 I cannot stop'em ; *I* shall be still affraid

To

¹⁾ the ²⁾ *Exit*.

To walke to 'th doore when *I* behold this Tree,
For feare his Ghost haunte me ! *I* wonder much,

150 You could forbear from passionating.

An. Affraid on's Ghost, as much as of a picture painted
o'th wall! thats just like we fooles that rub our shins 'gainst
the bed posts in our dreames, and then sweare the fairies
pinchd us! he swore he would have me quicke or dead. Let
155 him ly still in's grave, *I* will in my bed, and let consequents
prove the rest !

Bo. Ghosts, *Hobgoblins*, will with wispe, or Dicke a Tues-day.
Thy husband, wench, this morne journeyes to New-Castle
And hardly will returne these twelve Moones ;
160 Let's feast with him, for Ghosts, and such like toyes
Leave them to foolish dotards, girles, and boyes. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.¹⁾

Enter, Anne hastily, pursuing Vrsula, with lights :

An. Keepe of, keepe backe, *I* charge thee.

Vrs. Las, Cozen, i'me not infectious, my breath cannot blast you !

An. It haunts me as my shaddow or a vision !

It will not let me rest, fleepe ²⁾, nor eat ;

5 The barricoded ³⁾ doores, and ironlocks,

No sooner shut but like a new clasp'd booke

Their leavy hindges streightway fall asunder,

And it gets in ; *I* wonder tis not here ;

This is a gentle respite, and not usuall ;

10 Since *German* went *I* never had so much ;

It plaies the centinnell at my beds feete!

And but it wants the rosie coloured face,

Whom meager death has plaid the Horse-Leech with,

It would not seeme so ghostly in these eies ;

15 It beares the perfect forme it us'd to doe.

As if it never knew immortality

Nor wasted underneath a Hill of Clay.

Sometimes as curious limners have pourtraid

Teares

1) In Clifton. 2) sleepe 3) barricaded

Teares trilling from the weeping *Niobe*
 20 That some would sweare the very picture wept,
 And art of nature got the mastery !
 So did I guesse afflux of brinish teares
 Came from this Aiery, and unfadom'd Ghost !
 And could the Painters of this age draw sighes
 25 I could demonstrate sighes, and heavy groanes
 As if a sensible hart had broke in twaine !
 Then would it turne, and cry false woman,
 And leave me to descant on the rest !

Vrs. You tell me of an object, and a strange one ;
 30 But whose is the resemblance ?

An. I, theirs the point
 For that I must be pardon'd ; oh, my shame
 That I should be the cause'res of a deed,
 I blush to nominate.

Vrs. Has it no name ?

An. Yes, sweete *Vrsula*,
 35 But such a one as sadly agrauates
 My woes in repetition ; pray, leave me,
 I am addicted to contemplation,
 But rest within my call.

Vrs. Tis but your fond conceit ; I've heard you say
 40 that dreames and visions were fabulous ; and yet one time I
 dream't fowle water ran through the floore, and the next
 day the house was on fire ; you us'd to say *Hobgoblins*,
Fairies, and the like were nothing but our owne affright-
 ments ; and ye¹⁾, oh my troth, Cuz, I once dream'd of a young
 45 batchelour, and was ridd with a *Night-Mare*. But come,
 so my conscience be cleere I never care how fowle my drea-
 mes are.

Exit.

An. Thou now hast touch'd the point ;
 Tis conscience is the Larum Bell, indeede,
 50 That makes us sensible of our good or bad !
 You that are Lovers, by me you may perceive
 What is the burden of a troubled minde ;
 Take heede of vowes, and protestations
 Which wantonly in dalliances you make ;

The

¹⁾ yet

The eie of Heaven is on you, and your oaths
55 Are registred ; which if you breake — blesse me !

Enter Ghost.

Gho. Thou can'st not fly me ;
There is no Cavern in the Earth's vast entrailes
But I can't through as pearcant as the light,
60 And find thee, though thou wer't entomb'd in stone ;
Thou can'st not catch my unsubstantiall part,
For I am aire, and am not to be touch'd.
From flaming fires of burning *Phlegeton*,
I have a time limited to walke,
65 Vntill the morning Cocke shall summon me
For to retire to misty *Erebus*.
My pilgrimage has no cessation,
Vntill I bring thee with me to the place
Where *Rhadamant*, and sable *Æacus* dwell,
70 Alive or dead, tis I that must enjoy thee ;
To tell the story where we spirits live
Would plucke *Vermilion* from thy Rosie cheekes,
And make them pale, as Snowy *Apennines*,
And from thine eies draw liquid streames of teares
75 More full of issue then a steepy Fountaine,
Alive or dead I must, and will enjoy thee,
Thinke on thy promise.

An. Distraction like an Ague seizes me,
I know not whether I see, here, or speake ;
80 My intellectuall parts are frozen up
At sight of thee, thou fiery *Effigies*
Of my wrong'd *Bateman*.

Enter Boote, Vrsula.

Bo. What, weeping againe ?

An. Doe you not see it ?

85 *Bo.* See ! what ? I see nothing but a Bird fly o're the house.

Urs. Nor I, but a blinde Buzzard lookes as like her
husband as may be.

An.

- An.* Are you blinde, or will you make your selves so?
See ! how like a dreadfull magistrate it standes,
90 Still pointing at me, the blacke offender ;
And like a cunning poysoner, will not kill me,
But lets me linger on for daies, and yeares.
It stares, beckons, points, to the peece of Gold
We brake betweene us ; looke, looke there, here, there!
- 95 *Bo.* I see nothing, perceive nothing, feele nothing !
Vrs. Nor I, nor quicke thing, neyther cloath'd nor nak'd.
Bo. No, no, no ! you dranke *Baulme*, *Burrage* or *Buglosse*
last night to bed-ward, that makes you thinke on your
dreames this morning.
- 100 *An.* But I will too't, hug, and embrace it.
Gho. Thy time is not yet come ; i'm now exild ;
I may not touch thee while thou art with chil'd. *Exit Ghost.*
An. you doe not heare it neyther ?
Bo. Whom should we here ?
An. Young *Batemans* visage
- 105 In every limbe as perfect as he liv'd.
Bo. If it be so, 'tis done by sorcery ;
The father has combined with some witch,
To vex thy quiet patience, and gaine credit,
That he would haunt thee dead, as oft he said ;
- 110 Hell can put life into a senseles body,
And raise it from the grave, and make it speake,
Vse all the faculties alive it did,
To worke the Devill's hellish stratagemis !
If I but finde he deales in exorcimes
- 115 I'le make him burne to pacifie the Witch ;
But doe not beleive it, girle.
An. 'Tis vanish'd in an instant !
I will not be too confident in my eies,
Will you grant me leave to visit *Bateman* ?
Bo. Visit mine enemy ?
- 120 *An.* I have an inward sorrow bids me doe it ;
I did him wrong to gybe his miseries
When as he bore the dead *Corpes* in his armes ;

My *Genius* tels me, I shall have no rest
Till I have made contrition ;

Bo. But not to him.

125 I'de rather live subiected to a *Turke* ;
Goe not, my girle, i'le feast all thy senses,
Thy pallat shall with viands be suppli'd,
Thine eares with heavenly rapture live inspir'd,
Thine eies with sportive action, and delight,
130 Thou shalt have Musique to consume the day,
And wast the night.

An. Musique ! harsh *Ravens* croake !
Scritch-Owles shreile ; the augurers of night,
Are first companions for my mellancholy ;
I must goe see him ; if this apparition

135 Appeare not in his sight, my conjecture
Shall judge it nothing but my conscience
That finds me guilty for my blacke offence ;

Exit.

Bo. Follow her, Neece,
She beares a Plurisie of Greives about her,
140 And much I feare the weakenes of her braine
Should draw her to some ominous exigent !
Would she had ne're infring'd her vow to *Bateman*
Or I had ne're knowne this wealthy *German* !
If he prove harsh to her, i'le make him know,

145 An infore'd hate to vengeance is not slow. *Exeunt Omnes.*

(Scene 2.) ¹⁾ *Enter Joshua, his Cat in a string, Miles, Ball.*

Bal. Nay sweete *Jo*, be persuaded.

Jo. Persuade me, I seorne to be persuaded ! *Ball*, thou art
Heathnish, for the offence is foule which thou would'st
cloake, I'me not to be persuaded, I will doome the creature,
5 and burne the cloake of her knavery ; yet in sincerity I will
doe nothing without good colour.

Mil. Thy coulours, *Jo.*, were better bestowed on course wait-
ing women *Madam Makeroones* that sell paintings, and
stop holes with plaister of *Paris*.

Jos.

¹⁾ Vor Leith.

10 *Jos. Miller, Miller*, thou art not mealy mouth'd; those be the Heathen bables, the May-poles of time, and Pageants of vanity, but I will convince them of error, and scoure their pollutions away with the waters of my exhortations.

Mi. Why should'st thou hang thy Cat?

15 *Jos.* Thou art saucy, Miller, & ought'st not to Cathechise me so;

Bal. And it were but for Country sake.

Mi. Sweete *Jo.*, consider thy Cat is thy Countriman,

Bal. Hang a poore Cat for killing a Mouse?

Mi. Knowing the proverb too, Cat after Kinde.

20 *Bal.* As it is in the painted cloath too, when the Cat's away the Mouse will play.

Jos. I, but as it is in the painted cloath, beware in time, for too much patience to Dog or Cat will breede to much offence. She did kill a Mouse, I, but when? on the

25 forbidden day, and therefore she must die on Munday.

Mi. Then shall thy zeale be proclaim'd, for hanging thy Cat on Munday for killing a Mouse on Sunday.

Jos. Miller, thou art drunke in thy enormities, and art full of the cake of iniquity. *Gray, Arguile, Clifton* ¹⁾.

30 *Bal.* Well, to thy execution we commit thee.

Jos. Blessed be the instruments of silence; poore Pusse, take it not ill that I must hang thee, by that meanes I free thee from bawling Mastifs, and snarling Currs; I have brought thee up of a whelpe, and now will have a care
35 of thy end.

Gr. A notable exhortation.

Ties her.

Clif. List to the sequell;

Jos. When thou art dead, thou shalt not curse me; for my proceedings shall be legall; thou art at the barre of my
40 mercy, and thus I ascend to judgment, as it is in the painted cloath.

Gr. Harken the inditement.

Jos. Tybert the Cat; as it is in the painted cloath of the Bull, and Cocke, sometimes house-keeper, drudger or scourer to *Marmaduke Joshua*, Linner alias painter-stainer, & now the
45 corrector or extirper of vermine, as Rats, Mice, and other waspish animalls, thou art here indited by thy deare Master

¹⁾ *Marmaduke*

¹⁾ *Enter Gray, Arguile, Clifton.*

Marmaduke Joshua, for breaking of the high-day ; what sayst thou for thy selfe ? guilty or not guilty ? hah.

Gr. Would she could mew, *non* guilty.

50 *Jos.* Know'st thou not, thou silly Cat, that thy brethren will not kill the Calfe nor rost the Mutton nor boyle their flesh Pots on the high-day ? was it not decree'd by our learned brother *Abolt Cabbage*, Cobler of *Amsterdam*, that they should be held uncleane, and not worthy of the meanes that did it ; and did not expect
55 *Cratchet Coole*¹⁾ his proud flesh in the *Leene** for making insurrection on the high-day ?

Clif. A point well watred.

Jos. Did not *Nadab* the *Sowe-gelder* make a gaunt of his gelt for being cumbersome on the high-day ?* Ha, thy silence argues
60 guilt ; hast thou not seene the whole conventicle of brothers, and sisters walke to *St. Anns*, and not so much as a fructifying *Kisse* on the high —

Gr. It seemes the elect *Kisse* weekely.

Jos. And must thou kill a Mouse ? oh, thou wicked Cat ;
65 could'st not turne up the white of the eie for the poore creature ? thou gluttonous Cat, thou art now arraigned, I adjudge thee to be hanged this munday, for killing a Mouse yesterday beeing the high-day. *Offers to hang her.*

Gr. Stay, stay, a pardon, a pardon !

70 *Jos.* I am hot in my zeale, and fiery in expedition,

Clif. Wee'le talke with you hereafter.

Jos. I was executing a point of justice, equity, and conscience.

Gr. A pleasant Tragedy, the Cat being scap't.

What Trumpets this ?

(Enter 3.) *Enter Crosse.*

Cros. Montlucke, Bishop of *Valens*,

Newly anchor'd in the haven of *Inskeith*,

Desires save convoy by your honours forces,

From the red *Brayes* to *Edenborough Castle* ;

5 The rest on enterview he will impart.

²⁾ Such entertainment, as the warre affourds,

The

¹⁾ *Cratche to coole* ? ²⁾ Das sagt wohl *Grey*.

The Drum, the Fiffe, the thundering Cannon,
 The shrill Trumpets, and all ¹⁾ war like Cymballs,
 Such Musique as in warrs Souldiers measure
 10 Bestow on him ; come he in warr or peace
 He shalbe welcome !

Jo. Oh that prophane surplesse, ho, ho, ho.

Enter Monlucke ; attendant saluts.

Mon. Mary, King Dolphins wife, Dowager of France*,
 And heire apparant to the *Scottish* Crowne,
 15 Hearing of devastations in her Lands,
 And the oppressions that her neighbour Princessse
 With rough hostility grindes her people,
 Me, her Legat, she sends to *Edenburgh*,
 To parley with her mother, the Queene Regent,
 20 And Article A peace twixt her deare sister,
 The Queene of *England**, and the Lords of *Scotland*,
 If our conditions may be made with honour ;
 This is my message.

Gr. Eyther for peace or warre.

The Queene my Mistris now is arm'd for both ;
 25 For like a vertuous Princessse, and a Mother
 O're us her loving subjects, and her sons,
 She, knowing a Kings security rests
 In the true love, and welfare of her people,
 Rais'd this hostility for to guard her selfe,
 30 Not to offend, but to defend her owne ;
 Her Secretary *Sicill* now attends
 On the like Embassy for *Edenburgh*,
 Whither your selfe shall safely be convoy'de.

Mon. You are an honourable foe.

Gr. Will the Queene

35 Lay by her nicety, rough fil'd phrase,
 And not articulate too much with *England* ?
 For by the power of warr e're two suns rise
 Weele mount the walls of *Leith*, and sacrifice

Her

¹⁾ and all

Her guilded Towres, and her *French* insulters
 40 In flames of fire ; we vow to hazard lives,
 And honours in the enterprize. *Exeunt Omnes.*

(Scene 4.)¹⁾ *Enter Anne, with a Torch, Vrsula ; Bateman, wailing his Picture.*

An. Softly, softly ; fie on your creaking shooes, what noise they make ; shut the Dores close, it does not here us a jot ; looke well to the Darneicke Hangings, that it play not the Court Page with us.

5 *Vrs.* Heer's not so much as a shaddow to affright us ; for mine owne part neyther *Incubus* nor *Sucubus* can do't ; I feare not what a quicke thing can doe, and I thinke y'ore²⁾ dead things are too quiet to say any harme.

An. Yet all is cleare, no frightfull vision
 10 Nor Ghostly apparition hauntes me yet ;
 Yonders thy³⁾ father ; good powres, assist me,
 That I may gaine his patience to heare me,
 And I am hartily satisfied.

O. Ba. Pigmalion doated on the peece he made,
 15 So doe not I upon thy pourtraiture.
 I doe but hang thy faire resemblance here
 To tell me of my immortality.
 How sensible young Cedars are o'th winde,
 When as the aged Oake affronts all stormes,
 20 'Tis death, and natures fault, for the Diamond
 Of blooming youth despise decaying age,
 He might have tane thee⁴⁾ el'ee, and left thee, boy.

An. Whom talks he too? my life, Coz, he has a ghost too!
 Yet I see nothing.

25 *Ba.* How now, *Hyena* ; why camst thou hyther ?
 Com'st thou againe to gybe my miseries ?
 Has thy maligneing harted father sent thee
 To scoffe my sorowes ? keepe of, I charge thee !
 Thou did'st bewitch my poore boy with a Kisse ;
 30 Thy breath is sure infectious, and I feare

Their's

¹⁾ Scene : Clifton, in Old Batemans Hause. ²⁾ your ³⁾ the ⁴⁾ mee

Their's something in thee smells of sorcery.
Stand at distance !

An. Good sir, use patience,
That in extremity is soveraigne Balme ;
Teares, be my witnes, I come to comfort you ;
35 Yet I see nothing.

Ba. Teares ? 'tis impossible !
Marble will drop, and melt against the raine,
And from the cragy Rocks, Fountainous Flouds
Oft get inforced issues ; but to gaine
Relenting teares from thy obdurate harte
40 'Tis impossible ¹⁾ as to force Fire from snow,
Water from flint, say the Sun shall not shine,
As well upon the begger as the King,
That is alike indifferent to all.

Vrs. Good sir, remember,
45 Forgiveness is an Atribute to Heaven.
She has a hartly sorrow for her sinnes,
And comes to make attonement, if you please.

An. Still I nothing any where. ²⁾

Ba. Pray, listen !
Would not that Physitian be well hang'd
50 That for his practise sake Kille his patient,
And after pleades a sorrow to his freinds ?
She weepes, an evidence of a hartly sorrow,
My boy would not have seene her weepe thus long,
But hee'd have minister'd comfort ! my teares
55 Playes the theife with mine eies too.

An. Yet all is safe ; sure it was but my dreames ;
Sir, you had a son ; blesse me, 'tis here now, *Enter Ghost.*
In the same figure that it us'd to be.
Peace is more deare, and pretious unto me
60 Then a nights rest to a men turmoil'd in Law.
My eies set heere un-moud, i'le gaze with thee,
Vntill the windowes of my head drop out.
But then my minde wilbe afflicted too,
For what is unseene there, is visible here.

Lead

¹⁾ Tis as impossible ²⁾ Still I see nothing any where.

Lead ¹⁾ me, i'le follow, though to a desart,
Or any uncouth place ; worke the vengeance
And doe not torture me alive ; neyther,—

Gho. All things keepe their time !

An. Let all times daughters, which are daies, convert
75 To one day, and bring me to my period !

Ba. Whom converses she withall ?

Vrs. To her unseene fancies.

An. See, with eies of wonder ! see !

Ba. What should I see ?

An. Aske you what ? why, 'tis your son,
Just as he di'd looke, looke, there, here, there.

75 *Ba.* Is this thy sorow, com'st thou to mocke me ?

An. Just heavens, not I ! see, how it smiles on you,
On me it hurles a dejected looke. *Takes the Picture.*

Ba. Because I hang his Picture ne're my bed,
Com'st thou to laugh me ! out, out ! fond-ling, noe !

80 See, thus I gaze on it ; stroke his snowy hands,
And prune the curled tresses of his locks,
Which the Arts-man neatly has dishevell'd.

Vrs. Good sir ; have patience, her's is true sorow,
And not derision.

Stands betweene the Picture, & Ghost.

An. Another *Ganimede* !

85 This eye, and yon'd are one ! this front, that lip ;
This cheeke, a litle ruddier shoves then that,
The very ashie palenes of his face,
The mossie downe still growing on his chin,
And so his Alabaster ²⁾ finger pointing

90 To the bracelet, whereon the peece of gold
We broke betweene us hangs.

Ba. Certes shee's madd.

An. Pray, come hither !

You shade this Picture from the pearsant Sun,
And curtaine it, to keepe it from the dust ;

95 Why are you not as chary then of that ?
It lookes as it were could ; alas, poore Picture ;

Ba.

¹⁾ Leade BC ²⁾ Alabaster

Ba. Hee'rs but one Picture !

An. I say, theirs two,

You will not see this for to save a Curtaine ;
 His knotty curles, like to *Apollo's* tramells
 100 Neatly are display'd ; I'le sweare the Painter
 That made this peece, had the other by it.
 Why doe you not speake too it ? 'tis your son ;
 May be, he's tongue-tide, and cannot crave blessing ;

Ba. I could tell thee, I nail'd him to the Earth,
 105 Riveted a stake quite through his bosome,
 And bid thee goe seeke him, but I love not
 To mocke miseries ; i'le take this Picture hence,
 It troubles your sight.

An. And you'd remove that, I'de thanke you ;

110 *Ba.* 'Tis thy fore'd fancies, and thy guilt together
 persuades thee so ; pray thee, be a woman ;
 Whom thou can'st to comfort, comforts thee
 Though I intended to have hurl'd at thee
 Stings of dishonour, ignominies, reproaches,
 115 And all the stocke of calumnies, and scorne,
 Which thou art guilty off ; now my pity
 Converts them into sorrow for thy sorrowes ;

Vrs. A blessing crowne you for it.

An. And can their be a hope you will forgive me ?

Exit Ghost.

120 *Ba.* Heartily I doe —

An. See, its gone now,
 As if it vex'd to see your clemency.

Ba. Distemper not your selfe at fancies ;
 Your time hastens to maturity,
 Y'are very big, and may endanger your fruite,
 125 If you give way to passions.

An. T'will be abortiue,
 As are my actions ; I shall not live
 To take felicity in it ! see, i'ts here againe !

Enter

Enter Ghost, and Exit.

Gho. All things keepe their time.

Ba. Come, goe with me.

I'll give thee comfortable cordials

130 That shall remove these objects from thine eies,

Expelling all disastrous accidents,

And plaine thy thoughts as smooth as innocence,

Which when thou hear'st, then in rapture boast,

Thou dread'st no visions, fury, feind nor Ghost. *Exeunt Omnes.*

135 *An.* Be you my counsellour, and father too,

Vrs. Whom I admire for noble honesty.

Actus Quartus, Scena prima ¹⁾.

*Enter Clifton, Grey, Arguile, Joshua, Miles,
Ball, Souldiers.*

Gr. What day is this? .

Clif. Tues-day, the seaventh of May.

Gr. This day shall in our *English* Calender stand

Eyther to our dishonour, or great fames,

When Chronicles in after ages tell

5 The seventh of May we seal'd the walls of *Leith*,

We have begun, dreadlesse of death, and dangers,

And like to loyall subjects held the rights

Of our deere Mistris Queene *Elizabeth*.

When Captaine *Randall* gives the Alarum,

10 Assault, assault! each man salute his freind,

Take solemne farewell till this seige have end.

Omnes. Assault, assault!

Gr. Holdes every man his charge as we ordred?

Clif. I guess so, my Lord;

Howard with his Launce-tieres quarters

15 T'wixt Mount *Pelham*, and the Sea by VVest.

Stout

¹⁾ Vor Leith.

Stout *Hary Percy** with his barbed steedes
 Neighing for action guardes the Tents by East ;
Arguile, with shot marches for the Hill *Brey* ;
 Sir *Francis Leeke* keepes the water-ports ;
 20 I the Greene Bul-warke opposite to *Doysells*
 With tough hardy *Nottingham* shire boyes,
 Wee'le fall before we fly, by my *Hollidam* !
Gr. P'le man this bul-warke 'gainst proud *Mortigue*.
 Harke, the Allarum, each man unto his place ! *Exeunt Omnes.*

*After squirmishes, Enter Grey, meeting Clifton,
 with Armour.*

25 *Gr.* How goes the day, sir *Jaruis* ?
Clif. Ti's bloody.
 The thunderer on both sides shootes his boult.
 Valour is at the touch-stone of true tryall ;
 The *French* like to so many gods of warre
 Bravely brandish darting fire from steele ;
 30 The valiant *Scot Arguile* commandes the Hill,
 The Towne-plays fiercely ; their came a shot
 Of full two hundreth weight into my Tent.
Doysells has thrice assaulted me, I fac'd him,
 And from his sides, like *Libian Hercules*,
 35 I tore the rough *Nemean Lion's Skin*,
 His Armour of good prooffe which here I beare,
 And will not part from, but with losse of life.
Gr. See ! *Arguile* apeares.¹⁾
Arg. Man the water-ports
 With all the Engines of defensive warre !
 40 Well fought *Vaughan*,* he mans the trenches bravely ;
 Young *Arthur Grey* assaults the stony mures,
 Vp goes the scaling Ladders, now they mount,
 Now *Sommerset*, now *Read*, now *Valiant Brey*,
 Towing like eager *Haukes* who shall get high'st !
 45 Like angery *Lions*, or incenced *Tygers*,
 The *Frenchmen* labour, greedy for the prey ;

Now

¹⁾ *Enter Arguile.*

- Now the hardy Scots, as swift as Roes,
 Climbe the walls, and tosse the *Frenchmen* downe ;
 Now from the mount their thundring Cannons roare,
 50 Whose direfull clangors shake their huge structures,
 And, like an earth-quake, tumble to the Earth,
 Their steeples, Ordinance, Gunners, all at once ;
 Now *Inskeith, Sutton, Newport, Conway, Fitton,*
 As dreadles enter dangers, as their Tents ;
 55 Accursed chance ! the Ladders are too short,
 VVhich gives a treble vantage to the *French*.
 Now the foe triumphes, now our white coates fall,
 Now groanes the mother, now the virgin sighs ;
 Death wilbe master, neyther party winns ;
 60 Now flies the *English* ; now the *French* follow,
 And now their horse-men fling about the sands ;
Howard counterbuffs their canvasadoes ;
 Like chaffed Bulls, or foaming *Bores* they strive
 For mastery ; the *Frenchmen* flie the Towne,
 65 And seeke for shelter. Now men your Trenches !
 Count *Mortigue* and *Doysells* from the Towne
 Make expedition ! now sings the god of warre
 His direfull Antheames ; now fight, or never !
 We now are free-men or elce bond-men ever.

Alarum. Enter Doysells, Mortigue, Souldiers.

- 70 *Doy.* Thou bears'st my armour, *Clifton*.
Clif. My *Hollidam*,
 Thanke me, *Doysells*, I did not take thy head.
Mor. I came to seeke thee, *Grey*.
Gr. The Towne, I see, was too hot to hold thee,
 Elce thou'st have nesl'd in thy pent-house still.
 75 *Clif.* Wee'le not articulate. *Alarums; Monluck, Crosse,*
Mon. Th'effuse of bloud is great, *betweene the Armies.*
 VVhich had bene better never spent, then ill ;
 You of our party, by our commission,
 VVe doe command your tariance ; your Lords

Of *England* and of *Scotland* we entreat

80 A litle patience till your *Heralds* speake.

Cros. *William Cecill*, the *Queenes* Secretary,

Wotton, Deane of *Canterbury*, and *Yorke*,

With Sir *Ralph Sadler* joynt commissioners,

Commands thee, *John Lord Grey of Wilton*,

85 Now Generall of her Majesties forces,

To make immidiate repaire of *Edenburgh*,

And present lay by all hostility,

From this houre untill seven a Clocke at night.

Mon. The like on your allegiance to *Mary, Dowager of France*,*
90 and *Queene of Scots*, we doe commend ¹⁾).

Mor. We obey, and instantly will give order.

Ger. ²⁾ The like doe you, sir *Jarvis*,

Clif. Now we have beaten them out of the Towne, they come
To composition.

95 *Ger.* ²⁾ Give order through our Trenches, Tents, Bul-warks,

That not a peece of great nor smaller shot

Prove preiudiciall to the *French*, untill from us

You have commission ; my Lord of *Valens*,

I'le waite on you to the commissioners ;

100 If we have peace, 'tis welcome, and if warre,

We are for eyther object, both we darre.

Exeunt Mon., Grey.

Clif. My *Hollidam*,

What a new monster *England* has begot,

We cannot fight because we want commission !

105 *Mortigue, Doysells*, by my just *Hollidam*,

It greives me that we must not fight it out.

Come, let's shake hands, 'till seven at night all freinds

After such greetings, as on warr depends.

Doy. VVe dread not chances.

Exeunt Omnes.

(Scene 2.)³⁾ *A bed covered with white. Enter Prattle, Magpy, Long-tongue, Barren with a Child, Anne in bed.*

Pra. Lord, Lord, what pretty impes ; you are in your majorities !

Mag.

¹⁾ command ²⁾ *Gr.* ³⁾ Scene : Clifton, bei Old Boote zu Hause.

Mag. Is it a man-child, Mother *Pratle* ?

Pra. No, in-sooth gossip *Mag-py*, it is one of us; heavens blesse thee, babie, and a well appointed jmpe ¹⁾ it is.

5 *Lon.* See, how it smiles.

Barr. That's a signe of anger, t'will be a shrow, I lay my life.

Pra. No, no, Mistris *Barren*, an Infant ²⁾ smileing, and a Lambes bleateing is a signe of fertility, it is so in *Artimedorus*; you frown'd when you were borne, and thats the reason you
10 are so sterill; *Artimedorus* saith so in his fourth booke.

Mag. VVhat pretty dimples it has !

Long. Fathers none nyes.

Pra. None nose.

Barr. Smooth for-head !

15 *Mag.* Cherry lip !

Pra. Had it bene man-child, their had bene three evident signes of an whoremaster; a Roman Nose, Cherry Lip, and a bald Pate, for so *Artimedorus* in his Problems.

Mag. VVell, well, whosoever got it, 'tis as like none father
20 as an Apple to a Nut, insooth, Gossip *Pratle*, it is.

Long. It smiles still ! sure it was begot in a merry houre.

Barr. Then I was got in a merry vaine; for prais'd be to memory my Mother said I hung the lip at my nativity.

Mag. Lord, Mother *Pratle*, doe the Modernes report soe ?

25 *Pra.* I surely, Gossip *Mag-py*, and it is a great signe of frugality if the Starrs, and Planets be concordant, for saith *Artimedorus*, if it be borne under *Venus*, it will be faire as you are, if under *Sol*, Rich as you are, and if under *Mercurie* —

Mag. Good Mother *Pratle*, what is that god *Mercury*? is it
30 he that makes the white *Mercury* waters, Ladies seoure their faces withall ?

Pra. I surely, Gossip, and stop their wrinckles with too; and saith *Artimedorus*, in his third booke of his Modernes, if borne under *Castor*, and *Pollux*, store of children.

35 *Mag.* *Caster*, and *Bollux* ?

Pra. You speake broad, Gossip, 'tis *Pollux*.

Mag.

1) impe BC 2) Infants

Mag. Why, *Bollux* be it then; surely, *Barren* was not borne under *Bollux*, for she has bene married this seven yeares, and never had childe,

40 *Bar.* By your favour, Gossip *Mag-py*, you were borne under *Caster*, and *Bollux* then, for you had two children before you were married.

Enter Vrsula.

Pra. Insooth, Gossip, she has given you a veny; Good lacke, mistris *Vrsula*, where have you negotiated Your selfe? you
45 should have bene present, and have Negotiated your selfe about the Maxims, and principles Of child-bearing; what? you had a Mother?

Vrs. And a Father too, Mother mid-night.

Pra. No matter for the father; we talke of the surer
50 side, you may be sure to know your mother, when your mother hardly knowes your father; 'tis a very facetious point, as *Artimedorus* in his booke of dreames sets it downe.

Enter Boote.

Vrs. Here comes my Vncle.

Pra. Off with your hat, sir, you come not here without
55 reverence; see, if the little infidell smile not on him; busse it, busse it.

Bo. Heavens blesse the babe! what wares beare my Little infidell?

Pra. Blesse the baby, it has sufficient if it live to be
60 of the sages.

Bo. I meane, carries it an *English* Pen, an Inke-horne Or a dutch tankerd?

Pra. Blesse the baby — it has — ey, marry, has it!

Bo. Is it a boy, has it a purse, and two pence in't?

65 *Pra.* Blesse the baby, it has a purse, and no money in't yet, but it may have, and it please the destinies.

Bo. A purse, and no money; by *St. Antony*, I thought the groome went drunke to bed, he stole too't so early —

Pra. Looke, how it smiles.

Bo.

Bo. Admit me to the mother ;

Vrs. Shee's now awake, sir.

Bo. I give my thanks to heaven, daughter *Nan*,

Whose providence hath made thee a mother ;

Rejoyce thou in the first fruites of thy wombe ;

75 If any sad distempers trouble thy minde

Sing lullabies unto this pretty babe,

And they will vanish ; this must be now thy comfort ;

An. Just heaven ; I might have taken comfort

In this pretty babe ; now it is too late ;

80 Leave me your blessing, Sir, and depart hence,

Bo. You have some private occasions, i'me not to question :
Neece, bring the groaning cheece ¹⁾, and all requisites ; I must
supply the fathers place, and bid god-fathers. *Exit.*

An. Good women, whose helps I had but now,

85 'Tis almost now of that necessity

It was before : I pray, be vigilant,

For if you slumber, or shut your eie-lids,

You never shall behold my living corps.

Pra. Blesse us, daughter, say not so ! I hope you will not
90 part in a trance, nor steale away in a qualme ; come, come,
what should be your reason ?

An. Nothing but a dreame.

Pra. An't be a dreame, let me come too it ; was it a
sorrowfull dreame ? *Artimedorus* saith, there be divers
95 kinde of meates engender dreames ; as *Beanes*, long *Peason*,
Lentills, *Cole-worts*, *Garlicke*, *Onions*, and the like ; *Leekes*, *Ches-*
Nuts, and other opening Rootes, as *Rad-dish*, *Carrets*, *Skirrets*,
Parsenips ; now there is some flesh is provocative too ; as the
Hart, the *Bore*, the ould *Hare*, and *Beefe* ; and then of
100 fowles, as the *Crane*, *Ducke*, *Drake*, *Goose*, and *Bustard* ; if you
tasted any of these they will engender dreames.

An. Pray marke me, and let my words be written

Within your minds, as in a manuscript,

That when it proves so, you may say I told it.

105 *Lon.* Peace, and heare her dreame.

An.

¹⁾ groaning-chair

An. Me thought I walk'd a long the verdant banks
 Of fertile Trent, at an un-usuall time,
 The winter-quarter ; when *Herbes*, and *Flowers*,
 Natures choisest braveries, are dead.

110 When every sape-lesse ¹⁾ Tree fades ²⁾ at the roote ;
 Yet then, though contrary to nature,
 Vpon those banks where foaming surges beate
 I gatherd *Flowers*, *Roses* red, and *Damaske*,
 Love *Pauncies*, *Pincks*, and gentle *Daffodils*,

115 That seldome buds before the Spring time comes,
Daysies ³⁾, *Cowslopps* ⁴⁾, *Harebells*, *Marigoulds*,
 But not one bending *Violet* to be seene.
 My apron full I thought to passe away,
 And make a Garland of these fragrancies ;

120 Just as I turn'd, I spide a lovely person,
 Whose countenance was full of splendancy
 With such embellishings, as I may imagine
 Better than name them ; it bad me follow it,
 Then me thought, it went upon the water,

125 As firmly as on land ; I covetous
 To parley with so sweet a frontis-peece
 Leap'd into th'water, and so drownd ⁵⁾ my selfe.
 Pray, watch me well this night ; for if you sleepe,
 I shall goe gather *Flowers*, and then you'l ⁶⁾ weepe.

130 *Vrs.* 'Twas a strange dreame !

Pra. But a very true one ; looke you, *Artimedorus* in his
 third booke of his *Moderns* saith, to dreame of *Flowers* is
 very good to a woman in child-bed ; it argues she shall soone
 enjoy her husbaud ; to walke on the Seas specifies to a man,
 135 delight, but to a woman dissolute life, for the Sea is like
 a harlot, a glycery face, and a broken heart. Come, come, doe
 you sleepe? wee'le watch ; by this good drinke ; Gossip *Mag-
 py*, I was almost dry.

An. Lay the babe by me that I may Kisse it ;

140 *Pra.* So, so, she sleepe, come sit round, and lets have a
 Carrouse to the litle infidell.

Vrs. I marry sir, this is a silent houre, their teeth will
 not

¹⁾ saplesse BC ²⁾ fad's BC ³⁾ Daisies BC ⁴⁾ cowlips ⁵⁾ dround BC ⁶⁾ youle BC

not let their tongues wag. VVell drunck, Mother mid-night,
now will she swear by this VVine, till she soake ¹⁾ the Pot, were
145 it a fathome deepe.

Pra. By this good liquor, it is so.

Vrs. Here's sweet swearing, and deepe vowes ; she goes to'th
bottome at every oath.

Mag. And I'faith, Gossip *Long-tongue*, when peepes ²⁾ the *Onion*
150 out o'th parsley-bed, when shall come to your feast ?

Lon. Truely, Gossip *Mag-py*, when *Caster*, and *Bollux* raignes.

Vrs. Sweete Mother *Prattle*, what be those *Castor*, and *Bollux* ?

Pra. Twinns, daughter, that rule most, the signe being
in *Virgo* ; looke you, Gossip *Barren*, could you once dreame of
155 sore eies you should be sure of children.

Barr. Good sooth, Mother *Prattle*, the first time I dream'd,
I was with child, I got a husband presently.

Pra. By this dyet-bread, *Artimedorus* saith so ; marke,
Mistris *Vrsula*, to dreame to have Lyce, eyther in head or
160 body, in some quantity signifies a proper man well ap-
pointed ; and, by this drinke, I dream'd my husband when
he came first a woing, came i'th liknes of a Kentish
twindle Pippen ; that is just, as if two stones grew to-
gether ; no sooner was I married, but I had two sonnes pre-
165 sently, just as *Artimedorus* saith, by this diet-bread.

Vrs. They have sworne all the VVine, and Banquet away.

Barr. I know not what your twindles are, but i'me sure
I tender *Castor*, and *Bollux* as dearely as any of you ; I cannot
dreame, heigho —

170 *Pra.* You begin to be sleepy ; I can prescribe you a medi-
cine of *Poppy*, *Mandragora*, and other drowsy Syrops ³⁾ ; heida,
all a sleepe ? if my charge sleepes, let me rest, for by
this drinke i'me heavy too — *All sleepes.*

Vrs. The'ir all asleepe, I have a heavy slough
175 Come o're my eie-lids ; *Some dorr* ⁴⁾ hath strucke me*,
I cannot wake, and must give way to rest.

Sleepe.

4) soke BC 2) pe'pes BC 3) Sirrop BC 4) Somisdore BC

Gh. Deaths eldest daughter, sleepe, with silencies
Has charm'd yond beldams, no jarring clocke
Nor murmuring winde dares oppose just fate.

180 Awake, fond mortall, ne're to sleepe againe ;
Now is the time I come to claime my promise,
Alive or dead, I must, and will enjoy thee.

An. Blesse me, I was in my dreame againe ; ha !
Mothers, Cozens, Mid-wife, all drown'd in sleepe ?
185 Then my decreed houre is here set downe,
I must away ?

Gh. With expedition ;
The Ferry-man attends thee at the verge
Of *Cocitus*, and sooty *Acheron*,
And he shall waft thee into *Tartary*,
190 Where perjury, and false-hood finds reward ;
There shalt thou reade thy history of faults,
And mong'st the furies finde just recompence ;
I'll bring thee over Turrets, Towres, and Steeples,
O're shady Groves, brineish Mears, and Brookes,
195 The flattring Sea to me is navigable,
O're steepy Mountaines, and the craggy Rocks,
Whose heights Kisse Starres, and stop the flying Clouds,
Wee'le through as swift as *Swallowes* in recourse.
The Chauntecleere summons my retreat,
200 Singing ¹⁾ a period to my pilgrimage ;
From nipping frosts, and penetrating blastes,
Could snowes, blacke thawes, and misty killing deawes,
I'll lead thee to the ever-flaming Furnace,
That like a Feaver fed by opposite meates,
205 Engenders, and consumes it selfe with heate.
I'll peirce the Aire as with a thunder bolt,
And make thy passage free ; make speede, away !
Thy broken contract now thou goest to pay.

Enter

¹⁾ Signing BC

Enter. ¹⁾ *Shee leaving her bed.*

An. Oh helpe, succour : helpe ! wives, cozens, Mid-wives,
210 Good Angels guard me ! I goe, but cannot tell,
Wether my journey be, to Heaven or hell.

Vrs. I have slept this houre, how d'yee, cozen ? ha ? cozen,
here!²⁾ ay me, where ? alas, no where ! ay me, she's gon, she's gon !

Pra. Heigho, what's the matter, Mistris *Vrsula* !

215 *Vrs.* Alas ! my cozen, she's gon, she's gon !

Mar. Mary, *Jove* forbid.

Long. I did not like her dreame.

Barr. Nor I, I promise you.

Pra. Dispatch every one severall waies, some to th' feilds,
220 some to'th water-side ! las, 'tis but a fit, twill be over pre
sently — away, away severally !

Exeunt, and enter Boote.

Bo. What meanes this noise ! how comes my doores open at
this time o'th night ? I hope my daughters well,

Vrs. Oh sir, shee is —

225 *Bo.* Not dead I hope.

Vrs. I know not that neyther ; but whilst we
After long watching tooke a litle rest
She's stolne out of her bed, and fled away,
The doores quite open, and the infant here.

Enter Women bringing Anne.

230 *Bo.* Heaven blesse her ! I am strucke dead with grieve.

She has beene subject to distemper'd passions ;
Jove grant, she works no harme upon her selfe ;
Me thinkes she should not for the infants sake ;
Poore babe, it smiles, it lacks no mother yet.

235 Till it misse the brest, she cannot be farre
But they may find her out ; their's a great Snow

Fal'ne

¹⁾ *Exit.* ²⁾ heare !

Fal'ne this night, and by her foote stepps they may
Easily trace her, where she is.

Vrs. Oh misery !

Behold the saddest spectacle of woe,
240 That ever mortall eies tooke notice of. ¹⁾

Pra. We trac'd her through the Snow, step, by step,
Vntill we came unto the River side,
Where like a cunning *Hare* she had indended ²⁾
To cozen her persuers, and cozen'd herselfe ;
245 For dround we found her on the River side
Nigh Collicke Ferry.

Bo. Oh my poore girle !

Enter Bateman with his Picture.

Ba. Oh my poore boy !

Bo. How happy had I beene if she had liv'd !

250 *Ba.* How happy had I beene if he had liv'd !

Bo. Whoes that which eechoes me, playing the wanton
With my miseries ?

Ba. I come to see how sorrow does become thee ;
Doo'st thou remember that ?

255 *Bo.* VVhat mak'st thou here ? is there no other wracke,
To worke my miseries higher, but thy selfe,
And art thou come for that ? oh my poore girle !

Ba. Monster, behold my poore boyes Picture ;
Thou would'st not shed a teare, nor lend a sigh,

260 Poore emblem of a penitentiall heart,
When in these armes I hug'd my dead boyes corpes ;
Now monster, who i'st will weepe or sigh ³⁾ for thine ?

Bo. Monster, thou troublest me.

Ba. Murderer, I will.

See what the fruites of wealth have brought thee now,
265 An euerlasting scandall of thy name ;
A conscience full of horror, and black deedes ;
Natures externall superfluities,
Her white, and red Earth, rubbidg, drosse, and oare,

Which

1) off. BC 2) intended 3) figh C

Which she but lent thee to keepe Marts withall,
 270 Thou hast converted to most grosse abuses,
 Thou wouldst not else have scorn'd my poore boyes love,
 To match with wealthy *German* ; see thy fruits,
 Thy basis ¹⁾, and foundations now are suncke,
 And looke, there lyes the ruines of thy workes.

275 *Bo.* Oh misery ! my hart-strings cracke with grieffe,
 Yet will not burst, oh say, hast thou yet done ?

Ba. Noe, I will make thee sensible of thy illls ²⁾,
 First thou art causer of thy daughters death,
 For thou enfore'd her to the breach of faith ;
 280 Next my sonns ruin, whom paricide ³⁾ like,
 Thou laugd'st at in his fatall tragedy ;
 VVhom ⁴⁾ but a villaine that abjures all lawes,
 That breakes all precepts, both of heave'ns, and mans,
 And natures too, could have done this ? should I,

285 Like one that dares affront divinity,
 Laugh at thy daughters fall ?

Bo. Hast thou done yet ?
 I doe beseech thee for this infants sake,
 VVhich sets a smiling brow on miseries
 And, even by instinct, prayes the ⁵⁾ to forgive,
 290 Commiserate my woes ; it greives me now
 I did derid ⁶⁾ thy miseries ; be but content
 I'le weepe till thou shalt say, it is enough,
 So that we may be friends.

Ba. I cannot chuse
 But beare a burden in calamities ;
 295 Our angers have like tapers spent themselves,
 And onely lighted others, and not us ;
 Striving like great men for supremacy,
 VVe haue confounded one anothers goodnes ;
 Come, we will be freinds, i'le dig a solemne ⁷⁾ cell.
 300 VVhich shall be hung with sables round about,
 VVhere we will sit, and write the tragedy
 Of our poore children ; i'le ha'it so set downe
 As not one eye that vewes it, but shall weepe,

Not

¹⁾ bazes — ²⁾ illls, — ³⁾ parac'd like, BC ⁴⁾ Who ⁵⁾ thee BC ⁶⁾ deride
⁷⁾ solemne BC

Not any ear but sadly shall relent ;
 305 For never was a story of more ruth,
 Then this of him, and her, yet nought but truth. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.¹⁾

*Enter Arguile, Clifton, Monlucke, Jo., Ball, Miles,
 Souldiers, Mortigue, Doysells, Souldiers
 on the Walls.*

Clif. After the hand of warre has raz'd your walls,
 Affrighting peace from your *Ivory* beds,
 And like the reaper with his angry sickle
 Leaves the Earth full of soares, and wounds,
 5 Yet after plasters her with her owne crop,
 So come we after warres bloody ²⁾ turmoiles
 To bring you peace, which had you sued before,
 Thousands that now ly boweld in the earth
 Had liv'd to memory what we have done.
 10 Set ope your gates, & with spred armes embrace her
 For which as followes yee have articulated,
Mon. Which we, *Monluck*, Bishop of *Valence*,
Labrosse, *Amyens* joynt commissioners
 For the most christian *King*, and *Queene*,
 15 *Francis*, and *Mary* of *France*, and *Scotland*,
 Have Confirm'd.

Mor. Doy. Which we, as duty bindes, must obey.

Clif. The Articles thus follow, The most mighty Prin-
 cesse *Elizabeth*, by the grace of God, of *England*, *France*,
 20 and *Ireland* *Queene*, defendor of the faith, &c and the
 most Christian *King Francis*, and *Mary*, by the same grace
King, and *Queene* of *France*, and *Scotland*, have bore
 Record upon a reconciliation of peace, and amity to be
 inviolably kept betweene them, their subjects, Kingdomes,
 25 and confines; and therefore in their names it is straitly com-
 manded to all manner of persons, borne under their obey-
 sances,

1) Vor Leith. 2) warre, bloody BC

sances, or being in their services, to lay by all hostility eyther
 by Sea or Land, and to keepe good peace eyther with other
 from this time forwards, as they will answer therto, at their
 30 utmost perils ; long live *Elizabeth, Francis, and Mary !*

Omn. Long live *Elizabeth, &c.*

Mor. We much desire to heare the Articles,
 On which this peace stands fully ratifi'd.

Clif. They are thirteene in number ;

35 The principall, and of most effect, are these,
 That the *French* Souldiers, and all men of warre
 Leave the Realme of *Scotland* in twenty daies,
 Six score Souldiers onely are excepted,
 Three score of them to remaine at *Inskeith,*

40 And three score, at the Castle of *Dun-barr,*
 Their wages to be paid from the estates
 of *Scotland,* and to live lawfull subjects
 To the Lawes, and ordinances of that Realme ;
 All fortifications in, or about *Leith*

45 Which by the *French* was built shalbe defaced ;
 That France conveigh not any man of warre
 Nor ammunition into this Land,
 Without a free consent in Parliament
 Of the three estates of these great Kingdomes.

50 That *Francis, and Mary, King, and Queene of France,*
 From henceforth beare not the Armes of *England*
 Which solely appertaine to our dread Mistris,
 The *Queene of England,* and to no other.
 These as you hope for peace, you must observe.

55 *Mor.* We subjects are the hands, Kings are the heads,
 And what the head commands, the hands must act ;
 Our barrocadoed ¹⁾ portalls shall flie ope,
 And yeild entrance ; if war-like *Clifton* please,
 As we have fought together, so wee'le feast ;

60 Such viands as a raized Towne can yeild
 You shall receive ; noble sir *Francis Leake*
 Hath in this manner proclam'd this peace
 On the North-side whom we will gratulate

With

¹⁾ barricadoed

With tearmes of honour ; will it please you enter ?

- 65 *Clif.* By my *Hollidam*, we accept your offer ;
Lay by your armes ; still after frayes come feasts,
To which we Souldiers are the welcom'st guests ;
Vnbrace our drums, instead of warr's Allarmes, *Exeunt Omnes*
Wee'le meete, like constant lovers, arme in armes. (*nisi Crosse, Bal*)
70 *Bal.* See, *Joshua* is enter'd ; one cup of briske Orleance
Makes him i'th temper he was when he leap'd into *Leene*.

Cros. Will he be drunke ?

Bal. Most swine-like, and then by the vertue of his
good liquor hee's able to convert any Brownisticall sister.

- 75 *Cros.* An excellent quality !
Bal. Nay, in that moode, you shall have him, instead
of presenting *Pyramus*, and *Thisbe*, personate *Cato Censorious*
and his three sons ; onely in one thing he's out, one of *Cato's*
sons hang'd himselfe, and that he refer's to a dumbe show ;

- 80 *Cros.* Me thinks he should hang himselfe for the jest sake.

Bal. As he did his Cat for killing a Mouse on Sunday ;
see ! he has top'd the cannikin already ; now will he sing
treason familiarly ; being sober, aske him why he did it,
in sincerity, it was not he, it was his drinke.

Enter Joshua, reeling with Jacks.

- 85 *Jos.* As it is in the painted cloath, in sincerity ; good
liquor quickens the spirit.

When from the warrs I doe returne,

And at a cup of good Ale mourne :

I'le tell how Townes without fire we did burne,

- 90 *and is not that a wonder ?*

Bal. That's more then the painted cloath !

Jos. I'le tell how that my *Generall*,

Enter'd the breach, and scal'd the wall,

And made the formost battery of all,

- 95 *and it ¹⁾ not that a wonder ?*

Cros.

¹⁾ is

Cros. Admirable!

Jos. How that we went to take a Fort,
And tooke it too in warr-like sort;
I'le sweare that a ly is a true report,
and is not that a wonder?

100

Cros. Ther's wonder in that, *Jo*!
How that we Souldiers had true pay,
And cloath, and vit'les every day,
And never a Captaine ran away,
and is not that a wonder?

105

Bal. Nay, and but sixe daies to'th weeke.

Jos. Is there any man here desires to edyfie? I am in
the humour of converting; I was converted in my drinke,
and so are most of my brethren; I'le stand while I am
110 able, and then will goe sleepe on it. *Exit Jos.*

Bal. Hee's gone both waies; see the *French* Lords, & our's enter.

*Musique; Enter Lord Grey, Clifton, Arguile, attendants,
Monlucke, Mortigue, Doysells, all embrace.*

Mon. On honorable tearmes we now embrace.

Gr. If what we artiel'd be full perform'd.

Clif. They are, my Lord, in each particular,
115 And the *French* ready to depart the Towne;
By my *Hollidam*, they have feasted us,
Not like to foes, but friends; 'tis my wonder,
That a beseiged Towne could yeild such Cates,
I such extremities, and exigents,
120 Full forty severall messes, yet not one,
Eyther of fish or flesh; onely on dish,
Which was the daintiest, (a powder'd horse)
That I tooke notice off.

Gr. Large stomacks, and empty sallet dishes
125 Are the *French-mans* viandes; his banquetings
Cloyes not the stomacke, but gives satiety
A fresh appetite; that makes the body

- Active, and full of generous fires ;
 Full dishes are like potions unto them,
 130 I know not whether nicety or want,
 Clif. By my *Hollidam* ; want, want ;
 Give me the *English* chine, and that feedes men,
 And they that feede well, certainly will fight
 Vnlesse some *Woolfe*, or maw-*Worme* be internate ;
 135 *Arg.* I relish your opinion.
 Gr. Lords of *France*, you may depart at pleasure.
 F. Lo. Prosperity, and peace ever t'wixt *France*, and *England* !
 E. Lo. Amen, saith *England* ; when *France* forgets her pride
 England will honour her,
 140 *Gr.* Come, my coemates in warre,
 Our Souldiers instantly shall march for *Barwicke*,
 The *Duke* of *Norfolke* waites their arrivall.
 Sir *Francis Leake* shall give them safe conduct ;
 You, *Arguile*, *Clifton*, and my selfe,
 145 With expedition are for *Nottingham*,
 To meete our peerlesse princesse *Elizabeth*
 Who in her progresse there will lay her Court.
Arguile shall there receive the hostages
 Due to the federary Lords of *Scotland* ;
 150 Wee'le turne warr's clangors into musik's sweete,
 And like new vested pares in wed-locke meete. *Exeunt Omnes.*

(Scene 2.) ¹⁾ *Enter Miles, and Ball.*

Bal. What, if it were a Puppet-play ?

Mi. Absurd, absurd ! thei'le be out in turning up the
 white of the eies ; besides, ther's none of us can speake i'th nose.

Bal. Yes, *Joshua* ;

- 5 *Mi.* Most abhominable ! wood'st thou have a Puritan speake
 to a Play ; a Puppet Play ! thou ought'st to be burn'd for thy
 hereticall conceit ; why, thou poison'd sowter, wood'st thou have
 a Puritan speake to a Play ? still give me the hobby-Horse.

Bal. But who shall play the hobby-Horse ? Master *Major* ?

- 10 *Mi.* I hope, I looke as like a hobby-Horse as Master *Major* ; I
 have not liv'd to these yeares, but a man woo'd thinke I should
 be

¹⁾ Scene : Clifton.

be old enough, and wise enough, to play the hobby-Horse, aswell as ever a *Major* on'em all ;

Bal. Not so, cholericke *Miles*.

15 *Mi.* Let the *Major* play the hobby-Horse among his bretheren, and he will ; I hope our Towne Ladds cannot want a hobby-Horse ; have I practie'd my Reines, my Carree'res, my Prankers, my Ambles, my false Trotts, my smooth Ambles, and *Canterbury* Paces, and shall Master *Major* put me besides the hobby-
20 Horse ?

Bal. Thou wilt not understand me, *Miles* !

Mi. I am an asse if I doe not ; have I borrow'd the fore Horse-bells, his Plumes, and braveries, nay, had his mane new shorne, and friz'd, and shall the *Major* put me besides
25 the hobby-Horse ? let him hobby-Horse at home, and he will !

Bal. Thou art impatient.

Mi. Woo'd it not make a man impatient ? am I not going to buy ribbons, and toyes of sweet *Vrsula* for the *Marian*, and shall not I play the hobby-Horse ?

30 *Bal.* Why then, let the *Major* speake the Oration ;

Mi. Disgracefull ! am not I able to make a narration to the Prince ? I have plai'd a *Major* in my time with as good dacity as e're a hobby-Horse on'em all ; and the *Major* will prompt me, let him, he shall finde, i'le stand out like a
35 man of *Coventry*.

Bal. What shall *Joshua* doe ?

Mi. Not know of it by any meanes ; hee'l keepe more stir with the hobby-Horse, then he did with the Pipers at *Tedbury Bull-running* ; provide thou for the *Dragon*, and leave
40 me for a hobby-Horse.

Bal. Feare not, i'le be a fiery *Dragon* ¹⁾.

Enter *Vrsula*.

Mil. And I a thund'ring *St. George* as ever rode on horsebacke ; but see, younders sweete *Vrsula*, more white then soote, and blacker then white Snow.

45 *Vrs.* Younder's my *Antagonist* ; a haunts me like a ghost, 'cause

¹⁾ *Exit.*

'cause I us'd to make him the prologue to be merry ; he
 forsooth conceits 'tis love ; sir, reverence ;
 why, *Vrsula*, Neece *Vrsula* ! *Within.*

Vrs. That's my uncle's call, if I staya¹⁾ litle, he'll fetch
 50 me in', which if he does, I may perchance harpe upon a
 conceit to beate this parboil'd gentlemans love out of my
 mealy *Millers* coat. *Sings.*

Miles. *You dainty Dames, so finely dek'd*
In beauties to behold,
 55 *And you that trip it up, and downe*
Like Lambes in Cupids fould,
Not farre from Nottingham, of late,
In Clifton, as I heare
There dwelt a faire, and comely dame,
 60 *For beauty without peere.*

Vrs. How now, Master *Miles*, singing ?

Mi. I, Mistris *Vrsula*, a very mery lamentable dolefull
 new Ditty of young *Bateman*, and his *Nan* ; that ever poore
 young gentleman should die like a bird on a Tree, for the
 65 love to a woman — for here it is in the third staff.

Her Haire was like the crisped Gold
Of't times you may perceive,
The fairest face, the falsest heart,
And soonest will deceive.

70 Mistris *Vrsula*, I give you this as a caution to remember
Bateman, and his sweet, your cozen ; looke on me, and veiw
 your selfe, were it not pittie I should hang my selfe for
 love, and that you should die none knowes how ?

Why, *Vrsula*, Neece *Vrsula* ! *Within.*

75 *Vrs.* Alas ! what shall we doe ? if my uncle comes, hee'll
 take thee for a Ghost, his braine is so fraught with dis-
 tempers, and then falls he raging madd ;

Mi. Will he not strike ?

Why *Vrsula*, Neece *Vrsula* ; *Within.*

80 *Vrs.* Sometimes hee will ; so after your fit is over, I'll
 prescribe

¹⁾ stay a

prescribe a remedy against love.

Enter Boote i'ns shirt.

Bo. Passion, on passion! am I growne old, and odious in your eies? what, no attendance, Mistris?

Vrs. Oh Lo-ooooord, sir,

85 *Bo.* What ailes thee woman, what's the matter? ha! why doe'st ¹⁾ thou quake, shake, tremble, and shiver? ha!

Vrs. Oh there, there, there!

Bo. Bee'st thou the devill, I will talke with thee;

Mi. Ha, ha, no foole to th'old one, he takes me for a Ghost;

90 *Bo.* Art thou of aire, of earth, heaven or hell,

Or art thou of some Incubusses breede?

Is there more walking *Batemans*? answer me,

Or I will beate thy carcass into a forme

That is full substantiall, and has feeling,

95 Seeing, hearing, smelling, and sweete-tasting; Ghost, I'll thunder thee!

Mi. Oh, ho, Master *Boote*, Master *Boote* —

Bo. I; can the devill feele, or is he sensible of beating?

What art thou? hast thou feeling?

100 *Mi.* I, and hearing, and seeing too; and you'll let me alone i'll tell you what I am;

Bo. Ghost, i'll confine thee;

Mi. 'Las sir, I'me no Ghost; I am plaine honest *Miles*, the *Miller*, of *Ruddington*; a gentleman, and a Souldier,

105 *Bo.* And *Miles* the *Miller* of *Ruddington* gentleman, and Souldier, what make you here?

Mi. Alas sir, to borrow a few ribbands, bracelets, eare-rings wyertyers, and silke girdles, and hand-kerchers for a *Morice*, and a show before the *Queene*.

110 *Bo.* *Miles*, you came to steale my Neece.

Mi. Oh Lord, sir; I came to furnish the hobby-horse.

Bo. Get into your hobby-horse gallop, and be gon then, or i'll *Morisdance* you — Mistris, waite you on me. *Exit.*

Urs. Farewell, good hobby-horse — weehee — *Exit.*

115 *Mil.* 'Tis but a jades trick, Mistris *Vrsula*; but patience, the

¹⁾ doo'st C

the enemy to greatnes is my content, and in that hum
I will forrage on like the hobby-Horse. *Exeunt Omnes*

(Scene 3.) ²⁾ *Enter Major, Aldermen. attendants, Queene, and
Lords attendants.*

Qu. Master Major !

We thanke you for your entertainment,
And for your princely present, a cup of gold !
In gratefullnes we backe returne the keyes
5 With all the embleames of your government ;
We in our progresse are a sojourner,
Not an inhabitant, we will be so with you ;
A welcome fuller of bounty, vertue, love,
We have not seene ; therefore to gratulate
10 As a small token of our princely love,
On, to your former motion made for *Trent*.
You'd have it navigable to *Gainsborough*
So to *Boston, Kingston, Humber, and Hull* ;
But, what are the causes ?

15 *Ma. By St. Lucy, Besse, I am a plaine honest Tanner,*
brother aldermen here, one a Shoo-maker, to'ther a Felmonger ; we
all downe right toth'hide ; I ha' noe Lawyers eloquence,
Recorder cannot whistle, but, by the bones of sweete
Lucy, welcome, on welcome.

20 *Qu. I have tasted your welcome, and would faine
Grant your designe, soe you give reason.*

*Ma. By St. Lucy, and shall, elce i'm an asse, and
bretheren Dotterells ; Give reason, brother Sheeps-ki
second me, for I must speake Historiography, Histor
25 should say, but these hard words cloy my stomacke,
lumpes of Bacon.*

Qu. Ya'r a merry man, Master Major.

*Ma. I were a Traitour elce, I woo'd not be merry
thee, Besse ; still welcome, and welcome ;*

30 *Qu. On, to your Charter !*

Ma. Thus it was,

*Edward the first from ⁴⁾ we beare our armes,
Three Crownes displaid in an Azure feilde,*

1) Exit. 2) Scene : Nottingham. 3) Sheepskin. 4) from whom

- First 'gan to make our River navigable,
 Small barks it bore, but not of that full weight,
 35 That were transportable for our affaires ;
 In the two *Edwards*, the second, and third,
 Vnto the second *Richard* it continu'd
 Till *Bulling-brooke* began ! then *Harry* the fift,
 And *Pearcy* fell at odds ; in which division,
 40 Dividing of the Land, *Glendower* began
 To stop the water-courses of flowing *Trent* ;
 By that meanes our navigable course was stop'd.
 And where before we usually transported
 With things un-numerous from *Hull* to us
 45 And in returne releiv'd the neighbour coaste
 With fuell, and commodities of great use,
 As Wooll, Lead, Corne, fruits, and Iron,
 We now have neyther, but with double cost ;
 This is the cause why we entreate your Grace
 50 To signe our pattent, and, by *St. Lucy, Besse*,
 Wee'le pray for thee, and that's thy full reward.
 Qu. You shall enjoy your wishes ;

Enter Grey, Clifton, Arguile.

Omnes : Long live *Elizabeth* !

Qu. VVe thanke you ;

- VWelcome, renowned *John* of *Wilton*,
 55 And you, the war-like *Heroes* of his traine ;
 VVar-like *Clifton*, fame has ben before thee,
 And with her shrill Trumpe sent your praises home,
 E're your arivall ; rise, noble *John* of *Wilton* ;
 The onely champion of *Elizabeth*.
 60 *Gr.* Peace, and prosperity guard your sacred throne,
 And make your foes submissive like the *French* ;
Leith is surrenderd, the *French* quite expuls'd ;
 The *Scotch* inhabiting their native bounds,
 VVhom we have found most loyall to your Grace,
 65 And therefore they require their hostages
 Due to the federary *Scottish* Lords.

Qu.

- Qu. And they shall have them; welcome, bold *Arguile*;
 Thanke thou the god of batles, that hast given
 Prosperity to our first enterprise,
 70 Being the first Batle that we ever wag'd,
 Link'd victory unto a virgin's arme,
 For which we render thee all attributes;
 Guarded by thee, and these our loving subjects,
 VVe feare noe *Spanish* force, nor *French-mens* braves,
 75 Let *Austria* bragge; and *Rome*, and *Italy*
 Send out their poison'd Darts; dreadlesse we stand
 Protected by thy never failing power;
 Lord *Grey*, returne you governor of *Barwicke*,
 The *Duke of Norfolk*, for some speciall causes
 80 VVe must recall; *Arguile* shall have his pleadges,
 VVe but reserv'd them to preserve our selves;
Clifton, be thou our deputy Leivetenant,
 And Lord warden of *Nottingham* Castle;
 Our selfe wilbe Leivetenant of the County.
 85 For *Howard*, *Pellham*, *Leake*, and all the rest
 That in this victory shar'd with dangers,
 They shall participate our princely loves;
Omnes: Heavens blesse your Majesty!
 Qu. I know not how to dignifie your deedes
 90 VVithout a large premeditation;
Grey, and *Clifton*, *Clifton*, and war-like *Grey*
 Fought for our father, brother, and sister
 At *Dennis*, *Roan*, *Bullen*, and at *Callice**,
 The bloody sweat that *Muslborough* bredd
 95 At *Edenborough*, and now againe at *Leith*,
 In all which we fortunately conquer'd,
 Thankes unto heaven, next your valiant hands.
Clif. Your Majesty begets a spring of youth
 In me, an old decayed Tree of age,
 100 VVorne with as many snowy winters stormes,
 As makes the brauny Oake grow sap-les,
 Leaveles, witherd; times period is ruine,
 Yet, by my life, my heart retaines 'its vigour.

And

And what we want in deedes, wee'le act in duty
105 To you the Sovereaigne mistris of our hearts.
 Qu. Master *Maior*, and noble *John* of *Wilton*,
And war-like *Clifton* with all your men of warre
VVe this night doe invite you for our gueasts,
To sup with us ; to morrow wee'le survey
110 The underminings, and unpaced greise
That *Mortimer*, and *Isabell* did devise
To steale their sportive daliancies in,
Of whom your stately fortresse does retaine
The *Labyrinth* (now called *Mortimers* hole).
115 Heaven for our victory we first will pay,
And praise our subjects that redeem'd the day ;
Proud *France*, and poysening *Spaine*, if heave'n us blesse
A virgin's arme shall quell your mightines.
 Omnes : Long life attend your Majesty !

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

W. S.

Errata et Addenda.

- I, 1, 17 : *lies* VVatch *statt* VVatcht
II, 2, 83 : » you. » you?
II, 3, 137 : gemeint ist *Linnet*.
III, 3, Überschrift : *lies* Scene 3 *statt* Enter 3.
III, 1, 103 : *lies* heare *statt* here.
IV, 2, 134 : » husband » husbaud.
-

Anmerkungen.

- I, 1, 8 ff. : Die Zeilen sind wahrscheinlich so zu lesen :
 ... With this formality disciplines them
 (Kisse.) At the departure,
 wo 'Kisse' ein Bühnenanweisung ist.
- I, 1, 68 : You shall fetch no Bacon at Dunmowe :
 The Dunmow Fitch of Bacon was a prize instituted in 1244, by Robert Fitzwalter, on the condition 'that whatever married couple will go to the priory, and kneeling on two sharp pointed stones, will swear that they have not quarrelled nor repented of their marriage within a year and a day after its celebration, shall receive a fitch of bacon'. The prize was first claimed in 1445, 200 years after it had been instituted. After 1751, up to which date only 5 presentations had taken place, the fitch was not again claimed till 1855. (Chambers's Encyclopaedia; London and Edinburgh, 1904).
- I, 1, 114 ff. : Vielleicht so gemeint :
 And but for thy daughter, I'de, i'de, i'de, i'de —
Bo. Come, come !
- I, 2, 6 ff. : Offenbar als Verse gedacht :
 Well shod, and clad will mak'em fight like men !
 The North is could, subject to frostes, and snowes,
 And tis bad fighting without vittle, and cloth !
 For which I have provided well for both ;
 Forty horse loades, and twenty Carrs of vittle,
 Twill stop a good breach in a souldiours belly !
 My man shall pay thee, huffit ; my Hollidam !
- I, 3 : Holinshed nennt unter den chiefe governours der englischen Armee an erster Stelle (Neudruck 1807, London ; IV, pag. 189) : The lord Greie of Wilton lieutenant generall.
- I, 3, 6 : Dunbarr : gemeint ist 'a slight skirmish, where no one was killed' (Froudes History of England, Band VI).
- I, 3, 9 : Chattenreault heisst bei Froude Chatelherault (ib).

I, 3, 13 : nämlich Chatelheraults.

I, 3, 20 : Was mit den 'red Brayes' gemeint ist, geht aus folgender Stelle bei Holinshed hervor (IV, p. 194) : (The armie) remooued... from Lesterike downe into the vallie by the said canon milles called the red Braies, neere to the riuer side on the south part of the towne of Leith.

I, 3, 21 : James Croft, and George Howard, Knights : auch zweier bei Holinshed IV, pag. 189 genannten Hauptanführer der Engländer :

Sir James Croft assistant with him (Grey) in that charge — er heisst übrigens bei Froude Crofts. Sir George Howard generall of the men at armes and demilances.

I, 3, 49 : Pelham wird auch bei Holinshed IV, pag. 189 als 'master William Pelham capteine of the pioners' mit zu den Hauptanführern gerechnet.

I, 3, 99 : Die Führer der Franzosen heissen bei Froude : de Martignes und d'Oysel.

I, 3, 123 : Mit dem 'Crag' ist Arthur's Seat gemeint, ein noch heute unter dem Namen bekannter Hügel bei Edinburgh (vgl. Holinshed IV, pag. 190/91).

Chappell : eine Kapelle in der Gegend um Edinburgh-Leith, von der Holinshed IV, pag. 191 spricht.

I, 4, 102 ff : wohl Verse :

You shall be marryed instantly !
 And Girle, thou shalt have one Bagg more for this ;
 It gladdes me yet, thou art so free from Bateman.
 I look'd for other demonstrations !
 Come German,
 This night etc.

II, 1, 77 ff. : and bid him etc. : unklar.

II, 1, 83 ff. : Eckhardt in seinen Dialekttypen (Bangs *Materialen* XXVII) gibt § 236 eine kleine Liste der schottischen und nordenglischen Ausdrücke, die in diesen Zeilen vorkommen. Ich zitiere die Stelle :

beanes = bones (daneben bones) ; bonny ; claw = kratzen ; crag = Nacken ; dell = devil ; garr = make ; Lard(es) = Lord(s) ; lurden lourden = dummer Tölpel (zugleich Entstellung statt lord) ; pure = poor ; weame = womb. Nur schottisch ist haggergath, wohl eine Verdrehung aus schott. haggerdash = topsy-turvy ; dagegen sind ganging =

going (Part. Praes.) und ise = I am nur nordenglisch. Eine unpassende Form ist are = over.

II, 1, 129 ff. : In dieser leidenschaftlichen Stimmung spricht Clifton wohl in Versen :

By my Hollidam, our meeting will seeme rough,
Our parting faire ! make this thy quarrel, I pronounce
Thy Queene defective in beauty, vertues, honours,
Vnto my mistris, England's royall Besse !

Mor. Traitor, thou lvest !

Clif. Have I sturd thy blood ?

Mor. With such an overture, but thy barbarous head
Nothing can calme it !

Clif. When next we meete we'le try it !

II, 3, 6 : Maria Stuart war zu der Zeit, in der unser Stück spielt, noch Königin von Frankreich. Ihr Gemahl, Franz II., starb erst am 5. Dezember 1560, also 6 Monate nach dem Frieden von Leith, der am 7. Juni geschlossen wurde (vgl. Dr. V, 1, 14).

III, 2, 55 : Leene, ein Nebenflüßchen des Trent.

III, 2, 58 : Did not Nadab... : unklar.

III, 3, 13 : wohl so gedacht : the Dolphin's wife. Doch sass der Dauphin von Frankreich seit 1559 als Franz II. auf dem Thron, war aber noch nicht gestorben, so dass auch hier Dowager of France unberechtigt ist.

III, 3, 21 : Maria Stuart ist die Enkelin Margaretes, der ältesten Schwester Heinrichs VIII.; Elisabeth ist die Tochter Heinrichs VIII. und der Anna Boleyn. Die Königinnen sind also keine Schwestern, wie man nach Sampson glauben könnte.

IV, 1, 16 : Stout Hary Percy; vgl. Holinshed IV, pag. 189 : sir Henrie Persie Generall of the light horssemen.

IV, 1, 40 : Holinshed (ib.) : master Cutbert Vaughan corporal.

IV, 2, 175 : Some dorr (Somisdore) hath struek me : unklar.

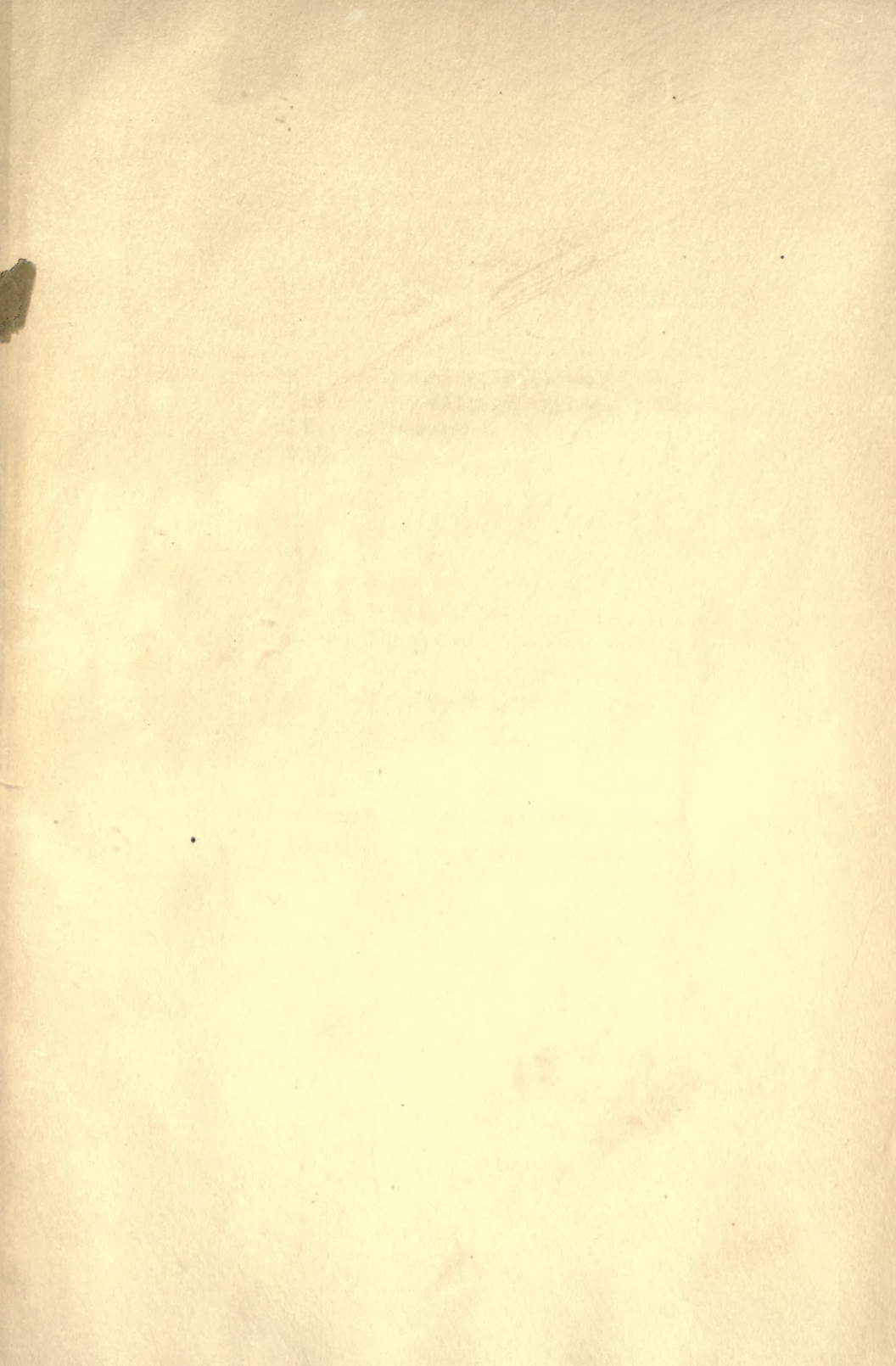
V, 1, 14 : Hier ist Maria Stuart zum ersten Mal in unserem Drama richtig als Königin von Frankreich bezeichnet.

V, 3, 93 : gemeint sind Saint-Denis, Rouen, Boulogne und Calais.

V, 3, 114 : Mortimer's Hole, ein unterirdischer Gang von dem Flüßchen Leen zur Burg von Nottingham hin. Weshalb er so heisst, ist in Thorotons History of Nottinghamshire (Republished with Large Additions by John Throsby.

Nottingham, 1790) eingehend erörtert. Es werden uns drei Erklärungen gegeben :

- 1) A certain author (a very ill grounded conjecture) : Mortimer soll den Gang haben bauen lassen, um unbemerkt zu Isabella gelangen zu können. Sampson scheint auch dieser Ansicht zu sein. (Thoroton-Throsby II, Seite 28).
- 2) Camden : ... the passage noticed was cut as a hiding place for the favorite Mortimer (ib.).
- 3) Deering-Thoroton (ib.) : Er zeigt aus einem Manuscript, dass Mortimer und Isabella überhaupt keine Ahnung von dem Vorhandensein des Ganges hatten, dass König Eduard sogar auf diesem Wege die Gefangennahme Mortimers gelang ; er fährt dann fort : It is therefore much more probable, that as the King and his band came up this passage on purpose to seize Mortimer's person, and as the Earl after he was taken prisoner, was brought out of the castle through this very same passage, it was in remembrance of this event called Mortimer's Hole. There is no account when this vault was made which I have met with, except what Collins in his peerage quotes from Drayton's barons war, viz. ' This wonderful passage had been hued and dug during the Danish invasion by some of the Saxon Kings for the better security in case of a siege '. For my part if I consider how strongly this place was provided with gates, I cannot help thinking that it was designed to relieve the castle with men and provisions, in case an enemy should be in possession of the town, the opening of it being both without the town and castle walls.



PR
2748
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Sampson, William
William Sampson's Vow-
breaker

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