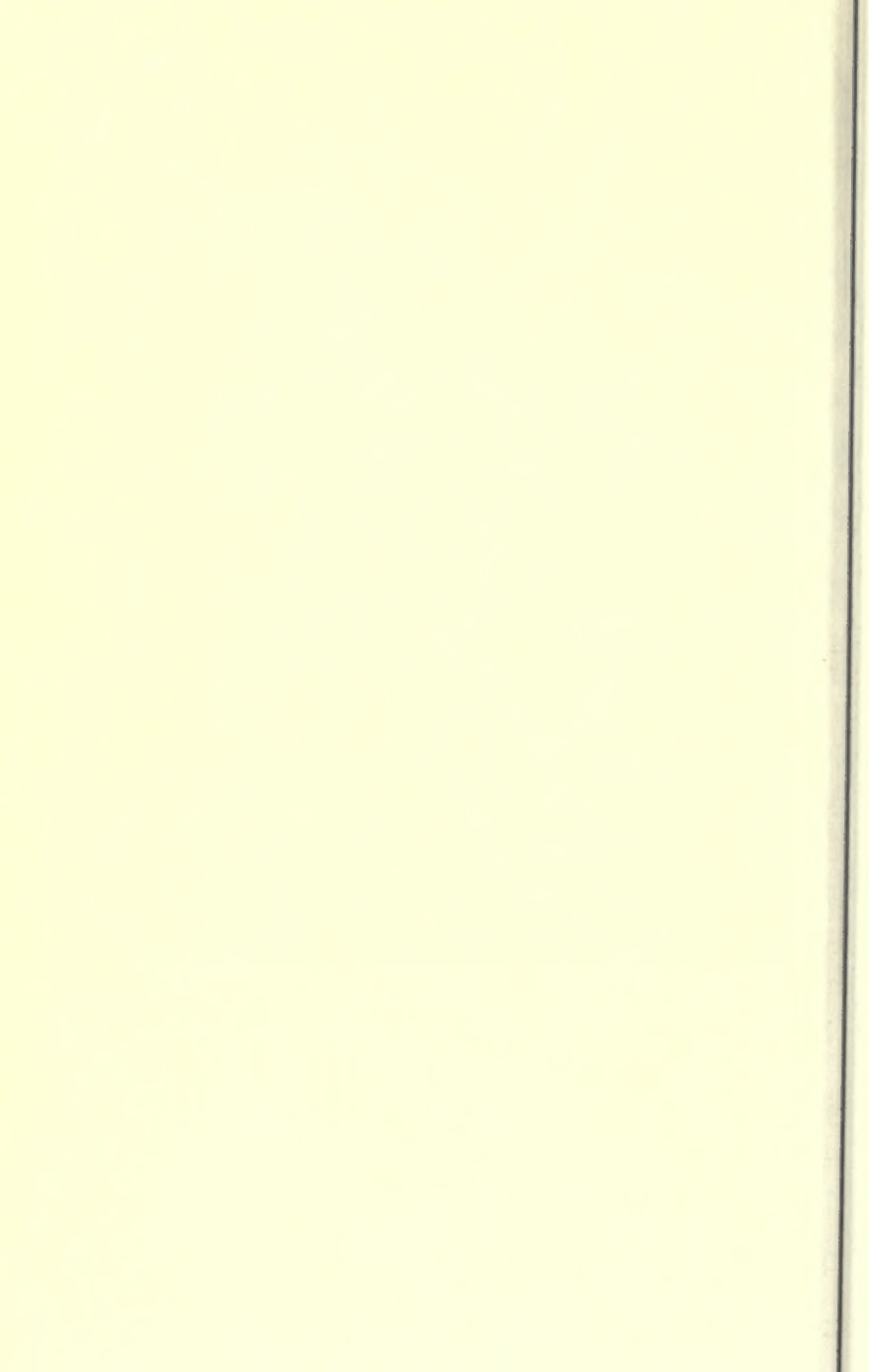


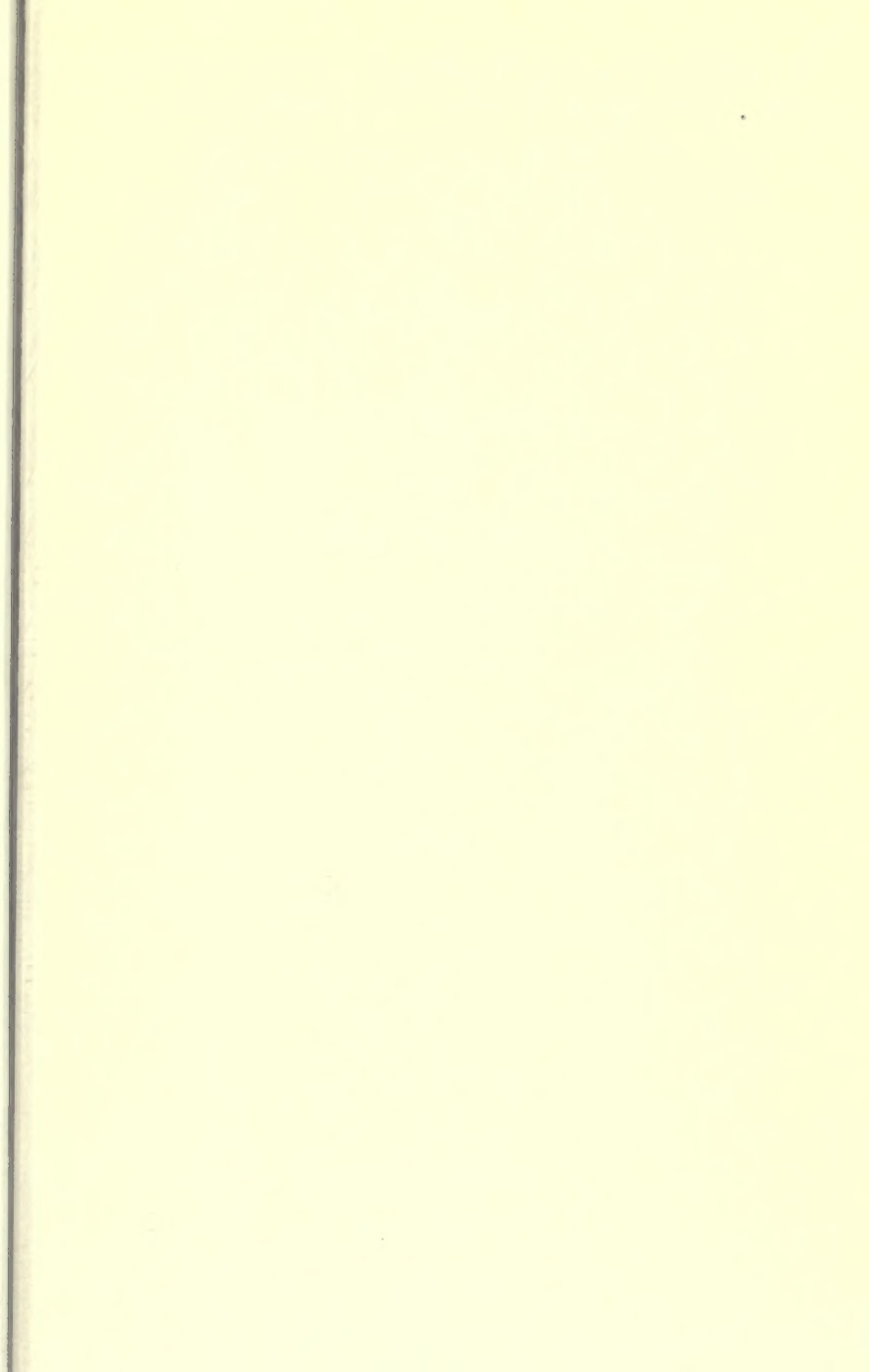
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The Works
of
Francis Beaumont
and
John Fletcher

In ten volumes
Vol. IX

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Born 1584

Died 1616

JOHN FLETCHER

Born 1579

Died 1625

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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

THE SEA-VOYAGE
WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS
THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN
CUPID'S REVENGE
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

THE TEXT EDITED BY
A. R. WALLER, M.A.



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THE SEA-VOYAGE.

A Comedy.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Albert, <i>a French Pirat, in love with Aminta.</i>	Bo[a]tswain, <i>an honest man.</i>
Tibalt du Pont, <i>a merry Gentleman, friend to Albert.</i>	Sebastian, <i>a noble Gentleman of Portugal, Husband to Rosellia.</i>
Master of the Ship, <i>an honest merry man.</i>	Nicusa, <i>Nephew to Sebastian, both cast upon a desert Island.</i>
Lamure, <i>an usuring Mercbant.</i>	Raimond, <i>brother to Aminta.</i>
Franville, <i>a vain-glorious gallant.</i>	Surgeon.
Morillat, <i>a shallow-brain'd Gentleman.</i>	Sailors.

WOMEN.

Aminta, <i>Mistriss to Albert, a noble French Virgin.</i>	Clarinda, <i>Daughter to Rosellia, in love with Albert.</i>
Rosellia, <i>Governess of the Amazonian Portugals.</i>	Hippolita, } <i>three Ladies, Members of the Female Com-</i>
	Crocale, } <i>mon-wealth.</i>
	Juletta. }

The Scene, First at Sea, then in the
desart Islands.

The Principal Actors were

Joseph Taylor,
William Eglestone,
Nich. Toolie.

Job Lowin.
John Underwood.

*Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.**A Tempest, Thunder and Lightning.**Enter Master and two Sailors.**Master.*

Lay her aloof, the Sea grows dangerous,
 How it spits against the clouds, how it capers,
 And how the fiery Element frights it back
 There be Devils dancing in the air I think
 I saw a *Dolphin* hang i'th horns o'th' moon
 Shot from a wave, hey day, hey day,
 How she kicks and yerks!

Down with the Main Mast, lay her at hull,
 Farle up all her Linnens, and let her ride it out.

1 Sailor. She'll never brook it Master.
 She's so deep laden that she'll bulge;

Master. Hang her.
 Can she not buffet with a storm a little?
 How it tosses her, she reels like a Drunkard.

2 Sail. We have discover'd the Land, Sir,
 Pray let's make in, she's so drunk else,
 She may chance to cast up all her Lading. (perish'd.)

1 Sail. Sland in, sland in, we are all lost else, lost and
Mast. Steer her a Star-board there.

2 Sail. Bear in with all the sail we can, see Master
 See, what a clap of Thunder there is,
 What a face of heaven, how dreadfully it looks! (praying;

Mast. Thou rascal, thou fearful rogue, thou hast been
 I see't in thy face, thou hast been mumbling,
 When we are split you slave; is this a time,
 To discourage our friends with your cold orizons?
 Call up the Boatswain; how it storms; holla.

Boats. What shall we do Master?
 Cast over all her lading? she will not swim
 An hour else;

Enter Albert, Franvile, La-mure, Tibalt
 de pont. Morillat.

Mast. The storm is loud,

We cannot hear one another,

What's the coast?

Boats. We know not ye[t]; shall we make in?

Albert. What comfort Sailors?

I never saw, since I have known the Sea,
(which has been this twenty years) so rude a tempest:
In what State are we?

Mast. Dangerous enough Captain,
We have sprung five leaks, and no little ones;
Still rage; besides, her ribs are open;
Her rudder almost spent; prepare your selves;
And have good courages, death comes but once,
And let him come in all his frights.

Albert. Is't not possible,
To make in to th' Land? 'tis here before us.

Morill. Here hard by Sir.

Mast. Death is nearer, Gentlemen.

Yet do not cry, let's dye like men.

Tib. Shall's hoise the Boat out,
And goe all at one cast? the more the merrier.

Enter Amint.

Mast. You are too hasty Mounsieur,
Do ye long to be i'th' Fish-market before your time?
Hold her up there.

Amint. Oh miserable fortune,
Nothing but horror sounding in mine ears,
No minute to promise to my frighted soul.

Tib. Peace woman,
We ha storms enough already; no more howling.

Amint. Gentle Master.

Mast. Clap this woman under hatches.

Alb. Prethe speak mildly to her.

Amint. Can no help?

Mast. None that I know.

Amint. No promise from your goodness.

Mast. Am I a God? for heavens sake stow this [woman].

Tib. Go: take your gilt [Prayer-Book];
And to your business; wink and die,
There's an old Haddock staires for ye.

Amint. Must I die here in all the frights[, the] terrors,
The thousand several shapes death triumphs in?
No friend to counsel me?

Alb. Have peace sweet Mistriss.

Amint. No kindreds tears upon me? oh! my country?
No gentle hand to close mine eyes?

Alb. Be comforted, heaven has the same
Power still, and the same mercy.

Amint. Oh, that wave will devour me.

Mast. Carry her down Captain;
Or by these hands I'll give no more direction,
Let the Ship sink or swim, we ha ne'er better luck,
When we ha such stowage as these trinkets with us;
These sweet sin-breeders: how can heaven smile on us,
When such a burthen of iniquity
Lies tumbling like a potion in our ship's belly? [Exit.

Tib. Away with her, and if she have a Prayer,
That's fit for such an hour, let her say't quickly,
And seriously. [Exit.

Alb. Come, I see it clear Lady, come in,
And take some comfort. I'll stay with ye.

Amint. Where should I stay? to what end should I hope,
Am not I circled round with misery?
Confusions in their full heights dwell about me:
Oh Mounsieur *Albert*, How am I bound to curse ye,
If curses could redeem me! how to hate ye!
You forc'd me from my quiet, from my friends;
Even from their Arms, that were as dear to me,
As day-light is, or comfort to the wretched;
You forc'd my friends from their peaceful rest,
Some your relentless sword gave their last groans;
Would I had there been numbred;
And to fortunes never satisfied afflictions,
Ye turn'd my Brother; and those few friends I'd left,
Like desperate creatures, to their own fears
And the world's stubborn pitties: Oh merciless!

Alb. Sweet Mistriss.

Amint. And wh[e]ther they are wandred to avoid ye,
Or wh[e]ther dead, and no kind earth to cover 'em;
Was this a Lovers part? but heaven has found ye,

And in his loudest voice, his voice of thunder,
 And in the mutiny of his deep wonders,
 He tells ye now, ye weep too late :

Alb. Let these tears tell how I honor ye ;
 Ye know dear Lady, since ye are mine,
 How truly I have lov'd ye, how sanctimoniously
 Observ'd your honor ; not one lascivious word,
 Not one touch Lady ; no, not a hope that might not render me
 The unpolluted servant of your chastity ;
 For you I put to sea, to seek your Brother ; —
 Your Captain, yet your slave, that his redemption,
 If he be living, where the Sun has circuit,
 May expiate your rigor, and my rashness.

Amint. The storm grows greater, what shall we do ?

Alb. Let's in :

And ask heavens mercy ; my strong mind yet presages,
 Through all these dangers, we shall see a day yet
 Shall crown your pious hopes, and my fair wishes. } *[Exit.*

Enter Master, Sailors, Gentlemen, and Boatswain.

Mast. It must all over-board.

Boats. It clears to Sea-ward Mast.

Fling o'er the Lading there, and let's lighten her ;
 All the meat, and the Cakes, we are all gone else ;
 That we may find her Leaks, and hold her up ;
 Yet save some little Bisket for the Lady,
 Till we come to the Land.

La-m. Must my Goods over too ?
 Why honest Master ? here lies all my money ;
 The Money I ha wrackt by usury,
 To buy new Lands and Lordships in new Countreys,
 'Cause I was banish'd from mine own
 I ha been this twenty years a raising it.

Tib. Out with it :

The devils are got together by the ears, who shall have it ;
 And here they quarrel in the clouds.

La-m. I am undone Sir :

Tib. And be undone, 'tis better than we [perish].

La-m. Oh save one Chest of Plate.

Tib. Away with it lustily, Sailors ;

It was some pawn that he has got unjustly ;
Down with it low enough, and let Crabs breed in't ;

Mast. Over with the Trunks too.

Enter Albert.

Alb. Take mine and spare not.

Mast. We must over with all.

Fran. Will ye throw away my Lordship
That I sold, put it into cloaths and necessaries,
To goe to sea with ?

Tib. Over with it ; I love to see a Lordship sink ;
Sir, you left no wood upon't, to buoy it up ;
You might ha' sav'd it else.

Fran. I am undone for ever ;

Alb. Why we are all undone ; would you be only happy ?

La-m. Sir, you may loose too.

Tib. Thou liest ; I ha' nothing but my skin,
And my cloaths ; my sword here, and my self ;
Two Crowns in my pocket ; two pair of Cards ;
And three false Dice : I can swim like a fish
Rascal, nothing to hinder me.

Boatsw. In with her of all hands.

Mast. Come Gentlemen, come Captain, ye must help all ;
My life now for the Land,
'Tis high, and rocky, and full of perils ;

Alb. However let's attempt it.

Mast. Then cheer lustily my hearts.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Sebast. Yes, 'tis a Ship, I see it now, a tall Ship ;
She has wrought lustily for her deliverance ;
— Heavens mercy, what a wretched day has here been !

Nicu. To still and quiet minds that knew no misery,
It may seem wretched, but with us 'tis ordinary ;
Heaven has no storm in store, nor earth no terror,
That can seem new to us.

Sebast. 'Tis true *Nicusa*, if fortune were determin'd
To be wanton, and would wipe out the stories
Of mens miseries : yet we two living,
We could cross her purpose ; for 'tis impossible

She should cure us, we are so excellent in our afflictions ;
It would be more than glory to her blindness,
And stile her power beyond her pride, to quit us.

Nicu. Do they live still ?

Sebast. Yes, and make to harbor :

Nicu. Most miserable men ; I grieve their fortunes.

Sebast. How happy had they been, had the Sea cover'd em !
They leap from one calamity to another ;
Had they been drown'd, they had ended all their sorrows.
What shouts of joy they make !

Nicu. Alas poor wretches, had they but once experience
Of this Island, they'd turn their tunes to wailings ;

Sebast. Nay, to curses.

That ever they set foot on such calamities ;
Here's nothing but Rocks and barrenness,
Hunger, and cold to eat ; here's no Vineyards
To cheer the heart of man, no Christal Rivers,
After his labour, to refresh his body,
If he be feeble ; nothing to restore him,
But heavenly hopes, nature that made those remedies,
Dares not come here, nor look on our distresses,
For fear she turn wild, like the place, and barren.

Nicu. Oh Uncle, yet a little memory of what we were,
'Twill be a little comfort in our calamities ;
When we were seated in our blessed homes,
How happy in our kindreds, in our families,
In all our fortunes !

Sebast. Curse on those *French* Pirats, that displanted us ;
That flung us from that happiness we found there ;
Constrain'd us to Sea, to save our lives, honors, and our riches,
With all we had, our kinsmen, and our jewels,
In hope to find some place free from such robbers,
Where a mighty storm sever'd our Barks,
That, where my Wife, my Daughter
And my noble Ladies that went with her,
Virgins and loving souls, to scape those Pirats.

Nicus. They are yet living ; such goodness cannot perish.

Sebast. But never to me Cosin ;

Never to me again ; what bears their Flag-staves ?

Nicu. The Arms of *France* sure ;

Nay, doe not start, we cannot be more miserable ;
Death is a cordial, now, come when it will.

Sebast. They get to shore apace, they'll flie as fast (there?
When once they find the place ; what's that which swims

Ni. A strong young man, Sir, with a handsom woman.
Hanging about his neck.

Sebast. That shews some honor ;
May thy brave charity, what e'er thou art,
Be spoken in a place that may renown thee,
And not dye here.

Nicus. The Boat it seems turn'd over,
So forced to their shifts ; yet all are landed :
They're Pirates on my life.

Sebast. They will not rob us ;
For none will take out misery for riches :
Come Cosin, let's descend, and try their pities ;
If we get off, a little hope walks with us ;
If not, we shall but load this wretched Island
With the same shadows still, that must grow shorter. [*Ex.*

Enter Albert, Aminta, Tibalt, Morillat, La-mure,
Master, Franvile, Surgeon, Sailors.

Tib. Wet come ashore my mates, we are safe arrived yet.

Mast. Thanks to heavens goodness, no man lost ;
The Ship rides fair too, and her leaks in good plight.

Alb. The weathers turn'd more courteous ;
How does my Dear ?

Alas, how weak she is, and wet !

Amint. I am glad yet, I scap'd with life ;
Which certain, noble Captain, next to heavens goodness,
I must thank you for, and which is more,
Acknowledge your dear tenderness, your firm love
To your unworthy Mistriss, and recant too
(Indeed I must) those harsh opinions,
Those cruel unkind thoughts, I heapt upon ye ;
Farther than that, I must forget your injuries.
So far I am ti'd, and fet'ed to your service,
Believe me, I will learn to love.

Alb. I thank ye Madam,
And it shall be my practise to serve.

What cheer companions ?

Tib. No great cheer Sir, a piece of souc'd Bisket
And halfe a hard egg ; for the Sea has taken order ;
Being young and strong, we shall not surfet Captain.
For mine own part, I'll dance till I'm dry ;
Come Surgeon, out with your Clister-pipe,
And strike a Galliard.

Alb. What a brave day again !
And what fair weather, after so foul a storm ! —

La mure. I, an't pleas'd the Master he might ha seen
This weather, and ha' sav'd our goods.

Alb. Never think on 'em, we have our lives and healths.

La-m. I must think on 'em, and think
'Twas most maliciously done to undoe me.

Fran. And me too, I lost all ;
I ha'n't another shirt to put upon me, nor cloaths
But these poor rags ; I had fifteen fair suits,
The worst was cut upon Taffaty.

Tib. I am glad you ha' lost, give me thy hand,
Is thy skin whole ? art thou not purld with scabs ?
No antient monuments of Madam *Venus* ?
Thou hast a suit then will pose the cunning'st Tailor,
That will never turn fashion, nor forsake thee,
Till thy executors the Worms, uncase thee,
They take off glorious sutes *Franvile* : thou art happy,
Thou art deliver'd of 'em ; here are no Brokers ;
No Alchymists to turn 'em into Mettal ;
Nor leather'd Captains, with Ladies to adore 'em ;
Wilt thou see a Dog-fish rise in one of thy brave doublets,
And tumble like a tub to make thee merry,
Or an old Haddock rise with thy hatch'd sword
Thou paid'st a hundred Crowns for ?
A Mermaid in a Mantle of your Worships,
Or a Dolphin in your double Ruffe ?

Fran. Ye are merry, but if I take it thus,
If I be foisted and jeer'd out of my goods.

La-m. Nor I, I vow thee.
Nor Master, nor Mate, I see your cunning.

Alb. Oh be not angry Gentlemen.

Morit. Yes Sir, we have reason.

And some friends I can make.

Mast. What I did Gentlemen, was for the general safety.
If ye aim at me, I am not so tame.

Tib. Pray take my counsel Gallants.
Fight not till the Surgeon be well,
He's damnable sea-sick, and may spoil all ;
Besides he has lost his Fiddlestick, and the best
Box of Bores-grease ; why do you make such faces,
And hand your swords ?

Alb. Who would ye fight with Gentlemen ?
Who has done ye wrong ? for shame be better temper'd.
No sooner come to give thanks for our safeties,
But we must raise new civil broils amongst us
Inflame those angry powers, to shower new vengeance on us ?
What can we expect for these unmanly murmurs,
These strong temptations of their holy pitties,
But plagues in another kind, a fuller, so dreadful,
That the singing storms are slumbers to it ?

Tib. Be men, and rule your minds ;
If you will needs fight, Gentlemen,
And think to raise new riches by your valours,
Have at ye, I have little else to do now
I have said my prayers ; you say you have lost,
And make your loss your quarrel.
And grumble at my Captain here, and the Master
Two worthy persons, indeed too worthy for such rascals,
Thou *Galloon* gallant, and *Mammon* you
That build on golden Mountains, thou Money-Maggot ;
Come all, draw your swords, ye say ye are miserable.

Alb. Nay, hold good *Tibalt*.

Tib. Captain, let me correct 'em ;
I'll make ye ten times worse, I will not leave 'em ;
For look ye, fighting is as nourishing to me as eating,
I was born quarrelling.

Mast. Pray Sir.

Tib. I will not leave 'em skins to cover 'em ;
Do ye grumble, when ye are well, ye rogues ?

Mast. Noble *Du-pont*.

Tib. Ye have cloaths now : and ye prate.

Amin. Pray Gentlemen, for my sake be at peace.

Let it become me to make all friends.

Fran. You have stopt our angers Lady.

Alb. This shews noble.

Tib. 'Tis well: 'tis very well: there's half a Bisket,
Break't amongst ye all, and thank my bounty.

This is Cloaths and Plate too; come no more quarrelling.

Amin. But ha! what things are these,
Are they humane creatures?

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Tib. I have heard of Sea-Calves.

Alb. They are no shadows sure, they have Legs and Arms.

Tib. They hang but lightly on though.

Amint. How they look, are they mens faces?

Tib. They have horse-tails growing to 'em.

Goodly long manes.

Amint. Alas what sunk eyes they have!

How they are crept in, as if they had been frighted!

Sure they are wretched men.

Tib. Where are their Wardrobes?

Look ye *Franvile*, here are a couple of Courtiers.

Amint. They kneel, alas poor souls.

Alb. What are ye? speak; are ye alive,

Or wandring shadows, that find no peace on earth,

Till ye reveal some hidden secret?

Sebast. We are men as you are;

Only our miseries make us seem monsters,

If ever pittty dwelt in noble hearts;

Alb. We understand 'em too: pray mark ['em] Gentlemen.

Sebast. Or that heaven is pleas'd with humane charity;

If ever ye have heard the name of friendship,

Or suffered in your selves, the least afflictions,

Have gentle Fathers that have bred ye tenderly,

And Mothers that have wept for your misfortunes,

Have mercy on our miseries.

Alb. Stand up wretches;

Speak boldly, and have release;

Nicus. If ye be Christians,

And by that blessed name, bound to relieve us,

Convey us from this Island.

Alb. Speak; what are ye?

Seb. As you are, Gentle born; to tell ye more,
Were but to number up our own calamities,
And turn your eyes wild with perpetual weepings;
These many years in this most wretched Island
We two have liv'd: the scorn and game of fortune;
Bless your selves from it Noble Gentlemen;
The greatest plagues that humane nature suffers,
Are seated here, wildness, and wants innumerable.

Alb. How came ye hither?

Nicus. In a ship as you do, and [as] you might have been.
Had not Heaven preserv'd ye for some more noble use;
Wrackt desperately; our men, and all consum'd,
But we two; that still live, and spin out
The thin and ragged threds of our misfortunes.

Alb. Is there no meat above?

Sebast. Nor meat nor quiet;
No summer here, to promise any thing;
Nor Autumn, to make full the reapers hands;
The earth obdurate to the tears of heaven,
Lets nothing shoot but poison'd weeds.
No Rivers, nor no pleasant Groves, no Beasts;
All that were made for man's use, flie this desert;
No airy Fowl dares make his flight over it,
It is so ominous.
Serpents, and ugly things, the shames of nature,
Roots of malignant tastes, foul standing waters;
Sometimes we find a fulsome Sea-root,
And that's a delicate: a Rat sometimes,
And that we hunt like Princes in their pleasure;
And when we take a Toad, we make a Banquet.

Amint. For heavens sake let's aboard.

Alb. D'ye know no farther? (inhabited;

Nicu. Yes, we have sometimes seen the shadow of a place
And heard the noise of hunters;
And have attempted [t]o find it, [s]o far as a River,
Deep, slow, and dangerous, fenced with high Rocks,
We have gone; but not able to atchieve that hazard,
Return to our old miseries.
If this sad story may deserve your pities.

Alb. Ye shall aboard with us, we will relieve your miseries:

Sebast. Nor will we be unthankful for this benefit,
No Gentlemen, we'll pay for our deliverance;
Look ye that plough the Seas for wealth and pleasures,
That out-run day and night with your ambitions,
Look on those heaps, they seem hard ragged quarries;
Remove 'em, and view 'em fully.

Mast. Oh heaven, they are Gold and Jewels.

Sebast. Be not too hasty, here lies another heap.

Moril. And here another,

All perfect Gold.

Alb. Stand farther off, you must not be your own carvers;

La-m. We have shares, and deep ones;

Fran. Yes Sir, we'll maintain't: ho fellow Sailors.

La-m. Stand all to your freedoms;

I'll have all this.

Fran. And I this.

Tib. You shall be hang'd first.

La-m. My losses shall be made good.

Fran. So shall mine, or with my sword I'll do't;

All that will share with us, assist us.

Tib. Captain, let's set in.

Alb. This money will undo us, undo us all:

Sebast. This Gold was the overthrow of my happiness;
I had command too, when I landed here,
And lead young, high, and noble spirits under me,
This cursed Gold enticing 'em, they set upon their Captain,
On me that own'd this wealth, and this poor Gentleman,
Gave us no few wounds, forc'd us from our own;
And then their civil swords, who should be owners,
And who Lords over all, turn'd against their own lives,
First in their rage, consum'd the Ship,
That poor part of the Ship that scap'd the first wrack,
Next their lives by heaps; Oh be you wise and careful:

La-m. We'll ha' more: sirrah, come shew it.

Fran. Or ten times worse afflictions than thou speak'st of.

Alb. Nay, and ye will be dogs. [Beats 'em out.

Tib. Let me come, Captain:

This Golden age must have an Iron ending.

Have at the bunch.

[He beats 'em off. Exit.

Amint. Oh *Albert* ; Oh Gentlemen, Oh Friends. [*Exit.*

Sebast. Come noble Nephew, if we stay here, we dye,
Here rides their Ship, yet all are gone to th' spoil,
Let's make a quick use.

Nicus. Away dear Uncle.

Sebast. This Gold was our overthrow. [*Exit.*

Nicus. It may now be our happiness.

Enter Tibalt and the rest.

Tib. You shall have Gold : yes, I'll cram it int'ye ;
You shall be your own carvers ; yes, I'll carve ye.

Morill. I am sore, I pray hear reason :

Tib. I'll hear none.

Covetous base minds have no reason ;
I am hurt my self ; but whilst I have a leg left,
I will so haunt your gilded souls ; how d'ye Captain ?
Ye bleed apace, curse on the causers on't ;
Ye do not faint ?

Alb. No, no ; I am not so happy.

Tib. D'ye howl, nay, ye deserve it :

Base greedy rogues ; come, shall we make an end of 'em ?

Alb. They are our Countrey-men, for heavens sake spare 'em.
Alas, they are hurt enough, and they relent now.

[*Aminta above.*

Aminta. Oh Captain, Captain.

Alb. Whose voice is that ?

Tib. The Ladies.

Amint. Look Captain, look ; ye are undone : poor Captain,
We are all undone, all, all : we are all miserable,
Mad wilful men ; ye are undone, your Ship, your Ship.

Alb. What of her ?

Amint. She's under sail, and floating ;
See where she flies : see to your shames, you wretches :
These poor starv'd things that shew'd you Gold.

[*La-m. and Franvile goes up to see the Ship.*

Sail. They have cut the Cables,
And got her out ; the Tide too has befriended 'em.

Mast. Where are the Sailors that kept her ?

Boats. Here, here [in] the mutiny, to take up money,
And left no creature, left the Boat ashore too ;

This Gold, this damn'd enticing Gold.

2 Sail. How the wind drives her,
As if it vied to force her from our furies!

La-m. Come back good old men:

Fran. Good honest men, come back.

Tib. The wind's against ye, speak louder;

La-m. Ye shall have all your Gold again: they see us.

Tib. Hold up your hands, and kneel,

And howl ye block-heads; they'll have compassion on ye;

Yes, yes, 'tis very likely, ye have deserv'd it,

D'ye look like dogs now?

Are your mighty courages abated?

Alb. I bleed apace *Tibalt*:

Tib. Retire Sir: and make the best use of our miseries.
They but begin now.

Enter Aminta.

Amint. Are ye alive still?

Alb. Yes sweet.

Tib. Help him off Lady;

And wrap him warm in your arms, (somely,
Here's something that's comfortable; off with him hand-
I'll come to ye straight; but vex these rascals a little.

[*Exit Albert, Aminta.*

Fran. Oh, I am hungry, and hurt, and I am weary.

Tib. Here's a Pestle of a *Portigue*, Sir;

'Tis excellent meat, with sour sauce;

And here's two Chains, suppose 'em Sausages;

Then there wants Mustard;

But the fearful Surgeon will supply ye presently:

La-m. Oh for that Surgeon, I shall die else.

Tib. Faith there he lies in the same pickle too.

Surg. My Salves, and all my Instruments are lost;
And I am hurt and starv'd;

Good Sir, seek for some herbs.

Tib. Here's Herb-graceless, will that serve?

Gentlemen will ye go to supper?

All. Where's the meat?

Tib. Where's the meat? what a Veal voice is there?

Fran. Would we had it Sir, or any thing else;

Tib. I would now cut your throat you dog,
 But that I wo'not doe you such a courtesie ;
 To take you from the benefit of starving, (hence !
 Oh ! what a comfort will your worship have some three days
 Ye things beneath pittie, Famine shall be your harbinger ;
 You must not look for Down-beds here,
 Nor Hangings ; though I could wish ye strong ones ;
 Yet there be many lightsome cool Star-chambers,
 Open to every sweet air, I'll assure ye,
 Ready provided for ye, and so I'll leave ye ;
 Your first course is serv'd, expect the second. [Exit.

Fran. A vengeance on these Jewels.

La-m. Oh ! this cursed Gold.

[Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Albert, Aminta.

Alb. **A**Las dear soul ye faint.
Amint. You speak the language
 Which I should use to you, heaven knows, my weakness
 Is not for what I suffer in my self,
 But to imagine what you endure, and to what fate
 Your cruel Stars reserve ye.

Alb. Do not add to my afflictions
 By your tender pitties ; sure we have chang'd Sexes ;
 You bear calamity with a fortitude
 Would become a man ; I like a weak girl, suffer.

Amint. Oh, but your wounds,
 How fearfully they gape ! and every one
 To me is a Sepulchre : if I lov'd truly,
 (Wise men affirm, that true love can [doe] wonders,)
 These bath'd in my warm tears, would soon be cur'd,
 And leave no orifice behind ; pray give me leave
 To play the Surgeon, and bind 'em up ;
 The raw air rankles 'em.

Alb. Sweet, we want means.

Amint. Love can supply all wants.

Alb. What have ye done, Sweet ?
 Oh sacrilege to beauty : there's no hair

Of these pure locks, by which the greatest King
Would not be gladly bound, and love his Fetters.

Amint. Oh *Albert*, I offer this sacrifice of service
To the Altar of your staid temperance, and still adore it,
When with a violent hand you made me yours,
I curs'd the doer: but now I consider,
How long I was in your power: and with what honor;
You entertain'd me, it being seldom seen,
That youth, and heat of blood, could e'r prescribe
Laws to it self; your goodness is the *Lethe*,
In which I drown your injuries, and now live
Truly to serve ye: how do you Sir?
Receive you the least ease from my service?
If you do, I am largely recompenc'd.

Alb. You good Angels,
That are ingag'd, when mans ability fails,
To reward goodness: look upon this Lady
Though hunger gripes my croaking entrails,
Yet when I kiss these Rubies, methinks
I'm at a Banquet, a refreshing Banquet;
Speak my bless'd one, art not hungry?

Amint. Indeed I could eat, to bear you company.

Alb. Blush unkind nature,
If thou hast power: or being to hear
Thy self, and by such innocence accus'd;
Must print a thousand kinds of shame, upon
Thy various face: canst thou supply a drunkard,
And with a prodigal hand reach choice of Wines,
Till he cast up thy blessings? or a glutton,
That robs the Elements, to sooth his palat,
And only eats to beget appetite,
Not to be satisfied? and suffer here
A Virgin which the Saints would make their guest,
To pine for hunger? ha, if my sence [Horns within.
Deceive me not, these Notes take Being
From the breath of men; confirm me my *Aminta*;
Again, this way the gentle wind conveys it to us,
Hear you nothing?

Amint. Yes, it seems free hunters Musick;

Alb. Still 'tis louder; and I remember the *Portugals*

Inform'd us, they had often heard such sounds,
 But ne'r could touch the shore from whence it came ;
 Follow me, my *Aminta* : my good genius,
 Shew me the way still ; still we are directed ;
 When we gain the top of this near rising hill,
 We shall know further. [*Exit. And Enter above.*]

Alb. Courteous *Zephyrus*,
 On his dewy wings, carries perfumes to cheer us ;
 The air clears too ;
 And now, we may discern another Island,
 And questionless, the seat of fortunate men :
 Oh that we could arrive there.

Amint. No *Albert*, 'tis not to be hop'd ;
 This envious Torrent's cruelly interpos'd ;
 We have no vessel that may transport us ;
 Nor hath nature given us wings to flie.

Alb. Better try all hazards,
 Than perish here remediless ; I feel
 New vigor in me, and a spirit that dares
 More than a man, to serve my fair *Aminta* ;
 These Arms shall be my oars, with which I'll swim ;
 And my zeal to save thy innocent self,
 Like wings, shall bear me up above the brackish waves.

Amint. Will ye then leave me ?
Alb. Till now I ne'er was wretched.
 My best *Aminta*, I swear by goodness
 'Tis nor hope, nor fear, of my self that invites me
 To this extream ; 'tis to supply thy wants ; and believe me
 Though pleasure met me in most ravishing forms,
 And happiness courted me to entertain her,
 I would nor eat nor sleep, till I return'd
 And crown'd thee with my fortunes.

Amin. Oh but your absence.
Alb. Suppose it but a dream, and as you may,
 Endeavour to take rest ; and when that sleep
 Deceives your hunger with imagin'd food,
 Think you have sent me for discovery
 Of some most fortunate Continent, yet unknown,
 Which you are to be Queen of.
 And now ye Powers, that e'er heard Lovers Prayers,

Or cherisht pure affection ; look on him
That is your Votary ; and make it known
Against all stops, you can defend your own. [Exit.

Enter Hippolita, Crocale, Juletta.

Hip. How did we lose *Clarinda* ? (take soil,

Cro. When we believ'd the Stag was spent, and would
The sight of the black lake which we suppos'd
He chose for his last refuge, frighted him more
Than we that did pursue him.

Jul. That's usual ; for, death it self is not so terrible
To any beast of chase.

Hip. Since we liv'd here, we ne'er could force one to it.

Cro. 'Tis so dreadful,

Birds that with their pinions cleave the air
Dare not flie over it : when the Stag turn'd head,
And we, even tir'd with labor, *Clarinda*, as if
She were made of Air and Fire,
And had no part of earth in her, eagerly pursu'd him ;
Nor need we fear her safety, this place yields not
Fawns nor Satyrs, or more lustful men ;

Here we live secure,
And have among our selves a Common-wealth,
Which in our selves begun, with us must end.

Jul. I, there's the misery.

Cro. But being alone,

Allow me freedom but to speak my thoughts ;
The strictness of our Governess, that forbids us,
On pain of death, the sight and use of men,
Is more than tyranny : for her self, she's past
Those youthful heats, and feels not the want
Of that which young maids long for : and her daughter
The fair *Clarinda*, though in few years
Improv'd in height and large proportion,
Came here so young,

That scarce remembring that she had a father,
She never dreams of man ; and should she see one,
In my opinion, a would appear a strange beast to her.

Jul. 'Tis not so with us.

Hip. For my part, I confess it, I was not made

For this single life ; nor do I love hunting so,
But that I had rather be the chace my self.

Cro. By *Venus* (out upon me) I should have sworn
By *Diana*, I am of thy mind too wench ;
And though I have ta'en an oath, not alone
To detest, but never to think of man,
Every hour something tels me I am forsworn ;
For I confess, imagination helps me sometimes,
And that's all is left for us to feed on,
We might starve else, for if I have any pleasure
In this life, but when I sleep, I am a Pagan ;
Then from the Courtier to the Countrey-clown,
I have strange visions.

Jul. Visions *Crocale* ?

Cro. Yes, and fine visions too ;
And visions I hope in dreams are harmless,
And not forbid by our Canons ; the last night
(Troth 'tis a foolish one, but I must tell it)
As I lay in my Cabin, betwixt sleeping and waking.

Hip. Upon your back ?

Cro. How should a young Maid lie, fool,
When she would be intranc'd ?

Hip. We are instructed ; forward I prethee.

Cro. Methought a sweet young man
In years some twenty, with a downy chin,
Promising a future beard, and yet no red one,
Stole slylie to my Cabin all unbrac'd,
Took me in his arms, and kiss'd me twenty times,
Yet still I slept.

Jul. Fie ; thy lips run over *Crocale*.
But to the rest.

Cro. Lord, What a man is this thought I,
To do this to a Maid !
Yet then for my life I could not wake.
The youth, a little danted, with a trembling hand
Heav'd up the clothes.

Hip. Yet still you slept ?

Cro. Y'faith I did ; and when, methoughts, he was warm
by my side,
Thinking to catch him, I stretcht out both mine armes ;

And when I felt him not, I shriekt out,
And wak'd for anger.

Hip. 'Twas a pretty dream.

Cro. I, if it had been a true one.

Enter Albert.

Ful. But stay, What's here cast o'th' shore?

Hip. 'Tis a man;

Shall I shoot him?

Cro. No, no, 'tis a handsome beast;
Would we had more o'th' breed; stand close wenches,
And let's hear if he can speak.

Alb. Do I yet live?

Sure it is ay I breathe; What place is this?
Sure something more than humane keeps residence here,
For I have past the *Stygian* gulph,
And touch upon the blessed shore? 'tis so;
This is the *Elizian* shade; these happy spirits,
That here enjoy all pleasures.

Hip. He makes towards us.

Ful. Stand, or I'll shoot.

Cro. Hold, he makes no resistance.

Alb. Be not offended Goddesses, that I fall

Thus prostrate at your feet: or if not such,
But Nymphs of *Dian's* train, that range these groves,
Which you forbid to men; vouchsafe to know
I am a man, a wicked sinful man; and yet not sold
So far to impudence, as to presume
To press upon your privacies, or provoke
Your Heavenly angers; 'tis not for my self
I beg thus poorly, for I am already wounded,
Wounded to death, and faint; my last breath
Is for a Virgin, comes as near your selves
In all perfection, as what's mortal may
Resemble things divine. O pitty her,
And let your charity free her from that desart,
If Heavenly charity can reach to Hell,
For sure that place comes near it: and where ere
My ghost shall find abode,
Eternally I shall powre blessings on ye.

Hip. By my life I cannot hurt him.

Cro. Though I lose my head for it, nor I.
I must pity him, and will.

Enter Clarinda.

Ful. But stay, *Clarinda*?

Cla. What new game have ye found here, ha!
What beast is this lies wallowing in his gore?

Cro. Keep off.

Cla. Wherefore, I pray? I ne'er turn'd
From a fell Lioness rob'd of her whelps,
And, Shall I fear dead carrion?

Ful. O but.

Cla. But, What is't?

Hip. It is infectious.

Cla. Has it not a name?

Cro. Yes, but such a name from which
As from the Devil your Mother commands us flee.

Cla. Is't a man?

Cro. It is.

Cla. What a brave shape it has in death;
How excellent would it appear had it life!
Why should it be infectious? I have heard
My Mother say, I had a Father,
And was not he a Man?

Cro. Questionless Madam.

Cla. Your fathers too were Men?

Ful. Without doubt Lady.

Cla. And without such it is impossible
We could have been.

Hip. A sin against nature to deny it.

Cla. Nor can you or I have any hope to be a Mother,
Without the help of Men.

Cro. Impossible.

Cla. Which of you then most barbarous, that knew
You from a man had Being, and owe to it
The name of parent, durst presume to kill
The likeness of that thing by which you are?
Whose Arrowes made these wounds? speak, or by *Dian*
Without distinction I'll let fly at ye all.

Ful. Not mine.

Hip. Nor mine.

Cro. 'Tis strange to see her mov'd thus.

Restrain your fury Madam; had we kill'd him,
We had but perform'd your Mothers command.

Cla. But if she command unjust and cruel things,
We are not to obey it.

Cro. We are innocent; some storm did cast
Him shipwrackt on the shore, as you see wounded:
Nor durst we be Surgeons to such
Your Mother doth appoint for death.

Cla. Weak excuse; Where's pity?
Where's soft compassion? cruel, and ungrateful
Did providence offer to your charity
But one poor Subject to express it on,
And in't to shew our wants too; and could you
So carelessly neglect it?

Hip. For ought I know, he's living yet;
And may tempt your Mother, by giving him succor.

Cla. Ha, come near I charge ye.
So, bend his body softly; rub his temples;
Nay, that shall be my office: how the red
Steales into his pale lips! run and fetch the simples
With which my Mother heal'd my arme
When last I was wounded by the Bore.

Cro. Doe: but remember her to come after ye,
That she may behold her daughters charity.

Cla. Now he breathes; [Exit Hippolita.
The ayr passing through the *Arabian* groves
Yields not so sweet an odour: prethee taste it;
Taste it good *Crocale*; yet I envy thee so great a blessing;
'Tis not sin to touch these Rubies, is it?

Ful. Not, I think.

Cla. Or thus to live *Camelion* like?
I could resign my essence to live ever thus.
O welcome; raise him up Gently. Some soft hand
Bound up these wounds; a womans hair. What fury
For which my ignorance does not know a name,
Is crept into my bosome? But I forget.

Enter Hippolita.

My pious work. Now if this juyce hath power,
Let it appear; his eyelids ope: Prodigious!
Two Suns break from these Orbes.

Alb. Ha, Where am I? What new vision's this?
To what Goddess do I owe this second life?
Sure thou art more than mortal:

And any Sacrifice of thanks or duty
In poor and wretched man to pay, comes short
Of your immortal bounty: but to shew
I am not unthankful, th[u]s in humility
I kiss the happy ground you have made sacred,
By bearing of your weight.

Cla. No Goddess, friend: but made
Of that same brittle mould as you are;
One too acquainted with calamities,
And from that apt to pity. Charity ever
Finds in the act reward, and needs no Trumpet
In the receiver. O forbear this duty;
I have a hand to meet with yours,
And lips to bid yours welcome.

Cro. I see, that by instinct,
Though a young Maid hath never seen a Man,
Touches have titillations, and inform her.

Enter Rosella.

But here's our Governess;
Now I expect a storme.

Ros. Child of my flesh,
And not of my fair unspotted mind,
Un-hand this Monster.

Cla. Monster, Mother?

Ros. Yes; and every word he speaks, a *Syrens* note,
To drown the careless hearer. Have I not taught thee
The falshood and the perjuries of Men?
On whom, but for a woman to shew pity,
Is to be cruel to her self; the Sovereignty
Proud and imperious men usurp upon us,
We conferr on our selves, and love those fetters
We fasten to our freedoms. Have we, *Clarinda*,

Since thy fathers wrack, sought liberty,
 To lose it un-compel'd? Did fortune guide,
 Or rather destiny, our Barke, to which
 We could appoint no Port, to this blest place,
 Inhabited heretofore by warlike women,
 That kept men in subjection? Did we then,
 By their example, after we had lost
 All we could love in man, here plant our selves,
 With execrable oaths never to look
 On man, but as a Monster? and, Wilt thou
 Be the first president to infringe those vows
 We made to Heaven?

Cla. Hear me; and hear me with justice.
 And as ye are delighted in the name
 Of Mother, hear a daughter that would be like you.
 Should all Women use this obstinate abstinence,
 You would force upon us; in a few years
 The whole World would be peopled
 Onely with Beasts.

Hip. We must, and will have Men.

Cro. I, or wee'll shake off all obedience.

Ros. Are ye mad?

Can no perswasion alter ye? suppose
 You had my suffrage to your sute;
 Can this Shipwrackt wretch supply them all?

Alb. Hear me great Lady!

I have fellowes in my misery, not far hence,
 Divided only by this hellish River,
 There live a company of wretched Men,
 Such as your charity may make your slaves;
 Imagine all the miseries mankind
 May suffer under: and they groan beneath 'em.

Cla. But are they like to you?

Ful. Speak they your Language?

Cro. Are they able, lusty men?

Alb. They were good, Ladies;

And in their May of youth of gentle blood,
 And such as may deserve ye; now cold and hunger
 Hath lessen'd their perfection: but restor'd
 To what they were, I doubt not they'll appear

Worthy your favors.

Ful. This is a blessing
We durst not hope for.

Cl. Dear Mother, be not obdurate.

Ros. Hear then my resolution: and labor not
To add to what I'll grant, for 'twill be fruitless,
You shall appear as good Angels to these wretched Men;
In a small Boat wee'll pass o'er to 'em;
And bring 'em comfort: if you like their persons,
And they approve of yours: for wee'll force nothing;
And since we want ceremonies,
Each one shall choose a husband, and enjoy
His company a Month, but that expir'd,
You shall no more come near 'em; if you prove fruitful,
The Males ye shall return to them, the Females
We will reserve our selves: this is the utmost,
Ye shall e'er obtain: as ye think fit;
Ye may dismiss this stranger,
And prepare to morrow for the journey. [Exit.

Cl. Come, Sir, Will ye walk?
We will shew ye our pleasant Bowers,
And something ye shall find to cheer your heart.

Alb. Excellent Lady;
Though 'twill appear a wonder one near starv'd
Should refuse rest and meat, I must not take
Your noble offer: I left in yonder desert
A Virgin almost pin'd.

Cl. Shee's not your Wife?

Alb. No Lady, but my Sister ('tis now dangerous
To speak truth) To her I deeply vow'd
Not to tast food, or rest, if fortune brought it me,
Till I bless'd her with my return: now if you please
To afford me an easie passage to her,
And some meat for her recovery,
I shall live your slave: and thankfully
She shall ever acknowledge her life at your service.

Cl. You plead so well, I can deny ye nothing;
I my self will see you furnish;
And with the next Sun visit and relieve thee.

Alb. Ye are all goodness—

[Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter severally, Lamure, Franvile, Morillat.

Lam. O H! What a tempest have I in my stomach!
 How my empty guts cry out! my wounds ake,
 Would they would bleed again, that I might get
 Something to quench my thirst.

Fran. O *Lamure*, the happiness my dogs had
 When I kept house at home! they had a storehouse,
 A storehouse of most blessed bones and crusts,
 Happy crusts: Oh! how sharp hunger pinches me!

[*Exit Franvile.*

Mor. O my importunate belly, I have nothing
 To satisfie thee; I have sought,
 As far as my weak legs would carry me,
 Yet can find nothing: neither meat nor water;
 Nor any thing that's nourishing,
 My bellies grown together like an empty sachel.

Enter Franvile.

Lam. How now, What news?

Mor. Hast any meat yet?

Fran. Not a bit that I can see;
 Here be goodly quarries, but they be cruel hard
 To gnaw: I ha got some mud, we'll eat it with spoons,
 Very good thick mud: but it stinks damnably;
 There's old rotten trunks of Trees too,
 But not a leafe nor blossome in all the Island.

Lam. How it looks!

Mor. It stinks too.

Lam. It may be poyson.

Fran. Let it be any thing;
 So I can get it down: Why Man,
 Poyson's a Princely dish.

Mor. Hast thou no Bisket?
 No crumbs left in thy pocket: here's my dublet,
 Give me but three small crumbes.

Fran. Not for three Kingdoms,
 If I were master of 'em: Oh *Lamure*,

But one poor joynt of Mutton : we ha scorn'd (Man).

Lam. Thou speak'st of Paradise

[*Fran.*] Or but the snuffes of those healths,
We have lewdly at midnight flang away.

Mor. Ah! but to lick the Glasses.

Enter Surgeon.

Fran. Here comes the Surgeon : What
Hast thou discover'd? smile, smile, and comfort us.

Sur. I am expiring;

Smile they that can : I can find nothing Gentlemen,
Here's nothing can be meat, without a miracle.
Oh that I had my boxes, and my lints now,
My stupes, my tents, and those sweet helps of nature,
What dainty dishes could I make of 'em.

Mor. Hast ne'er an old suppository?

Sur. Oh would I had Sir.

Lam. Or, but the paper where such a Cordial
Potion, or Pills hath been entomb'd.

Fran. Or the best bladder where a cooling-glistler.

Mor. Hast thou no searcloths left?

Nor any old pultesses?

Fran. We care not to what it hath been ministred.

Sur. Sure I have none of these dainties Gentlemen.

Fran. Where's the great Wen

Thou cut'st from *Hugh* the saylers shoulder?
That would serve now for a most Princely banquet.

Sur. I, if we had it Gentlemen.

I flung it over-board, slave that I was.

Lam. A most unprovident villain.

Sur. If I had any thing that were but supple now!
I could make Sallads of your shoos Gentlemen,
And rare ones : any thing unctious.

Mor. I, and then we might fry the soals i'th' Sun.
The soals would make a second dish.

Lam. Or, souce 'em in the salt-water,
An inner soal well souc'd.

En. Aminta.

Fran. Here comes the Woman;

It may be she has meat, and may relieve us,
Let's withdraw, and mark, and then be ready,
She'll hide her store else, and so cozen us.

Amin. How weary, and how hungry am I,
How feeble, and how faint is all my body!
Mine eyes like spent Lamps glowing out, grow heavy,
My sight forsaking me, and all my spirits,
As if they heard my passing bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny,
Oh! for a little water: a little, little meat,
A little to relieve me ere I perish:
I had whole floods of tears awhile that nourisht me,
But they are all consum'd for thee dear *Albert*;
For thee they are spent, for thou art dead;
Merciless fate has swallow'd thee.
Oh—I grow heavy: sleep is a salve for misery;
Heaven look on me, and either take my life,
Or make me once more happy.

Lam. Shee's fast asleep already,
Why should she have this blessing, and we wake still,
Wake to our wants?

Mor. This thing hath been our overthrow,
And all these biting mischiefs that fall on us
Are come through her means.

Fran. True, we were bound ye all know,
For happy places, and most fertile Islands,
Where we had constant promises of all things,
She turn'd the Captains mind,
And must have him go in search, I know not of who,
Nor to what end: of such a fool her brother,
And such a coxcomb her kinsman, and we must put in every
She has put us in now yfaith. (where,

Lam. Why should we consume thus, and starve,
Have nothing to relieve us;
And she live there that bred all our miseries,
Unrosted, or unsod?

Mor. I have read in stories.

Lam. Of such restoring meates,
We have examples;
Thousand examples, and allow'd for excellent;

Women that have eat their Children,
Men their slaves, nay their brothers: but these are nothing;
Husbands devoured their Wives:

(th[ey] are their Chattels,)

And of a Schoolmaster, that in a time of famine,
Powdered up all his Scholars.

Mor. Shee's young and tydie,
In my conscience she'll eat delicately;
Just like young Pork a little lean,
Your opinion *Surgeon*.

Sur. I think she may be made good meat,
But look we shall want Salt.

Fran. Tush, she needs no powdering.

Sur. I grant ye;
But to suck out the humorous parts: by all means,
Lets kill her in a chafe, she'll eat the sweeter.

Lam. Let's kill her any way: and kill her quickly,
That we might be at our meat.

Sur. How if the Captain?

Mor. Talk not of him, he's dead, and the rest famish'd.
Wake her *Surgeon*, and cut her throat,
And then divide her, every Man his share.

Fran. She wakes her self.

Amin. Holy and good things keep me!
What cruel dreams have I had! Who are these?
O they are my friends; for heavens sake Gentlemen
Give me some food to save my life: if ye have ought to
A little to relieve me: I may bless ye; (spare;
For weak and wretched, ready to perish,
Even now I die.

Mor. You'll save a labor then,
You bred these miseries, and you shall pay for't;
We have no meat, nor where to have we know not,
Nor how to pull our selves from these afflictions,
We are starv'd too, famisht, all our hopes deluded;
Yet ere we die thus, wee'll have one dainty meal.

Amin. Shall I be with ye Gentlemen?

Lam. Yes mary shall ye: in our bellies Lady.
We love you well—

Amin. What said you Sir?

Lam. Mary wee'll eat your Ladiship.

Fran. You that have buried us in this base Island,
Wee'll bury ye in a more noble Monument.

Sur. Will ye say your prayers, that I may perform Lady?
We are wondrous sharp set; come Gentlemen,
Who are for the hinder parts?

Mor. I.

Fran. I.

Lam. And I.

Sur. Be patient;
They will not fall to every Man's share.

Amin. O hear me;
Hear me ye barbarous men.

Mor. Be short and pithy,
Our stomachs cannot stay a long discourse.

Sur. And be not fearful,
For I'll kill ye daintily.

Amin. Are ye not *Christians*?

Lam. Why, do not *Christians* eat Women?

Enter Tibalt, Master, Saylor.

Amin. Eat one another? 'tis most impious.

Sur. Come, come.

Amin. Oh, help, help, help.

Tib. The Ladies voice! stand off slaves,
What do you intend villains?
I have strength enough left me, if you abuse this soul,
To—

Ma. They would have ravisht her upon my life,
Speak, how was it Lady?

Amin. Forgive 'em, 'twas their hungers.

Tib. Ha, their hungers!

Ma. They would have eaten her.

Tib. O dam'd villains; speak, Is it true?

Sur. I confess an appetite.

Tib. An appetite, I'll fit ye for an appetite.
Are ye so sharp set, that her flesh must serve you?
Murther's a main good service with your Worships;
Since ye would be such Devils,
Why did you not begin with one another handsomly,

And spare the Woman to beget more food on?

Amin. Good Sir.

Tib. You shall grow mummy rascals ;
I'll make you fall to your brawns, and your buttocks,
And worry one another like keen bandogs.

Amin. Good Sir be merciful.

Tib. You shall know what 'tis to be damn'd Canibals.

Amin. O my best friend !

Enter Albert.

Al. Alas poor heart ! here,
Here's some meat and sovereign drink to ease you,
Sit down gentle Sweet.

Amin. I am blest to see you.

Tib. Stir not within forty foot of this food,
If you do dogs !

All. Oh, Captain, Captain, Captain.

Alb. Ye shall have meat all of you.

Tib. Captain, hear me first : hark,
'Tis so inhumane ! I would not ha the air corrupted with it.

Alb. O barbarous men ! sit down *Dupont*,
Good Master, and honest Saylor.

Tib. But stand you off,
And waite upon our charity ; I'll wait on you else ;
And touch nothing but what's flung ye ; as if you were dogs ;
If you do, I'll cut your fingers ; friends,
I'll spoil your carving.

Amin. There wretches, there.

Tib. Eat your meat handsomely now,
And give Heaven thanks.

Alb. There's more bread.

Tib. See, they snarle like dogs ;
Eat quietly you Rascals, eat quietly.

Alb. There is drink too.

Tib. Come, come, I'll fill you each your cups,
Ye shall not surfet.

Amin. And what have you discover'd ?

Alb. Sweet, a paradise,
A paradise inhabited with Angels,
Such as you are : their pitties make 'm Angels,

They gave me these viands, and supply'd me
With these pretious drinks.

Amin. Shall not we see 'em?

Alb. Yes, they will see you

Out of their charities, having heard our story,
They will come, and comfort us, come presently;
We shall no more know wants nor miseries.

Amin. Are they all women?

Alb. All, and all in love with us.

Amin. How!

Alb. Do not mistake: in love with our misfortunes,
They will cherish and relieve our men.

Tib. Do you shrug now,

And pull up your noses? you smell comfort,
See they stretch out their Legs like Dottrels,
Each like a new Saint *Dennis*.

Alb. Dear Mistris,

When you would name me, and the women hear,
Call me your brother, you I'll call my sister,
And pray observe this all—

Why do you change color sweet.

Amin. Eating too much meat.

Alb. Sawc't with jealousy;

Fie, fie, dear saint, yfaith ye are too blame,
Are ye not here? here fixt in my heart?

All. Hark, hark;

Enter Rosella, Clarinda, Crocale, Hipollitta, Juletta.

Alb. They are come, stand ready, and look nobly,
And with all humble reverence receive 'em,
Our lives depend upon their gentle pitties,
And death waits on their anger.

Mor. Sure they are *Fairies*.

Tib. Be they Devils: Devils of flesh and blood;
After so long a *Lent*, and tedious voyage,
To me they are Angels.

Fran. O for some *Eringoes*!

Lam. *Potatoes*, or *Cantharides*.

Tib. Peace you Rogues, that buy abilities of your 'po-
Had I but took the diet of green Cheese, (thecaries,

And Onions for a month, I could do wonders.

Ros. Are these the Jewels you run mad for?
What can you see in one of these,
To whom you would vouchsafe a gentle touch?
Can nothing perswade you
To love your selves, and place your happiness
In cold and chaste embraces of each other.

Ju. This is from the purpose.

Hip. We had your grant to have them as they were.

Cl. 'Tis a beauteous Creature,
And to my self, I do appear deform'd,
When I consider her, and yet she is
The strangers sister; Why then should I fear?
She cannot prove my rival.

Ros. When you repent,
That you refus'd my counsel, may it add
To your afflictions, that you were forward;
Yet leap'd into the Gulfe of your misfortunes,
But have your wishes.

Mast. Now she makes to us.

Amin. I am instructed, but take heed *Albert*,
You prove not false;

Alb. Ye are your own assurance,
And so acquainted with your own perfections,
That weak doubts cannot reach you; therefore fear not.

Ros. That you are poor and miserable men,
My eyes inform me: that without our succors,
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of safety;
The present plight you are in, can resolve you
That to be merciful, is to draw near
The Heavenly essence: whether you will be
Thankful, I do not question; nor demand
What country bred you, what names, what maners;
To us it is sufficient we relieve
Such as have shapes of men: and I command you,
As we are not ambitious to know
Farther of you, that on pain of death
You presume not to enquire what we are,
Or whence deriv'd.

Alb. In all things we obey you,

And thankfully we ever shall confess
Our selves your creatures.

Ros. You speak as becomes you ;
First then, and willingly, deliver up
Those weapons we could force from you.

Alb. We lay 'em down
Most gladly at your feet.

Tib. I have had many a combat with a tall wench ;
But never was disarm'd before.

Ros. And now hear comfort,
Your wants shall be supply'd, and though it be
A debt women may challenge to be sued to,
Especially from such they may command ;
We give up to you that power, and therefore
Freely each make his choice.

Fran. Then here I fix.

Mor. Nay, she is mine : I eyed her first.

Lam. This mine.

Tib. Stay good rascals ;

You are too forward, sir Gallant,
You are not giving order to a Taylor
For the fashion of a new suit ;
Nor are you in your warehouse, master Merchant,
Stand back, and give your betters leave : your betters ;
And grumble not : if ye do, as I love meat
I will so swinge the salt itch out on you.
Captain, Master, and the rest of us,
That are brothers, and good fellows : we have been
Too late by the ears : and yet smart for our follies ;
To end therefore all future emulation : if you please,
To trust to my election, you shall say,
I am not partial to my self ; I doubt not
Give content to all.

All. Agreed, agreed.

Tib. Then but observe, how learned and discreetly,
I will proceed, and as a skilful Doctor
In all the quirks belonging to the game ;
Read over your complexions : for you Captain
Being first in place, and therefore first to be serv'd,
I give my judgment thus, for your aspect,

Y'are much inclin'd to melancholy: and that tells me,
 The sullen *Saturne* had predominance
 At your nativity, a malignant Planet,
 And if not qualified by a sweet conjunction
 Of a soft and ruddy wench, born under *Venus*,
 It may prove fatal: therefore to your armes,
 I give this rose-cheekt Virgin.

Cla. To my wish;
 Till now I never was happy.

Amin. Nor I accurs'd.

Tib. Master, you are old;
 Yet love the game, that I perceive too,
 And if not well spurr'd up, you may prove rusty;
 Therefore to help ye here's a *Bradamanta*,
 Or I am cosen'd in my calculation.

Cro. A poor old man alloted to my share.

Ti. Thou wouldst have two;
 Nay, I think twenty: but fear not wench,
 Though he be old he's tough: look on's making,
 Hee'll not fail I warrant thee.

Ros. A merry fellow,
 And were not man a creature I detest,
 I could indure his company.

Ti. Here's a fair heard of Does before me,
 And now for a barren one:
 For, though I like the sport: I do not love
 To Father children: like the *Grand Signior*,
 Thus I walk in my *Seraglio*,
 And view 'em as I pass: then draw I forth
 My handkercher, and having made my choice,
 I thus bestow it.

Ros. On me.

Ti. On you: now my choice is made;
 To it you hungry Rascals.

Alb. Excellent.

Amin. As I love goodness,
 It makes me smile i'th' height of all my fears.

Cla. What a strong contention you may behold
 Between my Mothers mirth and anger.

Tib. Nay, no coyness: be Mistriss of your word,

I must, and will enjoy you.

Ros. Be advis'd fool: alas I am old;
How canst thou hope content from one that's fifty.

Ti. Never talk on't;
I have known good ones at threescore and upwards;
Besides the weathers hot: and men
That have experience, fear Fevers:
A temperate diet is the onely Physick,
Your *Julips*, nor *Guajacum prunello's*,
Camphire pills, nor *Goord-water*,
Come not near your old Woman;
Youthful stomachs are still craving,
Though there be nothing left to stop their mouths with;
And believe me I am no frequent giver of those bounties:
Laugh on: laugh on: good Gentlemen do,
I shall make holiday and sleep, when you
Dig in the mines till your hearts ake.

Ros. A mad fellow;
[Well,] Sir, I'll give you hearing: and as I like
Your wooing, and discourse: but I must tell ye Sir,
That rich Widows look for great sums in present,
Or assurances of ample Joynters.

Ti. That to me is easie,
For instantly I'll do it, hear me comrades.

Alb. What say'st thou *Tibalt*?

Tib. Why, that to woo a Wench with empty hands
Is no good Heraldry, therefore let's to the gold,
And share it equally: 'twill speak for us
More than a thousand complements or cringes,
Ditties stolen from *Petrarch*, or Discourse from *Ovid*,
Besides, 'twill beget us respect,
And if ever fortune friend us with a Barque,
Largely supply us with all provision.

Alb. Well advis'd, defer it not.

Ti. Are ye all contented.

All. We are!

Ti. Lets away then,
Strait wee'll return,
And you shall see our riches.

[Exit.

Ros. Since I knew what wonder and amazement was,

I nee'r was so transported.

Cl. Why weep ye gentle Maid?
There is no danger here to such as you;
Banish fear: for with us I dare promise,
You shall meet all courteous entertainment.

Cro. We esteem our selves most happy in you.

Hip. And bless fortune that brought you hither.

Cl. Hark in your ear;
I love you as a friend already,
Ere long you shall call me by a nearer name,
I wish your brother well: I know you apprehend me.

Amin. I, to my grief I do;
Alas good Ladies, there is nothing left me,
But thanks, to pay ye with.

Clar. That's more,
Than yet you stand ingag'd for.

Enter Albert, Tibalt, and the rest with treasure.

Ros. So soon return'd!

Alb. Here: see the Idol of the Lapidary.

Ti. These Pearls, for which the slavish *Negro*
Dives to the bottom of the Sea.

Lam. To get which the industrious Merchant
Touches at either pole.

Fran. The never-fayling purchase
Of Lordships, and of honors.

Mor. The Worlds Mistriss,
That can give every thing to the possessors.

Ma. For which the Saylor's scorn tempestuous Winds.
And spit defiance in the Sea.

Ti. Speak Lady: Look we not lovely now?

Ros. Yes, yes, O my Stars,
Be now for ever blest, that have brought
To my revenge these Robbers; take your arrowes,
And nayl these Monsters to the earth.

Alb. What mean ye Lady?
In what have we offended?

Ros. O my daughter!
And you companions with me in all fortunes,

Look on these Caskets, and these Jewels,
 These were our own, when first we put to Sea
 With good *Sebastian*: and these the Pyrats
 That not alone depriv'd him of this treasure,
 But also took his life.

Cro. Part of my present
 I will remember was mine own.

Hip. And these were mine.

Fu. Sure, I have worn this Jewel.

Ros. Wherefore do ye stay then,
 And not perform my command?

Al. O Heaven!

What cruel fate pursues us.

Ti. I am well enough serv'd,
 That must be off'ring Joyntures, Jewels,
 And precious stones, more than I brought with me.

Ros. Why shoot ye not?

Cla. Hear me dear Mother;
 And when the greatest cruelty, is Justice,
 Do not shew mercy: death to these starv'd wretches
 Is a reward, not punishment: let 'em live
 To undergoe the full weight of your displeasure.
 And that they may have sence to feel the torments
 They have deserv'd: allow 'em some small pittance,
 To linger out their tortures.

Ros. 'Tis well counsell'd.

All. And wee'll follow it;

Alb. Hear us speak.

Ros. Peace dogs.

Bind 'em fast: when fury hath given way to reason,
 I will determine of their sufferings,
 Which shall be horrid. Vengeance, though slow pac'd,
 At length o'rtakes the guilty; and the wrath
 Of the incensed powers, will fall most sure
 On wicked men, when they are most secure.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Raymond, Sebastian, Nicusa, Saylor.

1. *Sayl.* **H**ere's nothing, Sir, but poverty and hunger ;
No promise of inhabitation ; neither track
of Beast,

Nor foot of Man : we have searcht
All this Rocky desert, yet cannot discover any assurance
Here is, or hath been such men.

2. *Sayl.* Not a relique of any thing they wore ;
Nor mark left by 'em, either to find relief,
Or to warn others from the like misfortune.
Believe it, these fellows are both false,
And, to get a little succor in their misery,
Have fram'd this cunning Tale.

Ray. The Ship, I know, is *French*, and own'd by *Pirats*,
If not by *Albert* my arch enemy.

You told me too there was a woman with 'em.
A young and handsome Woman.

Sebast. There was so Sir.

Raym. And such, and such young gallants.

Nic. We told you true, Sir,
That they had no means to quit this Island.

Raym. And that amidst their mutiny to save your lives,
You got their Ship.

Sebast. All is most certain, Sir.

Raym. Where are they then ? Where are these Men
Or Woman ? we are landed where your faiths
Did assure us, we could not miss their sights.
For this news we took ye to our mercy,
Reliev'd ye, when the furious Sea, and Famine
Strove, which should first devour ye ;
Cloath'd, and cherisht ye ; us'd ye as those ye say ye are.
Fair Gentlemen, now keep your words,
And shew us this company, your own free pitties spoke of ;
These men ye left in misery ; the Woman.
Men of those noble breedings you pretend to
Should scorn to lie, or get their food with falshood ;
Come, direct us.

Sebast. Alass, Sir, they are gone,
But by what means, or providence, we know not.

2. *Sayl.* Was not the Captain
A fellow of a fiery, yet brave nature,
A middle stature, and of brown complexion?

Nic. He was, Sir.

Raym. 'Twas *Albert*,
And my poor wretched sister.

1. *Sayl.* 'Twas he certain,
I ha been at Sea with him; many times at Sea.

Raym. Come, shew us these Men;
Shew us presently, and do not dally with us.

Seb. We left 'em here; What should we say, Sir?
Here, in this place.

2. *Sayl.* The earth cannot swallow 'em;
They have no wings, they cannot fly sure.

Raym. You told us too
Of heaps of treasure, and of sums conceal'd,
That set their heart[s] a fire; we see no such thing,
No such sign; What can ye say to purge ye?
What have ye done with these men?

Nic. We, Sir?

Raym. You Sir;
For certain I believe ye saw such people.

Sebast. By all that's good,
By all that's pure and honest,
By all that's holy.

Raym. I dare not credit ye,
Ye have so abus'd my hope, that now I hate ye.

1. *Sayl.* Let's put 'em in their ragged clothes again Captain,
For certain they are knaves, lets e'en deliver 'em
To their old fruitful Farm; here let 'em walk the Island.

Sebast. If ye do so, we shall curse your mercies.

Nic. Rather put us to Sea again.

Raym. Not so.
Yet this I'll do, because ye say ye are *Christians*,
Though I hardly credit it: bring in the boat,
And all aboard again, but these two wretches;
Yet leave 'em four dayes meat. If in that time,
(For I will search all nookes of this strange Island)

I can discover any tract of these men,
 Alive or dead, I'll bear ye off, and honor ye ;
 If not, ye have found your Graves; so farewell. [Exit.

Nic. That goodness dwells above, and knows us innocent,
 Comfort our lives, and at his pleasure quit us.

Sebast. Come Cousin, come ; old time will end our story :
 But no time (if we end well) ends our glory. [Exit.

Enter Rosella, Clarinda, Crocale, Hippolita, Juletta.

Ros. Use 'em with all the austerity that may be,
 They are our slaves ; turn all those pitties,
 Those tender reluctations that should become your sex,
 To stern anger ; and when ye look upon 'em,
 Look with those eyes that wept those bitter sorrows,
 Those cruelties ye suffer'd by their Rapines.
 Some five dayes hence that blessed hour comes
 Most happy to me, that knit this hand to my dear husbands,
 And both our hearts in mutual bands.
 That hour Ladies.

Cla. What of that hour ?

Ros. Why, on that hour daughter,
 And in the height of all our celebrations,
 Our dear remembrances of that dear Man,
 And those that suffer'd with him, our fair kinsmen,
 Their lives shall fall a sacrifice to vengeance,
 Their lives that ruin'd his ; 'tis a full justice.
 I will look glorious in their bloods ;
 And the most Noble spirit of *Sebastian*,
 That perisht by the pride of these *French* Pirates,
 Shall smile in Heaven, and bless the hand that kill'd 'em.
 Look strictly all unto your prisoners ;
 For he that makes a scape beyond my vengeance,
 Or entertains a hope by your fair usage ;
 Take heed, I say, she that deceives my trust,
 Again take heed : her life, and that's but light neither ;
 Her life in all the tortures my spirit can put on.

All. We shall be careful.

Ros. Do so.

[*Ex. Rossella.*

Cla. You are angry Mother, and ye are old too,
 Forgetting what men are : but we shall temper ye.

How fare your prisoners, Ladies? in what formes
Do they appear in their afflictions?

Jul. Mine fare but poorly;

For so I am commanded: 'tis none of their fault.

Cl. Of what sort are they?

Jul. They say they are Gentlemen.

But they shew Mungrels.

Cl. How do they suffer?

Jul. Faith like boyes;

They are fearful in all fortunes; when I smile
They kneel, and beg to have that face continued;
And like poor slaves, adore the ground I go on.
When I frown, they hang their most dejected heads,
Like fearful sheephounds; shew 'em a crust of bread
They'll Saint me presently, and skip like Apes
For a sup of Wine. I'll whip 'em like hackneys,
Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.

Cl. Tush, these are poor things.

Have they names like *Christians*?

Jul. Very fair names: *Franvile*, *Lamure*, and *Morillat*;

And brag of great kindreds too. They offer very handsomely,
But that I am a fool, and dare not venture.

They are sound too o'my conscience,
Or very near upon't.

Cl. Fy, away fool.

Jul. They tell me,

If they might be brought before you,
They would reveale things of strange consequence.

Cl. Their base poor fears.

Jul. I, that makes me hate 'em too;

For if they were but manly to their sufferance,
Sure I should strain a point or two.

Cl. An hour hence I'll take a view of e'm,
And hear their business. Are your Men thus too?

Cro. Mine? No, gentle Madam, mine were not cast
In such base molds; afflictions, tortures,
Are names and natures of delight, to my men;
All sorts of cruelties they meet like pleasures.
I have but two; the one they call *Du-pont*,
Tibalt Du-pont; the other the Ship-master.

Cla. Have they not lives, and fears?

Cro. Lives they have Madam;
But those lives never linkt to such companions
As fears or doubts.

Cla. Use 'em Nobly;
And where you find fit subjects for your pitties
Let it become ye to be courteous;
My Mother will not alwayes be thus rigorous.

Hip. Mine are Saylor's Madam,
But they sleep soundly, and seldom trouble me, unless it be when
They dream sometimes of fights and tempests;
Then they rore and whistle for Cans of Wine,
And down they fling me; and in that rage,
(For they are violent fellows) they play such reaks.
If they have meat, they thank me;
If none, they heartily desire to be hang'd quickly.
And this is all they care.

Cla. Look to 'em diligently; and where your pitties tells ye
They may deserve, give comfort.

All. We will.

[*Exit.*

Cla. Come hither, be not frighted;

Enter Aminta.

Think not ye steal this liberty, for we give it,
Your tender innocence assures me, Virgin,
Ye had no share in those wrongs these men did us;
I find ye are not hardned in such mischiefs.
Your brother was mis-led sure,
Fouly mis-led.

Amin. How much I fear these pitties!

Cla. Certain he was, so much I pity him;
And for your sake, whose eyes plead for him;
Nay, for his own sake.

Amin. Ha!

Cla. For I see about him
Women have subtill eyes, and look narrowly;
Or I am much abus'd: many fair promises;
Nay beyond those, [too] many shadowed virtues.

Amin. I think he is good.

Cla. I assure my self he will be;

And out of that assurance take this comfort,
For I perceive your fear hath much dejected ye.
I love your brother.

Amin. Madam.

Cla. Nay, do not take it for a dreamt of favor,
That comforts in the sleep, and awake vanishes;
Indeed I love him.

Amin. Do ye indeed?

Cla. You doubt still, because ye fear his safety;
Indeed he is the sweetest man I ere saw;
I think the best. Ye may hear without blushes,
And give me thanks, if ye please, for my curtesie.

Amin. Madam, I ever must;

Yet witness Heaven, they are hard pull'd from me.
Believe me, Madam, so many imperfections I could find,
(Forgive me Grace for lying) and such wants,
(Tis to an honest use) such poverties,
Both in his main proportion, and his mind too;
There are a hundred handsomer; (I lie leudly)
Your noble usage, Madam, hath so bound me to ye,
That I must tell ye.

Cla. Come, tell your worst.

Amin. He is no husband for ye.

I think ye mean in that fair way.

Cla. Ye have hit it.

Amin. I am sure ye have hit my heart.

You will find him dangerous, Madam;
As fickle as the flying ayr, proud, jealous,
Soon glutt'd in your sweets, and soon forgetful;
I could say more, and tell ye I have a brother,
Another brother, that so far excells this,
Both in the ornaments of Man, and making.

Cla. If you were not his sister, I should doubt ye mainly;
Doubt ye for his love, ye deal so cunningly.
Do not abuse me, I have trusted ye with more than life,
With my first love; be careful of me.

Amin. In what use, Madam?

Cla. In this Lady,

Speak to him for me, you have power upon him;
Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him:

It will become your tongue.

Amin. Become my grave.

O fortune, O cursed fortune!

Cla. Tell him his liberty,
And all those with him; all our wealth and Jewels.
Good sister, for I'll call ye so.

Amin. I shall Lady,
Even die, I hope.

Cla. Here's Meat and Wine, pray take it,
And there he lies; give him what liberty you please;
But still conceal'd. What pleasure you shall please, Sister.
He shall ne'er want again. Nay, see an you'l take it;
Why do you study thus?

Amin. To avoid mischiefs, if they should happen.

Cla. Goe, and be happy for me.

Amin. O blind fortune;
Yet happy thus far, I shall live to see him,
In what strange desolation lives he here now?
Sure this Curtain will reveale.

Enter Albert.

Alb. Who's that? ha!
Some gentle hand, I hope, to bring me comfort.
Or if it be my death, 'tis sweetly shadowed.

Amin. Have ye forgot me, Sir?

Alb. My *Aminta*?

Amin. She Sir,
That walks here up and down an empty shadow,
One, that for some few hours
But wanders here, carrying her own sad Coffin,
Seeking some Desart place to lodge her griefs in.

Alb. Sweet sorrow welcome, welcome noble grief;
How got you this fair liberty to see me?
For sorrows in your shape are strangers to me.

Amin. I come to counsel ye.

Alb. Ye are still more welcome;
For good friends in afflictions give good Councils.
Pray then proceed.

Amin. Pray eat first, ye shew faint;
Here's Wine to refresh ye too.

Alb. I thank ye dear.

Amin. Drink again.

Alb. Here's to our loves.

How, turn and weep!

Pray pledge it: this happiness we have yet left,
Our hearts are free. Not pledge it? Why?
And though beneath the Axe this health were holy,
Why do ye weep thus?

Amin. I come to woo ye.

Alb. To woo me Sweet? I am woo'd and won already,
You know I am yours. This pretty way becomes ye.
But you would deceive my sorrows; that's your intent.

Amin. I would I could, I should not weep, but smile.

Do ye like your Meat and Wine?

Alb. Like it?

Amin. Do you like your liberty?

Alb. All these I well may like.

Amin. Then pray like her that sent 'em.

Do ye like wealth, and most unequal'd beauty?

Alb. Peace, indeed you'l make me angry.

Amin. Would I were dead that ask it,

Then ye might freely like, and I forgive ye.

Alb. What like, and who? add not more misery

To a man that's fruitful in afflictions.

Who is't you would have me like?

Who sent these comforts?

Amin. I must tell.

Alb. Be bold.

Amin. But be you temperate.

If you be bold I die. The young fair Virgin;
(Sorrow hath made me old.) O hearken,
And wisely hark, the Governess daughter:
That Star that strikes this Island full of wonder,
That blooming sweetness.

Alb. What of her?

Amin. She sent it: and with it,

It must be out, she dotes on ye,
And must enjoy ye: else no joy must find ye.

Alb. And have you the patience to deliver this?

Amin. A sister may say much, and modestly.

Alb. A sister?

Amin. Yes, that name undid ye;
Undid us both: had ye nam'd Wife, she had fear'd ye;
And fear'd the sin she follow'd; She had shun'd, yea
Her Virgin modesty had not touch'd at ye.
But thinking you were free, hath kindled a fire,
I fear will hardly be extinguisht.

Alb. Indeed I played the fool.

Amin. O my best Sir, take heed,
Take heed of lies. Truth, though it trouble some minds,
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous:
Yet it preserves it self, comes off pure, innocent,
And like the Sun, though never so eclips'd,
Must break in glory. O Sir, lie no more.

Alb. Ye have read me a fair Lecture,
And put a spell upon my tongue for fayning.
But how will you counsel now?

Amin. Ye must study to forget me.

Alb. How?

Amin. Be patient.

Be wise and patient, it conce[r]ns ye highly.
Can ye lay by our loves? But why should I doubt it?
Ye are a man, and man may shift affections,
'Tis held no sin. To come to the point,
Ye must lose me; many and mighty reasons.

Alb. Hear me *Aminta*,

Have you a man that loves you too, that feeds ye,
That sends ye liberty? Has this great Governess
A noble son too, young, and apt to catch ye?
Am I, because I am in bonds, and miserable,
My health decay'd, my youth and strength half blasted,
My fortune like my waining self, for this despis'd?
Am I for this forsaken? a new love chosen,
And my affections, like my fortunes, wanderers?
Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it;
And shew'd how deep a sin it was, and dangerous.
Take heed, your self, you swore you lov'd me dearly;
No few, nor little oathes you swore *Aminta*,
Those seal'd with no small faith, I then assur'd my self.
O seek no new wayes to cozen truth.

Amin. I do not.

By love it self I love thee,
And ever must, nor can all deaths dissolve it.

Alb. Why do you urge me thus then?

Amin. For your safety,
To preserve your life.

Alb. My life, I do confess, is hers,
She gives it,
And let her take it back, I yield it.
My loves intirely thine, none shall touch at it;
None, my *Aminta*, none.

Amin. Ye have made me happy,
And now I know ye are mine. Fortune, I scorn thee.
Goe to your rest, and I'll sit by ye;
Whilst I have time I'll be your mate, and comfort ye,
For only I am trusted: you shall want nothing,
Not a liberty that I can steal ye.

Alb. May we not celebrate our loves *Aminta*?
And where our wishes cannot meet.

Amin. You are wanton,
But with cold kisses I'll allay that fever;
Look for no more, and that in private too.
Believe me, I shall blush else.
But, let's consider, we are both lost else.

Alb. Let's in, and prevent fate. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Tibalt, Master.

Tib. You do well to ayr us, Ladies, we shall be musty else.
What are your wise wills now?

Cro. You are very crank still.

Tib. As crank as a holy Fryer, fed with hail-stones.
But do ye bring us out to bait, like Bulls?

Mast. Or are you weary of the charge ye are at?
Turn us abroad again, let's jog Ladies;
We are gross, and course, unfit for your sweet pleasures.

Tib. Knock off our shooes, and turn's to grass.

Cro. You are determined
Still to be stubborn then: it well becomes ye.

Tib. An humour Lady that contents a prisoner.
A sullen fit sometimes serves for a second course.

Jul. Ye may as well be kind,
And gain our favours; gain meat and drink,
And lodging to rest your bones.

Tib. My bones have bore me thus long,
And had their share of pains and recreations;
If they fail now, they are no fair companions.

Cro. Are ye thus harsh to all our Sex?

Mast. We cannot be merry without a Fidler,
Pray strike up your Tabors, Ladies.

Cro. The fools despise us.

Jul. We know ye are very hungry now.

Tib. Yes 'tis very wholsom, Ladies;
For we that have gross bodies, must be careful
Have ye no piercing air to stir our stomachs?
We are beholding to ye for our Ordinary.

Jul. Why slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye.

Mast. Very likely.

'Tis in our powers then to be hang'd, and scorn ye.
Hanging's as sweet to us, as dreaming to you.

Cro. Come, be more courteous. (saries.)

Jul. Do, and then ye shall be pleas'd, and have all neces-

Tib. Give me some Ratsbane then.

Cro. And why Ratsbane, Mounsieur?

Tib. We live like vermine here, and eat up your cheese,
Your mouldy cheese, that none but Rats would bite at;
Therefore 'tis just that Ratsbane should reward us.
We are unprofitable, and our Ploughs are broken;
There is no hope of Harvest this year, Ladies.

Jul. Ye shall have all content.

Mast. I, and we'll serve your uses.

I had rather serve hogs, there's more delight in't;
Your greedy appetites are never satisfied;
Just like hungry Camels, sleeping or waking
You chew the cud still.

Cro. By this hand we'll starve ye.

Mast. 'Tis a noble courtesie.

I had as lief ye should famish me, as founder me:
To be jaded to death, is only fit for a hackney.
Here be certain Tarts of Tarr about me,
And parcels of potargo in my Jerkin,

As long as these last.

Jul. Which will not last ever.

Tib. Then we'll eat one another like good fellows.
A shoulder of his for a haunch of mine.

Jul. 'Tis excellent.

Tib. 'Twill be as we'll dress it Ladies.

Cro. Why sure ye are not men?

Mast. Ye had best come search us,
A Seaman is seldom without a salt Eele.

Tib. I am bad enough,

And in my nature a notorious wench;
And yet ye make me blush at your immodesty.
Tell me good Master, didst ever see such things?

Mast. I could like 'em, though they were lewdly given,
If they could say no; [but fie on 'em,
They gape like Oysters.]

Tib. Well, ye may hang, or starve us;

But your commanding impudence shall never fear us.
Had ye by blushing signs, soft cunings, crept into us,
And shew'd us your necessities: we had met your purposes,
Supply'd your wants. We are no Saints Ladies;
I love a good wench, as I love my life,
And with my life I will maintain my love:
But such a sordid impudence I'll spit at.
Let's to our dens again. Come noble Master.
You know our minds, Ladies:

This is the faith in which we'll die. [*Exit Tib. and Mast.*]

Cro. I do admire 'em.

Jul. They are noble fellows,
And they shall not want, for this.

Cro. But see, *Clarinda* comes.

Farewel, I'll to my charge.

Enter Clarinda.

Cl. Bring out those prisoners now,
And let me see 'em, and hear their business.

Jul. I will, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

Cl. I hope she hath prevail'd upon her brother.
She has a sweet tongue, and can describe the happiness
My love is ready to fling on him.
And sure he must be glad, [and certain] wonder,

And bless the hour that brought him to this Island.
I long to hear the full joy that he labours with.

Enter Juletta, Morillat, Franville, Lamure.

Mor. Bless thy Divine Beauty.

Fran. Mirror of sweetness.

La-m. Ever-springing brightness.

Cla. Nay, Stand up Gentlemen, and leave your flatteries.

Mor. She calls us Gentlemen, sure we shall have some

Cla. I am a mortal creature, (meat now.

Worship Heaven, and give these attributes

To their Divinities. Methinks ye look but thin.

Mor. Oh we are starv'd, immortal beauty.

La-m. We are all poor starv'd knaves.

Fran. Neither liberty nor meat, Lady. (men,

Mor. We were handsome men, and Gentlemen, and sweet

And were once gracious in the eyes of beauties,

But now we look like Rogues ;

Like poor starv'd rogues.

Cla. What would ye do if ye were to die now ?

Fran. Alas, we were prepar'd. If you will hang us,

Let's have a good meal or two to die with,

To put's in heart.

Mor. Or if you'll drown us,

Let's be drunk first, that we may die merrily,

And bless the founders.

Cla. Ye shall not die so hastily.

What dare ye do to deserve my favour ?

La-m. Put us to any service.

Fran. Any bondage,

Let's but live.

Mar. We'll get a world of children,

For we know ye are hainously unprovided that way ;

And ye shall beat us when we offend ye ;

Beat us abundantly, and take our meat from us.

Cla. These are weak abject things, that shew ye poor ones.

What's the great service ye so oft have threatned,

If ye might see me, and win my favour ?

Jul. That business of discovery.

Mor. Oh, Ill tell ye Lady.

La-m. And so will I.

Fran. And I,

Pray let me speak first.

Mor. Good, no confusion.

We are before a Lady that knows manners;
And by the next meat I shall eat, 'tis certain,
This little Gentlewoman that was taken with us.

Cla. Your Captains Sister, she you mean.

Mar. I, I, she's the business that we would open to ye.
You are cousened in her.

Lam. {How, what is't you would open?

Fran. {She is no Sister.

Mor. Good Sirs how quick you are.

She is no Sister, Madam.

Fran. She is his.

Mor. Peace I say.

Cla. What is she?

Mor. Faith, sweet Lady,

She is, as a man would say, his.

Cla. What?

Lam. His Mistriss.

Mor. Or, as some new Translators read, his.

Cla. Oh me!

Mor. And why he should delude you thus,
Unless he meant some villany? these ten weeks
He has had her at Sea, for his own proper appetite.

Lam. His Cabin-mate I'll assure ye.

Cla. No Sister, say ye?

Mor. No more than I am brother to your beauty.
I know not why he should juggle thus.

Cla. Do not lie to me.

Mor. If ye find me lie, Lady, hang me empty.

Cla. How am I fool'd!

Away with 'em *Fuletta*, and feed 'em
But hark ye, with such food as they have given me.
New misery!

Fran. Nor meat nor thanks for all this.

[*Exit.*

Cla. Make 'em more wretched.

Oh I could burst! curse and kill now,
Kill any thing I meet, *Fuletta*, follow me,

And call the rest along.

Jul. We follow, Madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Albert and Aminta.

Amint. I must be gone now, else she may suspect me;
How shall I answer her?

Alb. Tell her directly.

Amint. That were too suddain, too improvident;
Fires of this nature must be put out cunningly,
They'll waste all come near 'em else.
Farewel once more.

Alb. Farewel,

And keep my love entire.

Nay, kiss me once again, me thinks we should not part.

Amint. Oh be wise, Sir.

Alb. Nay, one kiss more.

Amin. Indeed you're wanton;
We may be taken too.

Enter Clarinda, Juletta, Crocale, Hippolita.

Cl. Out thou base woman.

[*By Heaven*] I'll shoot 'em both.

Cro. Nay stay, brave Lady, hold;
A suddain death cuts off a Nobler vengeance.

Cl. Am I made Bawd to your lascivious meetings?
Are ye grown so wise in sin?
Shut up that villa[ine]: and sirrah,
Now expect my utmost anger.
Let him there starve.

Alb. I mock at your mischiefs.

[*Exit.*]

Cl. Tie that false witch unto that Tree,
There let that savage beasts
Gnaw off her sweetness, and Snakes
Embrace her beauties; tie her, and watch
That none relieve her.

Hip. We could wish ye better fortune, Lady,
But dare not help ye.

Amin. Be your own friends, I thank ye.
Now only my last audit, and my greatest,

Oh Heaven, be kind unto me,
And if it be thy Will, preserve.

Enter Raymond.

Ray. Who is this?

Sure 'tis a woman, I have trode this place,
And found much footing; now I know 'tis peopl'd.
Ha, let me see! 'tis her face.

Oh Heaven! turn this way Maid.

Amin. Oh *Raymond*, oh Brother.

Raym. Her tongue too: 'tis my Sister; what rude hand!
Nay kiss me first, Oh joy!

Amin. Fly, fly dear brother,
You are lost else.

Ful. A man, a man, a new man.

Raym. What are these?

Enter Juletta, Crocale, Clarinda.

Cro. An enemy, an enemy.

Cl. Dispatch him,
Take him off, shoot him straight.

Raym. I dare not use my sword, Ladies,
Against such comely foes.

Amin. Oh brother, brother!

Cl. Away with 'em, and in dark prisons bind 'em.
One word reply'd, ye die both.
Now brave mother, follow thy noble anger,
And I'll help thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Rossella, Clarinda, Crocale, Juletta, Hippolita.

Ros. I Am deaf to all your intreaties: she that moves me
For pity or compassion to these Pirats,
Digs up her Fathers, or her Brothers Tomb,
And spurns about their ashes.
Couldst thou remember what a Father thou hadst once,
'Twould steel thy heart against all foolish pity.
By his memory, and the remembrance of his dear embraces,

I am taught, that in a Noble cause revenge is Noble ;
 And they shall fall the sacrifices to appease
 His wandering Ghost, and my incensed fury.

Cl. The new come prisoner too !

Ros. He too[. Y]et that we may learn
 Whether they are the same, or near ally'd
 To those that forc'd me to this cruel course,
 Better their poor allowance, and permit 'em
 To meet together and confer,
 Within the distance of your ear ; perhaps
 They may discover something that may kill
 Despair in me, and be a means to save 'em
 From certain ruine.

C[r]o. That shall be my charge.

Ros. Yet to prevent

All hope of rescue : for this new-come Captain
 Hath both a Ship and Men not far [off] from us,
 Though ignorant to find the only Port,
 That can yield entrance to our happy Island,
 Guard the place strongly, and e'r the next Sun
 Ends his diurnal progress, I will be
 Happy in my revenge, or set 'em free.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Hippolita. [A Table furnish'd.

Cro. So serve it plentifully,
 And lose not time to enquire the cause ;
 There is a main design that hangs upon this bounty.
 See the Table furnisht with Wine too,
 That discovers secrets which tortures cannot open :
 Open the doors too of the several prisons,
 And give all free entrance into this room.
 Undiscover'd I can here mark all.

Enter Tib. Mast.

Here's Captain careless, and the tough Ship-master,
 The slaves are nos'd like Vultures
 How wild they look.

Tib. Ha, the mistery of this,
 Some good Hobgoblin rise and reveal.

Mast. I'm amazed at it : nor can I sound the intent.

Tib. Is not this bread,
Substantial bread, not painted ?

Mast. But take heed,
You may be poisoned.

Tib. I am sure I am famish'd ;
And famine, as the wise man says,
Gripes the guts as much as any Mineral.
This may be *Treacle* sent to preserve me
After a long Fast : or be it *Vipers* spittle,
I'll run the hazard.

Mast. We are past all fear, I'll take part with ye.

Tib. Do : and now i'faith, how d'ye feel your self ?
I find great ease in't. What's here ;
Wine, and it be thy Will ;
Strong lusty Wine. Well, fools may talk
Of *Mythridate*, Cordials, and *Elixirs*.
But from my youth this was my only Physick.
Here's a colour, what Ladies cheek,
Though cerus'd over, comes near it ?
It sparkles too : hangs out Diamonds.
Oh my sweet-heart, how I will hug thee,
Again, and again ! They are poor drunkards,
And not worth thy favors,
That number thy moist kisses in these Crystals.

Mast. But Mounsieur,
Here are Suckets, and sweet dishes.

Tib. Tush, boys meat,
I am past it ; here's strong food fit for men :
Nectar, old lad. Mistriss of merry hearts,
Once more I am bold with you.

Mast. Take heed (man)
Too much will breed distemper.

Tib. Hast thou liv'd at Sea
The most part of thy life, where to be sober
While we have Wine aboard, is capital Treason ;
And dost thou preach sobriety ?

Mast. Prethee forbear,
We may offend in it ; we know not for whom
It was provided.

Tib. I am sure for me : therefore *footra*,
When I am full, let 'em hang me, I care not.

Enter Albert, Aminta, Raymond, Lamure, Mor-
rillat, Franvile, *severally*.

Mast. This has been his temper ever.
See, provoking dishes ; candid *Eringoes*,
And *Potatoes*.

Tib. I'll not touch 'em, I will drink ;
But not a bit on a march, I'll be an Eunuch rather.

Mast. Who are these ?

Tib. Marry, who you will ;
I keep my Text here.

Alb. *Raymond* !

Ray. *Albert* !

Tib. Away, I'll be drunk alone ;
Keep off Rogues, or I'll belch ye into air ;
Not a drop here.

Amint. Dear brother, put not in your eyes such anger ;
Those looks poison'd with fury, shot at him,
Reflect on me. Oh brother, look milder, or
The Crystal of his temperance
Will turn 'em on your self.

Alb. Sir, I have sought ye long
To find your pardon : you have plough'd the Ocean
To wreak your vengeance on me, for the rape
Of this fair Virgin. Now our fortune guides us
To meet on such hard terms, that we need rather
A mutual pitty of our present state,
Than to expostulate of breaches past,
Which cannot be made up. And though it be
Far from you[r] power, to force me to confess,
That I have done ye wrong, or such submission
Failing to make my peace, to vent your anger ;
You being your self slav'd, as I to others :
Yet for you[r] Sisters sake, her blessed sake,
In part of recompence of what she has suffer'd
For my rash folly ; the contagion
Of my black actions, catching hold upon
Her purer innocence, I crave your mercy ;

And wish however several motives kept us
 From being friends, while we had hope to live,
 Let death which we expect, and cannot fly from,
 End all contention.

Tib. Drink upon't, 'tis a good motion ;
 Ratifie it in Wine, and 'tis authentical.

Ray. When I consider
 The ground of our long difference, and look on
 Our not to be avoided miseries,
 It doth beget in me I know not how
 A soft Religious tenderness ; which tells me,
 Though we have many faults to answer for
 Upon our own account, our Fathers crimes
 Are in us punish'd. Oh *Albert*, the course
 They took to leave us rich, was not honest,
 Nor can that friendship last, which virtue joyns not.
 When first they forc'd the industrious *Portugals*,
 From their Plantations in the *Happy Islands*.

Cro. This is that I watch for.

Ray. And did omit no tyranny, which men,
 Inured to spoil, and mischief could inflict,
 On the grie[v]'d sufferers ; when by lawless rapine
 They reap'd the harvest, which their Labou[rs] sow'd ;
 And not content to force 'em from their dwelling,
 But laid for 'em at Sea to ravish from 'em
 The last remainder of their wealth : then, then,
 After a long pursuit, each doubting other,
 As guilty of the *Portugals* escape,
 They did begin to quarrel, like [ill] men ;
 (Forgive me piety, that I call 'em so)
 No longer love, or correspondence holds,
 Than it is cimented with prey or profit :
 Then did they turn these swords they oft had bloodi'd
 With innocent gore, upon their wretched selves,
 And paid the forfeit of their cruelty
 Shewn to *Sebastian*, and his Colonie,
 By being fatal enemies to each other.
 Thence grew *Amintas* rape, and my desire
 To be reveng'd. And now observe the issue :
 As they for spoil ever forgot compassion

To women, (who should be exempted
From the extremities of a lawful War)
We now, young able men, are fall'n into
The hands of Women; that, against the soft
Tenderness familiar to their Sex,
Will shew no mercy.

Enter Crocale.

Cro. None, unless you shew us
Our long lost Husbands.
We are those *Portugals* you talk'd of.

Ray. Stay,
I met upon the Sea in a tall Ship
Two *Portugals*, famish'd almost to death.

Tib. Our Ship by this Wine.
And those the rogues that stole her,
Left us to famish in the barren Islands.

Ray. Some such tale they told me,
And something of a Woman, which I find,
To be my Sister.

Cro. Where are these men?

Ray. I left 'em,
Supposing they had deluded me with forg'd tales,
In the Island, where they said
They had liv'd many years the wretched owners
Of a huge mass of treasure.

Alb. The same men: and that the fatal muck
We quarrell'd for.

Cro. They were *Portugals* you say.

Ray. So they profess'd.

Cro. They may prove such men as may save your lives,
And so much I am taken with fair hope,
That I will hazard life to be resolv'd on't:
How came you hither?

Ray. My ship lies by the Rivers mouth,
That can convey ye to these wretched men,
Which you desire to see.

Cro. Back to your prisons,
And pray for the success: if they be those
Which I desire to find, you are safe;

If not, prepare to die to morrow :
For the world cannot redeem ye.

Alb. However, we are arm'd
For either fortune.

[*Exit.*

Tib. What must become of me now
That I am not dismiss'd ?

Cro. Oh Sir, I purpose
To have your company.

Ti. Take heed wicked woman,
I am apt to mischief now.

Cro. You cannot be so unkind,
To her that gives you liberty.

Ti. No, I shall be too kind, that's the devil on't ;
I have had store of good wine : and when I am drunk,

Joan is a Lady to me, and I shall

Lay about me like a Lord : I feel strange motions :
Avoid me temptation.

Cro. Come Sir, I'll help ye in.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sebastian and Nicusa.

Nicu. What may that be
That moves upon the Lake ?

Sebast. Still it draws nearer,
And now I plainly can discern it.
'Tis the *French Ship*.

Nicu. In it a woman,
Who seems to invite us to her.

Sebast. Still she calls with signs of Love to hasten to her ;
So lovely hope doth still appear :
I feel nor age, nor weakness.

Nicu. Though it bring death,
To us 'tis comfort : and deserves a meeting.
Or else fortune tyr'd with what we have suffer'd,
And in it overcome, as it may be,
Now sets a period to our misery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Horid Musick.*

Enter severally, Raymond, Albert, Aminta.

Ray. What dreadful sounds are these ?

Amint. Infernal Musick,

Fit for a bloody Feast.

Alb. It seems prepar'd
To kill our courages e'r they divorce
Our souls and bodies.

Ray. But they that fearless fall,
Deprive them of their triumph.

[*An Altar prepar'd.*]

Enter Rossillia, Clarinda, Julietta, Hippolita, &c.

Amin. See the furies,
In their full trym of cruelty.

Ros. 'Tis the last
Duty that I can pay to my dead Lord,
Set out the Altar, I my self will be
The Priest, and boldly do those horrid Rites
You shake to think on, lead these Captains nearer,
For they shall have the honor to fall first
To my *Sebastian's* ashes: and now wretches,
As I am taught already, that you are,
And lately by your free confession,
French Pirats, and the sons of those I hate,
Even equal with the devil; hear with horror,
What 'tis invites me to this cruel course,
And what you are to suffer, no *Amazons* we,
But women of *Portugal* that must have from you
Sebastian and *Nicusa*; we are they
That groan'd beneath your fathers wrongs:
We are those wretched women,
Their injuries pursu'd, and overtook;
And from the sad remembrance of our losses
We are taught to be cruel; when we were forc'd
From that sweet air we breathed in, by their rapine,
And sought a place of being; as the Seas
And Winds conspir'd with their ill purposes,
To load us with afflictions in a storm
That fell upon us; the two ships that brought us,
To seek new fortunes in an unknown world
Were severed: the one bore all the able men,
Our Treasure and our Jewels: in the other,
We Women were embarqu'd: and fell upon,

After long tossing in the troubled main,
 This pleasant Island : but in few months,
 The men that did conduct us hither, died,
 We long before had given our Husbands lost :
 Remembring what we had suff'ed by the *French*
 We took a solemn Oath, never to admit
 The curs'd society of men : necessity
 Taught us those Arts, not usual to our Sex,
 And the fertile Earth yielding abundance to us,
 We did resolve, thus shap'd like *Amazons*
 To end our lives ; but when you arriv'd here,
 And brought as presents to us, our own Jewels ;
 Those which were boorn in the other Ship,
 How can ye hope to scape our vengeance ?

Amint. It boots not then to swear our innocence ?

Alb. Or that we never forc'd it from the owners ?

Ray. Or that there are a remnant of that wrack,
 And not far off ?

Ros. All you affirm, I know,
 Is but to win time ; therefore prepare your throats,
 The world shall not redeem ye : and that your cries
 May find no entrance to our ears,
 To move pity in any : bid loud Musick sound
 Their fatal knells ; if ye have prayers use 'em quickly,
 To any power will own ye ; but ha !

Enter Crocale, Sebastian, Nicusa, Tibalt.

Who are these ? what spectacles of misfortune ?
 Why are their looks
 So full of Joy and Wonder ?

Cro. Oh ! lay by
 These instruments of death, and welcome
 To your arms, what you durst never hope to imbrace :
 This is *Sebastian*, this *Nicusa*, Madam :
 Preserv'd by miracle : look up dear *Sir*,
 And know your own *Rossella* : be not lost
 In wonder and amazement ; or if nature
 Can by instinct, instruct you what it is,
 To be blessed with the name of Father,
 Freely enjoy it in this fair Virgin.

Seb. Though my miseries,
 And many years of wants I have endur'd,
 May well deprive me of the memory
 Of all joys past; yet looking on this building,
 This ruin'd building of a heavenly form
 In my *Rosilla*; I must remember, I am *Sebastian*.

Ros. Oh my joyes!

Seb. And here,
 I see a perfect model of thy self,
 As thou wert when thy choice first made thee mine:
 These cheeks and fronts, though wrinkled now with time
 Which Art cannot restore: had equal pureness,
 Of natural white and red, and as much ravishing:
 Which by fair order and succession,
 I see descend on her: and may thy virtues
 Wind into her form, and make her a perfect dower:
 No part of thy sweet goodness wanting to her.
 I will not now *Rosilla*, ask thy fortunes,
 Nor trouble thee with hearing mine;
 Those shall hereafter serve to make glad hours
 In their relation: All past wrongs forgot;
 I 'm glad to see you Gentlemen; but most,
 That [it] is in my power to save your lives;
 You sav'd ours, when we were near starv'd at Sea,
 And I despair not, for if she be mine,
Rosilla can deny *Sebastian* nothing.

Ros. She does give up her self,
 Her power and joys, and all, to you,
 To be discharged of 'em as too burthensom;
 Welcome in any shape.

Seb. Sir, in your looks,
 I read your sute of my *Clarinda*: she is yours:
 And Lady, if it be in me to confirm
 Your hopes in this brave Gentleman,
 Presume I am your servant.

Alb. We thank you Sir.

Amin. Oh happy hour!

Alb. O my dear *Aminta*;
 Now all our fears are ended.

Tib. Here I fix: she's mettle,

Steel to the back: and will cut my leaden dagger,
If not us'd with discretion.

Cro. You are still no changling.

Sebast. Nay,

All look chearfully, for none shall be
Deny'd their lawful wishes; when a while
We have here refresh'd our selves; we'll return
To our several homes; and well that voyage ends,
That makes of deadly enemies, faithful friends. [Exeunt.

Wit at several weapons.

A COMEDY.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Sir Perfidious Oldcraft, <i>an old Knight, a great admirer of Wit.</i>	Sir Ruinous Gentry, <i>a</i>	} <i>Two sharking companions.</i>
Witty-pate Oldcraft, <i>his Fathers own Son.</i>	Priscian, <i>a poor Scholar,</i>	
Sir Gregory Fopp, <i>a witless Lord of Land</i>	Pompey Doodle, <i>a clown, Sir Gregories man, a piece of puff-paste, like his Master.</i>	
Cunningham, <i>a discreet Gen. Sir Gregories comrade and supplanter.</i>	Mr. Credulous, <i>Nephew to Sir Perfidio[u], a shallow-brain'd Scholar.</i>	

WOMEN.

Neece to Sir Perfidious, <i>a rich and witty Heir.</i>	Guardianess, <i>to Sir Perfidious his Neece, an old doting Croane.</i>
Lady Ruinous, <i>Wife to Sir Ruinous.</i>	Mirabell, <i>the Guardianesses Neece.</i>

The Scene, London.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Sir Perfidious Old-craft an old Knight, and Witty-pate his Son.

Witty. SIR, I'm no boy, I'm deep in one and twenty, The second years approaching.

Old K. A fine time

For a youth to live by his wits then I should think, If e'er he mean to make account of any.

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Witty. Wits, Sir?

Old K. I Wits Sir, if it be so strange to thee,
I'm sorry I spent that time to get a Fool,
I might have imploy'd my pains a great deal better;
Thou knowst all that I have, I ha' got by my wits,
And yet to see how urgent thou art too;
It grieves me thou art so degenerate
To trouble me for means, I never offer'd it
My Parents from a School-boy, past nineteen once,
See what these times are grown to, before twenty
I rush'd into the world, which is indeed
Much like the Art of swimming, he that will attain to't
Must fall plump, and duck himself at first,
And that will make him hardy and advent'rous,
And not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,
And then draw t'other after, like a quake-buttock;
Well he may make a padler i'th' world,
From hand to mouth, but never a brave Swimmer,
Born up by th' chin, as I bore up my self,
With my strong industry that never fail'd me;
For he that lies born up with Patrimonies,
Looks like a long great Ass that swims with bladders,
Come but one prick of adverse fortune to him
He sinks, because he never try'd to swim
When Wit plaies with the billows that choak'd him.

Witty. Why is it not a fashion for a Father, Sir,
Out of his yearly thousands to allow
His only Son, a competent brace of hundreds;
Or such a toy?

Old K. Yes, if he mean to spoil him,
Or mar his wits he may, but never I,
This is my humor, Sir, which you'll find constant;
I love Wit so well, because I liv'd by't,
That I'll give no man power out of my means to hurt it,
And that's a kind of gratitude to my raiser,
Which great ones oft forget; I admire much
This Ages dulness, when I scarce writ man,
The first degree that e'er I took in thriving,
I lay intelligencer close for wenching,
Could give this Lord or Knight a true Certificate

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT I

Of all the Maiden-heads extant, how many lay
 'Mongst Chamber-maids, how many 'mongst Exchange
 Though never many there I must confess [[Wenches,]
 They have a trick to utter Ware so fast;
 I knew which Lady had a mind to fall,
 Which Gentlewoman new divorc'd, which Tradesman breaking,
 The price of every sinner to a hair,
 And where to raise each price; which were the Tearmers,
 That would give Velvet Petticoats, Tissue Gowns,
 Which Pieces, Angels, Suppers, and Half Crowns;
 I knew how to match, and make my market.
 Could give intelligence where the Pox lay leidger,
 And then to see the Letchers shift a point,
 'Twas sport and profit too; how they would shun
 Their ador'd Mistriss chambers, and run fearfully,
 Like Rats from burning houses, so brought I
 My Clyents[a] the game still safe together,
 And noble gamesters lov'd me, and I felt it.
 Give me a man that lives by his wits, say I,
 And's never left a Groat, there's the true Gallant.
 When I grew somewhat pursie, I grew then
 In mens opinions too, and confidences,
 They put things call'd Executorships upon me,
 The charge of Orphans, little senseless creatures,
 Whom in their Childhoods I bound forth to Felt-makers,
 To make 'em lose, and work away their Gentry,
 Disguise their tender natures with hard custom,
 So wrought 'em out in time, there I rise ungently,
 Nor do I fear to discourse this unto thee,
 I'm arm'd at all points against treachery,
 I hold my humor firm, if I can see thee thrive by
 Thy wits while I live, I shall have the more courage
 To trust thee with my Lands when I dye; if not,
 The next best wit I can hear of, carries 'em:
 For since in my time and knowledge, so many rich childe
 Of the City, conclude in beggery, I'de rather
 Make a wise stranger my Executor, then a foolish
 Son my Heir, and to have my Lands call'd after my
 Wit, than after my name; and that's my nature.

Witty. 'Tis a strange harsh one, must I still shift then ?

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

I come brave Cheats, once to my trade agen.
And I'll ply't harder now than e'er I did for't,
You'll part with nothing then, Sir?

Old K. Not a jot, Sir.

Witty. If I should ask you blessing e'r I goe, Sir,
I think you would not give't me.

Old K. Let me but hear thou liv'st by thy wits once
Thou shalt have any thing, thou'rt none of mine else,
Then why should I take care for thee?

Witty. 'Thank your bounty. [Exit.

Old K. So wealth love me, and long life, I beseech it,
As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
He comes so near my nature; I'm grown old now,
And even arriv'd at my last cheat I fear me,
But 'twill make shift to bury me, by day-light too,
And discharge all my Legacies, 'tis so wealthy,
And never trouble any Interest money:
I've yet a Neece to wed, over whose steps
I have plac'd a trusty watchful Guardianess,
For fear some poor Earl steal her, 't has been threat'ned,
To redeem mortgag'd Land, but he shall miss on't;
To prevent which, I have sought out a match for her,
Fop of Fop-Hall, he writes himself, I take it,
The antient'st *Fop* in *England*, with whom I've privately
Compounded for the third part of her portion.

Enter Sir Gregory Fop, and Cuningham.

And she seems pleas'd, so two parts rest with me,
He's come; *Sir Gregory*, welcome, what's he Sir?

Sir Greg. Young *Cuningham*, a *Norfolk* Gentleman,
One that has liv'd upon the *Fops*, my kindred,
Ever since my remembrance; he's a wit indeed,
And we all strive to have him, nay, 'tis certain
Some of our name has gone to Law for him;
Now 'tis my turn to keep him, and indeed
He's plaguy chargeable, as all your wits are,
But I will give him over when I list,
I ha' us'd wits so before.

Old K. I hope when y'are married Sir, you'll shake him off.

Sir Greg. Why what do you take me to be, old Father-

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT I

i'Law that shall be, do you think I'll have any of the *Wits* hang upon me, after I am married once? none of my kindred ever had before me; but where's this Neece? is't a fashion in *London*, to marry a woman and never see her?

Old K. Excuse the niceness, Sir, that care's your frien[d], Perhaps had she been seen, you had never seen her; There's many a *spent thing* call'd, and't like your honor, That lies in wait for her, at first snap she's a Countess, Drawn with six Mares through *Fleetstreet*, and a Coachman, Sitting bare-headed to their *Flanders* buttocks, This whets him on.

Sir Greg. Pray let's clap up the business, Sir, I long to see her, are you sure you have her, Is she not there already [?] Hark, oh hark.

Old K. How now, what's that Sir?

Sir Greg. Every Caroch goes by, Goes ev'n to th' heart of me.

Old K. I'll have that doubt eas'd, Sir, Instantly eas'd, Sir *Gregory*, and now I think on't A toy comes i' my mind, seeing your friend there, We'll have a little sport, give you but way to't, And put a trick upon her, I love Wit pretiously, You shall not be seen yet, we'll stale your friend first, If 't please but him to stand for the Anti-mask.

Sir Gr. Puh, he shall stand for any thing, why his supper Lies i' my breeches here, I'll make him fast else.

Old K. Then come you forth more unexpectedly The Mask it self, a thousand a year joynure, The cloud, your frien[d] will be then drawn away, And only you the beauty of the Play.

Sir Gr. For Red and Black, I'll put down all your Fullers, Let but your Neece bring White, and we have three colours.

[Exit Sir Greg.]

Old K. I'm given to understand you are a *Wit*, Sir.

Cuning. I'm one that Fortune shews small favour to, Sir.

Old K. Why there you conclude it, whether you will or no, Sir;

To tell you truth, I'm taken with a Wit. (so much.

Cun. Fowlers catch Woodcocks so, let not them know

Old K. A pestilence mazard, a Duke *Humphrey* spark

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Had rather lose his dinner than his jest,
I say I love a Wit the best of all things.

Cun. Always except your self.

Old K. Has giv'n't me twice now.

Enter Neece and Guardianess.

All with a breath, I thank him; but that I love a Wit
I should be heartily angry; cuds, my Neece,
You know the business with her.

Cun. With a Woman?

'Tis ev'n the very same it was I'm sure
Five thousand years ago, no fool can miss it.

Old K. This is the Gentleman I promis'd Neece,

To present to your affection.

Cun. [*W*]are that Arrow.

Old K. Deliver me the truth now of your liking.

Cun. I'm spoil'd already, that such poor lean Game
Should be found out as I am.

Old K. Go set to her Sir—ha, ha, ha.

Cun. How noble is this virtue in you, Lady,
Your eye may seem to commit a thousand slaughters
On your dull servants which truly tasted
Conclude all in comforts.

Old K. Puh.

Neece. It rather shews what a true worth can make,
Such as yours is.

Old K. And that's not worth a groat,
How like you him Neece?

Neece. It shall appear how well, Sir,
I humbly thank you for him.

Old K. Hah? ha, good gullery, he does it well i'faith,
Light, as if he meant to purchase *Lip-land* there:
Hold, hold, bear off I say, slid your part hangs too long.

Cun. My joys are mockeries.

Neece. Y'have both exprest a worthy care and love, Sir,
Had mine own eye been set at liberty,
To make a publick choice (believe my truth, Sir)
It could not ha' done better for my heart
Than your good providence has.

Old K. You will say so then,

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT I

Alas sweet Neece, all this is but the scabbard,
Now I draw forth the weapon.

Neece. How?

Old K. Sir *Gregory*,
Approach thou lad of thousands.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Gr. Who calls me?

Neece. What motion's this, the Model of *Ninivie*?

Old K. Accost her daintily now, let me advise thee.

Sir Gr. I was advis'd to bestow dainty cost on you.

Neece. You were ill advis'd, back, and take better counsel;
You may have good for an Angel, the least cost
You can bestow upon a woman, Sir
Trebles ten Counsellors Fees in Lady-ware,
Y'are over head and ears, e'r you be aware,
Faith keep a batchelor still, and go to Bowls, Sir,
Follow your Mistriss there, and prick and save, Sir;
For other Mistresses will make you a slave, Sir.

Sir Gr. So, so, I have my lerrepopo already.

Old K. Why how now *Neece*, this is the man I tell you.

Neece. He, hang him, Sir, I know you do but mock,
This is the man you would say.

Old K. The Devil rides I think.

Cun. I must use cunning here.

Old K. Make me not mad, use him with all respect,
This is the man I swear.

Neece. Would you could perswade me to that;
Alass, you cannot go beyond me Uncle,
You carry a Jest well, I must confess,
For a man of your years, but—

Old K. I'm wrought beside my self.

Cun. I never beheld comliness till this minute.

Guar.- Oh good sweet Sir, pray offer not these words
To an old Gentlewoman.

Neece. Sir.

Cun. Away fifteen,
Here's Fifty one exceeds thee.

Neece. What's the business?

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Cun. Give me these motherly creatures, come, ne'er
I know you are a teeming woman yet. (smother it,

Guard. Troth a young Gent. might do much I think, Sir.

Cun. Go too then.

Guard. And I should play my part, or I were ingrateful.

Neece. Can you so soon neglect me!

Cun. Hence I'm busie.

Old K. This cross point came in luckily, impudent baggage.
Hang from the Gentleman, art thou not asham'd
To be a Widows hind'rance?

Cun. Are you angry, Sir?

Old K. You're welcome, pray court on, I shall desire
Your honest wise acquaintance; vex me not
After my care and pains to find a match for thee,
Lest I confine thy life to some out-chamber,
Where thou shalt waste the sweetness of thy youth,
Like a consuming Light in her own socket,
And not allow'd a male creature about thee;
A very Monky, thy necessity
Shall prize at a thousand pound, a Chimney sweeper
At Fifteen hundred.

Neece. But are you serious, Uncle?

Old K. Serious.

Neece. Pray let me look upon the Gentleman
With more heed; then I did but hum him over
In haste, good faith, as Lawyers Chancery sheets;
Beshrew my blood, a tollerable man,
Now I distinctly read him.

Sir Gr. Hum, hum, hum.

Neece. Say he be black, he's of a very good pitch,
Well ankled, two good confident calves, they look
As if they would not shrink at the ninth child;
The redness i'th face, why that's in fashion,
Most of your high bloods have it, sign of greatness marry;
'Tis to be taken down too with *May*-butter,
I'll send to my Lady *Spend-tail* for her Medicine.

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum.

Neece. He's qualified too, believe me.

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum.

Neece. Where was my judgement?

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT I

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum.

Neece. Perfections cover'd mess.

Sir Gr. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum.

Neece. It smoaks apparantly, pardon sweet Sir,
The error of my Sex.

Old K. Why, well [s]aid Neece,
Upon submission you must pardon her now, Sir.

Sir Gr. I'll do't by course, do you think I'm an ass, Knight?
Here's first my hand, now't goes to the Seal-Office.

Old K. Formally finisht, how goes this Suit forward?

Cun. I'm taking measure of the Widows mind, Sir,
I hope to fit her heart.

Guard. Who would have dreamt
Of a young morsel now? things come in minutes.

Sir Gr. Trust him not Widow, he's a younger brother,
He'll swear and lie; believe me he's worth nothing.

Guard. He brings more content to a woman with that
nothing,

Than he that brings his thousands without any thing,
We have presidents for that amongst great Ladies.

Old K. Come, come, no language now shall be in fashion,
But your Love-phrase, the bell to procreation. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Ruinous Gentry, Witty-pate, and Priscian.

Witty. Pox, there's nothing puts me besides my wits, but
this fourth,
This last illiterate share, there's no conscience in't.

Ruin. Sir, it has ever been so, where I have practis'd,
and must be.

Still where I am, nor has it been undeserv'd at the years
End, and shuffle the Almanack together, vacations and
Term-times, one with another, though I say't, my wife is a
Woman of a good spirit, then it is no lay-share.

Pris. Faith for this five year, *Ego possum probare*, I have had
A hungry penurious share with 'em, and she has had as much
As I always.

Witty. Present, or not present?

Pris. *Residens aut non residens, per fidem.*

Witty. And what president's this for me? because your

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Hic & hac, Turpis and *Qui mihi discipulus* brains (that never got any thing but by accident and uncertainty) did allow it, therefore I must, that have grounded conclusions of wit, hereditary rules from my Father to get by—

Ruin. Sir, be compendious, either take or refuse, I will 'bate no token of my wives share, make even the last reckonings, and either so unite, or here divide company.

Pris. A good resolution, *profeceto*, let every man beg his own way, and happy man be his dole.

Witty. Well, here's your double share, and single brains *Pol, ædipol*, here's toward, a *Castor ecastor* for you, I will endure it a fortnight longer, but by these just five ends.—

Pris. Take heed, five's odd, put both hands together, or severally, they are all odd unjust ends.

Witty. *Medius fi[d]ius*, hold your tongue, I depose you from half a share presently else, I will make you a participle, and decline you, now you understand me, be you a quiet Conjunction amongst the undeclined; you and your *Latine* ends shall go shift, *Solus cum solo* together else, and then if ever they get ends of Gold and Silver, enough to serve that Gerundine maw of yours, that without *Do* will end in *Di* and *Dum* instantly.

Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory.

Ruin. Enough, enough, here comes company, we lose five shares in wrangling about one.

Witty. My Father, put on *Priscian*, he has *Latine* fragments too, but I fear him not, I'll case my face with a little more hair and relieve.

Old K. Tush Nephew (I'll call you so) for if there be No other obstacles than those you speak of
They are but Powder-charges without pellets,
You may safely front 'em; and warrant your own danger.

Sir Gr. No other that I can perceive i'faith, Sir, for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could, and the strongest repulse was, she said, she would have a little Soldier in me, that (if need were) should defend her reputation.

Old K. And surely, Sir, that is a principle
Amongst your principal Ladies, they require

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT I

Valour, either in a friend or a Husband.

Sir Gr. And I allow their requests i'faith, as well as any womans heart can desire, if I knew where to get valour, I would as willingly entertain it as any man that blows.

Old K. Breaths, breaths Sir, that's the sweeter phrase.

Sir Gr. Blows for a Soldier, i'faith Sir, and I'm in Practise that way.

Old K. For a Soldier, I grant it.

Sir Gr. 'Slid, I'll swallow some bullets, and good round ones too, but I'll have a little Soldier in me.

Ruin. Will you on and beg, or steal and be hang'd.

Sir Gr. And some Scholar she would have me besides, Tush, that shall be no bar, 'tis a quality in a Gentleman, but of the least question.

Pris. *Salvete Domini benignissimi, munificentissimi.*

Old K. *Salvete dicis ad nos? jubeo te salvare,*
Nay, Sir, we have *Latine*, and other metall in us too.
Sir, you shall see me talk with this fellow now.

Sir Gr. I could find in my heart to talk with him too, If I could understand him.

Pris. *Charissimi, Doctissimique, Domini, ex abundantia.*
Charitatis vestrae estote propitii in me jejunum
Miserum, pauperem, & omni consolatione exulem. (agen.)

Old K. A pretty Scholar by my faith, Sir, but I'll to him

Sir Gr. Does he beg or steal in this Language, can you tell Sir?

He may take away my good name from me, and I ne'er
The wiser.

Old K. He begs, he begs, Sir.

Pris. *Ecce, ecce, in oculis lachrymarum flumen, in ore*
Fames sitisq; ignis in vultu, pudor & impudentia,
In omni parte necessitas & indigentia.

Old K. *Audi tu bonus socius, tu es Scholasticus, sic intelligo,*
Ego faciam argumentum, mark now Sir, now I fetch
Him up.

Sir Gr. I have been fetcht up a hundred times for this,
Yet I could never learn half so much.

Old K. *Audi, & responde, hoc est Argumentum, nomen est*
Nomen, ergo, quod est tibi nomen? Responde nunc,
Responde argumentum meum. Have I not put him to't, Sir?

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Sir Gr. Yes Sir, I think so.

Witty. Step in, the rascal is put out of his pen'd Speech,
And he can go no farther.

Old K. *Cur non respondes?*

Pris. *Ob Domine, tanta mea est miseria.*

Witty. So, he's almost in agen.

Pris. *Ut nocte mecum pernoctat egestas, luce quotidie
Paupertas habitat.*

Old K. *Sed quod est tibi nomen: & quis dedit? Responde
Argumentum.*

Pris. Hem, hem,

Witty. He's dry he hems, on quickly.

Ruin. Courteous Gentlemen, if the brow of a Military
face may not be offensive to your generous eye-balls, let his
wounds speak better than his words, for some branch or
small sprig of charity to be planted upon this poor barren
soil of a Soldier.

Old K. How now, what Arms and Arts both go a begging?

Ruin. Such is the Post-progress of cold charity now a-
days, who (for heat to her frigid Limbs) passes in so swift
a motion, that two at the least had need be to stay her.

Sir G. Sir, lets reward um I pray you, and be gone. If
any quarrel should arise amongst us, I am able to answer
neither of them, his Iron and Steel tongue is as hard as the
t'others *Latine* one.

Old K. Stay, stay Sir I will talk a little with him first,
Let me alone with both, I will try whether they
Live by their wits or no; for such a man I love,
And what? you both beg together then?

Pris. *Conjunctis manibus, profecto, Domine.*

Ruin. With equal fortunes, equal distribution, there's
not the breadth of a swords point uneven in our division.

Sir Gr. What two qualities are here cast away upon
two poor fellows, if a man had um that could maintain
um? what a double man were that, if these two fellows
might be bought and sodden, and boil'd to a jelly, and eaten
fasting every morning, I do not think but a man should find
strange things in his stomach.

Old K. Come Sir, joyn your charity with mine, and we'll
make up a couple of pence bewixt us.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT I

Sir Gr. If a man could have a pennyworth for his penny, I would bestow more money with 'em.

Witty. Save you Gentlemen, how now? what are you encount'ed here? what fellows are these?

Old K. Faith Sir, here's *Mars* and *Mercury*, a pair of poor Planets it seems, that *Jupiter* has turn'd out to live by their wits, and we are e'en about a little spark of charity to kindle um a new fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you stay Sir, you may abuse your charity, nay, make that goodness in you no better than a vice; so many deceivers walk in these shadows now a days; that certainly your bounties were better spilt than reserv'd to so lewd and vicious uses; which is he that professes the Soldier?

Ruin. He that professes his own profession, Sir, and the dangerous life he hath led in it, this pair of half score years.

Witty. In what services have you been, Sir?

Ruin. The first that flesht me a Soldier, Sir, was that great battel at *Alcazar* in *Barbary*, where the noble *English Stukely* fell, and where that royal *Portugal Sebastian* ended his untimely days.

Witty. Are you sure *Sebastian* died there?

Ruin. Faith Sir, there was some other rumour hop't amongst us, that he, wounded, escap'd, and toucht on his Native shore agen, where finding his Countrey at home more distrest by the invasion of the *Spaniard*, than his loss abroad, forsook it, still supporting a miserable and unfortunate life, which (where he ended) is yet uncertain.

Witty. By my faith Sir, he speaks the nearest fame of truth in this.

Ruin. Since Sir, I serv'd in *France*, the *Low Countreys*, Lastly, at that memorable skirmish at *Newport*, where the forward and bold *Scot* there spent his life so freely, that from every single heart that there fell, came home from his resolution, a double honor to his Countrey.

Witty. This should be no counterfeit, Sir.

Old K. I do not think he is, Sir.

Witty. But Sir, me thinks you do not shew the marks of a Soldier, could you so freely scape, that you brought home no scarrs to be your chronicle?

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Ruin. Sir, I have wounds, and many, but in those parts where nature and humanity bids me shame to publish.

Witty. A good Soldier cannot want those badges.

Sir Greg. Now am not I of your mind in that, for I hold him the best soldier that scapes best, alwaies at a Cock-fencing I give him the best that has the fewest knocks.

Witty. Nay, I'll have a bout with your Scholar too, To ask you why you should be poor (yet richly learn'd) Were no question, at least, you can easily Answer it; but whether you have learning enough, To deserve to be poor or no (since poverty is Commonly the meed of Learning) is yet to be tryed; You have the Languages, I mean the chief, As the *Hebrew, Syriack, Greek, Latine, &c.*

Pris. *Aliquantulum, non totaliter, Domine.*

Old K. The *Latine* I have sufficiently tried him in, And I promise you Sir, he is very well grounded.

Witty. I will prove him in some of the rest.

Toi[s] miois fatherois iste Cock-scomboy?

Pris. *Kay yonkeron nigitton oy fouleroi Asinisoy.*

Witty. *Cheateron ton biton?*

Pris. *Tous pollous strikerous, Angelo to peeso.*

Witty. Certainly Sir, a very excellent Scholar in the *Greek.*

Old K. I do note a wondrous readiness in him.

Sir Greg. I do wonder how the *Trojans* could hold out ten years siege (as 'tis reported) against the *Greeks*, if *Achilles* spoke but this tongue? I do not think but he might have shaken down the Walls in a seven-night, and ne'er troubled the wooden horse.

Witty. I will try him so far as I can in the *Syriack.*

Kircom bragmen, shag a dou ma dell mathou.

Pris. *Hashagath rabgabosh shobos onoriadka.*

Witty. *Colpack Rubasca, gnawerthem shig shag.*

[*Pris.*] *Napshamothem Ribs[h]e bongomosh lashemech nagothi.*

Witty. Gentlemen I have done, any man that can, go I confess my self at a *Nonplus.* (farther,

Sir Greg. Faith not I, Sir, I was at my farthest in my natural language, I was never double-tongu'd, I thank my hard fortune.

Witty. Well Gentlemen, 'tis pity, (walk farther off a little

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT I

my friends) I say, 'tis pity such fellows so endow'd, so qualified with the gifts of Nature and Arts, yet should have such a scarcity of fortune's benefits, we must blame our Ironhearted age for it.

Old K. 'Tis pity indeed, and our pity shall speak a little, Come Sir, here's my groat. (for 'em ;

Witty. A Groat Sir? oh fie, give nothing rather, 'twere better you rail'd on 'em for begging, and so quit your self, I am a poor Gentleman, that have but little but my wits to live on.

Old K. Troth and I love you the better, Sir.

Witty. Yet I'll begin a better example than so, here fellows, there's between you, take Purse and all, and I would it were here heavier for your sakes, there's a pair of Angels to guide you to your lodgings, a poor Gentleman's good Will.

Pris. *Gratias, maximas gratias, benignissime Domine.*

Old K. This is an ill example for us, Sir, I would this bountiful Gentleman had not come this way to day.

Sir Gr. Pox, we must not shame our selves now, Sir, I'll give as much as that Gentleman, though I never be Soldier or Scholar while I live; here friends, there's a piece, that if he were divided, would make a pair of Angels for me too, in the love I bear to the Sword and the Tongues.

Old K. My largess shall be equal too, and much good do you, this bounty is a little abatement of my wit, though I feel that.

Ruin. May soldiers ever defend such charities.

Pris. And Scholars pray for their increase.

Old K. Fare you well, Sir, these fellows may pray for you, you have made the Scholars Commons exceed to day, and a word with you, Sir, you said you liv'd by your wits, if you use this bounty, you'll begger your wits, believe it.

Witty. Oh Sir, I hope to encrease 'em by it, this seed never wants his harvest, fare you well, Sir. [Exit.

Sir Gr. I think a man were as good meet with a reasonable Thief, as an unreasonable Begger sometimes, I could find in my heart to beg half mine back agen, can you change my piece my friends?

Pris. *Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.*

Sir Gr. My Gold is turn'd into *Latine*.

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Enter Witty-pate.

Look you good fellows, here's one round
Shilling more that lay conceal'd.

Old K. Sir, away, we shall be drawn farther into damage else.

Sir Gr. A pox of the Fool, he live by his wits? if his wits
leave him any money, but what he begs or steals very shortly,
I'll be hang'd for him. [*Exeunt the two Knights.*]

Ruin. This breakfast parcel was well fetcht off i'faith.

Witty. Tush, a by-blow for mirth, we must have better
purchase, we want a fourth for another project that I have
ripen'd.

Ruin. My wife she shares, and can deserve it.

Witty. She can change her shape, and be masculine.

Ruin. 'Tis one of the free'st conditions, she fears not the
crack of a Pistol, she dares say Stand to a Grazier.

Pris. *Probatum fuit, profecto Domine.*

Witty. Good, then you Sir *Bacchus*, *Apollo* shall be dis-
patcht with her share, and some contents to meet us to morrow
(at a certain place and time appointed) in the Masculine Gender,
my Father has a Nephew, and I an own Cosin coming up from
the University, whom he loves most indulgently, easie Master
Credulous Oldcraft, (for you know what your meer Academique
is) your Carrier never misses his hour, he must not be rob'd
(because he has but little to lose) but he must joyn with us in a
devise that I have, that shall rob my Father of a hundred pieces,
and thank me to be rid on't, for there's the ambition of my wit,
to live upon his profest wit, that has turn'd me out to live by
my wits.

Pris. *Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratolor.*

Witty. A male habit, a bag of an hunder'd weight, though
it be Counters (for my *Alchemy* shall turn 'em into Gold of my
Fathers) the hour, the place, the action shall be at large set
down, and Father, you shall know, that I put my portion to
use, that you have given me to live by ;
And to confirm your self in me renate,
I hope you'll find my wits legitimate. [*Exeunt.*]

*Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.**Enter Lady and Servants.**Serv.* NAY Lady.

Lady. Put me not in mind on't, prethee,
 You cannot do a greater wrong to Women,
 For in our wants, 'tis the most chief affliction
 To have that name remembred; 'tis a Title
 That misery mocks us by, and the worlds malice,
 Scorn and contempt has not wherewith to work
 On humble Callings; they are safe, and lye
 Level with pitty still, and pale distress
 Is no great stranger to 'em; but when fortune
 Looks with a stormy face on our conditions,
 We find affliction work, and envy pastime,
 And our worst enemy than that most abuses us,
 Is that we are call'd by, Lady, Oh my spirit,
 Will nothing make thee humble? I am well methinks,
 And can live quiet with my fate sometimes,
 Until I look into the world agen,
 Then I begin to rave at my Stars bitterness,
 To see how many muckhils plac'd above me;
 Peasants and Droyls, Caroches full of Dunghils,
 Whose very birth stinks in a generous nostril,
 Glistening by night like Glow-worms through the High streets
 Hurried by Torch-light in the Foot-mans hands
 That shew like running Fire-drakes through the City,
 And I put to my shifts and wits to live,
 Nay sometimes danger too; on Foot, on Horseback,
 And earn my supper manfully e'r I get it,
 Many a meal I have purchas'd at that rate,

Enter Priscian.

Fed with a wound upon me, stamp't at midnight.
 Hah, what are you?

Pris. Now you may tell your self, Lady. { *Pulls off's*

Lady. Oh Mr. *Priscian*, what's the project, { *beard.*

For you n'er come without one.

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Pris. First, your Husband,
Sir *Ruinous Gentry* greets you with best wishes,
And here has sent you your full share by me
In five Cheats and two Robberies.

Lady. And what comes it too?

Prisc. Near upon thirteen pound.

Lady. A goodly share,
'Twill put a Lady scarce in Philip and Cheyney,
With three small Bugle Laces, like a Chamber-maid,
Here's precious lifting.

Pris. 'Las you must consider, Lady,
'Tis but young Term, Attornies ha small doings yet,
Then Highway Lawyers, they must needs ha little,
We've had no great good luck to speak troth, Beauty,
Since your stout Ladyship parted from's at *Highbgate*,
But there's a fair hope now for a present hunder'd,
Here's mans Apparel, your Horse stands at door.

Lady. And what's the virtuous plot now?

Prisc. Marry Lady,
You, like a brave young Gallant must be robb'd.

Lady. I robb'd?

Pris. Nay then—

Lady. Well, well, go on, let's hear Sir.

Pris. Here's a seal'd bag of a Hunder'd, which indeed
Are Counters all, only some sixteen Groats
Of white money i'th' mouth on't.

Lady. So, what Saddle have I?

Pris. Monsieur *Laroon's* the *Frenchmans*.

Lady. That agen,
You know so well it is not for my stride,
How oft have I complain'd on't?
Pris. You may have [*Jockey's*] then, the little *Scotch* one,
You must dispatch. [Exit *Pris.*]

Lady. I'll soon be ready, Sir,
Before you ha shifted Saddles, many Women
Have their wealth flow to 'em, I was made I see
To help my fortune, not my fortune me. [Exit.]

Enter Cuningam.

Cun. My ways are Goblin-led, and the night-Elf

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT II

Still draws me from my home, yet I follow,
 Sure, 'tis not altogether fabulous,
 Such Hagg's do get dominion of our tongues
 So soon as we speak, the Inchantment binds;
 I have dissembled such a trouble on me,
 As my best wits can hardly clear agen;
 Piping through this old reed, the Guardianess,
 With purpose that my harmony shall reach
 And please the Ladies ear, she stops below,
 And ecchoes back my Love unto my Lips,
 Perswaded by most violent arguments
 Of self-love in her self; I am so self-fool,
 To doat upon her hunder'd wrinkl'd face;
 I could beggar her to accept the gifts
 She would throw upon me; 'twere charity,
 But for pities sake I will be a niggard
 And undo her, refusing to take from her;
 I'm haunted agen, if it take not now
 I'll break the Spell.

Enter Guardianess.

Guard. Sweet *Cuningam*, welcome;
 What? a whole day absent? Birds that build Nests
 Have care to keep 'em.

Cun. That's granted,
 But not continually to sit upon 'em;
 Less in the youngling season, else they desire
 To fly abroad, and recreate their labours,
 Then they return with fresher appetite
 To work agen.

Guard. Well, well, you have built a Nest
 That will stand all storms, you need not mistrust
 A weather-wrack, and one day it may be
 The youngling season too, then I hope
 You'll ne'er fly out of sight.

Cun. There will be pains,
 I see to shake this Burr off, and sweetest,
 Prethee how fares thy charge? has my good friend
 Sir *Gregory*, the countenance of a Lover?

Guard. No by my troth, not in my mind, methinks

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(Setting his Worship aside) he looks like a fool.

Cun. Nay i'faith, ne'r divide his Worship from him for
Small matter; Fool and Worship are no such (that
Strangers now adaies, but my meaning is,
Has he thy Ladies countenance of Love?
Looks she like a welcome on him? plainly,
Have they as good hope of one another,
As *Cupid* bless us, we have?

Guard. Troth I know not,
I can perceive no forwardness in my charge,
But I protest I wish the Knight better
For your sake, Bird.

Cun. Why thanks sweet Bird, and with my heart I wish,
That he had as strong and likely hope of her
As thou hast of me.

Guard. Well, he's like to speed
Ne'er the worse for that good wish, and I'll tell you
Bird (for secrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)
My charge thinks well of you.

Cun. Of me? for what?

Guard. For my sake, I mean so, I have heard her
A hundred times, since her Uncle gave her
The first bob about you, that she'd doe somewhat
For my sake, if things went well together,
We have spoke of doors and bolts, and things and things,
Go too, I'll tell you all, but you'll find
Some advancement, for my sake, I do believe.

Cun. Faith be not sparing, tell me.

Guard. By my Lady
You shall pardon me for that, 'twere a shame
If men should hear all that women speak behind
Their backs sometimes.

Cun. You must give me leave yet,
At least to give her thanks.

Guard. Nor that neither,
She must not take [a] notice of my blabbing,
It is sufficient you shall give me thanks,
For 'tis for my sake if she be bountiful,
She loves me, and loves you too for my sake.

Cun. How shall I, knowing this, but be ingrate,

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT II

Not to repay her with my dearest duty.

Guard. I, but you must not know it, if you tell
All that I open to you; you'll shame us both;
A far off you may kiss your hand, blush or so,
But I'll allow no nearer conference.

Cun. Whoop! you'll be jealous I perceive now.

Guard. Jealous? why there's no true love without it,
I must be jealous of thee, but for her, (Bird,
(Were it within my duty to my Master)
I durst trust her with the strongest temp[t]er,
And I dare swear her now as pure a Virgin
As e'er was welcom'd to a marriage bed;
If thoughts may be untainted, hers are so.

Cun. And where's the cause of your fear then?

Guard. Well, well;

When things are past, and the wedding Torches
Lighted at Matches, to kindle better fire,
Then I'll tell you more.

Cun. Come, come, I see farther,
That if we were married, you'd be jealous.

Guard. I protest I should a little, but not of her
It is the married woman (if you mark it)
And not the Maid that longs, the appetite
Follows the first taste, when we have relisht
We wish cloying, the taste once pleas'd before,
Then our desire is whetted on to more,
But I reveal too much to you, i'faith Bird.

Cun. Not a whit i'faith, Bird, betwixt you and I,
I am beholding for bettering of my knowledg.

Guard. Nay, you shall know more of me, if you'll be rul'd
But make not things common.

Cun. Ud' so, your Lady?

Guard. I, 'tis no matter, she'll like well of this,
Our familiarity is her content.

Enter Neece and Clown.

Nee. This present from Sir Greg[o]ry? (Fop.

Clow. From my Master, the Worshipful, right Sir Greg[o]ry

Nee. A Ruffe? and what might be his high conceit

In sending of a Ruff?

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Clow. I think he had two conceits in it forsooth, too high too Low, Ruff high, because as the Ruff does embrace your neck all day, so does he desire to throw his Knightly Arms.

Nee. But then I leave him off a-nights.

Clow. Why then he is ruffe low, a ruffian, a bold adventurous errand to do any rough service for his Lady.

Nee. A witty and unhappy conceit, does he mean As he seems to say unto that reverence? (*Toward Cuning.* He does wooe her sure.

Clow. To tell [you] truth, Lady, his conceit was far better than I have blaz'd it yet.

Nee. Do you think so, Sir?

Clow. Nay, I know it forsooth, for it was two days, e'r he compass'd it, to find a fitting present for your Ladyship, he was sending once a very fine Puppy to you.

Nee. And that he would have brought himself.

Clow. So he would indeed, but then he alter'd his device, and sent this Ruffe; requesting withall, that whensoever it is foul, you (with your own hands) would bestow the starching of it.

Nee. Else she wooes him, now his eyes shoots this way; And what was the reason for that, Sir? (*Toward Cun.*

Clow. There lies his main conceit, Lady, for says he, In so doing she cannot chuse but in the starching, to clap it often between her hands, and so she gives a great liking and applause to my Present, whereas, if I should send a Puppy, she ever calls it to her with hist, hiss, hiss, which is a fearful disgrace, he drew the device from a Play, at the *Bull* tother day.

Nee. I marry Sir, this was a rich conceit indeed.

Clow. And far fetch'd, therefore good for you, Lady.

Guard. How now? which way look you, Bird?

Cun. At the Fool Bird, shall I not look at the Fool?

Guard. At the Fool and I here? what need that? pray look

Nee. I'll fit him aptly, either I'll awake (this way.

His wits (if he have any,) or force him

To appear (as yet I cannot think him)

Without any. Sirrah, tell me one thing true

That I shall aske you now, Was this device

Your Masters own? I doubt his wit in it;

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT II

He's not so ingen[i]us.

Clow. His own I assure you, Madam.

Nec. Nay, you must not lye.

Clow. Not with a Lady, I'd rather lye with you, than lie with my Master, by your leave in such a case as this.

Guard. Yet agen your eye?

Cun. The fool makes mirth i'faith,
I would hear some.

Guard. Come, you shall hear none but me.

Nec. Come hither, friend, nay, come nearer me; did Thy Master send thee to me? he may be wise, But did not shew it much in that; men sometimes May wrong themselves unawares, when they least think on't; Was *Vulcan* ever so unwise to send *Mars* To be his spokesman, when he went a wooing? Send thee? hey-ho, a pretty rowling eye.

Clow. I can turn up the white and the black too, and need be forsooth.

Nec. Why, here's an amor[o]us nose.

[*Clow.*] You see the worst of my nose, forsooth.

Nec. A cheek, how I could put it now in dalliance,
A pair of Lips, oh that we were uney'd,
I could suck Sugar from 'em, what a beard's here!
When will the Knight thy Master have such a Stamp of man-hood on his face? nay, do not blush.

Clow. 'Tis nothing but my flesh and blood that rises so.

Cun. 'Death, she courts the fool.

Guard. Away, away, 'tis sport, do not mind it.

Nec. Give me thy hand, come, be familiar;
[I, h]ere's a promising palm; what a soft Handful of pleasure's here, here's Down compar'd With Flocks and quilted Straw, thy Knights fingers Are lean mattrice rubbers to these Feathers, I prethee let me lean my cheek upon't.
What a soft pillow's here!

Clow. Hum, umh, hu, hum.

Nec. Why there's a courage in that lively passion, Measure thee all o'r, there's not a limb But has his full proportion, it is my voice, There's no compare betwixt the Knight and thee,

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The goodlier man [by] half, at once now
I see thee all over.

Clow. If you had seen me swim t'other day on my back,
you would have sed you had seen, there was two Chambermaids
that saw me, and my legs by chance were tangled in the flags,
and when they saw how I was hang'd, they cryed out, Oh help
the man for fear he be drown'd.

Neece. They could do no less in pity, come thine arm,
we'll walk together.

Cun. Blindness of Love and Women, why she dotes
upon the fool.

Guard. What's that to you, mind her not.

Cun. Away you Burr.

Guard. How's that?

Cun. Hang of Fleshook, fasten thine itchy claspe
On some dry Toad-stool that will kindle with thee,
And burn together.

Guard. Oh abominable,
Why do you not love me?

Cun. No, never did;
I took thee down a little way to
Enforce a Vomit from my offended stomach,
Now thou'rt up agen, I loath thee filthily.

Guard. Oh villain.

Cun. Why dost thou not see a sight.
Would make a man abjure the sight of Women.

Neece. Ha, ha, ha, he's vext; ha, ha, ha,

Clow. Ha, ha, ha.

Neece. Why dost thou laugh?

Clow. Because thou laugh'st, nothing else i'faith.

Cun. She has but mockt my folly, else she finds not
The bosome of my purpose, some other way,
Must make me know; I'll try her, and may chance quit
The fine dexterity of her Lady-wit. [Exit.]

Neece. Yes inthroth, I laught to think of thy Master,
Now, what he would think if he knew this?

Clow. By my troth I laugh at him too, faith sirrah, he's
but a fool to say the truth, though I say't, that should not say't.

Neece. Yes, thou shouldst say truth, and I believe thee;
Well, for this time we'll part, you perceive something,

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT II

Our tongues betray our hearts, there's our weakness,
But pray be silent.

Clow. As Mouse in Cheese, or Goose in Hay i'faith.

Neece. Look, we are cut off, there's my hand where my
Lips would be.

Clow. I'll wink, and think 'em thy Lips, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Neece. Now Guardianess, I need not ask where you have

Guard. Oh Lady, never was woman so abus'd. (been.)

Enter Clown.

Clow. Dost thou hear Lady, sweet-heart, I had forgot
to tell thee, if you will, I will come back in the evening.

Neece. By no means, come not till I send for you.

Clow. If there be any need, you may think of things when
I am gone, I may be convey'd into your chamber, I'll lye under
the bed while midnight, or so, or you shall put me up in one
of your little boxes, I can creep in at a small hole.

Neece. These are things I dare not venture, I charge you
on my love, never come till I send for you.

Clow. *Verbum insipienti*, 'tis enough to the wise, nor I
think it is not fit the Knight should know any thing yet.

Neece. By no means, pray you go now, we are suspected.

Clow. For the things that are past, let us use our secrets.

Neece. Now I'll make a firm trial of your love,
As you love me, not a word more at this time,
Not a syllable, 'tis the seal of love, take heed.

Clow. Hum, hum, hum, hum—.

He humhs loath to depart.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Neece. So, this pleasant trouble's gone, now Guardianess,
What? your eyes easing your heart, the cause woman?

Guard. The cause is false man, Madam, oh Lady,
I have been gull'd in a shining Carbuncle,
A very Glo-worm, that I thought had fire in't,
And 'tis as cold as Ice.

Neece. And justly serv'd,
Wouldst thou once think that such an [erring] spring
Would dote upon thine Autumn?

Guard. Oh, had you heard him but protest.

Neece. I would not have believ'd him,
Thou might'st have perceiv'd how I mock'd thy folly.

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

In wanton imitation with the Fool,
Go weep the sin of thy credulity,
Not of thy loss, for it was never thine,
And it is gain to miss it; wert thou so dull?
Nay, yet thou'rt stupid and incapable,
Why, thou wert but the bait to fish with, not
The prey, the stale to catch another Bird with.

Guard. Indeed he call'd me Bird.

Neece. Yet thou perceiv'st not,
It is your Neece he loves, wouldst thou be made
A stalking Jade? 'tis she examine it,
I'll hurry all awry, and tread my path
Over unbeaten grounds, go level to the mark,
Not by circular bouts, rare things are pleasing,
And rare's but seldom in the simple sence,
But has her *Emphasis* with eminence.

[*Exit.*

Guard. My Neece? she the rival of my abuse?
My flesh and blood wrong me? I'll Aunt her for't;

Enter Mirabel.

Oh opportunity, thou blessest me
Now Gentlewoman are you parted so soon?
Where's your friend I pray? your *Cuningam*?

Mir. What say you Aunt?

Guard. Come, come, your *Cuningame*?
I am not blind with age yet, nor deaf.

Mir. Dumb I am sure you are not, what ail you Aunt?
Are you not well?

Guard. No, nor sick, nor mad, nor in my wits, nor
sleeping, nor waking, nor nothing, nor any thing; I know
not what I am, nor what I am not.

Mir. Mercy cover us, what do you mean, Aunt?

Guard. I mean to be reveng'd.

Mir. On whom?

Guard. On thee *Baggage*.

Mir. Revenge should follow injury,
Which never reacht so far as thought in me
Towards you Aunt.

Guard. Your cunning, minion.
Nor your *Cuningame*; can either blind me,

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT II

The gentle Beggar loves you.

Mir. Beseech you,

Let me stay your error, I begin to hear,
 And shake off my amazement; if you think
 That ever any passage treating love
 Hath been betwixt us yet commenc'd, any
 Silent eye-glance that might but sparkle fire,
 So much as Brother and Sister might meet with,
 The Lip-salute, so much as strangers might
 Take a farewell with, the commixed hands,
 Nay, but the least thought of the least of these;
 In troth you wrong your bosom, by that truth
 (Which I think yet you durst be bail for in me,
 If it were offer'd ye) I am as free
 As all this protestation.

Guard. May I believe this?

Mir. If ever you'll believe truth: why, I thought he had
 spoke love to you, and if his heart prompted his tongue, sure
 I did hear so much.

Guard. Oh falsest man, *Ixion's* plague fell on me,
 Never by woman (such a *masculine* cloud)
 So airy and so subtle was embrac'd.

Mir. By no cause in me, by my life dear Aunt.

Guard. I believe you, then help in my revenge,
 And you shall do't, or lose my love for ever,
 I'll have him quitted at his equal weapon,
 Thou art young, follow him, bait his desires
 With all the Engines of a womans wit,
 Stretch modesty even to the highest pitch;
 He cannot freeze at such a flaming beauty;
 And when thou hast him by th' amorous gills,
 Think on my vengeance, choak up his desires,
 Then let his banquetings be *Tantalisme*,
 Let thy disdain spurn the dissembler out;
 Oh I should climb my Stars, and sit above,
 To see him burn to ashes in his love.

Mir. This will be a strange taste, Aunt, and an
 Unwilling labour, yet in your injunction
 I am a servant to't.

Guard. Thou'lt undertak't?

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Mir. Yes, let the success commend it self hereafter.

Guard. Effect it Girl, my substance is thy store,
Nothing but want of Will makes woman poor. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Gregory, and Clown.

Sir Greg. Why *Pompey*, thou art not stark mad, art thou?
Wilt thou not tell me how my Lady does?

Clow. Your Lady?

Sir Greg. Did she receive the thing that I sent her kindly,
or no:

Clow. The thing that you sent her, Knight, by the thing
that you sent, was for the things sake that was sent to carry
the thing that you sent, very kindly receiv'd; first, there is
your Indenture, now go seek you a servant: secondly, you
are a Knight: thirdly and lastly, I am mine own man: and
fourthly, fare you well.

Sir Greg. Why *Pompey*? prethee let me speak with thee,
I'll lay my life some hare has crost him.

Clow. Knight, if you be a Knight, so keep you; as for
the Lady, who shall say that she is not a fair Lady, a sweet
Lady, an honest and a virtuous Lady, I will say he is a base
fellow, a blab of his tongue, and I will make him eat these
fingers ends.

Sir Greg. Why, here's no body says so *Pompey*.

Clow. Whatsoever things have past between the Lady and
the other party, whom I will not name at this time, I say she
is virtuous and honest, and I will maintain it, as long as I can
maintain my self with bread and water.

Sir Greg. Why I know no body thinks otherwise.

Clow. Any man that does but think it in my hearing,
I will make him think on't while he has a thought in his
bosom; shall we say that kindnesses from Ladies are common?
or that favours and protestations are things of no moment
betwixt parties and parties? I say still, whatsoever has been
betwixt the Lady and the party, which I will not name, that
she is honest, and shall be honest, whatsoever she does by day
or by night, by light or by darkness, with cut and long tail.

Sir Greg. Why I say she is honest.

Clow. Is she honest? in what sense do you say she is
honest, Knight?

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT II

Sir Greg. If I could not find in my heart to throw my dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'm an ass, and no Gentleman.

Clow. Throw your Dagger at me! do not Knight, I give you fair warning, 'tis but cast away if you do, for you shall have no other words of me, the Lady is an honest Lady, whatsoever reports may go of sports and toys, and thoughts, and words, and deeds, betwixt her and the party which I will not name; this I give you to understand, That another man may have as good an eye, as amorous a nose, as fair a stamp beard, and be as proper a man as a Knight, (I name no parties) a Servingman may be as good as a Sir, a *Pompey* as a *Gregory*, a *Doodle* as a *Fop*; so Servingman *Pompey Doodle*, may be respected as well with Ladies (though I name no parties) as *Sir Gregory Fop*; so farewell: [Exit.

Sir Greg. If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I never have any more wit while I live; either the sight of the Lady has gaster'd him, or else he's drunk, or else he walks in his sleep, or else [he]'s a fool, or a knave, or both, one of the three, I'm sure 'tis; yet now I think on't, she has not us'd me so kindly as her Uncle promis'd me she should, but that's all one, he says I shall have her, and I dare take his word for the best [h]orse I have, and that's a weightier thing than a Lady, I'm sure on't. [Exit.

Enter Lady Ruinous (as a man) Witty-Pate, Sir Ruinous, Priscian, and Master Credulous (binding and robbing her, and in Scarfs) Credulous finds the bag.

Lady Ruin. Nay, I am your own, 'tis in your pleasure
How you'll deal with me; yet I would intreat,
You will not make that which is bad enough,
Worse than it need be, by a second ill,
When it can render you no second profit;
If it be coin you seek, you have your prey,
All my store I vow, (and it weighs a hundred)
My life, or any hurt you give my body,
Can enrich you no more.

Witty. You may pursue.

L. Ruin. As I am a Gentleman; I never will,
Only we'll bind you to quiet behaviour

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Till you call out for Bail, and on th' other
Side of the hedge leave you; but keep the peace
Till we be out of hearing, for by that
We shall be out of danger, if we come back,
We come with a mischief.

Lady. You need not fear me.

Prisc. Come, we'll bestow you then.

[*Exit* Ruin. *Prisc. and Lady.*]

Wit. Why law you Sir, is not this a swifter Revenue
than, *Sic probas, ergo's* & *igitur's* can bring in? why is not this
one of your Syllogismes in *Barbara*? *Omne utile est honestum.*

Cred. Well Sir, a little more of this acquaintance
Will make me know you fully, I protest.
You have (at first sight) made me conscious
Of such a deed my dreams ne'er prompted, yet
I could almost have wish'd rather ye'ad rob'd me
Of my Cloak, (for my Purse 'tis a Scholars)
Than to have made me a robber.
I had rather have answered three difficult questions,
Than this one, as easie, as yet it seems.

Witty. Tush, you shall never come to farther answer for't;
Can you confess your penurious Uncle,
In his full face of love, to be so strict
A Nigard to your Commons, that you are fain
To size your belly out with Shoulder Fees?
With Rumps and Kidneys, and Cues of single Beer,
And yet make *Daymy* to feed more daintily,
At this easier rate? fie Master *Credulous*,
I blush for you.

Cred. This is a truth undeniable.

Wit. Why go to then, I hope I know your Uncle,
How does he use his Son, nearer than you?

Cred. Faith, like his Jade, upon the bare Commons,
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it;
He would have been glad to have shar'd in such
A purchase, and thank'd his good fortune too.

Enter Ruinous and Priscian.

But mum no more—is all safe, Bullies? (his loss,

Ruin. Secure, the Gentleman thinks him most happy in

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT II

With his safe life and limbs, and redoubles
His first vow, as he is a Gentleman,
Never to pursue us.

Wit. Well away then,
Disperse you with Master *Credulous*, who still
Shall bear the purchase, *Priscian* and I,
Will take some other course: You know our meeting
At the *Three Cups* in *St Gile's*, with this proviso,
(For 'tis a Law with us) that nothing be open'd
Till all be present, the looser saies a hundred,
And it can weigh no less.

Ruin. Come, Sir, we'll be your guide.

Cred. My honesty, which till now was never forfeited,
All shall be close till our meeting. [Exit *Cred.* and *Ruin.*

Witty. Tush, I believ't.
And then all shall out; where's the thief that's robb'd?

Enter Lady Ruinous.

L. Rui. Here Master *Oldcraft*, all follows now.

Witty. 'Twas neatly done, wench, now to turn that bag
Of counterfeits to current pieces, & *actum est.*

L. Rui. You are the *Chymist*, we'll blow the fire still,
If you can mingle the ingredients.

Witty. I will not miss a cause, a quantity, a dram,
You know the place.

Pris. I have told her that, Sir.

Witty. Good, turn *Ruinous* to be a Constable, I'm sure
We want not beards of all sorts, from the
Worshipful Magistrate to the under Watchman;
Because we must have no danger of life,
But a cleanly cheat, attach *Credulous*,
The cause is plain, the theft found about him;
Then fall I in his own Cosins shape
By mere accident, where finding him distrest,
I with some difficulty must fetch him off,
With promise that his Uncle shall shut up all
With double restitution: Master Constable, *Ruinous*
His mouth shall be stopt; you, Mistriss rob-thief,
Shall have your share of what we can gull my Father of;
Is't plain enough?

ACT III WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

L. Rui. As plain a cozenage as can be, faith.

Witty. Father, I come again, and again when this is
Past too, Father, one will beget another ;
I'd be loath to leave your posterity barren,
You were best [to] come to composition Father,
Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will [be] cheaper (Father) than my wit,
For I will cheat none but you, dear Father. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory.

Old K. **W**HY now you take the course *Sir Gregory Fop* :
I could enforce her, and I list, but love
That's gently won, is a man's own for ever,
Have you prepar'd good Musick ?

Sir Gr. As fine a noise, Uncle, as heart can wish.

O[ld] K. Why that's done like a Suitor,
They must be woo'd a hundred several ways,
Before you obtain the right way in a woman,
'Tis an odd creature, full of creeks and windings.
The Serpent has not more ; for sh'as all his,
And then her own beside came in by her mother.

Sir Gr. A fearful portion for a man to venture on.

Old K. But the way found once by the wits of men,
There is no creature lies so tame agen.

Sir Gr. I promise you, not a house-Rabbit, Sir.

Old K. No sucker on 'em all.

Sir Gr. What a thing's that ?

They're pretty fools I warrant, when they'r tame
As a man can lay his lips [to].

Old K. How were you bred, Sir ?

Did you never make a fool of a Tenants daughter ?

Sir Gr. Never i'faith, they ha' made some fools for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.

Old [K]. They could not shew you the way plainlier, I
To make a fool again. (think,

Sir Gr. There's fools enough, Sir,
'Less they were wiser.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT III

Old K. This is wondrous rare,
Come you to *London* with a Maiden-head, Knight?
A Gentleman of your rank ride with a Cloak-bag?
Never an Hostess by the way to leave it with?
Nor Tapsters Sister? nor head-Ostlers Wife?
What no body?

Sir Gr. Well mock'd old Wit-monger,
I keep it for your Neece.

Old K. Do not say so for shame, she'll laugh at thee,
A wife ne'er looks for't, 'tis a batchelors penny,
He may giv't to a begger-wench, i'th' progress time,
And ne'er be call'd to account for't. [*Ex.*]

Sir Gr. Would I had known so much,
I could ha' stopt a beggers mouth by th' way.

Enter Page and Fidlers boy.

That rail'd upon me, 'cause I'd give her nothing—
What, are they come?

Pag. And plac'd directly, Sir,
Under her window.

Sir Gr. What may I call you, Gentleman?

Boy. A poor servant to the Viol, I'm the Voice, Sir.

Sir Gr. In good time Master *Voice*?

Boy. Indeed good time does get the mastery.

Sir Gr. What Countreyman, Master *Voice*.

Boy. Sir, born at *Ely*, we all set up in *EL[y,]*
But our house commonly breaks in *Rutland-shire*.

Sir Gr. A shrewd place by my faith, it may well break
your voice,
It breaks many a mans back; come, set to your business.

SONG.

F*Ain would I wake you, Sweet, but fear
I should invite you to worse cheer;
In your dreams you cannot fare
Meaner than Musick; no compare;
None of your slumbers are compil'd
Under the pleasure makes a Child;
Your day-delights, so well compar'd,
That what you think, turns all to aēt:*

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

*I'd wish my life no better play,
Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake gently, wake,
Part softly from your dreams ;
The morning flies
To your fair eyes,
To take her special beams.*

Sir Gr. I hear her up, here *Master Voice*,
Pay you the Instruments, save what you can,

Enter Neece above.

To keep you when you're crackt. [*Exit Boy.*

Neece. Who should this be?

That I'm so much beholding to, for sweetness?

Pray Heaven it happens right.

Sir Gr. Good morrow, Mistriss.

Neece. An ill day and a thousand come upon thee.

Sir Gr. 'Light, that's six hundred more than any
Almanack has.

Neece. Comes it from thee? it is the mangiest Musick
That ever woman heard.

Sir Gr. Nay, say not so, Lady,
There's not an itch about 'em.

Neece. I could curse

My attentive powers, for giving entrance to't ;

There is no boldness like the impudence

That's lockt in a fools bloud, how durst you do this?

In conscience I abus'd you as sufficiently

As woman could a man ; insatiate Coxcomb,

The mocks and spiteful language I have given thee,

Would o' my life ha' serv'd ten reasonable men,

And rise contented too, and left enough for their friends.

Thou glutton at abuses, never satisfied?

I am perswaded thou devour'st more flouts

Than all thy body's worth, and still a hungred!

A mischief of that maw, prethee seek elsewhere,

Introth I am weary of abusing thee ;

Get thee a fresh Mistriss, thou'st make work enough ;

I do not think there's scorn enough in Town

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT III

To serve thy turn, take the Court-Ladies in,
And all their Women to 'em, that exceed 'em.

Sir Gr. Is this in earnest, Lady?

Neece. Oh unsatiable!

Dost thou count all this but an earnest yet?
I'd thought I'd paid thee all the whole sum, trust me;
Thou'lt begger my derision utterly
If thou stay'st longer, I shall want a laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a contempt
Would hold thee tack, stay and be hang'd, thou shouldst then:
But thou'st no conscience now to extort hate from me,
When one has spent all she can make upon thee;
Must I begin to pay thee hire again?
After I have rid thee twice? faith 'tis unreasonable.

Sir Gr. Say you so? I'll know that presently. [Exit.]

Neece. Now he runs

To fetch my Uncle to this musty bargain,
But I have better ware always at hand.
And lay by this still, when he comes to cheapen.

Enter Cuningam.

Cun. I met the Musick now, yet cannot learn
What entertainment he receiv'd from her.

Nee. There's some body set already, I must to't, I see,
Well, well, Sir Gregory?

Cun. Hah, Sir Gregory?

Nee. Where e'er you come, you may well boast your conquest.

Cun. She's lost y'faith, enough, has fortune then
Remembered her great boy? she seldom fails 'em.

Nee. H' was the unlikeliest man at first, methought,
To have my love, we never met but wrangled,

Cun. A pox upon that wrangling, say I still,
I never knew it fail yet, where e'er't came;
It never comes but like a storm of hail,
'Tis sure to bring fine weather at the tail on't,
There's not one match 'mongst twenty made without it,
It fights i' th' tongue, but sure to agree i' th' haunches.

Nee. That man that should ha' told me when time was.
I should ha' had him, had been laught at piteously,

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

But see how things will change! (love!

Cun. Here's a heart feels it—Oh the deceitful promises of
What trust should a man put i' th' lip of woman?
She kist me with that strength, as if sh'ad meant
To ha' set the fair print of her soul upon me.

Nee. I would ha' sworn 'twould ne'er ha been a match once.

Cun. I'll hear no more, I'm mad to hear so much,
Why should I aim my thoughts at better fortunes
Than younger brothers have? that's a Maid with nothing,
Or some old Soap-boilers Widow, without Teeth,
There waits my fortune for me, seek no farther. [*Ex. Cun.*]

Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory.

Old K. You tell me things, *Sir Gregory*, that cannot be.
She will not, nor she dares not.

Sir Gr. Would I were whipt then.

Nee. I'll make as little shew of love, *Sir Gregory*,
As ever Woman did, you shall not know
You have my heart a good while.

Old K. Heard you that?

Nee. Man will insult so soon, 'tis his condition,
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can,
I've much ado, I swear; and love i' th' end
Will have his course, let Maids do what they can,
They are but frail things till they end in man.

Old K. What say you to this, *Sir*?

Sir Gr. This is somewhat handsome.

Nee. And by that little wrangling that I fain'd,
Now I shall try how constant his love is,
Although't went sore against my heart to chide him.

Sir Gr. Alas poor Gentlewoman.

Old K. Now y'are sure of truth,
You hear her own thoughts speak.

Sir Gr. They speak indeed.

Old K. Go, you're a brainless Coax; a Toy, a Fop,
I'll go no farther than your name, *Sir Gr[egory]*
I'll right my self there; were you from this place,
You should perceive I'm heartily angry with you,
Offer to sow strife 'twixt my Neece and I?
Good morrow Neece, good morrow.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT III

Nee. Many fair ones to you, Sir. (morning?)

Old K. Go, you're a Coxcomb. How dost Neece this
An idle shallow fool: sleep'st thou well, Girl?
Fortune may very well provide thee Lordships,
For honesty has left thee little manners.

Sir Gr. How am I bang'd o'both sides!

Old K. Abuse kindnesse? Will't take the air to day Neece?

Nee. When you please, Sir,
There stands the Heir behind you I must take,
(Which I'd as lieve take, as take him I swear.) (now?)

Old K. La' you; do you hear't continued to your teeth
A pox of all such *Gregories*; what a hand { *Neece lets fall*
Have I with you! } *her Scarfe.*

Sir Gr. No more y'feck, I ha' done, Sir:
Lady, your Scarf's fal'n down.

Nee. 'Tis but your luck, Sir,
And does presage the Mistriss must fall shortly,
You may wear it, and you please.

Old K. There's a trick for you,
You're parlously belov'd, you should complain.

Sir Gr. Yes, when I complain, Sir,
Then do your worst, there I'll deceive you, Sir.

Old K. You are a Dolt, and so I leave you, Sir. [Exit.]

Sir Gr. Ah sirrah, Mistriss were you caught, i'faith?
We overheard you all; I must not know
I have your heart, take heed o' that, I pray,
I knew some Scarf would come.

Nee. He's quite gone, sure:
Ah you base Coxcomb, couldst thou come again?
And so abus'd as thou wast?

Sir Gr. How?

Nee. 'Twould ha' kill'd
A sensible man, he would ha' gone to his chamber,
And broke his heart by this time.

Sir Gr. Thank you heartily.

Nee. Or fixt a naked Rapier in a Wall,
Like him that earn'd his Knighthood, e'r he had it,
And then refus'd upon't, ran up to th' hilts. (to't,

Sir Gr. Yes, let him run for me, I was never brought up
I never profest running i' my life.

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Nee. What art thou made on? thou tough villanous vermin.
Will nothing destroy thee?

Sir Gr. Yes, yes, assure your self
Unkind words may do much.

Nee. Why, dost thou want 'em?
I've e'en consum'd my spleen to help thee to 'em:
Tell me what sort of words they be would speed thee?
I'll see what I can do yet.

Sir Gr. I'm much beholding to you,
You're willing to bestow huge pains upon me.

Nee. I should account nothing too much to rid thee.

Sir Gr. I wonder you'd not offer to destroy me,
All the while your Uncle was here.

Neece. Why there thou betray'st thy house; we of the
Were born to more wit than so. (Old-Crafts)

Sir Greg. I wear your favor here.

Neece. Would it might rot thy arme off: if thou knewst
With what contempt thou hast it, what hearts bitterness,
How many cunning curses came along with it,
Thoud'st quake to handle it.

Sir Greg. A pox, tak't again then;
Who'd be thus plagu'd of all hands?

Neece. No, wear't still,
But long I hope thou shalt not, 'tis but cast
Upon thee, purposely to serve another
That has more right to't, as in some Countries they convey
Their treasure upon Asses to their friends;
If mine be but so wise, and apprehensive,
As my opinion gives him to my heart,
It staves not long on thy desertless arme;
I'll make thee e'er I ha' done, not dare to wear
Any thing of mine, although I give't thee freely;
Kiss it you may, and make what shew you can,
But sure you carry't to a worthier Man,
And so good morrow to you.

[Exit.

Sir Greg. Hu hum, ha hum;
I han't the spirit now to dash my brains out,
Nor the audacity to kill my self,
But I could cry my heart out, that's as good,
For so't be out, no matter which way it comes,

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT III

If I can dye with a fillip, or depart
 At hot-cockles, What's that to any man?
 If there be so much death that serves my turn there.
 Every one knows the state of his own body,
 No Carrion kills a Kite, but then agen
 There's Cheese will choak a Daw; time I were dead I'faith,
 If I knew which way without hurt or danger.
 I am a Maiden-Knight, and cannot look
 Upon a naked weapon with any modesty,
 Else 'twould go hard with me, and to complain
 To Sir *Perfidious* the old Knight agen,
 Were to be more abus'd; perhaps he would beat me well,
 But ne'er believe me.

Enter Cuningame.

And few Men dye o' beating, that were lost too:
 Oh, here's my friend, I'll make my moan to him.

Cun. I cannot tear her memory from my heart,
 That treads mine down, was ever man so fool'd
 That profest wit?

Sir Greg. O *Cuningame*?

Cun. Sir *Gregory*?

The choice, the Victor, the Towns happy Man?

Sir Greg. 'Snigs, What do'st mean? come I to thee for
 comfort, and do'st abuse me too?

Cun. Abuse you? How Sir?

With justifying your fortune, and your joyes?

Sir Greg. Pray hold your hand, Sir, I've been bob'd enough,
 You come with a new way now; strike me merrily,
 But when a man's sore beaten o' both sides already,
 Then the least tap in jest goes to the guts on him;
 Wilt ha the truth? I'm made the rankest ass
 That e'er was born to Lordships.

Cun. What? No Sir?

Sir Greg. I had not thought my body could a yielded
 All those foul scurvie names that she has call'd me,
 I wonder whence she fetcht 'em?

Cun. Is this credible?

Sir Greg. She pin'd this Scarf upon me afore her Unckle,
 But his back turn'd, she curst me so for wearing on't,

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

The very brawn of mine arme has ak'd ever since,
 Yet in a manner forc't me to wear't still,
 But hop't I should not long; if good luck serve
 I should meet one that has more wit and worth
 Should take it from me, 'twas but lent to me,
 And sent to him for a token.

Cun. I conceit it, I know the Man
 That lies in wait for't, part with't by all means,
 In any case, you are way-laid about it.

Sir Greg. How Sir? way-laid?

Cun. Pox of a Scarf, say I,
 I prize my friends life 'bove a million on 'em,
 You shall be rul'd, Sir, I know more than you.

Sir Greg. If you know more than I, let me be rid on't,
 'Lass, 'tis not for my wearing, so she told me.

Cun. No, no, give me't, the knave shall miss his purpose,
 And you shall live.

Sir Greg. I would, as long as I could, Sir.

Cun. No more replyes, you shall, I'll prevent this,
Pompey shall march without it.

Sir Greg. What, is't he?
 My Man that was?

Cun. Call him your deadly Enemy;
 You give him too fair a name, you deal too nobly,
 He bears a bloody mind, a cruel foe, Sir,
 I care not if he heard me.

Sir Greg. But, Do you hear, Sir?
 Can't sound with reason she should affect him?

Cun. Do you talk of reason? I never thought to have heard
 Such a word come from you; reason in love?
 Would you give that, no Doctor could e'er give?
 Has not a Deputy married his Cook-maid?
 An Aldermans Widow, one that was her turn-broach?
 Nay, Has not a great Lady brought her Stable
 Into her Chamber: lay with her Horse-keeper?

Sir Greg. Did ever love play such Jades tricks, Sir?

Cun. Oh thousands, thousands: Beware a sturdy Clown
 e're while you live, Sir;
 'Tis like a huswifery in most Shires about us;
 You shall ha' Farmers Widows wed thin Gentlemen,

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT III

Much like your self, but put'em to no stress;
 What work can they do, with small trap-stick legs?
 They keep Clowns to stop gaps, and drive in pegs,
 A drudgery fit for Hindes, e'en back agen, Sir,
 Your're safest at returning.

Sir Greg. Think you so, Sir?

Cun. But, How came this Clown to be call'd *Pompey* first?

Sir Greg. Push, one good-man *Cæsar*, a Pump-maker
 kersen'd him;

Pompey he writes himself, but his right name's *Pumpey*,
 And stunk too when I had him, now he's crank.

Cun. I'm glad I know so much to quell his pride, Sir,
 Walk you still that way, I'll make use of this,
 To resolve all my doubts, and place this favor
 On some new Mistriss, only for a try,
 And if it meet my thoughts, I'll swear 'tis I. [Exit.]

Sir Greg. Is *Pompey* grown so malepert? so frampel?
 The onely cutter about Ladies honors?

Enter Old Knight.

And his blade soonest out?

O. K. Now, What's the news, Sir?

Sir Gre. I dare not say but good; oh excellent good, Sir.

O. K. I hope now you're resolv'd she loves you, Knight?

Sir Gr. Cuds me, What else Sir? that's not to do now.

O. K. You would not think how desperately you anger'd
 When you bely'd her goodness; oh you vext me, (me,
 Even to a Palsey.

Sir Greg. What a thing was that Sir?

Enter Neece.

Neece. 'Tis, that 'tis; as I have hope of sweetness, the
 Worthy wise friend, I doat upon thy cunning, (*Scarfe's gone*;
 We two shall be well matcht, our Issue-male, sure
 Will be born Counsellors; is't possible?
 Thou shalt have another token out of hand for't;
 Nay, since the way's found, pittty thou shouldst want, y'faith,
 O my best joy, and dearest.

O. K. Well said, Neece,

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

So violent 'fore your Uncle? What will you do
In secret then?

Sir Greg. Marry call me slave, and rascal.

Neece. Your Scarfe—the Scarfe I gave you—

O. K. Mass that's true Neece,

I ne'er thought upon that; the Scarfe she gave you—Sir?
What dumb? No answer from you? the Scarfe?

Sir Greg. I was way-laid about it, my life threatned;
Life's life, Scarfe's but a Scarfe, and so I parted from't.

Neece. Unfortunate woman! my first favor too?

O. K. Will you be still an ass? no reconcilment
'Twixt you and wit? Are you so far fallen out,
You'l never come together? I tell you true,
I'm very lowsily asham'd on you,

That's the worst shame that can be;
Thus bayting on him: now his heart's hook't in,
I'll make him, e'er I ha' done, take her with nothing,
I love a man that lives by his wits alive;

Nay leave, sweet Neece, 'tis but a Scarfe, let it go.

Neece. The going of it never grieves me, Sir.

It is the manner, the manner—

Sir Greg. O dissembling Marmaset! If I durst speak,
Or could be believ'd when I speak,
What a tale could I tell, to make hair stand upright now!

Neece. Nay, Sir, at your request you shall perceive, Uncle,
With what renewing love I forgive this:
Here's a fair Diamond, Sir, I'll try how long
You can keep that.

Sir Greg. Not very long, you know't too,
Like a cunning witch as you are.

Neece. Y'are best let him ha' that too.

Sir Greg. So I were, I think, there were no living else,
I thank you, as you have handled the matter.

O. K. Why this is musical now, and Tuesday next
Shall tune your Instruments, that's the day set.

Neece. A match, good Uncle.

O. K. Sir, you hear me too?

Sir Greg. Oh very well, I'm for you.

Neece. What e'er you hear, you know my mind.

[*Exeunt Old Knight and Neece.*]

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT IV

Sir Gre. I, a— on't, too well, if I do not wonder how we two shall come together, I'm a Bear whelp? he talks of Tuesday next, as familiarly, as if we lov'd one another, but 'tis as unlikely to me, as 'twas seven year before I saw her; I shall try his cunning, it may be he has a way was never yet thought on, and it had need to be such a one, for all that I can think on will never do't; I look to have this Diamond taken from me very speedily, therefore I'll take it off o' my finger, for if it be seen, I shall be way-laid for that too. [Exit.

Ætus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Old Knight, and Witty-pate.

O. K. **O**H torture! torture! thou carriest a sting i'thy tail,

Thou never brought'st good news i'thy life yet,
And that's an ill quality, leave it when thou wilt.

Witty. Why you receive a blessing the wrong way, Sir,
Call you not this good newes? to save at once Sir
Your credit and your kinsmans life together;
Would it not vex your peace, and gaule your worth?
T'have one of your name hang'd?

O. K. Peace, no such words, boy.

Wit. Be thankful for the blessing of prevention then.

O. K. Le' me see, there was none hang'd out of our house
I ha' search't both *Stow*, and *Hollinshead*. (since *Brute*,

Wit. O Sir.

O. K. I'll see what *Polychronicon* sayes anon too.

Wit. 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I heard on't.

O. K. I would thou'dst never heard on't.

Wit. That's true too,

So it had ne'er been done; to see the luck on't,
He was ev'n brought to Justice *Aurums* threshold,
There had flew'n forth a *Mittimus* straight for *Newgate*;
And note the fortune too, Sessions a Thursday,
Jury cull'd out a Friday, Judgment a Saturday,
Dungeon a Sunday, Tyburne a Munday,
Miseries quotidian ague, when't begins once,

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Every day pulls him, till he pull his last. (him?)

O. K. No more, I say, 'tis an ill theam: where left you

Wit. He's i'th' Constables hands below i'th' Hall, Sir,
Poor Gentleman, and his accuser with him.

O. K. What's he?

Wit. A Judges Son 'tis thought, so much the worse too,
He'l hang his enemy, an't shall cost him nothing,
That's a great priviledge.

O. K. Within there?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir? (him,

O. K. Call up the folks i'th' Hall. I had such hope on
For a Scholar too, a thing thou ne'er wast fit for
Therefore erected all my joyes in him;
Got a Welch Benefice in reversion for him,
Dean of *Cardigan*, has his grace already,
He can marry and bury, yet ne'er a hair on's face;

*Enter Credulous, Sir Ruinous (as a Constable,) and
Lady Gentry (as a Man.)*

Like a French Vicar, and, Does he bring such fruits to Town
A Thief at his first lighting? Oh good den to you. (with him?)

Wit. Nay, sweet Sir, you'r so vext now, you'l grieve him,
And hurt your self.

O. K. Away, I'll hear no counsel;
Come you but once in seven year to your Uncle,
And at that time must you be brought home too?
And by a Constable?

Wit. Oh speak low, Sir,
Remember your own credit, you profess
You love a Man o'wit, begin at home, Sir,
Express it i'your self.

Lady. Nay, Master Constable,
Shew your self a wise man, 'gainst your nature too.

Ruin. Sir, no Dish-porridgment, we have brought home
As good men as ye.

O. K. Out, a *North-Brittain* Constable, that tongue
Will publish all, it speaks so broad already;
Are you the Gentleman.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT IV

Lady. The unfortunate one, Sir,
That fell into the power of merciless Thieves,
Whereof this fellow, whom I'd call your kinsman,
As little as I could (for the fair reverence
I owe to fame and years) was the prime villain.

O. K. A wicked prime.

Wit. Nay, not so loud, sweet father.

Lad. The rest are fled, but I shall meet with 'em,
Hang one of 'em I will certain, I ha' swore it,
And 'twas my luck to light upon this first.

O. K. A *Cambridge* man for this? these your degrees, Sir?
Nine years at University for this fellowship?

Wit. Take your voice lower, dear Sir.

O. K. What's your loss, Sir? (whole, Sir,

Lady. That which offends me to repeat, the Money's
'Tis i'th' Constables hands there, a seal'd hundred,
But I will not receive it.

O. K. No? Not the Money, Sir,
Having confest 'tis all?

Lady. 'Tis all the Money, Sir,
But 'tis not all I lost, for when they bound me,
They took a Diamond hung at my shirt string,
Which fear of life made me forget to hide;
It being the sparkling witness of a Contract,
'Twixt a great Lawyers daughter and my self.

Wit. I told you what he was; What does the Diamond
Concern my Cozen, Sir?

Lady. No more did the Money,
But he shall answer all now.

Wit. There's your conscience,
It shewes from whence you sprung.

Lady. Sprung? I had leapt a Thief,
Had I leapt some of your alliance.

Wit. Slave!

Lady. You prevent me still.

O. K. 'Slid, Son, Are you mad?

Lady. Come, come, I'll take a legal course.

O. K. Will you undo us all? What's your demand, Sir?
Now we're in's danger 'too.

Lady. A hundred Mark, Sir,

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

I will not bait a doit.

Witty. A hundred Rascals.

Lady. Sir, find 'em out in your own blood, and take 'em.

Wit. Go take your course, follow the Law, and spare not.

O. K. Does fury make you drunk? know you what you

Wit. A hundred dogs dungs, do your worst. (say?

O. K. You do I'm sure; Whose loud now?

Wit. What his own asking?

O. K. Not in such a case?

Wit. You shall have but threescore pound; spite a your
I'll see you hang'd first. (teeth,

O. K. And what's seven pound more man?

That all this coyle's about? stay, I say, he shall ha't.

Wit. It is your own, you may do what you please with it;
Pardon my zeal, I would ha' sav'd you money;
Give him all his own asking?

O. K. What's that to you, Sir?

Be sparing of your own, teach me to pinch

In such a case as this? go, go, live by your wits, go.

Wit. I practise all I can.

O. K. Follow you me, Sir,

And, Master Constable, come from the knave,

And be a witness of a full recompence.

Wit. Pray stop the Constables mouth, what ere you do Sir.

O. K. Yet agen? as if I meant not to do that my self,
Without your counsel? As for you, precious kinsman,
Your first years fruits in *Wales* shall go to rack for this,
You lie not in my house, I'll pack you out,
And pay for your lodging rather.

[*Exeunt Knight, Ruin. and Lady.*]

Witty. Oh fie Cozen,

These are ill courses, you a Scholar too?

Cred. I was drawn into't most unfortunately,
By filthy deboist company.

Wit. I, I, I.

'Tis even the spoil of all our youth in *England*.

What were they Gentlemen?

Cred. Faith so like some on 'em,
They were ev'n the worse agen.

Wit. Hum.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT IV

Cred. Great Tobacco [swivers],
They would go near to rob with a pipe in their mouths.

Wit. What, no?

Cred. Faith leave it Cozen, because my Rascals use it.

Wit. So they do meat and drink, must worthy Gentlemen
Refrain their food for that? an honest man
May eat of the same Pig some Parson dines with,
A Lawyer and a fool feed of one Woodcock,
Yet one ne'er the simpler, t'other ne'er the wiser;
'Tis not meat, drink, or smoak, dish, cup, or pipe,
Co-operates to the making of a Knave,
'Tis the condition makes a slave, a slave,
There's *London* Philosophy for you; I tell you Cozen,
You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,
In your society here, especially
When you come raw from the University,
Before the World has hard'ned you a little,
For as a butter'd loaf is a Scholars breakfast there,
So a poach't Scholar is a cheaters dinner here,
I ha' known seven of 'em supt up at a Meale.

Cred. Why a poacht Scholar?

Wit. 'Cause he powres himself forth,
And all his secrets, at the first acquaintance,
Never so crafty to be eaten i'th' shell,
But is outstript of all he has at first,
And goes down glib, he's swallowed with sharp wit,
Stead of Wine Vinegar.

Cred. I shall think, Cozen,
O' your poach't Scholar, while I live.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Master *Credulous*,
Your Uncle wills you to forbear the House,
You must with me, I'm charg'd to see you plac'd
In some new lodging about Theeving Lane,
What the conceit's, I know not, but commands you
To be seen here no more, till you hear further.

Cred. Here's a strange welcome, Sir.

Wit. This is the World, Cozen;

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

When a Man's fame's once poyson'd, fare thee well Lad.
[Exit Cred. and Servant.]

This is the happiest cheat I e'er claim'd share in,
It has a two-fold fortune, gets me coyne,
And puts him out of grace, that stood between me,
My fathers *Cambridge Jewel*, much suspected
To be his Heir, now there's a bar in's hopes.

Enter Ruinous, and Lady Gentry.

Ruin. It chinks, make haste.

Lady. The *Goat at Smithfield Pens.*

Enter Cunningame.

Wit. Zo, zo, zufficient. Master *Cunningame*?

I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.

Cun. A Wit's better to meet, than to follow then,
For I ha' none so good I can commend yet,
But commonly men unfortunate to themselves,
Are luckiest to their friends, and so may I be.

Wit. I run o'er so much worth, going but in haste from you,
All my deliberate friendship cannot equal.

Cun. 'Tis but to shew, that you can place sometimes,

Enter Mirabell.

Your modesty a top of all your virtues. [Exit Wit.]
This Gentleman may pleasure me yet agen;
I am so haunted with this broad-brim'd hat,
Of the last progress block, with the young hat-band,
Made for a sucking Devil of two years old,
I know not where to turn my self.

Mir. Sir?

Cun. More torture?

Mir. 'Tis rumor'd that you love me.

Cun. A my troth Gentlewoman,
Rumor's as false a knave as ever pist then,
Pray tell him so from me; I cannot fain
With a sweet Gentlewoman, I must deal down right.

Mir. I heard, though you dissembled with my Aunt, Sir,
And that makes me more confident.

Cun. There's no falshood,

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT IV

But payes us our own some way, I confess
I Fain'd with her, 'twas for a weightier purpose,
But not with thee, I swear.

Mir. Nor I with you then,
Although my Aunt enjoyn'd me to dissemble,
To right her splene, I love you faithfully.

Cun. Light, this is worse than 'twas.

Mir. I find such worth in you,
I cannot, nay I dare not dally with you,
For fear the flame consume me.

Cun. Here's fresh trouble,
This drives me to my conscience, for 'tis foul
To injure one that deals directly with me.

Mir. I crave but such a truth from your love, Sir,
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.

Cun. A good Geometrician, 'shrew my heart;
Why are you out o'your wits, pretty plump Gentlewoman,
You talk so desperately? 'tis a great happiness,
Love has made one on's wiser than another,
We should be both cast away else;
Yet I love gratitude, I must requite you,
I shall be sick else, but to give you me,
A thing you must not take, if you mean to live,
For a' my troth I hardly can my self;
No wise Physitian will prescribe me for you.
Alass, your state is weak, you had need of Cordials,
Some rich Electuary, made of a Son an Heir,
An elder brother, in a Cullisse, whole,
'Tmust be some wealthy *Gregory*, boyl'd to a Jelly,
That must restore you to the state of new Gowns,
French Ruffs, and mutable head-tires.

Mir. But, Where is he, Sir?
One that's so rich will ne'er wed me with nothing.

Cun. Then see thy Conscience, and thy wit together,
Would'st thou have me then, that has nothing neither?
What say you to *Fop Gregory* the first, yonder?
Will you acknowledge your time amply recompenc'd?
Full satisfaction upon loves record?
Without any more suit, if I combine you?

Mir. Yes, by this honest kiss.

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Cun. You're a wise Clyent,
To pay your fee before-hand, but all do so,
You know the worst already, that's the best too.

Mir. I know he's a fool.

Cun. You'r shrewdly hurt then ;
This is your comfort, your great wisest Women
Pick their first Husband still out of that house,
And some will have 'em to chuse, if they bury twenty.

Mir. I'm of their minds, that like him for a [first] Husband,
To run youths race with [him], 'tis very pleasant,
But when I'm old, I'd alwayes wish for a wiser.

Cun. You may have me by that time :
For this first business,
Rest upon my performance.

Mir. With all thankfulness.

Cun. I have a project you must aid me in too.

Mir. You bind me to all lawful action, Sir,

Cun. Pray wear this Scarf about you ;

Mir. I conjecture now— (another ;

Cun. There's a Court Principle for't, one office must help
As for example, for your cast o' Manchits out o'th' Pantry,
I'll allow you a Goose out o'th' Kitchin.

Mir. 'Tis very sociably done, Sir, farewell performance,
I shall be bold to call you so.

Cun. Do, sweet confidence,

Enter Sir Gregory.

If I can match my two broad brim'd hats ;
'Tis he, I know the Maggot by his head ;
Now shall I learn newes of him, my precious chief.

Sir Greg. I have been seeking for you i'th' bowling-
Enquir'd at *Nettletons*, and *Anthones* Ordinary, (Green,
T'ha's vext me to the heart, look, I've a Diamond here,
And it cannot find a Master.

Cun. No? That's hard y'faith.

Sir Greg. It does belong to some body, a — on him,
I would he had it, do's but trouble me,
And she that sent it, is so waspish too,
There's no returning to her till't be gone.

Cun. Oh, ho, ah sirrah, are you come ?

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT IV

Sir Greg. What's that friend?

Cun. Do you note that corner sparkle?

Sir Greg. Which? which? which Sir?

Cun. At the West end o'th' Coller.

Sir Greg. Oh I see't now.

Cun. 'Tis an apparent mark; this is the stone, Sir,
That so much blood is threatned to be shed for.

Sir Greg. I pray.

Cun. A tun at least.

Sir Greg. They must not find't i'me then, they must
Goe where 'tis to be had.

Cun. 'Tis well it came to my hands first, *Sir Gregory*,
I know where this must go.

Sir Greg. Am I discharg'd on't?

Cun. My life for yours now.

[*Draws.*]

Sir Greg. What now?

Cun. 'Tis discretion, Sir,

I'll stand upon my Guard all the while I ha't.

Sir Greg. 'Troth thou tak'st too much danger on thee still,
To preserve me alive.

Cun. 'Tis a friends duty, Sir,

Nay, by a toy that I have late thought upon,
I'll u[n]dertake to get your Mistriss for you.

Sir Greg. Thou wilt not? Wilt?

Cun. Contract her by a trick, Sir,
When she least thinks on't.

Sir Greg. There's the right way to't,
For if she think on't once, shee'l never do't.

Cun. She does abuse you still then?

Sir Greg. A——damnably,
Every time worse than other; yet her Uncle
Thinks the day holds a Tuesday; say it did, Sir,
She's so familiarly us'd to call me Rascal,
She'll quite forget to wed me by my own name,
And then that Marriage cannot hold in Law, you know.

Cun. Will you leave all to me?

Sir Greg. Who should I leave it to?

Cun. 'Tis our luck to love Neeces; I love a Neece too.

Sir Greg. I would you did y'faith.

Cun. But mine's a kind wretch.

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Sir Greg. I marry Sir, I would mine were so too.

Cun. No rascal comes in her mouth.

Sir Greg. Troth, and mine has little else in hers.

Cun. Mine sends me tokens,

All the World knows not on.

Sir Greg. Mine gives me tokens too, very fine tokens,
But I dare not wear 'em.

Cun. Mine's kind in secret.

Sir Greg. And there mine's a hell-cat.

Cun. We have a day set too.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, so have we man,

But there's no sign of ever coming together.

Cun. I'll tell thee who 'tis, the old womans Neece.

Sir Greg. Is't she?

Cun. I would your luck had been no worse for mildness;
But mum, no more words on't to your Lady.

Sir Greg. Foh!

Cun. No blabbing, as you love me.

Sir Greg. None of our blood

Were ever bablers.

Cun. Prethee convey this Letter to her,
But at any hand let not your Mistriss see't.

Sir Greg. Yet agen Sir?

Cun. There's a Jewel in't,

The very art would make her doat upon't.

Sir Greg. Say you so?

And she shall see't for that trick only.

Cun. Remember but your Mistriss, and all's well.

Sir Greg. Nay, if I do not, hang me.

[Exit.

Cun. I believe you;

This is the onely way to return a token,

I know he will do't now, 'cause he's charg'd to'th' contrary.

He's the nearest kin to a Woman, of a thing

Made without substance, that a man can find agen,

Some Petticoat begot him, I'll be whipt else,

Engendring with an old pair of paund hose,

Lying in some hot chamber o'er the Kitchin:

Very steame bred him,

He never came where *Rem in Re* e'er grew;

The generation of a hundred such

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT IV

Cannot make a man stand in a white sheet,
For 'tis no act in Law, nor can a Constable
Pick out a bawdy business for *Bridewell* in't;

Enter Clown (as a Gallant.)

A lamentable case, he's got with a Mans Urine, like a *Man-
How now? hah? What prodigious bravery's this? (drake.*
A most preposterous Gallant, the Doublet sits
As if it mock't the breeches.

Clow. Save you, Sir.

Cun. H'as put his tongue in the fine suit of words too.

Clow. How does the party?

Cun. Takes me for a Scrivener. Which of the parties?

Clow. Hum, simplicity betide thee—

I would fain hear of the party; I would be loath to go
Farther with her; honor is not a thing to be dallied withall,
No more is reputation, no nor fame, I take it, I must not
Have her wrong'd when I'm abroad; my party is not
To be compell'd with any party in an oblique way;
'Tis very dangerous to deal with Women;
May prove a Lady too, but shall be nameless,
I'll bite my tongue out, e'er it prove a Traitor.

Cun. Upon my life I know her.

Clow. Not by me,

Know what you can, talk a whole day with me,
Y'are ne'er the wiser, she comes not from these lips.

Cun. The old Knights Neece.

Clow. 'Slid he has got her, pox of his heart that told him,
Can nothing be kept secret? let me entreat you
To use her name as little as you can, though.

Cun. 'Twill be small pleasure, Sir, to use her name.

Clow. I had intelligence in my solemn walks,
'Twixt *Paddington* and *Pantridge*, of a Scarfe,
Sent for a token, and a Jewel follow'd,
But I acknowledge not the receipt of any,
How e'er 'tis carried, believe me, Sir,
Upon my reputation I receiv'd none.

Cun. What, neither Scarfe nor Jewel?

Clow. 'Twould be seen

Some where about me, you may well think that,

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

I have an arme for a Scarfe, as others have,
An Ear, to hang a Jewel too, and that's more
Then some men have, my betters a great deal,
I must have restitution, where e'er it lights.

Cun. And reason good.

Clow. For all these tokens, Sir,
Pass i' my name.

Cun. It cannot otherwise be.

Clow. Sent to a worthy friend.

Cun. I, that's to thee.

Clow. I'm wrong'd under that title.

Cun. I dare sware thou art,
'Tis nothing but *Sir Gregories* circumvention,
His envious spite, when thou'rt at *Paddington*,
He meets the gifts at *Pantridge*.

Clow. Ah false Knight?

False both to honor, and the Law of Arms?

Cun. What wilt thou say if I be reveng'd for thee?
Thou sit as Witness?

Clow. I should laugh in state then.

Cun. I'll fob him, here's my hand.

Clow. I shall be as glad as any Man alive, to see him well
fob'd, Sir; but now you talk of fobbing, I wonder the Lady
sends not for me according to promise? I ha' kept out o' Town
these two dayes, a purpose to be sent for; I am almost starv'd
with walking.

Cun. Walking gets men a stomach.

Clow. 'Tis most true, Sir, I may speak it by experience,
for I ha' got a stomach six times, and lost it agen, as often
as a traveller from *Chelsy* shall lose the sight of *Pauls*, and get
it agen.

Cun. Go to her, Man.

Clow. Not for a Million, enfringe my oath? there's a toy
call'd a Vow, has past between us, a poor trifle, Sir; Pray do
me the part and office of a Gentleman, if you chance to meet
a Footman by the way, in Orange tawny ribbands, running
before an empty Coach, with a Buzard i'th' Poop on't, direct
him and his horses toward the new River by *Islington*, there
they shall have me looking upon the Pipes, and whistling.

[*Exit Clow.*]

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT IV

Cun. A very good note; this love makes us all Monkeyes,
But to my work: 'Scarfe first? and now a Diamond? these
should be sure signs of her affections truth;
Yet I'll go forward with my surer proof. [Exit.

Enter Neece, and Sir Gregory.

Neece. Is't possible? (in't,

Sir Greg. Nay, here's his Letter too, there's a fine Jewel
Therefore I brought it to you.

Neece. You tedious Mongril! Is't not enough
To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,
A thing which makes me almost sick to do,
But you must talk too?

Sir Greg. I ha' done.

Neece. Fall back,
Yet backer, backer yet, you unmannerly puppy,
Do you not see I'm going about to read it?

Sir Greg. Nay, these are golden dayes, now I stay by't,
She was wont not to endure me in her sight at all,
The World mends, I see that.

Neece. What an ambiguous Superscription's here!
To the best of Neeces. Why that title may be mine,
And more than her's:

Sure I much wrong the neatness of his art;
'Tis certain sent to me, and to requite
My cunning in the carriage of my Tokens,
Us'd the same *Fop* for his.

Sir Greg. She nodded now to me, 'twill come in time.

Neece. What's here? an entire *Rubye*, cut into a heart,
And this the word, *Istud Amoris opus*? (best stone-cutter.

Sir Greg. Yes, yes, I have heard him say, that love is the

Neece. Why thou sawcy issue of some travelling Sow-gelder,
What makes love in thy mouth? Is it a thing
That ever will concern thee? I do wonder
How thou dar'st think on't! hast thou ever hope
To come i' the same roome where lovers are;
And scape unbrain'd with one of their velvet slippers?

Sir Greg. Love tricks break out I see, and you talk of
'Tis not far off to bed time. (slippers once,

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Neece. Is it possible thou canst laugh yet?
I would ha' undertook to ha' kill'd a spider
With less venome far, than I have spit at thee.

Sir Greg. You must conceive,
A Knight's another manner a piece of flesh.

Neece. Back, Owles-face.

Within. O. K. Do, do.

Neece. 'Tis my Unckles voice, that.
Why keep you so far off, *Sir Gregory*?
Are you afraid, Sir, to come near your Mistriss? (still.

Sir Greg. Is the proud heart come down? I lookt for this

Neece. He comes not this way yet: Away, you dog-whelp,
Would you offer to come near me, though I said so?

I'll make you understand my mind in time;
[Your running] greedily, like a hound to his breakfast,
That chops in head and all to beguile his fellows;

I'm to be eaten, Sir, with Grace and leisure,
Behaviour and discourse, things that ne'er trouble you;

After I have pelted you sufficiently,
I tro you will learn more manners. (together?)

Sir Greg. I'm wondring still when we two shall come
Tuesday's at hand, but I'm as far off, as I was at first, I swear.

Enter Gardianess.

Gard. Now *Cuningame*, I'll be reveng'd at large:
Lady, what was but all this while suspicion,
Is truth, full blown now, my *Neece* wears your Scarfe.

Neece. Hah?

Gard. Do but follow me, I'll place you instantly
Where you shall see her courted by *Cuningame*.

Neece. I go with greediness; we long for things
That break our hearts sometimes, there's pleasures misery,
(*Exeunt Neece and Gard.*)

Sir Greg. Where are those gad-flies going? to some Junket
That some old *bumble-bee* toles the young one forth (now;
To sweet meats after kind, let 'em look to't,
The thing you wot on be not mist or gone,
I bring a Maiden-head, and I look for one.

Which is only a Puppet so drest. [Exit.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT IV

Enter Cunningame (in discourse with a Mask't Gentlewoman in a broad hat, and scarf'd,) Neece at another door.

Cun. Yes, yes.

Neece. Too manifest now, the Scarfe and all.

Cun. It cannot be, you're such a fearful soul.

Neece. I'll give her cause of fear e'er I part from her.

Cun. Will you say so? Is't not your Aunts desire too?

Neece. What a dissembling croane's that! she'l forswear't

Cun. I see my project takes, yonder's the grace on't. (now.)

Neece. Who would put confidence in wit again,

I'm plagu'd for my ambition, to desire

A wise Man for a husband, and I see

Fate will not have us go beyond our stint,

We are allow'd but one dish, and that's Woodcock,

It keeps up wit to make us friends and servants of,

And thinks any thing's good enough to make us husbands;

Oh that Whores hat o' thine, o' the riding block,

A shade for lecherous kisses.

Cun. Make you doubt on't?

Is not my love of force?

Neece. Yes, me it forces

To tear that sorcerous strumpet from th' imbraces.

Cun. Lady?

Neece. Oh thou hast wrong'd the exquisit'st love—

Cun. What mean you, Lady?

Neece. Mine, you'l answer for't.

Cun. Alas, What seek you?

Neece. Sir, mine own with loss.

Cun. You shall.

Neece. I never made so hard a bargain.

Cun. Sweet Lady?

Neece. Unjust man, let my wrath reach her,

As you owe virtue duty;

[*Cun. falls on purpose.*]

Your cause trips you,

Now *Minion*, you shall feel what loves rage is,

Before you taste the pleasure; smile you false, Sir?

Cun. How can I chuse? to see what pains you take,
Upon a thing will never thank you for't.

Neece. How?

ACT V WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Cun. See what things you women be, Lady,
 When cloaths are taken for the best part of you?
 This was to show you, when you think I love you not,
 How y'are deceiv'd still, there the Moral lies,
 'Twas a trap set to catch you, and the only bait
 To take a Lady nibbling, is fine clothes;
 Now I dare boldly thank you for your love,
 I'm pretty well resolv'd in't by this fit,
 For a jealous ague alwayes ushers it.

Neece. Now blessings still maintain this wit of thine,
 And I have an excellent fortune coming in thee,
 Bring nothing else I charge thee.

Cun. Not a groat I warrant ye. (for't,

Neece. Thou shalt be worthily welcome, take my faith
 Next opportunity shall make us. (sweetly.

Cu[n]. The old Gentlewoman has fool'd her revenge

Neece. 'Lass, 'tis her part, she knows her place so well
 Alwayes when Women jumpe upon threescore, (yonder;
 Love shoves e'm from the chamber to the door.

Cun. Thou art a precious she-wit. [Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Cunningame (at one door) Witty-Pate, Ruinous,
 L. Ruinous, and Priscian (at the other.)*

Cun. Friend, met in the harvest of our designs,
 Not a thought but's busie.

Wit. I knew it Man,

And that made me provide these needful Reapers,
 Hooks, Rakers, Gleaners; we'll sing it home
 With a melodious Horne-pipe; this is the Bond,
 That as we further in your great affair,
 You'l suffer us to glean, pick up for crums,
 And if we snatch a handful from the sheaf,
 You will not look a churle on's.

Cun. Friend, we'll share
 The sheaves of gold, only the Love Aker
 Shall be peculiar.

Wit. Much good do you, Sir,

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Away, you know your way, and your stay; get you
The Musick ready, while we prepare the dancers.

Ruin. We are a consort of our selves.

Pris. And can strike up lustily.

Wit. You must bring *Sir Fop*.

Cun. That's perfect enough.

Ruin. Bring all the *Fops* you can, the more, the better fare
So the proverb runs backwards. [*Exeunt* *Ruin.* and *Pris.*]

L. Ruin. I'll bring the Ladies. [*Exit.*]

Wit. Do so first, and then the *Fops* will follow;
I must to my Father, he must make one. [*Exit.*]

Enter two Servants with a Banquet.

Cun. While I dispatch a business with the Knight,
And I go with you. Well sed, I thank you,
This small Banquet will furnish our few Guests
With taste and state enough; one reach my Gown.
The action craves it rather than the weather.

1 Serv. There's one stayes to speak with you, Sir.

Cun. What is he?

1 Serv. Faith I know not what, Sir, a Fool, I think,
That some Brokers shop has made half a Gentleman;
Has the name of a Worthy too.

Cun. *Pompey*? Is't not?

1 Ser. That's he, Sir.

Cun. Alas, poor fellow, prethee enter him, he will need too.

Enter second Servant with a Gown.

He shall serve for a Witness. Oh Gramercy:
If my friend *Sir Gregory* comes, you know him,

Enter Clown.

Entertain him kindly. Oh Master *Pompey*, How is't man?

Clow. 'Snails, I'm almost starv'd with Love, and cold, and
Has not my Lady sent for me yet? (one thing or other;

Cun. Not that I hear, sure some unfriendly Messenger
Is employ'd betwixt you.

Clow. I was ne'er so cold in my life, in my Conscience
I have been seven mile in length, along the New River; I have

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seen a hundred stickle bags; I do not think but there's gudgeons too; 'twill ne'er be a true water.

Cun. Why think you so? (in it,

Clow. I warrant you, I told a thousand Millers thumbs I'll make a little bold with your Sweet-meats.

Cun. And welcome *Pompey*.

Clow. 'Tis a strange thing, I have no taste in any thing.

Cun. Oh, that's Love, that distasts any thing but it self.

Clow. 'Tis worse than Cheese in that point, may not a Man break his word with a Lady? I could find in my heart and my hose too.

Cun. By no means, Sir, that breaks all the Laws of Love.

Clow. Well, I'll ne'er pass my word without my deed to A Lady, while I live agen, I would fain recover my taste.

Cun. Well, I have news to tell you.

Clow. Good news, Sir?

Cun. Happy news, I help you away with a Rival your Master bestow'd.

Clow. Where, for this Plumbs sake—

Cun. Nay, listen me.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, I have two ears to one mouth, I hear more than I eat, I'de ne'er row by Queen Hive While I liv'd else. (Contract.

Cun. I have a Wife for him, and thou shalt witness the

Clow. The old one I hope, 'tis not the Lady?

Cun. Choak him first, 'tis one which thou shalt see, See him, see him deceiv'd, see the deceit, only The injunction is, you shall smile with modesty.

Clow. I'll simper I'faith, as cold as I am yet, the old one I hope.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Sir *Gregory*.

Cun. U'd so, shelter, shelter, if you be seen, All's ravell'd out again; stand there private, And you'll find the very opportunity To call you forth, and place you at the Table.

Enter Sir *Gregory*.

You are welcome, Sir, this Banquet will serve,

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When it is crown'd with such a dainty as you
Expect, and must have.

Sir Greg. 'Tush, these sweet-meats are but sauce to that,
Well, if there be any honesty, or true word in a dream,
She's mine own, nay, and chang'd extremly,
Not the same Woman.

Cun. Who, not the Lady?

Sir Greg. No, not to me, the edge of her tongue is taken off,
Gives me very good words, turn'd up-side-down to me,
And we live as quietly as two *Tortoises*, if she hold on,
As she began in my dream. *[Soft Musick.*

Cun. Nay, if Love send forth such Predictions,
You are bound to believe 'em, there's the watch-word
Of her coming; to your practis'd part now,
If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.* *[Both go into the Gown.*

Sir Greg. I will warrant you, Sir, I will give armes to
Your Gentry, look you forward to your business,
I am an eye behind you, place her in that Chair,
And let me alone to grope her out.

Enter Mirabell.

Cun. Silence, Lady, your sweet presence illustrates
This homely roof, and, as course entertainment;
But where affections are both Host and Guest,
They cannot meet unkindly; please you sit,
Your something long stay made me unmannerly,
To place before you, you know this friend here,
He's my Guest, and more especially,
That this our meeting might not be too single,
Without a witness to't.

Mirab. I came not unresolv'd, Sir,
And when our hands are clasp'd in that firm faith
Which I expect from you; fame shall be bold
To speak the loudest on't: oh you grasp me
Somewhat too hard friend.

Cun. That's Love's eager will,
I'll touch it gentlier. *[Kisses her hand.*

Mirab. That's too low in you,
Less it be doubly recompenc'd in me. *[She kisses his hand.*

Clew. Puh, I must stop my mouth, I shall be choakt else.

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Cun. Come, we'll not play and trifle with delays,
We met to joyn these hands, and willingly
I cannot leave it till confirmation. (*Gregory?*)

Mirab. One word first, how does your friend, kind Sir

Cun. Why do you mention him? you love him not?

Mir. I shall love you the less if you say so, Sir,
In troth I love him, but 'tis you deceive him,
This flattering hand of yours does rob him now,
Now you steal his right from him, and I know
I shall have hate for't, his hate extreamply.

Cun. Why I thought you had not come so weakly arm'd,
Upon my life the Knight will love you for't,
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

Mir. I, you'll perswade me so.

Cun. Why he's my friend,
And wishes me a fortune equal with him,
I know, and dare speak it for him.

Mir. Oh, this hand betrayes him, you might remember
him in some courtesie yet at least.

Cun. I thank your help in't, here's to his health
Where e'er he be.

Mir. I'll pledge it, were it against my health.

Clow. Oh, oh, my heart hops after twelve mile a day,
upon a good return, now could I walk three hundred mile
a foot, and laugh forwards and backwards.

Mir. You'll take the Knights health, Sir.

Clow. Yes, yes forsooth, oh my sides! such a Banquet once
a week, would make me grow fat in a fortnight.

Cun. Well, now to close our meeting, with the close
Of mutual hands and hearts, thus I begin,
Here in Heavens eye, and all loves sacred powers,
(Which in my Prayers stand propitious)
I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
By force of this initiating Contract
Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs, in all the dues,
Rights and honors of a faithful husband,
And this firm vow, henceforth till death, to stand
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand.

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Mir. Which thus I second, but oh, Sir *Gregory*.

Cun. Agen? this interposition's ill, believe me.

Mir. Here, in Heavens eye, and all Loves sacred powers,
I knit this holy hand fast, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
Both heart and hand in love, honor, loyalty,
Estate, or what to them belongs in all the dues,
Rights, and duties of a true faithful Wife;
And this firm Vow, henceforth till death, to stand,
Irrevocable, seal'd both with heart and hand.

Sir Greg. A full agreement on both parts.

Cun. I, here's witness of that. (much,

Sir Greg. Nay, I have over-reacht you Lady, and that's
For any Knight in *England* to over-reach a Lady.

Mir. I rejoyce in my deceit, I am a Lady
Now, I thank you, Sir.

Clow. Good morrow Lady *Fop*. (is not my Lady.

Sir Greg. 'Snails, I'm gull'd, made a worshipful ass, this

Cun. But it is Sir, and true as your dream told you,
That your Lady was become another Woman.

Sir Greg. I'll have another Lady, Sir, if there were no
more Ladies in *London*, blind-man buff is an unlawful
Game. (Stars.

Cun. Come, down on your knees first, and thank your

Sir Greg. A fire of my stars, I may thank you, I think.

Cun. So you may pray for me, and honor me,
That have preserv'd you from a lasting torment,
For a perpetual comfort; Did you call me friend? (confess.

Sir Greg. I pray pardon me for that, I did miscall you, I

Cun. And should I, receiving such a thankful name,
Abuse it in the act? Should I see my friend
Bafled, disgrac'd, without any reverence
To your title, to be call'd slave, rascal?
Nay curst to your face, fool'd, scorn'd, beaten down
With a womans peevish hate, yet I should stand
And suffer you to be lost, cast away?
I would have seen you buried quick first,
Your spurs of Knighthood to have wanted rowels,
And to be kickt from your heels; slave, rascal?
Hear this Tongue?

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Mir. My dearest Love, sweet Knight, my Lord, my

Cun. So, this is not slave, and rascal then. (Husband.

Mir. What shall your eye command, but shall be done,
In all the duties of a loyal Wife? (not better

Cun. Good, good, are not curses fitter for you? wer't
Your head were broke with the handle of a fan,
Or your nose bor'd with a silver bodkin?

Mir. Why, I will be a servant in your Lady.

Cun. 'Pox, but you shall not, she's too good for you,
This contract shall be a nullity, I'll break't off,
And see you better bestow'd.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, but you shall not, Sir, she's mine own, and
I am hers, and we are one anothers lawfully, and let me see him
that will take her away by the Civil Law: if you be my friend,
keep you so, if you have done me a good turn, do not hit me
i'th' teeth with't, that's not the part of a friend.

Cun. If you be content— (my life.

Sir Greg. Content? I was never in better contention in
I'll not change her for both the Exchanges, New or the Old;
Come, kiss me boldly.

Clow. Give you joy, Sir.

Sir Greg. Oh Sir, I thank you as much as though I did,
you are belov'd of Ladies, you see we are glad of under-women.

Clow. Ladies? let not Ladies be disgrac'd, you are as it were
a Married Man, and have a family, and for the parties sake that
was unnam'd before, being Pese-cod time, I am appeas'd, yet
I would wish you make a Ruler of your Tongue.

Cun. Nay, no dissention here, I must bar that,
And this (friend) I entreat you, and be advis'd,
Let this private contract be yet conceal'd,
And still support a seeming face of love
Unto the Lady; mark how it availes you,
And quits all her scorns, her Unckle is now hot
In pursuit of the match, and will enforce her,
Bend her proud stomach, that she shall proffer
Her self to you, which when you have flouted,
And laught your fill at, you shall scorn her off,
With all your disgraces trebled upon her,
For there the pride of all her heart will bow,
When you shall foot her from you, not she you.

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Sir Greg. Good P'faith; I'll continue it, I'd fain laugh at the old fellow too, for he has abus'd me as scurvily as his Neece, my Knight-hood's upon the spur, we'll go to Bed, and then to Church as fast as we can.

[*Exit Sir Greg. and Mirab.*]

Clow. I do wonder I do not hear of the Lady yet.

Cun. The good minute may come sooner than you are aware of,

I do not think but 'twill e'r night yet, as near as 'tis.

Clow. Well, I will go walk by the New River, in that meditation, I am o'er shooes, I'm sure upon the drie bank, this gullery of my Master will keep me company this two hours too, if love were not an enemy to laughter, I should drive away the time well enough; you know my walk, Sir, if she sends, I shall be found angling, for I will try what I can catch for luck sake, I will fish fair for't,

Oh Knight, that thou shouldst be gull'd so; ha, ha, it does me good at heart,

But oh Lady, thou tak'st down my merry part. [*Exit.*]

Enter Witty-pate.

Witty. Friend.

Cun. Here friend.

Witty. All's afoot, and will goe smooth away,
The woman has conquer'd the women, they are gone,
Which I have already complain'd to my Father,
Suggesting that *Sir Gregory* is fall'n off
From his charge, for neglects and ill usage,
And that he is most violently bent
On *Gentries* wife (whom I have call'd a widow)
And that without most sudden prevention
He will be married to her.

Cun. [Foot, all] this is wrong,
This wings his pursuit, and will be before me; I am lost for ever.

Witty. No, stay, you shall not go
But with my Father, on my wit let it lie,
You shall appear a friendly assistant,
To help in all affairs, and in execution
Help your self only.

Cun. Would my belief

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Were strong in this assurance.

Witty. You shall credit it,
And my wit shall be your slave, if it deceive you.

Enter Old Knight.

My Father—

Old K. Oh Sir, you are well met, where's the Knight
your friend?

Cun. Sir, I think your Son has told you.

Witty. Shall I stand to tell't agen? I tell you he loves,
But not my Kinswoman, her base usage,
And your slack performance which he accuses most
Indeed, has turn'd the Knights heart upside down.

Old K. I'll curb her for't, can he be but recover'd,
He shall have her, and she shall be dutiful,
And love him as a Wife too.

Witty. With that condition, Sir,
I dare recall him [were] he enter'd the Church,
So much interest of love I assure in him.

Old K. Sir, it shall be no loss to you if you do.

Witty. I, but these are words still, will not the deeds
Be wanting at the recovery, if it should be agen?

O[l]d K. Why here fool, I am provided, five hunder'd in
earnest,
Of the thousands in her Dower, but were they married once,
I'd cut him short enough, that's my agreement.

Witty. I, now I perceive some purpose in you, Father.

Old K. But wherefore is she then stol'n out of doors to him?

Witty. To him? oh fie upon your error, she has another
object, believe it, Sir.

Old K. I never could perceive it.

Cun. I did Sir, and to her shame I should speak it,
To my own sorrow I saw it, dalliance,
Nay, dotage with a very Clown, a Fool.

Old K. Wit and wantons? nothing else? nothing else?
She love a fool? she'll sooner make a Fool
Of a wise man.

Cun. I, my friend complains so,
Sir *Gregory* says flatly, she makes a fool of him,
And these bold circumstances are approv'd:

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Favours have been sent by him, yet he ignorant
Whither to carry 'em; they have been understood,
And taken from him, certain, Sir, there is
An unsuspected fellow lies conceal'd,
What, or where e'er he is, these slight neglects
Could not be of a Knight else.

Old K. Well Sir, you have promis'd (if we recover him
Unmarried) to salve all these old bruises?

Cun. I'll do my best, Sir.

Old K. I shall thank you, costly Sir, and kindly too.

Witty. Will you talk away the time here, Sir, and come
behind all your purposes?

Old K. Away good Sir.

Witty. Then stay a little, good Sir, for my advice,
Why, Father are you broke? your wit beggar'd,
Or are you at your wits end? or out of
Love with wit? no trick of wit to surprize
Those designs, but with open Hue and Cry,
For all the world to talk on, this is strange,
You were not wont to slubber a project so.

Old K. Can you help at a pinch now? shew your self
My Son, go too, I leave this to your wit,
Because I'll make a proof on't.

Witty. 'Tis thus then,
I have had late intelligence, they are now
Bucksom as *Bacchus* Froes, revelling, dancing,
Telling the Musicks numbers with their feet,
Awaiting the meeting of p[re]monish'd friends,
That's questionless, little dreading you,
Now Sir, with a dexterous trick indeed, suddain
And sufficient were well, to enter on um
As something like the abstract of a Masque;
What though few persons? if best for our purpose
That commends the project.

Old K. This takes up time.

Witty. Not at all, I can presently furnish
With loose disguises that shall fit that Scene.

Old K. Why what wants then?

Witty. Nothing but charge of Musick,
That must be paid, you know.

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Old K. That shall be my charges, I'll pay the Musick.
What e'er it cost.

Witty. And that shall be all your charge,
Now on, I like it, there will be wit in't Father.

[*Exit Old K. and Witty.*]

Cun. I will neither distrust his wit nor friendship,
Yet if his Master brain should be o'er-thrown ✓
My resolution now shall seize mine own. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Neece, Lady Ruinous, Guardianess, Ruinous,
Priscian, (with instruments masqu'd.)*

L. Rui. Nay, let's have Musick, let that sweet breath at least
Give us her airy welcome, 'twill be the best
I fear this ruin'd receptacle will yield,
But that most freely.

Nee. My welcome follows me,
Else I am ill, come hither, you assure me
Still Mr. *Cunningame* will be here, and that it was
His kind entreaty that wish'd me meet him.

L. Ruin. Else let me be that shame unto my Sex,
That all belief may flie um.

Nee. Continue still
The Knights name unto my Guardianess,
She expects no other.

[*L.*] *Ruin.* He will, he will, assure you
Lady, *Sir Gregory* will be here, and suddainly
This Musick fore-ran him, is't not so consorts?

Ruin. Yes Lady, he stays on some device to bring along
Such a labour he was busie in, some witty device.

Nee. 'T[w]ill be long e'r he comes then, for wits a great
Labour to him.

Guard. Well, well, you'll agree better one day.

Nee. Scarce two I think.

Guard. Such a mock-beggar suit of cloaths as led me
Into the fools pair-of-Dice, with Dewze Ace,
He that would make me Mistriss *Cun, Cun, Cunnie,*
He's quite out of my mind, but I shall ne'er
Forget him, while I have a hole in my head;
Such a one I think would please you better,
Though he did abuse you.

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Ruin. Fye, speak well of him now,
Your Neece has quitted him.

Guard. I hope she has,
Else she loses me for ever; but for *Sir Gregory*.
Would he were come, I shall ill answer this
Unto your Uncle else.

Nee. You know 'tis his pleasure
I should keep him company.

Guard. I, and should be your own
If you did well too: Lord, I do wonder
At the niceness of you Ladies now a days,
They must have Husbands with so much wit forsooth.
Worship and wealth were both wont to be
In better request I'm sure, I cannot tell,
But they get ne'er the wiser children that I see.

La. Ruin. La, la, la, la, Sol, this Musick breaths in vain;
Methinks 'tis dull to let it move alone,
Let's have a female motion, 'tis in private,
And we'll grace't our selves, however it deserves.

Nee. What say you Guardianess?

Guard. 'Las I'm weary with the walk,
My jaunting days are done.

L. Ru. Come, come, we'll fetch her in by course, or else
She shall pay the Musick.

Guard. Nay, I'll have a little for my money then.
[*They Dance, a Cornet is winded.*]

L. Ru. Hark! upon my life the Knight; 'tis your friend,
This was the warning-piece of his approach.

*Enter Old Knight, Witty-pate, Cunningame,
Masqu'd, and take them to Dance.*

L. Ru. Ha? no words but mum? well then,
We shall need no counsel-keeping.

Nee. *Cunningam?*

Cun. Yes, fear nothing.

Nee. Fear? why do you tell me of it?

Cun. Your Uncles here.

Nee. Aye me.

Cun. Peace.

Old K. We have caught 'em.

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Witty. Thank my wit Father.

Guard. Which is the Knight think you?

Nee. I know not, he will be found when he speaks,
No Masque can disguise his tongue.

Witty. Are you charg'd?

Old K. Are you awake?

Witty. I'm answer'd in a question.

Cun. Next change we meet, we lose our hands no more.

Nee. Are you prepar'd to tye 'em?

Cun. Yes,

You must go with me.

Guard. Whither Sir? not from my charge believe me.

Cun. She goes along.

Nee. Will you venture and my Uncle here?

Cun. His stay's prepar'd for.

Guard. 'Tis the Knight sure, I'll follow.

[*Exit* *Cun.* *Nee.* *Guard.*]

Old K. How now, the Musick tir'd before us?

Ruin. Yes Sir, we must be paid now.

Witty. Oh that's my charge, Father.

Old K. But stay, where are our wanton Ladies gone?
Son, where are they?

Witty. Only chang'd the room in a change, that's all sure.

Old K. I'll make 'em all sure else, and then return to you.

Ruin. You must pay for your Musick first, Sir. (now?)

Old K. Must? are there musty Fidlers? are Beggars choosers
Ha! why *Witty-pate*, Son, where am I?

Witty. You were dancing e'en now, in good measure, Sir,
Is your health miscarried since? what ail you, Sir?

Old K. Death, I may be gull'd to my face, where's my Neece?
What are you?

L. Ru. None of your Neece, Sir.

Old K. How now? have you loud instruments too? I'll hear
No more, I thank you; what have I done tro

To bring these fears about me? Son, where am I? (paying

Witty. Not where you should be, Sir, you [should] be
For your Musick, and you are in a maze.

Old K. Oh, is't so, put up, put up, I pray you,
Here's a crown for you.

L. Ruin. Pish, a crown?

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Ruin. Pris. Ha, ha, ha, a crown?

Old K. Which way do you laugh? I have seen a crown
Has made a Consort laugh heartily.

Witty. Father,
To tell you truth, these are no ordinary
Musicians, they expect a bounty
Above their punctual desert.

Old K. A — on your Punks, and their deserts too.
Am I not cheated all this while think you?
Is not your pate in this?

Witty. If you be cheated,
You are not to be indicted for your own goods,
Here you trifle time to market your bounty
And make it base, when it must needs be free
For ought I can perceive.

Old K. Will you know the lowest price, Sir?

Witty. That I will Sir, with all my heart.

Old K. Unless I was discover'd, and they now fled
Home agen for fear, I am absolutely beguil'd,
That's the best can be hop'd for.

Witty. Faith 'tis somewhat too dear yet, Gentlemen.

Ruin. There's not a Denier to be bated, Sir.

Old K. Now Sir, how dear is it?

Witty. Bate but the t'other ten pound?

Pris. Not a Bawbee, Sir.

Old K. How? bate ten pound? what's the whole sum then?

Witty. Faith Sir, a hundred pound, with much adoe,
I got fifty bated, and faith Father, to say truth,
'Tis reasonable for men of their fashion.

Old K. La, la, la, down, a hunder'd pound? la, la, la,
You are a Consort of Thieves, are you not?

Witty. No Musicians, Sir, I told you before.

Old K. Fiddle faddle, is it not a robbery? a plain robbery.

Witty. No, no, no, by no means Father, you have receiv'd
For your money, nay and that you cannot give back,
'Tis somewhat dear I confess, but who can help it?
If they had been agreed with before-hand,
'Twas ill forgotten. (force,

Old [K]. And how many shares have you in this? I see my
Case up your instruments, I yield, here, as robb'd and

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Taken from me, I deliver it.

Witty. No Sir, you have perform'd your promise now, Which was, to pay the charge of Musick, that's all.

Old K. I have heard no Musick, I have receiv'd none, Sir, There's none to be found in me, nor about me.

Witty. Why Sir, here's witness against you, you have danc'd, And he that dances, acknowledges a receipt of Musick.

Old K. I denie that, Sir, look you, I can dance without Musick, do you see, Sir? and I can sing without it too; you are a Consort of Thieves, do you hear what I do?

Witty. Pray you take heed, Sir, if you do move the Musick agen, it may cost you as much more.

Old K. Hold, hold, I'll depart quietly, I need not bid you farewel, I think now, so long as that hundred [pound] lasts with you.

Enter Guardianess.

Ha, ha, am I snapt i'faith?

Guar. Oh, Sir, *Perfidious.*

Old K. I, I, some howling another while, Musick's too damnable dear.

Guard. Oh Sir, my heart-strings are broke, if I can but live to tell you the tale, I care not, your Neece my charge is—

Old K. What, is she sick?

Guard. No, no Sir, she's lustily well married.

Old K. To whom?

Guard. Oh, to that cunning dissembler, *Cuningam.*

Old K. I'll hang the Priest, first, what was he?

Guard. Your kinsman, Sir, that has the *Welch Benefice.*

Old K. I sav'd him from the Gallows to that end, good: is there any more?

Guard. And Sir *Gregory* is married too.

Old K. To my Neece too, I hope, and then I may hang her.

Guard. No Sir, to my Neece, thank *Cupid*; and that's all that's likely to recover me, she's Lady *Fop* now, and I am One of her Aunts, I thank my promotion.

Enter Credulous, Cuningam, Neece, Sir Gregory, and Mirabel.

Cred. I have perform'd your be[he]st, Sir.

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Old K. What have you perform'd, Sir?

Witty. Faith Sir I must excuse my Cosin in this act,
If you can excuse your self for making him

A Priest, there's the most difficult answer.

I put this practise on him, as from your desire,

A truth, a truth, Father.

Cred. I protest, Sir, he tells you truth, he mov'd me to't
in your nam[e].

Old K. I protest, Sir, he told you a lye in my name, and
were you so easie, Mr. *Credulous*, to believe him?

Cred. If a man should not believe his Cosin, Sir, whom
should he believe?

Old K. Good'en to you, good Mr. Cosin *Cuningam*,
And your fair Bride, my Cosin *Cuningam* too,
And how do you Sir *Gregory*, with your fair Lady?

Sir Greg. A little better than you would have had me, I
thank you Sir, the days of Puppy, and Slave, and Rascal, are
pretty well blown over now, I know Crabs from Verjuyce, I
have tryed both, and thou'dst give me thy Neece for nothing,
I'd not have her.

Cun. I think so Sir *Gregory*, for my sake you would not.

Sir Gr. I wou'd thou hadst scap'd her too, and then she
had died of the Green sickness: know this, that I did marry
in spight, and I will kiss my Lady in spight, and love her in
spight, and beget children of her in spight, and when I dye,
they shall have my Lands in spight; this was my resolution,
and now 'tis out.

Nee. How spightful are you now, Sir *Gregory*!
Why look you, I can love my dearest Husband,
With all the honors, duties, sweet embraces,
That can be thrown upon a loving man.

Sir Gr.—This is afore your Uncles face, but behind his
back, in private, you'll shew him another tale—

Cun. You see, Sir, now the irrecoverable state of all these
things before you: come out of your muse, they have been but
Wit-weapons, you were wont to love the Play.

Enter Clown.

Old K. Let me alone in my muse a little, Sir, I will wake
to you anon.

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Cun. U'd so, your friend *Pompey*, how will you answer him?

Nee. Very well, if you'll but second it, and help me.

Clow. I do hear strange stories, are Ladies things obnoxious?

Nee. Oh, the dissembling falsest wretch is come.

Cun. How now Lady?

Nee. Let me come to him, and instead of love

Let me have revenge.

Witty. Pray you now, will you first examine, whether he be guilty or no.

Nee. He cannot be excus'd,

How many Messengers (thou perjur'd man)

Hast thou return'd with Vows and Oaths, that thou

Wouldst follow, and never till this unhappy hour

Could I set eye of thee, since thy false eye

Drew my heart to it? oh I could tear thee now,

Instead of soft embraces, pray give me leave—

Witty. Faith this was ill done of you Sir, if you promis'd otherwise.

Clow. By this hand, never any Messenger came at me, since the first time I came into her company; that a man should be wrong'd thus!

Nee. Did not I send thee Scarfs and Diamonds?

And thou return'dst me Letters, one with a false heart in't.

Witty. Oh fie, to receive favours, return falshoods, and hold a Lady in hand—

Clow. Will you believe me, Sir? if ever I receiv'd Diamonds, or Scarf, or sent any Letter to her, would this sword might ne'er go through me.

Witty. Some bad Messengers have gone between you then.

Nee. Take him from my sight if I shall see to morrow.

Witty. Pray you forbear the place, this discontent may impair her health much.

Clow. 'Foot, if a man had been in any fault, 'twould ne'er a griev'd him, Sir, if you'll believe.

Witty. Nay, nay, protest no more, I do believe you, But you see how the Lady is wrong'd by't; She has cast away her self, it is to be fear'd, Against her Uncles Will, nay, any consent, But out of a mere neglect, and spight to her self, Married suddainly without any advice.

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT V

Clow. Why, who can help it? if she be cast away, she may thank her self, she might have gone farther and far'd worse; I could do no more than I could do: 'twas her own pleasure to command me, that I should not come, till I was sent for, I had been with her every minute of an hour else.

Witty. Truly I believe you.

Clow. Night and day she might have commanded me, and that she knew well enough; I said as much to her between her and I; yet I protest, she's as honest a Lady for my part, that I'd say, if she would see me hang'd: if she be cast away I cannot help it, she might have stay'd to have spoke with a man.

Witty. Well, 'twas a hard miss on both parts.

Clow. So 'twas, I was within one of her, for all this cross luck, I was sure I was between the Knight and home.

Nee. Not gone yet? oh my heart! none regard my health?

Witty. Good Sir, forbear her sight awhile, you hear how ill she brooks it.

Clow. Foolish woman, to overthrow her fortunes so; I shall think the worse of a Ladies wit, while I live for't— I could almost cry for anger, if she should miscarry now; 'twould touch my conscience a little, and who knows what love and conceit may do? what would people say, as I go along? there goes he that the Lady died for love on, I am sure to hear on't i'th' streets, I shall weep before hand; foolish woman, I do grieve more for thee now, than I did love thee before; well, go thy ways, wouldst thou spare thy Husbands head, and break thine own heart? if thou hadst any wit, I would some other had been the cause of thy undoing, I shall be twitted i'th' teeth with it, I'm sure of that, foolish Lady. [Exit.

Nee. So, so, this trouble's well shook off, Uncle, how d'ye? there's a Dowrie due, Sir.

Cun. We have agreed it sweetest,
And find your Uncle fully recover'd, kind to both of us.

Witty. To all the rest I hope;

Old K. Never to thee, nor thee, easie cosin *Credulous*,
Was your wit so raw?

Cred. Faith yours Sir, so long season'd
Has been faulty too, and very much to blame,

SC. I WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

Speaking it with reverence, Uncle.

Sir Gr. Yes faith, Sir, you have paid as dear for your time, as any man here.

Witty. I Sir, and I'll reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, The first preface cheat of a pair of pieces to the Beggars, you remember that I was the example to your bounty there, I spake *Greek* and *Syriack*, Sir, you understand me now. Next, the Robbery put upon your indulgent Cosin, which indeed was no Robbery, no Constable, no Justice, no Thief, but all Cheaters; there was a hunder'd Mark, mark you that: Lastly, this memorable 100 pounds worth of Musick, this was [but] cheats and wit too, and for the assistance of this Gentleman to my Cosin (for which I am to have a Fee) that was a little practice of my wit too, Father; will you come to composition yet, Father?

Cun. Yes faith Sir, do, two hundr'd a year will be easier than so much weekly, I do not think he's barren if he should be put to't agen.

Old K. Why this was the day I look'd for, thou shalt have't,
And the next cheat makes it up three hundr'd;
Live thou upon thy ten pound Vicarage,
Thou get'st not a penny more, here's thy full
Hire now.

Cred. I thank you, Sir.

Witty. Why there was the sum of all my Wit, Father,
To shuve him out of your favour, which I fear'd
Would have disinherited me.

Old K. Most certain it had,
Had not thy wit recover'd it; is there any here
That had a hand with thee?

Witty. Yes, all these, Sir.

Old K. Nephew, part a hundr'd pound amongst 'em,
I'll repay it; wealth, love me as I love wit;
When I die,
I'll build an Alms-house for decay'd wits.

Sir Gr. I'll entertain one in my life time; Scholar, you shall be my Chaplain, I have the gift of twenty Benefices, simple as I am here.

Pris. Thanks my great Patron.

Cun. Sir your Gentry and your name shall both be

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS ACT V

rais'd as high as my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friends sake.

Witty. Something will be in my present power, the future more,
You shall share with me.

Ruin and Wife. Thanks worthy Gentlemen.

Nee. Sir, I would beg one thing of you.

Sir Gr. You can beg nothing of me.

Witty. Oh Sir, if she begs, there's your power over her.

Sir Gr. She has begg'd me for a fool already, but 'tis no matter.

I have begg'd her for a Lady, that she might have been,
That's one for another.

Witty. Nay, but if she beg—

Sir Gr. Let her beg agen then.

Nee. That your man *Pompey's* Coat may come over his ears back agen, I would not he should be lost for my sake.

Sir Gr. Well, 'tis granted, for mine own sake.

Mirab. I'll intreat it Sir.

Sir Gr. Why then 'tis granted for your sake.

Old K. Come, come, down with all weapons now, 'tis
So it be purchas'd at an easie rate; (Musick time,
Some have receiv'd the knocks, some giv'n the hits,
And all concludes in love, there's happy wits. [*Exeunt.*

The Epilogue at the reviving
of this Play.

WE need not tell you Gallants, that this night
The Wits have jumpt, or that the Scenes bit right
'Twould be but labor lost for to excuse
What Fletcher had to do in: his brisk Muse
Was so Mercurial, that if he but writ
An *Aët*, or two, the whole Play rose up wit.
We'll not appeal unto those Gentlemen
Judge by their Cloaths, if they sit right, nor when
The Ladies smile, and with their Fanns delight
To whisk a clinch aside, then all goes right:
'Twas well receiv'd before, and we dare say,
You now are welcome to no vulgar Play.

The Fair Maid of the Inn. A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Duke of Florence.

Cesario, *a young Gentleman of a fiery nature, Son to Alberto.*

Albertus, *Father to Cesario, Admiral of Florence.*

Baptista, *a brave Sea-Commander, antient friend to Albertus, and Father to Mentivole and Biancha.*

Mentivole, *Son to Baptista, Lover of Clarissa.*

Prospero, *a noble friend to Baptista.*

Two Magistrates of Florence.

Host, *the supposed Father to Biancha.*

Forobosco, *a cheating Mountebank.*

Clown, *the Mountebanks man, and setter.*

Three Gentlemen.

Secretary to the Duke.

Dancer, } *Four fools and knaves,*

Taylor, } *who pretend love*

Mulitteer, } *Biancha, the Fair*

Pedant, } *Maid of the Inn.*

Sailors.

WOMEN.

Mariana, *Wife to Albertus, a virtuous Lady.*

Clarissa, *Mariana's Daughter, in love with Mentivole.*

Juliana, *Niece to the Duke of Genoa, Baptista's second wife.*

Biancha, *the Fair Maid of the Inn, beloved of Cesario, and Daughter to Baptista and Juliana.*

Hostess, *the supposed Mother of Biancha.*

The Scene, Florence.

PROLOGUE.

Plays have their fates, not as in their true sence
 They're understood, but as the influence
 Of idle custom, madly works upon
 The dross of many tongu'd opinion.
 A worthy story, howsoever writ
 For Language, modest Mirth, Conceit or Wit,
 Meets oftentimes with the sweet commendation
 Of hang't, 'tis scurvy, when for approbation
 A Jigg shall be clapt at, and every rhyme
 Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.
 Let ignorance and laughter dwell together,
 They are beneath the Muses pity. Hither
 Come nobler Judgements, and to those the strain
 Of our invention is not bent in vain,
 The Fair Maid of the Inn to you commends
 Her hopes and welcomes, and withal intends
 In th' Entertains to which she doth invite ye,
 All things to please, a[n]d some things to delight ye.

Aëtus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Cesario, and Clarissa.

Cesario. Interpret not *Clarissa*, my true zeal
 In giving you counsel, to transcend the bounds
 That should confine a brother; 'tis your honor,
 And peace of mind (which honor last will leave you)
 I labor to preserve, and though you yet are
 Pure and untainted, and resolve to be so:
 Having a Fathers eye, and Mothers care
 In all your ways to keep you fair, and upright.
 In which respects my best advices must
 Appear superfluous; yet since love, dear Sister
 Will sometimes tender things unnecessary,
 Misconstrue not my purpose.

Clariss. Sir, I dare not:
 But still receive it as a large addition,

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

To the much that I already stand engag'd for,
 Yet pardon me, though I profess upon
 A true examination of my self,
 Even to my private thoughts I cannot find
 (Having such strong supporters to uphold me)
 On what slight ground the least doubt can be rais'd
 To render me suspected, I can fall,
 Or from my Fame or Virtue.

Cæsar. Far be it from me,
 To nourish such a thought; and yet excuse me,
 As you would do a Lapidary, whose whole fortunes
 Depend upon the safety of one Jewel,
 If he think no case precious enough
 To keep it in full lustre, nor no locks,
 Though lending strength to Iron doors sufficient
 To guard it, and secure him; you to me are
 A Gemm of more esteem, and priz'd higher
 Than Usurers do their Muck, or great men Title.
 And any flaw (which heaven avert) in you,
 (Whose reputation like a Diamond
 Cut newly from the rock, women with envie,
 And men with covetous desires look up at)
 By prying eies discovered in a moment
 Would render what the braveries of *Florence*
 For want of counterpoize, forbear to cheapen,
 Of little or no value.

Claris. I see brother
 The mark you shoot at, and much thank your love;
 But for my Virgin Jewel which is brought
 In comparison with your Diamond, rest assur'd
 It shall not fall in such a workmans hands
 Whose ignorance or malice shall have power
 To cast one cloud upon it, but still keep
 Her native splendor.

Cesa. 'Tis well, I commend you;
 And study your advancement with that care
 As I would do a Sisters, whom I love
 With more than common order.

Claris. That from me,
 I hope's return'd to you.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT I

Cesar. I do confess it,
 Yet let me tell you, (but still with that love,
 I wish to increase between us) that you are
 Observ'd against the gravity long maintain'd
 In *Italy* (where to see a maid unmasqu'd
 Is [h]eld a blemish) to be over-frequent
 In giving or receiving visits.

Clari. How?

Cesar. Whereas the custom is here to wooe by Picture,
 And never see the substance: you are fair,
 And beauty draws temptations on; You know it,
 I would not live to see a willing grant
 From you, to one unworthy of your birth,
 Feature or fortune; yet there have been Ladies
 Of rank, proportion, and of means beyond you,
 That have prov'd this no miracle.

Claris. One unworthy?
 Why, pray you gentle brother, who are they
 That I vouchsafe these bounties to? I hope
 In your strict Criticisme of me, and my manners,
 That you will not deny they are your equals.

Cesar. Angry?

Claris. I have reason, but in cold blood tell me,
 Had we not one Father?

Cesar. Yes, and Mother too.

Claris. And he a Soldier.

Cesar. True;

Claris. If I then borrow
 A little of the boldness of his temper,
 Imparting it to such as may deserve it;
 (However indulgent to your selves, you brothers
 Allow no part of freedom to your Sisters)
 I hope 'twill not pass for a crime in me,
 To grant access and speech to noble suitors;
 And you escape for innocent, that descend
 To a thing so far beneath you. Are you touch'd?
 Why did you think that you had *Giges* Ring,
 Or the Herb that gives invisibility?
 Or that *Biancha's* name had ne'er been mention'd;
 The fair Maid of the grand *Osteria*, brother.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Cesar. No more.

Clariss. A little, brother. Your night walks,
And offer'd presents; which coy she, contemn'd,
Your combats in disguises with your Rivals,
Brave *Muletiers*. Scullions perfum'd with grease,
And such as [cry] meat for Cats must be remembred;
And all this pother for a common trull,
A tempting sign, and curiously set forth,
To draw in riotous guests, a thing expos'd
To every Ruffians rude assault; and subject
For a poor salary, to a rich mans lust,
Though made up of diseases.

Cesar. Will you end yet?

Clariss. And this a Mistriss for *Albertus* Son,
One that I should call Sister?

Cesar. Part not with

Your modesty in this violent heat; the truth is,
(For you shall be my Confessor) I love her,
But virtuously; report that gives her out
Only for fair, and adds not she is chaste,
Detraicts much from her: for indeed she is,
Though of a low condition; compos'd
Of all those graces, dames of highest birth,
Though rich in natures bounties, should be proud of;
But leave her, and to you my nearest care,
My dearest best *Clarissa*. Do not think
(For then you wrong me) I wish you should live
A barren Virgin life; I rather aim at
A noble Husband, that may make you mother
Of many children, one that when I know him
Worth your embraces, I may serve, and sue [to]:
And therefore scorn not to acquaint me with
That man, that happy man; you please to favour.

Clariss. I ever purpos'd it, for I will like
With your allowance:

Cesa. As a pawn of this;
Receive this Ring, but e'r you part with it
On any terms, be certain of your choice;
And make it known to me.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT I

Enter Servants with Lights, Alberto, Baptista, Mariana, Mentivole.

Claris. You have my hand for't ;

Cesar. Which were it not my Sisters, I should kiss :
With too much heat.

Claris. My Father and his guests, Sir.

Alber. Oh my old friend, my tri'd friend, my *Baptista* :
These days of rest and feasting, sute not with
Our tougher natures, those were golden ones,
Which were enjoy'd at Sea ; that's our true Mother :
The Land's to us a step-dame ; there we sought
Honor, and wealth through dangers : yet those dangers
Delighted more than their rewards, though great ones,
And worth the undertakers : here we study
The Kitchin Arts, to sharpen appetite,
Dull'd with abundance ; and dispute with Heaven ;
If that the least puff of the rough North-wind,
Blast our times burthen, rendring to our Palats
The charming juice less pleasing ; whereas there
If we had Bisket, powder'd flesh, fresh water,
We thought them *Persian* delicates, and for Musick
If a strong gale but made the main yard crack,
We danc'd to the loud Minstrel.

Bapt. And fear'd less,
(So far we were in love with noble action)
A tempest than a calm.

Alber. 'Tis true *Baptista* ;
There, there, from mutual aids lent to each other,
And virtuous emulation to exceed
In manly daring, the true School of friendship,
We learnt those principles, which confirm'd us friends
Never to be forgot.

Baptist. Never I hope.

Alber. We were married there, for bells the roaring Canon,
Aloud proclaim'd it lawful, and a prize
Then newly ta'en, and equally divided,
Serv'd as a dowry to you, then stil'd my wife ;
And did enable me to be a Husband,
Fit to encounter so much wealth, though got

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

With bloud and horror.

Maria. If so got, 'tis fit Sir
Now you possess it, that you should enjoy it
In peace, and quiet; I, your Son, and Daughter
That reap the harvest of your winters labour,
Though debtors for it yet have often trembled,
When, in way of discourse, you have related
How you came by it.

Alber. Trembled? how the softness
Of your sex may excuse you, I'll not argue,
But to the world, howe'er I hold thee noble
I should proclaim this boy some cowards bastard,
And not the Image of *Albertus* youth:
If when some wish'd occasion calls him forth,
To a brave trial, one weak artery
Of his, should show a fever, though grim death
Put on a thousand dreadful shapes to fright him;
The Elements, the Sea, and all the Winds
We number on our compass, then conspiring
To make the Scæne more ghastly; I must have thee
Sirrah, I must, If once you grapple with
An enemies ship, to board her, though you see
The desperate Gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the deck up, or like *Cæsar's* Soldier
Thy hands like his cut off, hang by the teeth,
And die undaunted.

Maria. I even die to hear you:
My son, my lov'd *Cesario* run such hazards?
Bless'd Saints forbid it: you have done enough
Already for one family, that rude way;
I'll keep him safe at home, and train him up
A compleat Courtier: may I live to see him,
By sweet discourse, and gracious demeanor,
Winn, and bring home a fair Wife, and a rich;
'Tis all I rest ambitious of.

Alber. A Wife!
As if there were a course to purchase one
Prevailing more than honourable action!
Or any Intercessors move so far,
To take a Mistriss of a noble spirit,

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT I

As the true fame of glorious victories,
 Atchiev'd by sweat and blood! Oh the brave dames
 Of warlike *Genoua*! they had eyes to see
 The inward man, and only from his worth,
 Courage, and conquests: the blind Archer knew
 To head his shafts, or light his quenched Torch,
 They were proof against them else.

No Carpet Knight

That spent his youth in Groves, or pleasant Bowers;
 Or stretching on a Couch his lazy limbs,
 Sung to his Lute such soft and melting Notes,
 As *Ovid*, nor *Anacreon* ever knew,
 Could work on them, nor once bewitch'd their sense;
 Though he came so perfund as he had robb'd
Sabæa, or *Arabia*, of their wealth;
 And stor'd it in one sute:

I still remember,

And still remember it with joy, *Baptista*,
 When from the rescue of the *Genoua* Fleet,
 Almost surpriz'd by the *Venetian* Gallies,
 Thou didst return, and wert receiv'd in triumph.
 How lovely in thy honor'd wounds and scars
 Thou didst appear! what worlds of amorous glances
 The beauties of the City (where they stood,
 Fix'd like so many of the fairest stars)
 Shot from their windows at thee! how it fir'd
 Their blouds to see the enemies captive streams
 Born through the streets! nor could chaste *Juliana*
 The Duke's fair Neece, though guarded with her greatness
 Resist this gallant charge, but laying by
 Desparity of fortune from the object,
 Yielded her self thy prisoner.

Bap. Pray you chuse some other theme.

Mari. Can there be one more pleasing?

Bap. That triumph drew on me a greater torture,
 And 'tis in the remembrance little less
 Than ever Captive suffer'd.

Mari. How? to gain the favour of so great a Lady?

Bap. Yes, since it prov'd fatal, t'have been happy, Madam,
 Adds to calamity, and the heavy loss

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Of her I durst not hope for, once enjoy'd,
Turns what you think a blessing to a curse,
Which grief would have forgotten.

Alber. I am sorry I touch'd upon it.

Maria. I burn rather, Sir,
With a desire to hear the story of
Your loves, and shall receive it as a favour,
Which you may grant.

Bap. You must not be deny'd,
Yet with all brevity I must report it ;
'Tis true, fair *Juliana* (*Genoua's* pride)
Enamour'd of my actions, lik'd my person ;
Nor could I but with joy meet her affection ;
Since it was lawful, for my first wife dead ;
We were closely married, and for some few months
Tasted the fruits of't ; but malicious fate,
Envyng our too much happiness, wrought upon
A faithless servant, privy to our plot,
And Cabinet-Counselor to *Juliana*,
Who either for hope, or reward, or fear,
Discover'd us to the incensed Duke :
Whose rage made her close prisoner, and pronounc'd
On me perpetual banishment : some three years
I wander'd on the Seas, since entertain'd
By the great Duke of *Florence* ; but what fate
Attended her ? or *Prospero* my friend,
That staid at *Genoua*, to expect the issue,
Is yet uncertain.

Enter a Gentleman.

Alber. From the Duke :

Bap. He's welcome, to end my forc'd relation.

Alber. Signior *Baptista* ;

The Great Dukes Will commands your present [e]are.

Gent. It points indeed at both of you ;

Bap. I wait it.

Alber. In *Mariana*, to your rest.

Bap. Nay leave us, we must be private.

Maria. Stay not long *Cesario* :

[—*Exeunt. Manet Cesario, Mentivole.*

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT I

Mentivo. So these old men vanish'd, 'tis allow'd
That we may speak, and howsoe'r they take
Delight in the discourse of former dangers,
It cannot hinder us to treat a little
Of present pleasures.

Cesario. Which if well enjoy'd,
Will not alone continue, but increase
In us their friendship.

Ment. How shall we spend the night?
To snore it out like drunken *Dutchmen*, would
Sort ill with us *Italians*. We are made
Of other metall, fiery, quick, and active;
Shall we take our fortune? and while our cold fathers
(In whom long since their youthful heats were dead,)
Talk much of *Mars*, serve under *Venus* Ensigns,
And seek a Mistriss.

Cesar. That's a game dear friend,
That does admit no rival in chase of it.
And either to be undertook alone,
Or not to be attempted.

Ment. I'll not press you;
What other sports to entertain the time with
The following morning?

Cesar. Any that may become us.

Ment. Is the *Neopolitan* horse the Viceroy sent you,
In a fit plight to run?

Cesar. So my Groom tells me.
I can boast little of my horsemanship;
Yet upon his assurance, I dare wager
A thousand Crowns, 'gainst any horse in *Florence*,
For an eight mile course.

Ment. I would not win of you,
In respect you are impatient of loss:
Else I durst match him with my *Barbary*
For twice the sum.

Cesar. You do well to excuse it, being certain to be

Ment. Tush. You know the contrary.

Cesar. To end the controversie
Put it to trial, by my life I'll meet you

(beaten.)

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Enter Clarissa.

With the next rising Sun.

Ment. A match. But here
Appears a *Cynthia*, that scorns to borrow
A beam of light from the great eye of Heaven,
She being her self all brightness; how I envy
Those amorous smiles, those kisses, but sure chaste ones
Which she vouchsafes her brother!

Claris. You are wanton:
Pray you think me not *Biancha*, leave I pray you;
My Mother will not sleep before she see you,
And since you know her tenderness, nay fondness;
In every circumstance that concerns your safety,
You are not equal to her.

Cesar. I must leave you; but will not fail to meet you.

Ment. Soft sleeps to you.

Within. *Mariana*: *Cesar*io.

Claris. You are call'd again.

Cesar. Some Sons

Complain of too much rigor in their Mothers;
I of too much indulgence; you will follow.— [Exit.

Claris. You are her first care, therefore lead the way.

Ment. She stais: blest opportunity, she stais:
As she invited conference, she was ever
Noble, and free: but thus to tempt my frailty,
Argues a yielding in her; or contempt
Of all that I dare offer; stand I now
Consulting? No, I'll put it home.

Claris. Who waits there? more Lights.

Ment. You need them not, they are as useless,
As at noon-day; can there be darkness, where
Nature then wisely liberal, vouchsaf'd
To lend two Suns.

Claris. *Hyperboles*:

Ment. No, truths:

Truths beauteous Virgin, so my love-sick heart
Assures me, and my understanding tells me
I must approach them wisely, should I rashly
Press near their scorching beams, they would consume me

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT I

And on the contrary, should your disdain
Keep me at too much distance, and I want
Their comfortable heat, the frost of death
Would seize on all my faculties.

Cl. Pray you pause, Sir.

This vehemency of discourse must else needs tire you.
These gay words take not me, 'tis simple faith
Honest integrity, and lawful flames
I am delighted with :

Ment. Such I bring with me, and therefore Lady.

Cl. But that you took me off
E're I came to a period ; I had added
A long experience must be requir'd
Both of his faith and trust, with whom a Virgin
Trafficks for, what's dearest in this life,
Her liberty, and honor ; I confess
I oft have view'd you with an eye of favour,
And with your generous parts the many tenders
Of doing me all fair offices, have won
A good opinion from me.

Ment. Oh speak ever, I never heard such Musick ;

Cl. A plain tune, Sir :
But 'tis a hearty one ; when I perceive
By evident proofs, your aims are truly noble,
And that you bring the Engines of fair Love,
Not of foul Lust, to shake and undermine
My Maiden-fortress : I may then make good
What now I dare not promise.

Ment. You already
In taking notice of my poor deservings,
Have been magnificent, and 'twill appear
A frontless impudence to ask beyond this
Yet qualifie, though not excuse my error,
Though now I am ambitious to desire
A confirmation of it.

Cl. So it wrong not my modesty to grant it.

Ment. 'Tis far from me,
I only am a suitor, you would grace me
With some toy, but made rich in that you wore it,
To warrant to the world that I usurp not

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

When I presume to stile my self your servant,
A ribond from your shooe :

Cla. You are too humble,
I'll think upon't; and something of more value
Shall witness how I prize you, it grows late,
I'll bring you to the door.

Ment. You still more bind me.—

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Duke of Florence, Alberto, Baptista,
Magistrates, and Attendants.*

Duke. You find by this assur'd intelligence
The preparation of the *Turk[e]* against us.
We have met him oft and beat him; now to fear him
Would argue want of courage, and I hold it
A safer policie for us and our signiories
To charge him in his passage o'er the Sea,
Than to expect him here.

Alb. May it please your Highness
Since you vouchsafe to think me worthy of
This great imployment, if I may deliver
My judgement freely, 'tis not flattery
Though I say my opinion waits on you,
Nor would I give my suffrage and consent
To what you have propos'd, but that I know it
Worth the great speaker, though that the denial
Call'd on your heavy anger. For my self
I do profess thus much, if a blunt Soldier,
May borrow so much from the oyl'd tongu'd Courtier,
(That ecchoes whatsoe'er the Prince allows of)
All that my long experience hath taught me
That have spent three parts of my life at Sea,
(Let it not taste of arrogance that I say it)
Could not have added reasons of more weight
To fortifie your affections, than such
As your grace out of observation meerly
Already have propounded.

Bap. With the honor to give the daring enemy an affront
In being the first opposer it will teach
Your Soldiers boldness: and strike fear in them
That durst attempt you.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT I

1 *Magi.* Victuals and Ammunition,
And Money too, the sinews of the War, are stor'd up in the
Magazine.

2 *Magi.* And the Gallies new rig'd and train'd up,
And at two dayes 'warning fit for the service.

Duke. We commend your care,
Nor will we e'er be wanting in Our counsels,
As we doubt not your action; you *Baptista*
Shall stay with us; that Merchant is not wise,
That ventures his whole fortunes in one bottom.

Albert. Be our Admiral, spare your thanks,
'Tis Merit in you that invites this honor,
Preserve it such; ere long you shall hear more,
Things rashly undertaken end as ill,
But great acts thrive when reason guides the will.

—*Exeunt.* Enter 3 Gentlemen.

1. No question 'twas not well done in *Cæsario*,
To cross the horse of young *Mentivole*
In the midst of this course.

2. That was not all, the switching him dull'd him.

3. Would that both the jades
Had broke their necks, when they first started; 'Slight,
We stand here prating, give them leave to whisper,
And when they have cut one anothers throats

Enter Mentivole, and Cæsario.

Make in to part 'em.

2. There is no such hazard,
Their Fathers friendship, and their love forbid it;
See where they come!

1. With fury in their looks.

Ment. You have the wager, with what foul play got
I'll not dispute:

Cæsar. Foul play?

Ment. I cannot speak it
In a fairer language, and if some respects
Familiar to my self chain'd not my tongue,
I should say no more. I should, but I'll sit down,
With this disgrace; how e'er press me no farther.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

For if once more provok'd, you'll understand
I dare no more suffer an Injury,
Than I dare do one.

Cæsar. Why Sir are you injur'd
In that I take my right which I would force,
Should you detain it?

Ment. Put it to judgment.

Cæsar. No; my will in this shall carry it.

Ment. Your will? nay, farewell softness then.

[*They suddenly draw*

3. This I foresaw.

2. Hold, hold.

Cæsar. I am hurt.

2. Shift for your self, 'tis death.

Men. As you respect me, bear him off with care;
If he miscarry since he did the wrong,
I'll stand the shock of't.

2. Gently, he will faint else—

[*Exeunt Gent. with Cæsario.*

Ment. And speedily, I beseech you; my rage over,
That pour'd upon my reason clouds of error,
I see my folly, and at what dear loss
I have exchang'd a real innocence,
To gain a meer fantastical report,
Transported only by vain popular wind,
To be a daring, nay, fool-hardy Man.

Enter Baptista.

But could I satisfie my self within here,
How should I bear my fathers frown? They meet me,
My guilt conjures him hither.

Bap. Sirrah:

Mentiv. Sir:

Bap. I have met the trophies of your ruffian sword:
Was there no other Anvile to make triall
How far thou durst be wicked, but the bosome
Of him, which under the adulterate name
Of friendship, thou hast murder'd.

Ment. Murder'd Sir?

My dreams abhor so base a fact; true valour

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT II

Imploy'd to keep my reputation fair
 From the austerest Judge, can never merit
 To be branded with that title; you begot me
 A man, no coward; and but call your youth
 To memory, when injur'd, you could never
 Boast of the Asses fortitude, slave-like patience:
 And you might justly doubt I were your son,
 If I should entertain it; if *Cæsario*
 Recover, as I hope his wound's not mortal,
 A second tryal of what I dare doe
 In a just cause, shall give strong witness for me
 I am the true heir to *Baptista's* courage,
 As to his other fortunes.

Baptist. Boy, to neither:
 But on this strict condition, which intreaties
 From Saints, nay Angels, shall not make me alter.
 A friendship so began, and so continu'd
 Between me and *Alberto* my best friend,
 Your brawls shall not dissolve; it is my will,
 And as I am thy Father, I command thee,
 That instantly, on any termes, how poor
 So e'er, it skills not, thou desire his pardon,
 And bring assurance to me, he has sign'd it,
 Or by my Fathers soul I'll never know thee:
 But as a stranger to my blood; perform it,
 And suddenly, without reply, I have said it.

Ment. And in it given a heavier sentence on me
 Than the most cruel death; you are my father
 And your will to be serv'd, and not disputed
 By me, that am your Son: But I'll obey,
 And though my heart-strings crack for't, make it known,
 When you command, my faculties are your own. [*Exeunt.*]

Aëtus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Alberto, Physitian, and a Chirurgion.

Phys. **H**Ave patience, Noble Sir; your son *Cæsario*
 Will recover without question.

Surgeon. A slight wound.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Though it pierc't his body, it hath miss'd the vitals.

Phys. My life for't, he shall take the air again within

Alber. O but from a friend, (these ten dayes.

To receive this bloody measure from a friend!

If that a man should meet a violent death,

In a place where he had taken sanctuary,

Would it not grieve him? such all *Florence* held

Their friendship, and 'tis that which multiplies

The injury.

Physi. Have patience worthy Signior.

Alber. I do protest, as I am Man and Soldier,

If I had buried him in a wave at Sea,

(Lost in some honorable action)

I would not, to the saltness of his grave,

Have added the least tear; but these quarrels

Enter Mariana, and Clarissa.

Bred out of game and wine, I had as live

He should have died of a Surfet.

Maria. Oh what comfort! How is it with our Son Sir?

Alber. His Work-masters

Bear me in hand here, as my Lawyer does,

When I have a crackt Title, or bad Sute in Law,

All shall go well.

(wound.

Maria. I pray you Gentlemen, what think you of his

Physi. 'Tis but a scratch, nothing to danger.

Clariss. But he receiv'd it from a friend,

And the unkindness ta'en at that, may kill him.

Mari. Let me see him:

Physi. By no means, he slumbers.

Mari. Then I cannot believe you,

When you tell me there's hope of him.

Alber. Yet many Ladies

Do give more faith to their Physitian

Than to their Confessor.

Clariss. O my poor lost brother,

And friend more dear than Brother.

Alber. More loud instruments

To disturb his slumbers! goe, goe, take Caroch:

And as you love me, you and the Girle retire

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT II

To our Summer house, i'th' Country ; I'll be with you
Within these two days.

Maria. I am yours in all things,
Though with much sorrow to leave him.

[*Exeunt Maria, Claris.*]

Alber. I pray you Gentlemen,
With best observance tend your Patient ;
The loss of my heir-male, lies now a bleeding.

Enter Mentivole.

And think what payment his recovery
Shall show'r upon you,
Of all men breathing ; [*Exeunt Physitian, Chirur.*
Wherefore do you arrive here ? Are you mad ?
My injury begins to bleed afresh
At sight of you ; why this affront of yours
I receive more malicious than the other.
Your hurt was only danger to my son :
But your sight to me is death ; Why come you hither ?
Do you come to view the wounds, which you have made ?
And glory in them ?

Menti. Rather worthy Sir, to pour Oyl into them.

Alber. I am a Soldier Sir,
Least part of a Courtier, and understand
By your smooth Oyl,
Your present flattery.

Menti. Sir, for my Fathers sake acknowledge me
To be born a Gentleman, no slave ; I ever
Held flatterers of that breed ; do not misconstrue
In your distaste of me, the true intent
Of my coming hither, for I do protest
I do not come to tell you I am sorry
For your sons hurt.

Alber. Not sorry ?

(all my fury :

Menti. No not sorry ; I have to the lowest ebbe, lost
But I must not lose my honesty ; 'twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which return'd
(Like a Petar, ill lighted, into 'th' bosome
Of him, gave fire to't) yet I hope his hurt,
Is not so dangerous, but he may recover ;

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

When if it please him, call me to account,
 For the loss of so much blood, I shall be ready
 To do him noble reason. (dence.

Alber. You are arm'd me thinks with wondrous confi-

Menti. O with the best Sir;

For I bring penitence, and satisfaction.

Alber. Satisfaction? Why I heard you say but now,
 You were not sorry for his wounds. (is to you;

Menti. Nor am I: the satisfaction which I bring Sir,
 You are a Gentleman ne'er injur'd me;
 One ever lov'd my Father, the right way,
 And most approv'd of noble amity.

Yet I have run my sword quite through your heart,

And slightly hurt your son; for't may be [f]ear'd,

A grief ta'en at these years for your sons loss,

May hazard yours: And therefore I am sent

By him that has most interest in your sorrow;

Who having chid me almost to the ruin

Of a disheritance, for violating

So continued and so sacred a friendship

Of 50 Winters standing: such a friendship,

That ever did continue like the spring;

Ne'er saw the fall o'th' leaf; by him I am sent

To say the wrong I have done Sir, is to you:

And that I have quite lost him for a Father,

Until I find your pardon; nay there follows

A weightier deprivation; his Estate

I could with a less number of sighs part with.

Fortune might attend my youth, and my deservings

In any Climate: but a Fathers blessing,

To settle and confirm that fortune, no where;

But only here. Your pardon, give me that;

And when you have done, kill me; for 'tis that

Takes from me the effect of excommunication;

A Fathers heavy curse.

Alber. Nay, may that curse

Light on himself, for sending thee in this minute:

When I am grown as deaf to all compassion,

As the cruellest Sea-fight, or most horrid tempest.

That I had drown'd i'th' Sea a thousand duckets,

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT II

Thou hadst not made this visit : rash young man,
 Thou tak'st me in an ill Planet, and hast cause
 To curse thy Father ; for I do protest,
 If I had met thee in any part o'th' World,
 But under my own roofe, I would have kill'd thee.

Within there.—Enter Physitian, Chirurgion,
 and Servants.

Look you !

Here's a triumph sent for the death of your young Master.

Serv. Shall we kill him ?

Alber. No, I'll not be so unhospitable ; but Sir,
 By my life, I vow to take assurance from you,
 That right hand never more shall strike my son.

Menti. That will be easily protested. (seal to't.

Alber. Not easily, when it must be exacted, and a bloody
 Bind him, and cut off's right hand presently :
 Fair words shall never satisfie foul deeds.
 Chop's hand off.

Menti. You cannot be so unrighteous, to your own honor.

Phy. O Sir, collect your self ;

And recall your bloody purpose.

Alber. My intents of this nature, do ever come to action.

Chirur. Then I must fetch another stickler.— [*Exit.*

Alber. Yet I do grieve at heart ;
 And I do curse thy Father heartily,
 That's the cause of my dishonor ; sending thee
 In such an hour, when I am apt for mischief :
 Apt, as a Dutch-man after a Sea-fight,
 When his enemy kneels afore him ; come dispatch.

Phys. Intreat him, Noble Sir ;

Menti. You shall excuse me ;
 Whatsoever he dares do, that I dare suffer.

Enter Cæsario, and Chirurgion.

Cæsar. Oh Sir, for honors sake stay your foul purpose,
 For if you do proceed thus cruelly,
 There is no question in the wound you give him,
 I shall bleed to death for't.

Alber. Thou art not of my temper,

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

What I purpose, cannot be alter'd.

Serv. Sir; the Duke

With all speed expects you. You must instantly
Ship all your followers, and to sea.

Alber. My blessing stay with thee upon this condition,
Take away his use of fighting; as thou hop'st
To be accounted for my son, perform't— [Exit.

Cæsar. You hear what I am injoynd to.

Menti. Pray thee take it,

Only this ring, this best esteem'd Jewel:
I will not give't to'th' hangman chops it off;
It is too dear a relique. I'll remove it nearer my heart.

Cæsar. Ha, that Ring's my Sisters.

The Ring I injoynd her never part withal
Without my knowledge; come, Sir, we are friends
Pardon my fathers heat, and melancholy;
Two violent Fevers which he caught at Sea,
And cannot yet shake off: only one promise
I must injoynd you to, and seriously.

Hereafter you shall never draw a Sword
To the prejudice of my life.

Menti. By my best hopes I shall not.

Cæsar. I pray deliver me your sword
On that condition.

Menti. I shall Sir, may it hereafter
Ever fight on your part.

Cæsar. Noble Sir, I thank you;
But for performance of your vow, I intreat
Some gage from you.

Menti. Any Sir.

Cæsar. Deliver me that ring.

Menti. Ha, this Ring? indeed this Jewel binds me,
If you knew the vertue of it, never more
To draw my sword against you.

Cæsar. Therefore I will have it.

Menti. You may not.

Cæsar. Come: you must.

I that by violence could take your hand,
Can inforce this from you; this is a token Sir,
That we may prove friends hereafter. *Fare you well.*

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT II

Phys. Why did you cease his Sword Sir?

Cesar. To perform what my Father bade me,
I have for the present ta'en away his
Use of fighting.

Phys. Better so,
Than take that which your Father meant.

[*Exeunt Manet, Mentivole.*]

Menti. Was ever the like usage? O that Ring!
Dearer than life, Whither is honor fled?

Cesario. Thou art unmanly in each part,
To seize my sword first, and then split my heart. [*Exit.*]

Enter Host, and Clown.

Host. Thy Master that lodges here in my Osteria,
Is a rare man of art, they say he's a Witch.

Clow. A Witch? Nay, he's one step of the Ladder to
preferment higher, he is a Conjurer.

Host. Is that his higher title?

Clow. Yes, I assure you, for a Conjurer is the Devils
Master, and commands him; whereas a Witch
is the Devils Prentice, and obeys him.

Host. Bound Prentice to the Devil!

Clow. Bound and inroll'd I assure you, he cannot start;
and therefore I would never wish any Gentleman to turn
Witch.

Host. Why Man?

Clow. Oh he loses his Gentility by it, the Devil in this
case cannot help him, he must go to the Herald for new
Armes believe it.

Host. As I am true Inkeeper, yet a Gentleman born,
I'll ne'er turn Witch for that trick;
And thou hast been a great Traveller?

Clow. No indeed, not I Sir;

Host. Come, you are modest.

Clow. No, I am not modest, for I told you a lye, that
you might the better understand I have been a Traveller.

Host. So Sir, they say your Master is a great Physitian too.

Clow. He was no fool told you that, I assure you.

Host. And you have been in *England*? but they say,
Ladies in *England* take a great deal of Physick.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Clow. Both wayes on my reputation.

Host. So 'tis to be understood:

But they say, Ladies there take Physick for fashion.

Clow. Yes Sir, and many times dye to keep fashion.

Host. How? dye to keep fashion!

Clow. Yes, I have known a Lady sick of the small Pocks, onely to keep her face from Pitholes, take cold, strike them in again, kick up the heels, and vanish.

Host. There was kicking up the heels with a witness.

Clow. No Sir; I confess a good face has many times been the motive to the kicking up of the heels with a witn[e]ss: but this was not.

Enter Hostess, and Bianca.

Host. Here comes my wife and daughter.

Clow. You have a pretty commodity of this night-worm?

Host. Why Man?

Clow. She is a pretty lure to draw custom to your ordinary.

Host. Do'st think I keep her to that purpose?

Clow. When a Dove-house is empty, there is cuminseed used to purloine from the rest of the neighbors; in *England* you have several Adamants, to draw in spurs and rapiers; one keeps silk-worms in a Gallery: A Milliner has choice of Monkees, and Paraketoes; another shewes bawdy East-Indian Pictures, worse than ever were *Aretines*: a Goldsmith keeps his Wife wedged into his shop like a Mermaid, nothing of her to be seen (thats Woman) but her upper part.

Host. Nothing but her upper part?

Clow. Nothing but her upper bodies, and he lives at the more hearts ease.

Host. What's the reason?

Clow. Because her nether part can give no temptation; by your leave, Sir, I'll tend my Master, and instantly be with you for a cup of *Cherally* this hot weather.

Host. A nimble pated Rascal, come hither Daughter, When was *Cesario* here?

Bian. Sir, not this fortnight.

Host. I do not like his visits, commonly He comes by Owl-light, both the time and manner Is suspitious; I do not like it.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT II

Bian. Sir, the Gentleman

Is every way so noble, that you need not
Question his intent of coming, though you did ;
Pray Sir preserve that good opinion of me,
That though the custome of the place I was born in,
Makes me familiar to every guest,
I shall in all things keep my self a stranger
To the vices they bring with them.

Hostis. Right my daughter :

She has the right strain of her Mother.

Host. Of her Mother ?

And I would speak, I know from whence she took it ;
When I was as young, I was as honest.

Hostess. Leave your prating.

And study to be drunk ; and abuse your guests over and over.

Enter Forobosco, and Clown.

Host. Peace Wife. My honorable guest.

Foro. My indear'd Landlord ?

And the rest o'th' complements o'th' house.

Host. Breakfast is ready Sir ;

It waites only the tide of your stomach.

Clow. And mine gapes for't like a stale Oyster.

Ere you go to bed, fail not of that I pray.

[—*Exeunt all but Forobosco, and Clown.*]

Foro. We will instantly be with you ;

Now we are all fellows.

Nine a Clock, and no Clyents come

Yet, sure thou do'st not set up bills enough.

Clow. I have set up bills in abundance.

Foro. What Bills ?

Clow. Marry for curing of all diseases,

Recovery of stoln goods,

And a thousand such impossibilities.

Foro. The place is unlucky.

Clow. No certain, 'tis scarcity of mony ; do not you hear
the Lawyers complain of it ? Men have as much Malice as
ever they had to wrangle, but they have no Mony : Whither
should this Mony be travell'd ?

Foro. To the Devil I think.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Clow. 'Tis with his Cofferer I am certain, that's the Usurer.

Foro. Our cheating does not prosper so well as it was wont to do.

Clow. No sure, why in *England* we coo'd cozen 'em as familiarly, as if we had travell'd with a Brief, or a Lottery.

Foro. I'th' Low-countries we did pretty well.

Clow. So so: as long as we kept the Mop-headed butter-boxes sober; marry when they were drunk, then they grew buzards: You should have them reel their heads together, and deliberate; your *Dutchman* indeed, when he is foxt, is like a Fox; for when he's sunk in drink, quite earth to a Mans thinking, 'tis full Exchange time with him, then he's subtlest; but your *Switzer*, 'twas nothing to cheat him.

Foro. Nothing?

Clow. No, nor conscience to be made of it; for since nature afore-hand cozen'd him of his wit, 'twas the less sin for us to cozen him of his Mony.

Foro. But these *Italians* are more nimble-pated, we must have some new trick for them; I protest but that our Hostess's daughter is a sweet Lass, and draws great resort to'th' house, we were as good draw teeth a horseback.

Clow. I told 'em in the Market-place you could conjure, and no body would believe me: but ere long I will make 'em believe you can conjure with such a figuary.

Foro. What language shall's conjure in? high *Dutch* I think, that's full i'th' mouth.

Clow. No, no, *Spanish*, that roars best; and will appear more dreadful.

Foro. Prethee tell me thy conceit thou hast to gull them.

Clow. No, no, I will not stael it; but my dear Jewstrump, for thou art but my instrument, I am the plotter, and when we have cozen'd 'em most titely, thou shalt steal away the Inn-keepers daughter, I'll provide my self of another moveable: and we will most purely retire our selves to *Geneva*.

Foro. Thou art the compass I sail by.

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Bap. Was ever expectation of so Noble
A requital answered with such contumely!

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT II

A wild *Numidian* that had suck'd a Tigress,
Would not have been so barbarous; Did he threat
To cut thy hand off?

Ment. Yes Sir, and his slaves were ready to perform't.

Bapt. What hind'red it?

Ment. Only his sons intreaty.

Bapt. Noble youth,

I wish thou wert not of his blood; thy pitty
Gives me a hope thou art not.

Ment. You mistake Sir,
The injury that followed from the son,
Was worse than the fathers; he did first disarme
And took from me a Jewel, which I prize
Above my hand or life.

Bap. Take thy sword from thee?
He stole it like a Thief rather, he could not
I'th' Field deprive thee of it.

Ment. He took it from me,
And sent me forth so thin, and so unmade up,
As if I had been a Foot-boy.

Bap. O my fury!
I must now ask thee forgiveness, that my rashness,
Bred out of too much friendship, did expose thee
To so eminent a danger; which I vow
I will revenge on the whole Family:
All the calamities of my whole life,
My banishment from *Genoa*, my wifes loss
Compar'd to this indignity, is nothing;
Their Family shall repair't; it shall be to them
Like a plague, when the Dog-star reigns most hot:
An *Italian's* revenge may pause, but's ne'er forgot. [*Exit.*]

Ment. I would I had conceal'd this from my Father,
For my interest in *Clarissa*; my care now
Must be to untangle this division,
That our most equal flames may be united;
And from these various and perturbed streames,
Rise, like a sweet Morn, after terrible dreams.— [*Exit.*]

Enter Clarissa and Cæsario.

Clar. Brother, I am happy in your recovery.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Cæs. And I Sister, am ever best pleased in your happiness :
But I miss a toy should be on your finger.

Clar. My Ring ; this morning when I wash't
I put it off, 'tis in my Window.

Cæs. Where's your Looking-glass ?

Clar. Here, Sir.

Cæs. 'Tis a fair one.

Clar. 'Tis pure Chrystal.

Cæs. Can a Diamond cut in Crystal ? let me see,
I'll grave my name in't.

Clar. Oh, you'll spoyl my glass.

Would you not have your brother in your eye ?

Cæs. I had thought he had been Planted in your heart,
Look you, the Diamond cuts quaintly, you are cozen'd,
Your Chrystal is too brittle.

Clar. 'Tis the Ring

I gave unto *Mentivole*, sure the same.

You put me to amazement Sir, and horror ;

How came you by that Ring ?

Cæs. Does the blood rise ?

Clar. Pray Sir resolve me, O for pitty do ;
And take from me a trembling at the heart,
That else will kill me : for I too much fear
Nothing but Death could ravish it from his hand
That wore it.

Cesar. Was it given to *Mentivola* on that condition ?

Clar. Tell me of his health first.

And then I'll tell you any thing.

Cesar. By my life he's well,

In better health than I am.

Clar. Then it was Sir.

Cesar. Then shall I ever hate thee, Oh thou false one ;
Hast thou a Faith to give unto a friend,
And break it to a brother ? Did I not,
By all the tyes of blood importune thee
Never to part with it without my knowledge ?
Thou might'st have given it to a Muliter,
And made a contract with him in a stable,
At as cheap a price of my vengeance : never more
Shall a Womans trust beguile me ; You are all

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT II

Like Relicks: you may well be look't upon,
But come a Man to'th' handling of you once,
You fall in pieces.

Clar. Dear Sir, I have no way
Look't either beneath reason, or my self,
In my election; there's parity in our blood,
And in our fortunes, antient amity
Betwixt our parents: to which wants nothing,
But the Fruit of blest Marriage between us,
To add to their posterities: nor does now
Any impeachment rise, except the sad
And unexpected quarrel, which divided
So noble, and so excellent a friendship,
Which as I ne'er had Magick to foresee,
So I could not prevent.

Cæsar. Well, you must give me leave
To have a hand in your disposing, I shall,
In the absence of my Father, be your Guardian;
His Suit must pass through my office. *Mentivole,*
He has too much of my blood already; he has,
And he get's no more of't—
Wherefore weep you Mother?

Enter Mariana, and a Sailor.

Marian. 'Tis occasion'd by a sorrow,
Wherein you have a Child's part, and the mainest,
Your Father's dead.

Cæsar. Dead?

Marian. There's one can relate the rest.

Sailor. I can Sir, your Father's drown'd,
Most unfortunately drown'd.

Cæsar. How? In a tempest?

Sailor. No Sir, in a calm,
Calm as this evening; the Gunner being drunk,
Forgot to fasten the Ordnance to their ports,
When came a sudden gust, which tumbled them
All to the Starboard side, o'erturn'd the Ship,
And sunk her in a moment, some six men
That were upon the deck were sav'd: the rest
Perish'd with your Father.

ACT III THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Claris. O my dearest Father—

Cesar. I pray thee leave us. (former.

Maria. I have a sorrow of another nature, equal to the

Cesar. And most commonly they come together.

Maria. The Family of the *Baptisti*

Are grown to faction, and upon distast
Of the injury late offer'd in my house,
Have vow'd a most severe, and fell revenge
'Gainst all our family, but especially
'Gainst you my dear *Cæsario*.

Cesar. Let them threat, I am prepar'd to oppose them.

Maria. And is your loss then

Of so easie an estimation? What comfort
Have I but in your life, and your late danger
Presents afore me what I am to suffer,
Should you miscarry; therefore I'll advise you
When the Funeral is over, you would travel,
Both to prevent their fury, and wear out th' injury.

Cæsar. No Mother, I will not travel,
So in my absence he may marry my Sister,
I will not travel certain.

Maria. O my *Cæsario*,

Whom I respect and love 'bove my own life,
Indeed with a kind of dotage, he shall never
Go forth o' doors, but the contrary faction
Will indanger's life, and then am I most wretched.
I am thinking of a strange prevention,
Which I shall witness with a bleeding eye,
Fondness sometimes is worse than cruelty.—

[*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Host, Hostess, and Bianca.

Host. **H**Aunted, my house is haunted with goblins. I shall be frighted out of my wits, and set up a sign only to invite Carriers and Foot-posts; scar-crows to keep off the Cavalry, and Gentry of the best rank. I will nail up my doors, and wall up my Girle (wife) like an Anchoress; or

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she will be ravisht before our faces, by rascalls and cacafugo's (wife) cacafugo's.

Hostess. These are your In-comes, remember your own proverb, the savor of every gain smelt sweet; thank no body but your self for this trouble.

Host. No gauling (dear Spouse) no gauling, every days new vexation abates me two inches in the waste, terrible pennance for an Host, Girle, girle, girle, Which of all this gally-maufry of Mans flesh appears tolerable to thy choice; speak shortly, and speak truely: I must and will know, must and will; Hear ye that?

Bian. Sir, be not jealous of my care and duty; I am so far from entertaining thoughts Of liberty, that much more excellent objects Than any of such course contents as these are, Could not betray mine eye to force my heart; Conceive a wish of any dearer happiness Than your direction warrant's. I am yours Sir. (at 13.

Hostess. What thinks the Man now? Is not this strange

Host. Very good words, there's a tang in e'm, and a sweet one, 'tis musick (wife) and now I come t'ee. Let us a little examine the several conditions of our Paragraphistical suitors. The first, a travelling Tailor, who by the mystery of his Needle and Thimble, hath survey'd the fashions of the French, and English; this Signior Ginger-bread, sticht up in the shreds of a g[a]udy outside, sows Linings with his cross-leg'd complement, like an Ape doing tricks over a staffe, cringes, and crouches, and kisses his forefinger.

Hostess. Out upon him.

Host. A second, a lavolteteere, a saltatory, a dancer with a Kit at his Bum, one that, by teaching great *Madonnas* to foot it, has miraculously purchast a ribanded Wastcote, and four clean pair of socks; a fellow that skips as he walkes, and instead of sensible discourse, vents the curious conceit of some new tune stolen from a Mask, or a bawdy dittie, elevated for the *Pole Artick* of a Ladies chamber, in that file stands another of your inamoratoes.

Hostess. Hang him and his Fiddle together, he never fides any child of ours.

Host. The third, a Mongrel, got by a *Switzer* on an

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Italian; this puppy, being left well estated, comes to *Florence*, that the world may take notice, how impossible it is for experience to alter the course of nature; a fool (wife) and indeed, a Clown turn'd Gallant, seldom or never proves other than a gallant fool, this toy prates to little purpose other than What's a Clock? Shall's go drink? De'e forsooth? and thank ye heartily; I fear no art in him to catch thee, and yet we must be tormented with this buzard amongst the rest.

Hostess. 'Tis your own folly, forbid him the House.

Host. The fourth, a Mule-driver, a stubborn and a harsh knave: the fifth a School-Master, a very amorous Pedant, run almost mad with study of Sonnets, and Complements out of old Play-ends, the last an Advocates Clerk, that speaks pure Fustian in Law-terms: excellent Courtiers all, and all as neate as a *Magnifio's* post new painted, at his entrance to an office; thou shalt have none of 'em. Laugh at 'em, do. I say thou shalt have none of 'em.

Bian. Still your command to me shall stand a Law.

Host. Now they throng like so many horse-coursers at a fair, in clusters about the Man of Art, for Love-powders, ingredients, potions, counsels, postures, complements, philters: the Devil and the—How now? Tumults? Batteries, Noise? ha, get from my sight.

[*Clown cries within.*]

Enter Forobosco, and Clown, his head bloody.

Clow. Murder me, do, pound me to Mummy, do; see what will come on't.

Foro. Dog, leave thy snarling, or I'll cut thy tongue out, Thou un[l]ickt Bear, dar'st thou yet stand my fury, My generous rage? yet! by the sulphurous damps That feed the hungry and incessant darkness, Which curls around the grim *Alastors* back, Mutter again, and with one powerful word, I'll call an Host up from the *Stygian* Lakes, Shall waft thee to the *Acherontick* fens; Where choak't with Mists as black as thy impostures, Thou shalt live still a dying.

Clow. Conjure me to the Devil and you can, I live in Hell upon earth already, and you had any mercy, you would not practise upon a kind heart thus.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT III

Host. You have drawn blood from him Signior, Is his offence unpardonable?

Foro. A lump of ignorance, pray speak not for him, A drowsie grossness, in all Christian Kingdoms, The mention of my art, my name, my practise, Merit and Glory hath begot at once Delight and wonder; I'll not be entreated; Spare intercession for him,—O thou scorn Of learning, shame of duty; must thy sloth Draw my just fame in question? I discharge thee From my service; see me no more henceforth.

Clow. Discharge me! Is that my years wages? I'll not be so answer'd.

Foro. Not Camel? Sirrah I am liberal to thee; Thou hast thy life, be gone.

Clow. Vengeance, sweet vengeance.

Foro. De'e mumble?

Clow. I'll be reveng'd, monstrously, suddenly, and insatiably; my bulk begins to swell.

Foro. *Homotolenton, Pragmatophoros, Heliostycorax.*

Clo. Call up your Spirits, I defie 'em; well, I'll have Law for my broken pate, twelve ounces of pure blood; *Troy*-weight. In despite of thee my Master, and thy Master the grand Devil himself, *vindiēta, vindiēta.*— [Exit.

Host. Signior, you are exceeding mov'd.

Hostess. Mercy upon us, What terrible words thou talk'st?

Foro. A slave, a curr—but be not you affrighted Young Virgin, 'twere an injury to sweetness: Should any rough sound draw from your cheeks, The pretious tincture which makes nature proud Of her own workmanship.

Host. Wife, Mark, mark that Wife.

Bian. Shake then your anger off Sir;

Foro. You command it

Fair one, mine Host and Hostess, with your leaves I have a motion joyntly to you all.

Hostess. An honest one I hope.

Host. Well put in Wife.

Foro. A very necessary one, the Me[s]s And half of suitors, that attend to usher

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Their Loves sir-reverence to your daughter, wait
 With one consent, which can best please her eye ;
 In offering at a Dance, I have provided
 Musick. And, 'twill be something I dare promise
 Worthy your laughter, Shall they have admittance? (so

Host. By any means, for I am perswaded the manner will be
 Ridiculous, that it will confirm the assurance of their
 Miserable fooleries, but no longer trouble with 'em here,
 Than they are in these May-games.

Foro. So I am resolv'd.

Hostess. Nor any wise word of senceless love.

Foro. Not any; I have charm'd them, Did you see
 How they prepar'd themselves? how they stroak up
 Their foretops, how they justle for the Looking-lass,
 To set their faces by it; [See they Muster.
 You would look for some most impossible antick.

Enter Tailor, Dancer, Mule-driver, School-Master,
 Clark: (*all with several papers, and present
 'em to Forobosco.*)

Host. So, so, so, so, here flutter the nest of Hornets, the
 hotch-potch of rascallity; now, now, now, now, the dung-hill
 of corruption hath yawn'd forth the burthen of abomination.
 I am vext, vext to the soul, will rid my house of this unchristen'd
 fry, and never open my doors again.

Foro. Some other time, I'll give no answer now,
 But have preferred your suits, here shew your cunning.
 First, every one in order do his honor
 To the fair mark you shoot at; courtly, courtly,
 Convey your several loves in lively measure:
 Come, let us take our seates, some sprightly Musick.

Host. Dance all and part, 'tis a very necessary farewell.

Enter Cæsario, *They all make ridiculous conges to*
Bianca: rank themselves, and dance in several
postures: during the dance, Enter
Cæsario, and stands off.

Host. Well done my lusty bloods, precisely well done,
 One lusty rouse of Wine, and take leave on all sides.

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Cesar. Thanks for your Revels Gentlemen; accept This Gold, and drink as freely as you danc'd.

Host. My noble Lord *Cesario*, clear the rooms Sirs.

Foro. Away. Attend your answers.

[—*Exeunt Foro, and those that danc'd.*]

Cesar. With your favor *Rolando*, I would change a word or two with your fair daughter.

Host. At your Lordships pleasure, come Wife, no muttering, have a care Girle, my love, service, and duty to your good Lordship. [—*Exeunt and Wife.*]

Cesar. My often visits (sweet *Bianca*) cannot But constantly inform thy judgment, wherein Thy happiness consists, for to steal minutes From great employments, to converse with beauty, Lodg'd in so mean a fortune, to lay by Consideration of the unequal distance Between my blood and thine, to shun occasions Of courtship with the Ladies of the time: Noble, and fair, only for love to thee, Must of necessity invite a tenderness; As low as nature could have stamp'd a Bondwomans. To entertain quick motions of rare gratitude For my uncommon favors.

Bian. 'Deed my Lord, as far as my simplicity can lead me, I freely thank your curtesies.

Cesar. To thank them, is to reward them pretty one.

Bian. Then teach me

How I may give them back again; in truth I never yet receiv'd a pair of Gloves: A trifling Ring from any that expected An equall satisfaction, but as willingly I parted with the gift unto the owner, as he bestow'd it.

Cesar. But I pour before thee Such plenties, as it lies not in the ability Of thy whole kindred, to return proportionable One for a thousand.

Bian. You my Lord conclude For my instruction, to ingage a debt Beyond a possibility of paiment, I ever thought a sin; and therefore justly

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Without conceit of scorn, or curious rudeness,
I must refuse your bounty.

Cesar. Canst thou love?

Bian. Love! Is there such a word in any Language
That carries honest sence?

Cesar. Never dwelt ignorance
In so sweet-shap't a building: love, *Bianca*,
Is that firm knot which ties two hearts in one:
Shall ours be tied so?

Bian. Use a plainer word,
My Lord. In stead of tyes, say marries hearts,
Then I may understand.

Cesar. Their hearts are married
Whose enterchange of pleasures, and embraces,
Soft kisses, and the privacies of sweets,
Keeps constant league together, when temptation
Of great mens oathes and gifts, shall urge contempt,
Rather than batter resolution, novelty
Of sights, or taste of new delights in wantonness,
Breeds surfeit more than appetite in any
Reserv'd to noble vowes; my excellent Maid,
Live thou but true to me, and my contents,
Mine only, that no partner may partake
The treasure of those sweets thy youth yet glories in,
And I will raise thy lowness to abundance
Of all varieties, and more triumph
In such a Mistris, than great Princes doating
On truth-betraying Wives.

Bian. Thus to yield up then
The cottage of my virtue, to be swallow'd
By some hard-neighbouring Landlord, such as you are,
Is in effect to love, a Lord so vicious!
O where shall innocence find some poor dwelling,
Free from temptations tyranny.

Cesar. Nay prethee.

Byan. Gay clothes, high feeding, easie beds of lust,
Change of unseemly sights; with base discourse,
Draw curses on your Pallaces; for my part,
This I will be confirm'd in, I will eate
The bread of labour, know no other rest

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Than what is earn'd from honest pains, ere once more
Lend ear to your vile toyles; Sir, would you were
As noble in desires, as I could be in knowing virtue.
Pray do not afflict a poor soul thus.

Cesar. I swear—to me?— [Bianca steales off.]

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. The Duke my Lord commands your speedy presence
For answering agrievances lately urg'd
Against you by your Mother?

Cesar. By my Mother.

Gent. The Court is near on sitting.

Cesar. I wait on it Sir,— [Exeunt.]

*Enter Duke, Magistrate, Secretary, Baptista, Attendants,
Mentivole: (they sit) Mentivole stands by.*

Duke. What waste of blood, what tumults, what divisions,
What outrages, what uprores in a State,
Factions, though issuing from mean springs at first,
Have (not restrain'd) flow'd to, the sad example
At *Rome*, between the *Ursins* and *Columni's*:
Nay, here at home, in *Florence*, 'twixt the *Neers*
And the *Bianchi*, can too mainly witness.
I sit not at the Helm (my Lords) of Sovereignty
Deputed Pilot for the Common-wealth,
To sleep while others steere (as their wild fancies
Shall counsel) by the compass of disorders.

Baptista, This short Preface is directed
Chiefly to you, the petty brawls and quarrels
Late urg'd betwixt th' *Alberti* and your family;
Must, yes, and shall, like tender unknit joynts,
Fasten again together of themselves:
Or like an angry Chyrurgion, we will use
The roughness of our justice, to cut off
The stubborn rancour of the limbes offending.

Bap. Most gracious *Florence*.

Duke. Our command was signified,
That neither of the followers of each party
Should appear here with weapons.

Bap. 'Tis obey'd Sir, on my side.

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Duke. We must leave the general cause
Of State employments, to give ear to brawls
Of some particular grudges, pollitick government
For tutor'd Princes, but no more henceforth.

*Enter Mariana, and Clarissa at one door, Cesario
at the other.*

Our frown shall check presumption, not our clemency.

Mari. All blessings due to impartial Princes,
Crown *Florence* with eternity of happiness.

Cesar. If double Prayers can double blessings (great Sir)
Mine joyn for your prosperity with my Mothers.

Duke. Rise both; now briefly (*Lady*) without circumstance
Deliver those agrievances, which lately
Your importunity possest our Counsel,
Were fit for audience, wherein you petition'd,
You might be heard without an Advocate,
Which boon you find is granted.

Mari. Though divided.

I stand between the Laws of truth and modesty,
Yet let my griefs have vent: Yet the clearness
Of strange necessity requires obedience
To nature and your Mercy, in my weeds
Of mourning, emblems of too dear misfortunes,
Badges of griefs, and Widdowhood, the burthen
Of my charg'd soul, must be laid down before you;
Wherein, if strict opinion cancel shame,
My frailty is my plea;
Stand forth young Man,
And hear a story that will strike all reason
Into amazement.

Cesar. I attend.

Mar. *Alberto* (peace dwell upon his ashes) still the husband
Of my remembrance and unchanging vows,
Has, by his death, left to his heir possession
Of fair renew, which this young man claimes
As his inheritance. I urg'd him gently,
Friendly, and privately, to grant a partage
Of this estate to her who ownes it all,
This his supposed Sister.

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Bap. How supposed?

Cesar. Pray *Madam* recollect your self.

Mar. The relish

Of a strange truth begins to work like Physick
Already: I have bitterness to mingle

With these preparatives, so deadly loathsome;

It will quite choak digestion; shortly hear it

Cesario, for I dare not rob unjustly

The poor soul of his name; this, this *Cesario*

Neither for Father had *Alberto*, me

For Mother, nor *Clarissa* for his Sister.

Claris. Mother, O Mother.

Ment. I am in a Dream sure.

Duke. No interruptions. Lady on.

Mari. Mistake not,

Great Duke of *Tuscany*, or the beginning

Or process of this novelty; my husband

The now deceas'd *Alberto*, from his youth

In-ur'd to an impatiency, and roughness

Of disposition, when not many months

After our Marriage were worn out, repin'd

At the unfr[ui]tful barrenness of youth,

Which, as he pleas'd to terme it, cut our hopes off

From blessing of some issue; to prevent it

I grew ambitious of no fairer honor

Than to preserve his love, and as occasions

Still call'd him from me, studied in his absence

How I might frame his welcome home with comfort.

At last I fain'd my self with Child; the Message

Of freedome, or relief, to one half starv'd

In prison, is not utter'd with such greediness

Of expectation, and delight, as this was

To my much affected Lord; his care, his goodness;

(Pardon me that I use the word) exceeded

All former fears, the hour of my deliverance

As I pretended, drawing near, I fashion'd

My birth-rights at a Country Garden-house,

Where then my Faulk'ners Wife was brought a bed

Of this *Cesario*; him I own'd for mine;

Presented him unto a joyful Father.

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Duke. Can you prove this true?

Mari. Proofs I have most evident;
But oh the curse of my impatency; shortly,
E'r three new Moons had spent their borrow'd Lights,
I grew with Child indeed, so just is Heaven,
The issue of which burthen was this Daughter;
Judge now most gracious Prince, my Lords and you,
What combats then, and since, I have indur'd,
Between a Mothers piety, and weakness
Of a Soul trembling Wife; to have reveal'd
This secret to *Alberto*, had been danger
Of ruin to my fame, besides the conflict
Of his distractions; now to have suppress it,
Were to defeat my Child, my only Child,
Of her most lawful honors, and inheritance.

Cæsario, th'art a Man still, Education
Hath moulded thee a Gentleman, continue so;
Let not this fall from greatness sink thee lower
Than worthy thoughts may warrant, yet disclaim
All interest in *Alberto's* blood, thou hast not
One drop of his or mine.

Duke. Produce your witness.

Marian. The Faulconers Wife his Mother,
And such women as waited then upon me,
Sworn to the privacy of this great secret.

Duke. Give them all their Oaths.

Cesar. O let me crave forbearance, gracious Sir,
Vouchsafe me hearing.

Duke. Speak *Cæsario*.

Cesar. Thus long
I have stood silent, and with no unwillingness,
Attended the relation of my fall,
From a fair expectation; what I fear'd
(Since the first syllable this Lady utter'd
Of my not being hers) benevolent Fates
Have eas'd me off; for to be basely born,
If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of natures freedom, or an honest birth.
Nobility claim'd by the right of blood,
Shewes chiefly, that our Ancestors desir'd

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What we inherit; but that Man whose actions
 Purchase a real merit to himself,
 And ranks him in the file of praise and honor,
 Creates his own advancement; let me want
 The fuel which best feeds the fires of greatness,
 Lordly possessions, yet shall still my gratitude
 By some attempts, of mention not unworthy,
 Endeavour to return a fit acquittance
 To that large debt I owe your favours (Madam)
 And great *Alberto's* memory and goodness;
 O that I could as gently shake off passion
 For the loss of that great brave Man, as I can shake off
 Remembra[n]ce of that once I was reputed;
 I have not much to say, this Princely presence
 Needs not too strictly to examine farther
 The truth of this acknowledgment; a Mother
 Dares never disavow her only son,
 And any woman must come short of Piety,
 That can, or dis-inherit her own issue,
 Or fears the voice of rumor for a stranger.
 Madam, you have confest, my Father was
 A servant to your Lord and you: by interest
 Of being his son, I cannot but claim justly
 The honor of continuing still my service
 To you and yours; which granted, I beg leave
 I may for this time be dismissed.

Duke. Bold spirit.

Bap. I love thee now with pitty;

Duke. Go not yet—

A sudden tempest that might shake a rock,
 Yet he stands firm against it; much it moves me,
 He, not *Alberto's* son, and she a Widdow,
 And she a Widdow,—Lords your ear.

Omnes. Your pleasure.—

[*Whispers.*]

Duke. So, Lady, what you have avouch'd is truth.

Mari. Truth only, gracious Sir.

Duke. Hear then our Sentence.

Since from his cradle you have fed and foster'd
Cæsario as your Son, and train'd him up
 To hopes of greatness; which now in a moment

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You utterly again have ruin'd, this way
 We with our Counsel are resolv'd, you being
 A Widdow, shall accept him for a husband.

Maria. Husband to me, Sir?

Duke. 'Tis in us to raise him
 To honors, and his vertues will deserve 'em.

Maria. But Sir, 'tis in no Prince, nor his Prerogative,
 To force a Womans choice against her heart.

Duke. True, if then you appeale to higher Justice,
 Our Doom includes this clause upon refusal,
 Out of your Lords revenues shall *Cæsario*
 Assure to any, whom he takes for Wife,
 The inheritance of three parts; the less remainder
 Is dowry large enough to marry a daughter;
 And we, by our Prerogative, which you question,
 Will publickly adopt him into th' name
 Of your deceas'd *Alberto*, that the memory
 Of so approv'd a Peer may live in him
 That can preserve his memory; 'less you find out
 Some other means, which may as amply satisfie
 His wrong, our Sentence stands irrevocable:
 What think you Lords?

Omnes. The Duke is just and honorable.

Bap. Let me embrace *Cæsario*, henceforth ever
 I vow a constant friendship.

Mentivole. I remit all former difference.

Cesar. I am too poor
 In words to thank this Justice. *Madam*, alwayes
 My studies shall be love to you, and duty.

Duke. Replies we admit none. *Cæsario* wait on us.

[*Exeunt. Manent, Mentivole, Bap. Mari. Claris.*]

Bap. Mentivole.

Menti. My Lord.

Bap. Look on *Clarissa*, she's noble, rich, young, fair.

Mentivole. My Lord, and virtuous.

Bap. Mentivole and virtuous.—*Madam.*

Maria. Tyranny of Justice, I shall live reports derision,
 That am compell'd to exchange a graceful Widdow-hood
 For a continual Martyrdome in Marriage,
 With one so much beneath me.

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Bap. I'll plead for ye
 Boldly and constantly, let your daughter only
 Admit my son her servant, at next visit,
Madam, I'll be a messenger of comfort.
Mentivole, be confident and earnest. [Exit.]

Maria. Married again, to him too! better 'thad been
 The young Man should have still retain'd the honors
 Of old *Albertos* son, than I the shame
 Of making him successor of his bed; I was too blame.

Ment. Indeed without offence,
 Madam I think you were.

Claris. You urge it fairly, and like a worthy friend.

Maria. Can you say any thing
 In commendation of a Mushroom withered
 Assoon as started up?

Ment. You scorn an Innocent
 Of noble growth, for whiles your husband liv'd
 I have heard you boast *Cesario* in all actions
 Gave matter of report of Imitation,
 Wonder and envy; let not discontinuance
 Of some few days estrange a sweet opinion
 Of virtue, ch[ie]fly when, in such extremity,
 Your pitty not contempt will argue goodness.

Maria. O Sir.

Cl. If you would use a thriving courtship,
 You cannot utter a more powerfull language
 That I shall listen to with greater greediness
 Than th'argument you prosecute; this speaks you
 A man compleat and excellent.

Ment. I speak not, they are his own deserts.

Maria. Good Sir forbear,
 I am now fully sensible of running
 Into a violent Lethargy, whose deadliness
 Locks up all reason, I shall never henceforth
 Remember my past happiness.

Ment. These clouds may be disperst.

Maria. I fear continuall night
 Will over-shroud me, yet poor youth his trespass
 Lies in his fortune, not the cruelty
 Of the Duke's sentence.

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Gla. I dare think it does.

Maria. If all fail I will learn thee to conquer
Adversity with sufferance.

Ment. You resolve Nobly. [*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Cesario and a Servant.

Cesar. Let any friend have entrance.

Servant. Sir a'shall.

Cesar. Any, I except none.

Serv. We know, your mind Sir. [—*Exit.*

Cesar. Pleasures admit no bounds.

I am pitcht so high
To such a growth of full prosperities
That to conceal my fortunes were an injury
To gratefulness, and those more liberall favours
By whom my glories prosper. He that flowes
In gracious and swolne tydes of best abundance,
Yet will be Ignorant of his own fortunes,
Deserves to live contemn'd, and dye forgotten ;
The harvest of my hopes is now already
Ripen'd and gather'd, I can fatten youth
With choice of plenty, and supplies of comforts,
My fate springs in my own hand, and I'll use it.

Enter 2 Servants and Bianca.

1 'Tis my place.

2 Yours? here fair one, I'll acquaint my Lord.

1 He's here, go to him boldly.

2 Please you to let him understand how readily

I waited on your errand?

1 Saucy fellow, you must excuse his breeding.

Cesar. What's the matter?

Biancha, my *Biancha,* to your offices.

[*Exit Ser.*

This visit (Sweet) from thee (my pretty dear)
By how much more 'twas unexpected, comes
So much the more timely: witness this free welcome,
What ere occasion led thee.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT IV

Bian: You must guess Sir,
Yet indeed 'tis a rare one.

Ces. Prethee speak it, my honest virtuous maid.

Bian. Sir I have heard
Of your misfortunes, and I cannot tell you
Whether I have more cause of joy or sadness,
To know they are a truth.

Ces. What truth *Biancha*? misfortunes, how, wherein?

Bian. You are disclaym'd
For being the Lord *Alberto's* Son, and publickly
Acknowleg'd of as mean a birth as mine is,
It cannot chuse but greive ye.

Ces. Greive me? ha ha ha ha? is this all?

Bian. This all?

Ces. Thou art sorry for't
I warrant thee: alas good soul, *Biancha*,
That which thou call'st misfortune is my happiness,
My happiness *Biancha*.

Bian. If you love me, it may prove mine too.

Ces. May it? I will love thee.
My good, good maid,
If that can make thee happy,
Better and better love thee.

Bian. Without breach then
Of modesty I come to claime the Interest
Your protestations, both by vows and letters,
Have made me owner of: from the first hour
I saw you, I confess I wisht I had been
Or not so much below your rank and greatness,
Or not so much above those humble flames
That should have warm'd my bosome with a temperate
Equality of desires in equal fortunes.
Still as you utter'd Language of affection,
I courted time to pass more slowly on
That I might turn more fool to lend attention
To what I durst not credit, nor yet hope for:
Yet still as more I heard, I wisht to hear more.

Ces. Didst thou introth wench?

Bian. Willingly betraid
My self to hopeless bondage.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Ces. A good girl,
I thought I should not miss
What ere thy answer was.

Biancha. But as I am a maid Sir, and I'faith
You may believe me, for I am a maid,
So dearly I respected both your fame
And quality, that I would first have perisht
In my sick thoughts than ere have given consent
To have undone your fortunes by inviting
A marriage with so mean an one as I am.
I should have dyed sure, and no creature known
The sickness that had kill'd me.

Ces. Pretty heart, good Soul, alas, alas.

Bian. Now since I know
There is no difference 'twixt your birth and mine,
Not much 'twixt our estates, if any be,
The advantage is on my side, I come willingly
To tender you the first fruits of my heart,
And am content t'accept you for my husband,
Now when you are at lowest.

Ces. For a husband?
Speak sadly, dost thou mean so?

Bian. In good deed Sir,
'Tis pure love makes this proffer.

Ces. I believe thee,
What counsail urg'd thee on, tell me, thy Father
My worshipfull smug Host? wast not he wench?
Or mother Hostess? ha?

Bian. D'ee mock my parentage?
I doe not scorn yours.
Mean folks are as worthy
To be well spoken of if they deserve well,
As some whose onely fame lies in their blood,
O y'are a proud poor man: all your oaths falshood,
Your vows deceit, your letters forg'd, and wicked.

Ces. Thou'dst be my wife, I dare swear.

Bian. Had your heart,
Your hand and tongue been twins, you had reputed
This courtesy a benefit.

Ces. Simplicity,

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT IV

How prettily thou mov'st me! why *Biancha*,
Report has coz'ned thee, I am not fallen
From my expected honors, or possessions,
Though from the hope of birthright.

Bian. Are you not?

Then I am lost again, I have a suit too;
You'll grant it if you be a good man.

Ces. Any thing.

Bian. Pray doe not talk of ought what I have said t'ee.

Ces. As I wish health I will not.

Bian. Pitty me, but never love me more.

Ces. Nay now y'are cruell,

Why all these tears?—Thou shalt not go.

Bian. I'll pray for ye

That you may have a virtuous wife, a fair one,
And when I am dead—

Ces. Fy, fy.

Bian. Think on me sometimes,

With mercy for this trespass.

Ces. Let us kiss

At parting as at coming.

Bian. This I have

As a free dower to a virgins grave,

All goodness dwell with ye.—

[*Exit.*

Ces. Harmeless *Biancha*! unskill'd;

What handsome toys are maids to play with!

Enter Mariana and Clarissa.

How innocent! But I have other thoughts
Of nobler meditation.—my felicity,
Thou commest as I could wish, lend me a lip
Soft as melting as when old *Alberto*
After his first nights triall taking farewell
Of thy youth's conquest tasted.

Maria. You are uncivill.

Ces. I will be Lord of my own pleasures, Madam
Y'are mine, mine freely,
Come, no whimpering henceforth
New con the lessons of loves best experience,
That our delights may meet in equal measure

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Of resolutions and desires ; this sulleness
Is scurvy, I like it not.

Mar. Be modest.

And do not learn *Cesario* how to prostitute
The riot of thy hopes to common folly ;
Take a sad womans word, how ere thou doat'st
Upon the present graces of thy greatnes.
Yea I am not falen so below my constancy
To virtue, nor the care which I once tend'red
For thy behoof that I prefer a sentence
Of cruelty before my honor.

Ces. Honor !

Maria. Hear me, thou seest this girl ! now the comfort
Of my last days. She is the onely pledge
Of a bed truely noble : shee had a father
(I need not speak him more than thou remembrest)
Whom to dishonor by a meaner choice,
Were injury and infamy.

Clariss. To goodnes,
To time and virtuous mention.

Mar. I have vow'd,
Observe me now *Cesario*, that how ere
I may be forc'd to marry, yet no tyranny,
Persuasions, flattery, guifts, intreats, or tortures,
Shall draw me to a second bed.

Clar. Tis just too.

Maria. Yes and 'tis just *Clarissa*. I allow
The Duke's late sentence, am resolv'd young man
To be thy wife, but when the ceremony
Of marriage is perform'd, in life I will be,
Though not in name, a widdow.

Ces. Pray a word t'ee,
Shall I in earnest never be your bedfellow ?

Maria. Never, O never ; and 'tis for your good too.

Ces. Prove that.

Mar. Alas too many years are numbred
In my account to entertain the benefit
Which youth in thee *Cesario*, and ability
Might hope for and require, it were Injustice
To rob a gentleman deserving memory

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT IV

Of Issue to preserve it.

Ces. No more herein,
You are an excellent pattern of true piety,
Let me now turn your advocate. Pray look into
The order of the Duke. Injoyn'd, admit
I satisfie the sentence without marriage
With you, how then?

Mar. *Cesario.*

Ces. If I know
How to acquit your fears, yet keep th'injunction
In every clause whole and entire, your charity
Will call me still your servant.

Mar. Still my son.

Ces. Right Madam, now you have it, still your son.
The *Genius* of your blessings hath instructed
Your tongue oraculously, we will forget
How once I and *Clarissa* enterchang'd
The eyes of brother and of sister, henceforth
New stile us man and wife.

Cl. By what authority?

Ces. Heavens great appointment, yet in all my dotage
On thy perfections, when I thought *Clarissa*
We had been pledges of one womb, no lose
No wanton heat of youth, desir'd to claime
Priority in thy affections, other
Than nature might commend. Chastly I tend'red
Thy welfare as a brother ought; but since
Our bloods are strangers, let our hearts contract
A long life-lasting unity, for this way
The sentence is to be observ'd or no way.

Mar. Then no way.

Ces. I expected other answer Madam from you.

Mar. No, every age shall curse me,
The monster, and the prodigie of nature,
Horrors beyond extremity.

Cl. Pray mother confine the violence of greif.

Ces. Yes mother, pray do.

Mar. Thus some catch at a matrons honor
By flying lust to plot Incestuous witchcrafts.
More terrible than whoredomes; cruell mercy!

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

When to preserve the body from a death
The soul is strangled.

Ces. This is more than passion,
It comes near to distraction.

Mar. I am quieted.

Cesario, thou mayest tell the Duke securely
Alberto's titles, honors and revenues,
The Duke may give away, enjoy them thou.
Clarissas birthright, *Marianas* dower
Thou shalt be Lord of; turn us to the world
Unpittied and unfriended, yet my bed
Thou never sleep'st in; as for her; she hears me,
If she as much as in a thought consent;
That thou may'st call her wife, a Mothers curse
Shall never leave her.

Clar. As a brother once
I lov'd you, as a noble friend yet honor ye,
But for a husband sir, I dare not own you,
My faith is given already.

Ces. To a Villain, I'll cut his throat.

Mar. Why this is more than passion!
It comes near a distraction.

Clar. Call to mind Sir.
How much you have abated of that goodness
Which once reign'd in ye, they appear'd so lovely
That such as friendship led to observation

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Courted the great example.

Ces. Left, and flatter'd into a broad derision?

Mar. Why d'ee think so?

My Lord *Baptista*, is your Son grown cold
In hasting on the marriage, which his vows
Have seal'd to my wrong'd daughter?

Bap. We come Lady, to consummate the contract.

Ces. With *Mentivole*? is he the man?

Ment. *Clarissas*, troth and mine,
Cesario, are recorded in a character
So plain and certain, that except the hand
Of heaven, which writ it first, would blot it out again,

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT IV

No humane power can raze it.

Ces. But say you so too young Lady?

Cla. I should else betray

My heart to falshood, and my tongue to perjury.

Ces. Madam, you know the sentence.

Bap. From the Duke,

I have particular comforts which require

A private [e]are.

Mar. I shall approve it gladly

We are resolv'd *Cesar*io.

Bap. Be not insolent upon a Princes favor.

Cla. Loose no glory,

Your younger years have purchast.

Ment. And deserved too, y'have many worthy freinds.

Bap. Preserve and use them. [*Exeunt: Manet Cesar.*]

Ces. Good, very good, why here's a complement

Of mirth in desperation, I could curse

My fate: O with what speed men tumble down

From hopes that soar too high. *Biancha* now

May scorn me justly too, *Clarissa* married,

Albertos widdow resolute, *Biancha*

Refus'd, and I forsaken: let me study,

I can but die a Batchelor that's the worst on't. [*Exit.*]

Enter Host, Taylor, Muliter, Dancer, Pedant, Coxcombe.

Host. Come Gentlemen,

This is the day that our great artist hath

Promis'd to give all your severall suits satisfaction.

Dancer. Is he stirring?

Host. He hath been at his book these t[w]o hours.

Pedant. He's a rare Physitian.

Host. Why I'll tell you,

Were *Paracelsus* the German now

Living, he'd take up his single rapier against his

Terrible long sword, he makes it a matter of nothing

To cure the gout, sore eyes he takes out as familiarly,

Washes them, and puts them in again,

As you'd blanch almonds.

Tay. They say he can make gold.

Host. I, I, he learnt it of Kelly in Germany.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

There's not a Chymist

In christendome can goe beyond him for multiplying.

Pedant. Take heed then;

He get not up your daughters belly my Host.

Host. You are a merry Gentleman

And the man of art will love you the better.

Dancer. Does he love mirth and crotchets?

Host. O he's the most courteous Physitian,

You may drink or drab in's company freely,

The better he knows how your disease grows,

The better he knows how to cure it.

Danc. But I wonder my Host

He has no more resort of Ladyes to him.

Host. Why Sir?

Dan. O divers of them have great beleif in conjurers:
Lechery is a great help to the quality.

Host. He's scarce known to be in town yet,
Ere long we shall have 'em come
Hurrying hither in Fetherbeds.

Dan. How? bedridden?

Host. No sir, in fetherbeds that move upon 4 wheels in
Spanish caroches.

Ped. Pray acquaint him we give attendance.

Host. I shall gentlemen; I would fain be rid
Of these rascalls, but that they raise profit
To my wine cellar.

When I have made use of them sufficiently,

I will intreat the conjurer to tye crackers to their tails,
And send them packing.

Enter Forobasco as in his Study. (A paper)

Foro. Come hither mine Host, look here.

Host. What's that?

Foro. A challenge from my man.

Host. For breaking's pate?

Foro. He writes here if I meet him not
I'th' Feild within this half hour,
I shall hear more from him.

Host. O sir, minde your profit,
Ne'er think of the rascall, here are the gentlemen.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT IV

Foro. 'Morrow my worthy clients,
What are you all prepar'd of your questions;
That I may give my resolution upon them?

Omnes. We are Sir.

Pedant. And have brought our mony.

Foro. Each then in order,
And differ not for precedency.

Dan. I am buying of an office Sir,
And to that purpose I would fain learn
To dissemble cunningly.

Foro. Doe you come to me for that? you should rather
Have gone to a cunning woman.

Danc. I sir but their Instructions are but like wom[e]n,
Pretty well but not to the depth, as I'd have it:
You are a conjurer, the devils Master,
And I would learn it from you so exactly.

Foro. That the devill himself
Might not go beyond you.

Danc. You are i'th' right Sir.

Foro. And so your mony for your purchase
Might come in again within a 12 month.

Danc. I would be a Graduate sir, no freshman.

F[e]ro. Here's my hand sir,
I will make you dissemble so methodically,
As if the divell should be sent from the great Turk,
In the shape of an Ambassador
To set all the christian princes at variance.

Danc. I cannot with any modesty desire any more.
There's your mony sir.

Foro. For the art of dissembling.

Cox. My suit sir will be news to you when I tell it.

Foro. Pray on.

Cox. I would set up a press here in Italy,
To write all the Corantos for Christendome.

Foro. That's news indeed,
And how would you imploy me in't?

Cox. Marry sir, from you
I would gain my intelligence.

Foro. I conceive you, you would have me furnish you
With a spirit to informe you.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Cox. But as quiet a Divell as the woman,
The first day and a half after she's married,
I can by no means indure a terrible one.

Foro. No, no, I'll qualifie him,
He shall not fright you,
It shall be the ghost of some lying Stationer,
A Spirit shall look as if butter would not melt in his
mouth. A new *Mercurius Gallo-belgicus*.

Cox. O there was a captain was rare at it.

Foro. Ne'er thinke of him,
Though that captain writ a full hand gallop,
And wasted indeed more harmeless paper than
Ever did laxative Physick,
Yet will I make you to out-scribble him,
And set down what you please,
The world shall better believe you.

Cox. Worthy sir I thank you, there's mony.

Foro. A new office
For writing pragmaticall Curranto's.

Pedant. I am a school-master sir,
And would fain conferre with you
About erecting 4 new sects of religion at *Amsterdam*.

Foro. What the Divell should
New sects of religion doe there?

Pedant. I assure you I would get
A great deal of money by it.

Foro. And what are the 4 new sects
Of religion you would plant there?

Ped. Why that's it I come about sir,
'Tis a Divel of your raising must invent 'em,
I confess I am too weak to compass it.

Foro. So sir, then you make it a matter of no difficulty
To have them tolerated.

Pedant. Trouble not your self for that,
Let but your Divel set them a foot once.
I have Weavers, and Ginger-bread makers,
And mighty *Aquavitæ-men*, shall set them a going.

Foro. This is somewhat difficult,
And will aske some conference with the divell.

Ped. Take your own leasure sir,

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT IV

I have another business too, because I mean
To leave *Italy*, and bury my self in those neather parts
Of the low countries.

Foro. What's that sir.

Ped. Marry I would fain make 9 dayes to the week,
for the more ample benefit of the captain.

Foro. You have a shrewd pate sir.

Ped. But how this might be compass'd?

Foro. Compass'd easily; tis but making
A new Almanack, and dividing the compass
Of the year into larger penny-worths,
As a Chandler with his compass makes
A Geometrick proportion of the *Holland* cheese
He retails by stivers.
But for getting of it licenc'd?

Ped. Trouble not your self with that sir,
There's your mony.

Foro. For four new sects of religions,
And 9 dayes to the week.

Ped. To be brought in at general pay-dayes,
Write I beseech you.

Foro. At generall pay-dayes.

Taylor. I am by profession a Taylor,
You have heard of me.

Foro. Yes sir, and will not steal from you
The least part of that commendation I have heard utter'd.

Taylor. I take measure of your worth sir,
And because I will not afflict you with any large bill
Of circumstances, I will snip off particulars.
I would fain invent some strange
And exquisite new fashions.

Foro. Are you not travel'd sir.

Tay. Yes sir, but have observ'd all we can see
Or invent, are but old ones with new names to'em,
Now I would some way or other grow more curious.

Foro. Let me see; to devise new fashions—
Were you never in the Moon?

Tay. In the Moon tavern! yes sir, often.

Foro. No, I do mean in the new world,
In the world that's in the Moon yonder.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Tay. How? a new world 'ith' moon?

Foro. Yes I assure you.

Tay. And peopled?

Foro. O most fantastically peopled.

Tay. Nay certain then there's work for taylors?

Foro. That there is I assure you.

Tay. Yet I have talked with a Scotch taylor

That never discover'd so much to me,

Though he has travell'd far, and was a pedlar in *Poland*.

Foro. That was out of his way,

This lies beyond *Cbina*:

You would study new fashions you say?

Take my councell, make a voyage,

And discover that new world.

Tay. Shall I be a moon-man?

Foro. I am of opinion, the people of that world
(If they be like the nature of that climate they live in)

Do vary the fashion of their cloaths oftener than any
Quick-silver'd nation in Europe.

Tay. Not unlikely, but what should that be we call
The man in the moon then?

Foro. Why 'tis nothing but an Englishman
That stands there stark naked,

With a pair of sheers in one hand,

And a great bundle of broad cloath in the other

(Which resembles the bush of thorns)

Cutting out of new fashions.

Taylor. I have heard somewhat like this,
But how shall I get thither?

Foro. I'll make a new compass shall direct you.

Tay. Certain?

Foro. Count me else for no man of direction.

Tay. There's 20 duckats in hand, at my return
I'll give you a 100.

Foro. A new voyage to discover new fashions.

Mul. I have been a traveller too sir,
That have shewed strange beasts in Christendome,
And got money by them, but I find the trade to decay.
Your Camelion, or East-Indian hedg-hog
Gets very little mony, and your Elephant devours

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT IV

So much bread, brings in so little profit,
 His keeper were better every morning
 Cram 15 Taylors with white manchet :
 I would have some new spectacle,
 And one that might be more attractive.

Foro. Let me see, were you ever in *Spain*?

Mule. Not yet Sir.

Foro. I would have you go to *Madrill*, and against some great festivall, when the court lies there, provide a great and spacious Eng[li]sh Oxe, and rost him whole, with a pudding in's bely; that would be the eighth wonder of the world in those parts I assure you.

Mule. A rare project without question.

Foro. Goe beyond all their garlike *olle padridoes*, though you sod one in *Garguentuas* couldron, bring in more money, then all the monsters of *Affrick*.

Host. Good Sir do your best for him; he's of my acquaintance, and one if ye knew him—

Foro. What is he?

Host. He was once a man of infinite letters.

Foro. A Scholar?

Host. No sir, a packet carrier, which is alwaies a man of many letters, you know: then he was Mule-driver, now he's a gentleman, and feeds monsters.

Foro. A most ungratefull calling.

Mule. There's money for your direction; the price of the Oxe Sir?

Foro. A hundred French crowns, for it must be a *Lincolne-shire* Oxe, and a prime one:
 For a rare and monstrous spectacle, to be seen at *Madrill*.

Enter Clown, Hostess, and Bianca.

Hostes. Pray forbear sir, we shall have a new quarrell.

Clow. You durst not meet me 'ith field, I am therefore come to spoyl your market.

Foro. What's the newes with you sir.

Clow. Gentlemen, you that come hither to be most abominably cheated, listen, and be as wise as your planet will suffer you, keep your mony, be not gul'd, be not laught at.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Pedant. What means this? would I had my mony again in my pocket.

Host. The fellow is full of malice, do not mind him.

Clow. This profest cheating rogue was my master, and I confess my self a more preternotorious rogue than himself, in so long keeping his villainous counsell.

Foro. Come, come, I will not hear you.

Clow. No couz'ner, thou wouldest not hear me, I do but dare thee to suffer me to speak, and then thou and all thy divells spit fire, and spout *Aqua fortis*.

Foro. Speak on, I freely permit thee.

Clow. Why then know all you simple animals, you whose purses are ready to cast the calf; if they have not cast it already, if you give any credit to this jugling rascal, you are worse than simple widgins, and will be drawn into the net by this decoy duck, this tame cheater.

Foro. Ha, ha, ha, pray mark him.

Clow. He does profess Physicke, and counjuring; for his Physick; he has but two medicines for all manner of diseases; when he was i'th' low countryes, he us'd nothing but butter'd beer, colour'd with Allegant, for all kind of maladies, and that he called his catholick med'cine; sure the Dutch smelt out it was butter'd beer, else they would never have endur'd it for the names sake: then does he minister a grated Dogs turd instead of Rubarb, many times of Unicornes horn, which working strongly with the conceit of the Patient, would make them bescummer to the height of a mighty purgation.

Foro. The rogue has studied this invective.

Clow. Now for his conjuring, the witches of *Lapland* are the divells chare-women to him, for they will sell a man a wind to some purpose; he sells wind, and tells you fortie lyes over and over.

Hostess. I thought what we should find of him.

Host. Hold your prating, be not you an heretick.

Clow. Conjure! I'll tell you, all the divells names he calls upon are but fustion names, gather'd out of welch heraldry; in breif, he is a rogue of six reprieves, four pardons of course, thrice pilloried, twice sung *Lacrymæ* to the Virginalls of a carts tail, h'as five times been in the *Gallies*, and will never truely run himself out of breath, till he comes to the gallowes.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT IV

Foro. You have heard worthy gentlemen, what this lying, detracting rascall has vomited.

Tay. Yes certain, but we have a better trust in you, for you have ta'en our money.

Foro. I have so, truth is he was my servant, and for some chastisement I gave him, he does practise thus upon me; speak truly sirra, are you certain I cannot conjure?

Clow. Conjure! ha, ha, ha.

Foro. Nay, nay, but be very sure of it.

Clow. Sure of it? why I'll make a bargain with thee, before all these gentlemen, use all thy art, all thy roguery, and make me do any thing before al this company I have not a mind to, I'll first give thee leave to claime me for thy bond slave, and when thou hast done hang me.

Foro. 'Tis a match, sirra, I'll make you caper i'th' air presently.

Clow. I have too solid a body, and my belief is like a Puritans on Good-Friday, too high fed with capon.

Foro. I will first send thee to Green-land for a haunch of venison, just of the thickness of thine own tallow.

Clow. Ha, ha, ha, I'll not stir an inch for thee.

Foro. Thence to *Amboyna* i'th' *East-Indies*, for pepper to bake it.

Clow. To *Amboyna*? so I might be pepper'd.

Foro. Then will I conveigh thee stark naked to *Develing* to beg a pair of *broggs*, to hide thy mountainous buttocks.

Clow. And no doublet to 'em?

Foro. No sir, I intend to send you of a sleeveless errand; but before you vanish, in regard you say I cannot conjure, and are so stupid, and opinionated a slave, that neither I, nor my art can compell you to do any thing that's beyond your own pleasure, the gentlemen shall have some sport, you cannot endure a cat sirra?

Clow. What's that to thee Jugler?

Foro. Nor you'll do nothing at my entreaty?

Clow. I'll be hang'd first.

Foro. Sit Gentlemen, and whatsoever you see, be not frightened.

Hostess: Alas I can endure no conjuring.

Host: Stir not wife.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Bian: Pray let me go sir, I am not fit for these fooleries.

Host: Move not daughter.

For: I wil make you dance a new dance call'd leap-frog.

Clow: Ha, ha, ha.

For: And as naked as a frog.

Clow: Ha, ha, ha, I defie thee.

[*Forobosco looks in a book, strikes with his wand, Musick playes.*]

Enter 4. Boyes shap'd like Frogs, and dance.

P[e]dant: Spirits of the water in the likeness of frogs.

Tay: He has fisht fair believe me.

Mule: See, see, he sweats and trembles.

Foro: Are you come to your quavers?

Clow. Oh, ho, ho.

Foro: I'll make you run division on that o'r ere I leave you; looke you, here are the playfellowes that are so indear'd to you; come sir, first uncase, and then dance, nay I'll make him dance stark naked.

Host. Oh let him have his shirt on and his *Mogols* breeches, here are Women ith' house.

Foro. Well for their sakes he shall.

[*Clown teares off his doublet, making strange faces as if compel'd to it, falls into the Dance.*]

Tay. He dances, what a lying rogue was this to say the gentleman could not conjure!

Foro. He does prettily well, but 'tis voluntary, I assure you, I have no hand in't.

Clow. As you are a Counjurer, and a rare Artist, free me from these couplets; of all creatures I cannot endure a Frog.

Foro. But your dancing is voluntary, I can compell you to nothing.

Hostes. O me, daughter, lets take heed of this fellow, he'll make us dance naked, an' we vex him.

[—*Exeunt Hostess and Bianca.*]

Foro. Now cut capers sirra, I'll plague that chine of yours.

Clow. Ho, ho, ho, my kidneys are rosted. I drop away like a pound of butter rosted.

Tayl. He will dance himself to death.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT IV

Foro. No matter I'll sell his fat to the Pothecharies, and repair my injury that way.

Host. Enough in conscience.

Foro. Well, at your entreaty vanish. And now I wil only make him break his neck in doing a *sommerset*, and that's all the revenge I mean to take of him.

Clow. O gentlemen, what a rogue was I to belye so an approved Master in the noble dark science? you can witness, this I did only to spoyle his practise and deprive you of the happyness of injoying his worthy labors; rogue that I was to do it, pray sir forgive me.

Foro. With what face canst thou ask it?

Clow. With such a face as I deserve, with a hanging look, as all here can testifie.

Foro. Well gentlemen, that you may perceive the goodness of my temper, I will entertain this rogue againe in hope of amendment, for should I turn him off, he would be hang'd.

Clow. You may read that in this foul copy.

Foro. Only with this promise, you shall never cozen any of my patients.

Clow. Never.

Foro. And remember hence forward, that though I cannot conjure, I can make you dance sirra, go get your self into the cottage again.

Enter Cæsario.

Clow. I will never more dance leap-Frog: now I have got you into credit, hold it up, and cozen them in abundance.

Foro. Oh rare rascall. [—Exit Clow.]

Cesar. How now, a *Frankford* mart here, a Mountebank, and his worshipfull auditory?

Host. They are my guests Sir.

Cesar. A — upon them, shew your juggling tricks in some other room.

Host. And why not here Sir?

Cesar. Hence, or sirra I shall spoil your figure flinging, and all their radicall questions.

Omnes. Sir we vanish. [Exeunt. Manet Host. & Cesar.]

Host. Signior Cæsario, you make bold with me,

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

And somewhat I must tell you to a degree
Of ill manners: they are my guests, and men I live by,
And I would know by what authority
You command thus far.

Cesar. By my interest in your daughter.

Host. Interest do you call't? as I remember I never put
her out to Usury on that condition.

Cesar. Pray thee be not angry.

Enter Bianca and Hostess.

I am come to make thee happy, and her happy:
She's here; alas my pretty soul, I am come
To give assurance that's beyond thy hope,
Or thy beleif, I bring repentance 'bout me,
And satisfaction, I will marry thee.

Bianca. Ha?

Cesar. As I live I will, but do not entertain 't
With too quick an apprehension of joy,
For that may hurt thee, I have heard some dye of 't.

Bian. Do not fear me.

Cesar. Then thou think'st I feign
This protestation, I will instantly
Before these testifie my new alliance,
Contract my self unto thee, then I hope
We may be more private.

Host. But thou shalt not sir, (gotten.
For so has many a maiden-head been lost, and many a bastard

Ces. Then to give you the best of any assurance in the
Entreat thy father to go fetch a Preist (world,
Wee will instantly to bed, and there be married.

Bian. Pride hath not yet forsaken you I see,
Though prosperity has.

Host. Sir you are too confident
To fashion to your self a dream of purchase
When you are a begger.

Ces. You are bold with me.

Hostes. Doe we not know your value is cried down
Fourscore i'th' hundred.

Bian. Oh sir I did love you
With such a fixed heart, that in that minute

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT IV

Wherein you slighted, or contemn'd me rather,
 I took a vow to obey your last decree,
 And never more look up at any hope
 Should bring me comfort that way : and though since
 Your Foster-mother, and the fair *Clarissa*
 Have in the way of marriage despis'd you,
 That hath not any way bred my revenge,
 But compassion rather. I have found
 So much sorrow in the way to a chaste wedlock
 That here I will set down, and never wish
 To come to'th' journies end. Your suit to mee
 Henceforth be ever silenc'd.

Cesar. My *Bianca*.

Hostes. Henceforward pray forbear her and my house :
 She's a poor virtuous wench, yet her estate
 May weigh with yours in a gold balance.

Host. Yes, and her birth in any Heralds office in
 Christendom.

Hostes. It may prove so :
 When you'll say, you have leapt a Whiting. [Exit.

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Ces. How far am I grown behind hand with fortune !

Bap. Here's *Cesario* !

My son Sir, is to morrow to be married
 Unto the fair *Clarissa*.

Ces. So.

Ment. Wee hope you'll be a guest there.

Ces. No I will not grace your triumph so much.

Bap. I will not tax your breeding.

But it alters not your birth Sir, fare you well.

Ment. Oh Sir, doe not greive him,
 He has too much affliction already. [Exeunt.

Enter a Sailor.

Ces. Every way scorn'd and lost,
 Shame follow you
 For I am grown most miserable.

Sail. Sir do you know a Ladies son in town here
 They cal *Cesario* ?

ACT V THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Cesar. There's none such I assure thee ;

Sail. I was told you were the man.

Cesar. What's that to thee ?

Sail. A——on't. You are melancholy, will you drink Sir ?

Cesar. With whom ?

Sail. With me Sir ; despise not this pitch'd Canvas ; the time was we have known them lin'd with Spanish Duckets ; I have news for you :

Cesar. For me !

Sail. Not unless you'll drink ;

We are like our Sea provision, once out of pickle,
We require abundance of drink ; I have news to tell you,
That were you Prince,

Would make you send your mandate
To have a thousand bonfires made i'th' City
And pist out agen with nothing but Greek wine.

Cesar. Come, I will drink with thee howsoever.

Sail. And upon these terms I will utter my mind to you.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Alberto, Prospero, Juliana and Sailors.

Sail. Shall we bring your necessaries ashore my Lord ?

Alb. Do what you please, I am land-sick, worse by far
Than ere I was at sea.

Pros. Collect your self.

Alber. O my most worthy *Prospero*, my best friend,
The noble favor I receiv'd from thee
In freeing me from the Turks I now accompt
Worse than my death ; for I shall never live
To make requitall ; what do you attend for ?

Sail. To understand your pleasure.

Alber. They do mock me ;
I do protest I have no kind of pleasure
In any thing i'th' world, but in thy friendship,
I must ever except that.

Pros. Pray leave him, leave him.—[*Exeunt Sailors.*]

Alber. The news I heard related since my landing

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT V

Of the division of my Family,
How is it possible for any man
To bear't with a set patience?

Pros. You have suffer'd

Since your imprisonment more waighty sorrows.

Alber. I, then I was man of flesh and blood,
Now I am made up of fire, to the full height
Of a deadly Calenture; O these vild women
That are so ill preservers of mens honors,
They cannot govern their own honesties.
That I should thirty and odd winters feed
My expectation of a noble heir,
And by a womans falshood find him now
A fiction, a mere dream of what he was;
And yet I love him still.

Pros. In my opinion

The sentence (on this tryall) from the Duke
Was noble, to repair *Cesario's* loss
With the marriage of your wife, had you been dead.

Alber. By your favor but it was not, I conceive
T'was disparagement to my name, to have my widdow
Match with a Faulkeiners son, and yet beli've't
I love the youth still, and much pitty him.
I do remember at my going to Sea,
Upon a quarrel, and a hurt receiv'd
From young *Mentivole*, my rage so far
Oretopt my nobler temper, I gave charge
To have his hand cut off, which since I heard,
And to my comfort, brave *Cesario*,
Worthyly prevented.

Pros. And 'twas nobly done.

Alber. Yet the revenge, for this intent of mine
Hath bred much slaughter in our families,
And yet my wife (which infinitely moans me)
Intends to marry my sole heir *Clarissa*
To the head branch of the other faction.

Pros. 'Tis the mean to work reconcilement.

Alber. Between whom?

Pros. Your self and the worthy *Baptista*.

Alber. Never.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Pros. O you have been of a noble and remarkable friend-
And by this match 'tis generally in *Florence* (ship,
Hop'd, 'twill fully be reconcil'd; to me
'Twould be absolute content.

Julia. And to my self, I have main interest in it.

Alb. Noble Sir, you may command my heart to break
But never to bend that way; poor *Cesario*, (for you
When thou put'st on thy mournfull willow-garland,
Thy enemy shall be suted (I do vow)
In the same livery, my *Cesario*
Loved as my foster child, though not my Son,
Which in some countryes formerly were barbarous,
Was a name held most affectionate; thou art lost,
Unfortunate young man, not only slighted
Where thou received'st thy breeding, but since scorn'd
I th' way of marriage, by the poor *Bianca*
The In-keepers daughter.

Pros. I have heard of that too;
But let not that afflict you: for this Lady
May happily deliver at more leasure
A circumstance may draw a fair event,
Better than you can hope for.
For this present we must leave you,
And shall visit you again within these two hours.

—*Enter Cesario.*

Albert. Ever to me most welcome, —O my *Cesario*.

Cesar. I am none of yours Sir, so 'tis protested;
And I humbly beg,
Since 'tis not in your power to preserve me
Any longer in a noble course of life,
Give me a worthy death.

Alber. The youth is mad.

Cesar. Nay Sir, I will instruct you in a way
To kill me honorably.

Alber. That were most strange.

Cesar. I am turning Pirate, You may be employed
By the Duke to fetch me in; and in a Sea-fight
Give me a noble grave.

Alber. Questionless he's mad: I would give any Doctor

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT V

A thousand crowns to free him from this sorrow.

Cesar. Here's the Physitian.—*Shewes a Poniard.*

Alber. Hold Sir, I did say

To free you from the sorrow, not from life.

Cesar. Why life and sorrow are unseparable.

Alber. Be comforted *Cesario*, *Mentivole*

Shall not marry *Clarissa*.

Cesar. No Sir, ere he shall, I'll kill him.

Alb[e]r. But you forfeit your own life then.

Cesar. That's worth nothing.

Alber. *Cesario*, be thy self, be mine *Cesario* :

Make not thy self incapable of that portion

I have full purpose to confer upon thee,

By falling into madness : bear thy wrongs

With noble patience, the afflicted's friend

Which ever in all actions crowns the end.

Ces. You well awak'd me ; nay recover'd me

Both to sence and full life, O most noble sir,

Though I have lost my fortune, and lost you

For a worthy Father : yet I will not lose

My former virtue, my integrity

Shall not yet forsake me ; but as the wild Ivy,

Spreads and thrives better in some pittious ruin

Of tower, or defac'd Temple, than it does

Planted by a new building ; so shall I

Make my adversity my instrument

To winde me up into a full content.

Alber. 'Tis worthily resolv'd ; our first adventure

Is to stop the marriage ; for thy other losses,

Practis'd by a womans malice, but account them

Like conjurers winds rais'd to a fearfull blast,

And do some mischeif, but do never last.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Forobosco and Clown.

Clow. Now sir, will you not acknowledge that I have mightily advanc'd your practice ?

Forobos. 'Tis confest, and I will make thee a great man for't.

Clow. I take a course to do that my self, for I drink sack in abundance.

Foro. O my rare rascal ! We must remove.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Clow. Whither?

Foro. Any whither: *Europe* is too little to be coz'ned by us, I am ambitious to go to the *East-Indies*, thou and I to ride on our brace of Elephants.

Clow. And for my part I long to be in *England* agen; you will never get so much as in *England*, we have shifted many countryes, and many names: but trance the world over you shall never purse up so much gold as when you were in *England*, and call'd your self Doctor *Lambe-stones*.

Foro. 'Twas an attractive name I confess, women were then my only admirers.

Clow. And all their visits was either to further their lust, or revenge injuries.

Foro. You should have forty in a morning beleaguer my closet, and strive who should be cozen'd first, amongst four-score love-sick waiting women that has come to me in a morning to learn what fortune should betide them in their first marriage, I have found above 94 to have lost their maiden-heads.

Clow. By their own confession, but I was fain to be your male midwife, and work it out of them by circumstance.

Foro. Thou wast, and yet for all this frequent resort of women and thy hand[^l]ing of their urinals and their cases, thou art not given to lechery, what should be the reason of it? thou hast wholesome flesh enough about thee; me thinks the divell should tempt thee to't.

Clow. What need he do that, when he makes me his instrument to tempt others.

Foro. Thou canst not chuse but utter thy rare good parts; thou wast an excellent baud I acknowledge.

Clow. Well, and what I have done that way, I will spare to speak of all you and I have done sir, and though we should—

Foro. We will for *England*, that's for certain.

Clow. We shall never want there.

Foro. Want? their Court of Wards shall want money first: for I profess my self Lord Paramount over fools a[n]d madfolkes.

Clow. Do but store your self with lyes enough against you come thither.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT V

Foro. Why that's all the familiarity I ever had with the Divell, my guift of lying, they say he's the Father of lyes; and though I cannot conjure, yet I profess my self to be one of his poor gossips. I will now reveale to thee a rare peece of service.

Clow. What is it my most worshipful Doctor *Lambstones*?

Foro. There is a Captain come lately from Sea, They call *Prosper*, I saw him this morning Through a chink of wainscote that divides my lodging, And the Host of the house, withdraw my Host, and Hostess, the fair *Biancha*, and an antient gentlewoman into their bed-chamber; I could not overhear their conference, but I saw such a mass of gold & Jewels, & when he had done he lock't it up into a casket; great joy there was amongst them, & forth they are gone into the city, and my Host told me at his going forth he thought he should not return till after supper: now Sir, in their absence will we fall to our picklocks, enter the chamber, seize the Jewels, make an escape from *Florence*, and we are made for ever.

Clow. But if they should go to a true conjurer, and fetch us back in a whirl-wind?

Foro. Do not believe there is any such fetch in *Astrology*, and this may be a means to make us live honest hereafter.

Clow. 'Tis but an ill road to't that lyes through the high way of theeving.

Foro. For indeed I am weary of this trade of fortune-telling; and mean to give all over, when I come into *England*, for it is a very ticklish quality.

Clow. And i'th' end will hang by a twine thred.

Foro. Besides the Island has too many of the profession, they hinder on[e] anothers market.

Clow. No, no, the pillory hinders their market.

Foro. You know there the jugling captain.

Clow. I there's a sure card.

Foro. Only the fore-man of their jury is dead, but he dyed like a Roman.

Clow. Else 'tis thought he had made work for the hangman.

Foro. And the very *Ball*, of your false prophets, he's quasht too.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Clow. He did measure the stars with a false yard, and may now travail to *Rome*, with a mortar on's head to see if he can recover his money that way.

Foro. Come, come, lets fish for this casket, and to Sea presently.

Clow. We shall never reach *London*, I fear ;
My mind runs so much of hanging, landing at *Wapping*.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mariana.

This well may be a day of joy long wish'd for
To my *Clarissa*, she is innocent.
Nor can her youth but with an open bosome
Meet *Hymens* pleasing bounties, but to me
That am environ'd with black guilt and horror
It does appear a funeral though promising much
In the conception were hard to mannage
But sad in [the] event, it was not hate
But fond indulgence in me to preserve
Cesario's threatn'd life in open court
Then forc'd me to disclaime him, choosing rather
To rob him of his birth-right, and honor
Than suffer him to run the hazard of
Inrag'd *Baptista's* fury, while he lives ;
I know I have a Son, and the Dukes sentence
A while deluded, and this tempest over,
When he assures himself despair hath seiz'd him.

[*Knock within.*]

Enter Baptista.

I can relieve and raise him—speak, who is it
That presses on my privacies? Sir your pardon.
You cannot come unwelcome, though it were
To read my secret thoughts.

Bap. Lady to you
Mine shall be ever open ; Lady said I,
That name keeps too much distance, sister rather
I should have stil'd you, and I now may claime it,
Since our divided families are made one
By this blessed marriage ; to whose honor comes

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT V

The Duke in person, waited on by all
 The braveries of his Court, to witness it,
 And then to be our ghests, is the bride ready
 To meet and entertain him?

Maria. She attends the comming of your Son.

Bap. Pray you bring her forth.

The Duke's at hand—Musick, in her loud voyce,
 Speaks his arrivall.

Maria. She's prepar'd to meet it. [—Exit.

Enter Mariana, Clarissa, led by two Maids: at the other door, Baptista meets with Mentivole, led by two Cour[t]iers, the Duke, Bishop; divers Attendants: (A Song) whilst they salute.

Duke. It were impertinent to wish you joy,
 Since all joyes dwell about you, *Hymens* torch
 Was never lighted with a luckier *Omen*.
 Nor burnt with so much splendor, to defer
 With fruitless compliment, the means to make
 Your certain pleasures lawful to the world;
 Since in the union of your hearts they are
 Confirm'd already: would but argue us
 A boaster of our favours; to the Temple,
 And there the sacred knot once ti'd, all triumphs
 Our Dukedom can afford, shall grace your Nuptials.

Enter Alberto and Cesario.

Bap. On there.

Ment. I hope it is not in the power
 Of any to cross us now.

Alber. But in the breath
 Of a wrong'd Father I forbid the Banes.

Cesar. What, do you stand at gaze?

Bap. Risen from the dead!

Maria. Although the Sea had vomited up the Figure
 In which thy better part liv'd long imprison'd,
 True love despising fear, runs thus to meet it.

Claris. In duty I kneel to it.

Alber. Hence vile wretches,
 To you I am a substance incorporeal,

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

And not to be prophan'd, with your vile touch?
 That could so soon forget me, but such things
 Are neither worth my Anger, nor reproof.
 To you great Sir, I turn my self and these
 Immediate Ministers of your Government,
 And if in my rude language I transgress;
 Ascribe it to the cold remembrance of
 My services, and not my rugged temper.

Duke. Speak freely, be thy language ne'er so bitter,
 To see thee safe *Alberto*, signes thy pardon.

Alber. My pardon? I can need none, if it be not
 Receiv'd for an offence. I tamely bear
 Wrongs, which a slave-born *Muscovite* would check at.
 Why if for Treason I had been deliver'd
 Up to the Hangmans Axe, and this dead trunk
 Unworthy of a Christian Sepulchre;
 Expos'd a prey to feed the ravenous Vulture,
 The memory of the much I oft did for you,
 Had you but any touch of gratitude,
 Or thought of my deservings, would have stopp'd you
 From these unjust proceedings.

Duke. Hear the motives that did induce us.

Alber. I have heard them all,
 Your Highness sentence, the whole Court abus'd,
 By the perjuries and practice of this woman.
 (Wepest thou *Crocodile*) my hopeful son,
 Whom I dare swear mine own, degraded of
 The honors that descend to him from me:
 And from that, in his love scorn'd by a creature
 Whose base birth, though made eminent by her beauty,
 Might well have mark'd her out *Cesario's* servant,
 All this I could have pardon'd and forgot;
 But that my daughter with my whole Estate
 So hardly purchas'd, is assign'd a Dower;
 To one whose Father, and whose Family
 I so detest; that I would lose my essence
 And be transformed to a Basiliske
 To look them dead, to me's an injury
 Admits no satisfaction.

Bap. There's none offer'd.

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT V

Alber. Nor would not be accepted,
Though upon thy knees 'twere tender'd.

Maria. Now the storm grows high.

Bap. But that I thought thee dead, and in thy death
The brinie Ocean had entomb'd thy name;
I would have sought a Wife in a *Bordello*
For my *Mentivole*, and gladly hugg'd
Her spurious issue as my lawful Nephews,
Before his blood should e'er have mix'd with thine;
So much I scorn it.

Alber. I'll not bandy words, but thus dissolve the contract.

Bap. There I meet thee, and seize on what's mine own.

Alber. For all my service,
Great Sir, grant me the combat with this wretch,
That I may scourge his insolence.

Bap. I kneel for it.

Cesar. And to approve my self *Alberto's* Son,
I'll be his second upon any odds,
'Gainst him that dare most of *Baptista's* race.

Menti. Already upon honourable terms,
In me thou hast met thy better, for her sake
I'll add no more.

Alber. Sir, let our swords decide it.

Maria. Oh stay Sir, and as you would hold the Title
Of a just Prince, e'r you grant licence to
These mad-mens fury, lend your private ear
To the most distress'd of Women.

Duke. Speak, 'tis granted. [*He takes Mariana aside.*]

Clar. In the mean time, let not *Clarissa* be
A patient looker on, though as yet doubtful,
To whom to bend her knee first, yet to all
I stoop thus low in duty, and would wash
The dust of fury with my Virgin tears,
From his bless'd feet, and make them beautiful
That would move to conditions of peace,
Though with a snail-like pace, they all are wing'd
To bear you to destruction: reverend Sirs,
Think on your antient friendship cemented
With so much bloud, but shed in noble action,
Divided now in passion for a brawl;

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

The Makers blush to own, much lov'd *Cesario*.
 Brother, or friend, (each Title may prevail)
 Remember with what tenderness from our childhood
 We lov'd together, you preferring me
 Before your self, and I so fond of you
 That it begot suspicion in ill minds
 That our affection was incestuous.
 Think of that happy time, in which I know
 That with your dearest blood you had prevented
 This shower of tears from me; *Mentivole*,
 My Husband, registred in that bright star-chamber,
 Though now on earth made strangers, be the example
 And offer in one hand the peaceful *Olive*
 Of concord, or if that can be denied
 By powerful intercession in the other
 Carry the *Hermian* rod, and force attonement,
 Now we will not be all marble. Death's the worst then
 And he shall be my Bridegroom. [*Offers to kill her self.*
Ment. Hold *Clarissa*, his loving violence needs must
 Offer in spite of honor—

[*He snatches away her knife, and sets it
 to his own breast, she staies his hand.*

Duke. Was it to that end then on your Religion?

Mar. And my hope in Heaven, Sir.

Duke. We then will leave intreaties, and make use
 Of our authority, must I cry ai-me
 To this unheard of insolence? in my presence
 To draw your swords, and as all reverence
 That's due to Majesty were forfeited,
 Cherish this wildeness! sheath them instantly,
 And shew an alteration in your looks, or by my power.

Alber. Cut off my head. (man.)

Bap. And mine, rather than hear of peace with this bad
 I'll not alone, give up my throat, but suffer
 Your rage to reach my family.

Enter Prospero, Juliana, Biancha.

Alb. And my name to be no more remembered.

Duke. What are these?

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN Act v

Ces. *Biancha*, 'tis *Biancha*, still *Biancha*: but strangely alter'd.

Bapt. If that thirteen years
Of absence could raze from my memory
The figure of my friend, I might forget thee;
But if thy Image be graven on my heart,
Thou art my *Prospero*.

Pros. Thou my *Baptista*?

Duke. A suddain change!

Bap. I dare not ask, dear friend
If *Juliana* live! for that's a blessing
I am unworthy of, but yet denie not
To let me know the place she hath made happy
By having there her Sepulchre.

Pros. If your Highness please to vouchsafe a patient
Ear, we shall make a true relation of a story
That shall call on your wonder.

Duke. Speak, we hear you.

Pros. *Baptista*'s fortune in the *Genoua* Court,
His banishment, with his fair Wife's restraint
You are acquainted with; what since hath follow'd
I faithfully will deliver. E'r eight Moons
After *Baptista*'s absence were compleat,
Fair *Juliana* found the pleasures, that
They had injoy'd together, were not barren,
And blushing at the burthen of her womb,
No father near to own it, it drew on
A violent sickness, which call'd down compassion
From the angry Duke, then careful of her health.
Physitians were enquir'd of, and their judgment
Prescrib'd the Baths of *Luca* as a means
For her recovery; to my charge it pleas'd her
To be committed; but as on the way
We journey'd, those throws only known to Women
Came thick upon her, in a private Village.

Bap. She died?

Pros. Have patience, she brought to the world
A hopeful Daughter; for her bodies sickness
It soon decay'd, but the grief of her mind
Hourly increas'd, and life grew tedious to her,

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

And desperate e'er to see you ; she injoy'n'd me
To place her in a *Greekish* Monastery,
And to my care gave up her pretty Daughter.

Bapt. What Monastery? as a Pilgrim bare-foot,
I'll search it out.

Pros. Pray you interrupt me not,
Now to my fortunes ; the girl well dispos'd of
With a faithful friend of mine, my cruel fate
Made me a prisoner to the *Turkish* Gallies,
Where for 12 years, these hands tugg'd at the Oar,
But fortune tyr'd at length with my afflictions,
Some Ships of *Maltha* met the *Ottoman* Fleet,
Charg'd them, and boarded them, and gave me freedom.
With my deliverers I serv'd, and got
Such reputation with the great Master
That he gave me command over a tall
And lusty ship, where my first happy service
Was to redeem *Alberto* rumour'd dead,
But was like me surpriz'd by *Cortugoly*.

Alber. I would I had died there.

Pros. And from him learning
Baptista liv'd, and their dissolv'd friendship,
I hois'd up sails for *Greece*, found *Juliana*
A votary at her Beads ; having made known
Both that you liv'd, and where you were : she borrow'd
So much from her devotion, as to wish me
To bring her to you ; if the object please you,
With joy receive her.

Bapt. Rage and fury leave me. [*Throws away his sword.*]
I am so full of happiness, there's no room left
To entertain you, oh my long lost Jewel,
Light of mine eyes, my souls strength.

Julia. My best Lord, having embrac'd you thus,
Death cannot fright me.

Bapt. Live long to do so, though I should fix here.
Pardon me *Prospero*, though I enquire my daughters fortune.

Pros. That your happiness
May be at all parts perfect, here she is!

Ces. *Biancha*, daughter to a Princess.

Pros. True with my faithful Host I left her,

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN ACT V

And with him till now she hath resided,
Ignorant both of her birth and greatness.

Bap. Oh my blest one. Joy upon joy o'erwhelms me.

Duke. Above wonder.

Alb. I do begin to melt too, this strange story
Works much upon me.

Duke. Since it hath pleas'd heaven
To grace us with this miracle, I that am
Heavens instrument here, determine thus; *Alberto*
Be not unthankful for the blessings shown you,
Nor you *Baptista*; discord was yet never
A welcome sacrifice; therefore rage laid by,
Embrace as friends, and let pass'd difference
Be as a dream forgotten.

Bap. 'Tis to me.

Alber. And me, and thus confirm it.

Duke. And to tye it

In bonds not to be broken, with the marriage
Of young *Mentivole*, and fair *Clarissa*,
So you consent great Lady, your *Biancha*
Shall call *Cæsario* Husband.

Julia. 'Tis a motion I gladly yield to.

Cesar. One in which you make a sad man happy.

[*Offers to kneel.*]

Bian. Kneel not, all forgiven.

Duke. With the Duke your Uncle I will make attonement,
and will have no denial.

Enter Host, Forobosco, Clown and Officers.

Mar. Let this day be still held sacred.

Host. Now if you can conjure, let the Devil unbind you.

Foro. We are both undone.

Clow. Already we feel it.

Host. Justice Sir.

Duke. What are they?

Pros. I can resolve you, slaves freed from the Gallies
By the Viceroy of *Sicilia*.

Duke. What's their offence?

Host. The robbing me of all my Plate and Jewels,
I mean the attempting of it.

SC. I THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN

Clow. Please your Grace I will now discover this Varlet in earnest, this honest pestilent rogue, profest the Art of Con-juring, but all the skill that ever he had in the black Art, was in making a Seacole fire; only with wearing strange shapes, he begot admiration amongst Fools and Women.

Foro. Wilt thou peach thou varlet?

Duke. Why does he goggle with his eyes, and stalke so?

Clow. This is one of his Magical raptures.

Foro. I do vilifie your censure, you demand if I am guilty, whir says my cloak by a trick of Legerdemain, now I am not guilty, I am guarded with innocence, pure Silver Lace I assure you.

Clow. Thus have I read to you your virtues, which notwithstanding I would not have you proud of.

Foro. Out thou concealment of Tallow, and counterfeit *Mummia.*

Duke. To the Gallies with them both.

Clow. The only Sea-physick for a knave, is to be basted in a Gally, with the oil of a Bulls Peesel.

Foro. And will not you make a sour face at the same sauce, sirrah? I hope to find thee so lean in one fortnight, thou mayst be drawn by the ears through the hoop of [a] firkin.

Duke. Divide them, and away with them to th' Gallies.

Clow. This will take down your pride, Jugler.

Duke. This day that hath given birth to blessings beyond hope, admits no criminal sentence: to the Temple, and there with humbleness, praise heavens bounties; For blessings ne'er descend from thence, but when A sacrifice in thanks ascends from men. [*Exeunt omnes.*

CUPID'S REVENGE.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Cupid.	Timantus, a villainous Sycophant.
Leontius, the old Duke of Lycia.	The Priest of Cupid.
Leucippus, Son to the Duke.	Four young Men and Maids.
Ismenus, Nephew to the Duke.	Nilo, sent in Commission to pull down
Telamon, a Lycian Lord.	Cupid's Image.
Dorialus, } Agenor, } Nisus, }	Zoilus, Leucippus's Dwarf.
	Four Citizens.

WOMEN.

Hidaspes, Daughter to the Duke.	Bacha's Maid.
Cleophila, and Hero her Attendants.	Urania's Maid.
Bacha, a Strumpet.	Servants and Attendants.
Urania, her Daughter.	

Aëtus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

Agenor. TRUST me my Lord *Dorialus*, I had mist of this, if you had not call'd me; I thought the Princesses birth-day had been to morrow.

Nisus. Why, did your Lordship sleep out the day?

Dor. I marvel what the Duke meant to make such an idle vow.

Nis. Idle, why?

Dor. Is't not idle, to swear to grant his Daughter any thing she shall ask on her birth-day? she may ask an impossible thing: and I pray heaven she do not ask an unfit thing at one time or other; 'tis dangerous trusting a mans vow upon the discretion on's Daughter.

Age. I wonder most at the Marquis her Brother, who is always vehemently forward to have her desires granted.

Dor. He's acquainted with 'em before.

Age. She's doubtless very chaste and virtuous

Dor. So is *Leucippus* her brother.

Nis. She's twenty year old, I wonder She aske not a Husband.

Dor. That were a folly in her ; having refus'd all the Great Princes in one part of the world ; She'll die a Maid.

Age. She may ask but one, may she ?

Nis. A hundred times this day if she will ; And indeed, every day is such a day, for though The Duke has vow'd it only on this day, He keeps it every day: he can deny Her nothing.

[*Cornets.*

Enter Hidaspes, Leucippus, Leontius, Timantas, Tellamon.

Leon. Come fair *Hidaspes*, thou art Duchess to day,
Art thou prepar'd to aske, thou knowest My oath will force performance.
And *Leucippus*, if she now ask ought that shall, Or would have performance
After my death, when by the help of heaven,
This Land is thine, accursed be thy race,
May every one forget thou art my Son,
And so their own obedience.

Leucip. Mighty Sir,
I do not wish to know that fatal hour,
That is to make me King, but if I do,
I shall most hastily, (and like a Son)
Perform your grant[s] to all, chiefly to her :
Remember that you aske what we
Agreed upon.

Leon. Are you prepar'd ? then speak.

Hida. Most Royal Sir, I am prepar'd,
Nor shall my Will exceed a Virgins bounds,
What I request shall both at once bring

Me a full content.

Leon. So it ever does:

Thou only comfort of my feeble age,
Make known thy good desire,
For I dare swear thou lov'st me.

Hidas. This is it I beg,
And on my knees. The people of your Land,
The *Lycians*, are through all the Nations
That know their name, noted to have in use
A vain and fruitless superstition;
So much more hateful, that it bears the shew
Of true Religion, and is nothing else
But a false-pleasing bold lasciviousness.

Leon. What is it?

Hidas. Many ages before this,
When every man got to himself a Trade,
And was laborious in that chosen course,
Hating an idle life, far worse than death:
Some one that gave himself to Wine and Sloth,
Which breed lascivious thoughts;
And found himself conjoyn'd
For that by every painful man,
To take his stain away, fram'd to himself
A *god*, whom he pretended to obey,
In being thus dishonest, for a name
He call'd him *Cupid*. This created *god*,
Mans nature being ever credulous
Of any vice that takes part with his blood,
Had ready followers enow: and since
In every age they grew, especially
Amongst your Subjects, who do yet remain
Adorers of that drowsie Deitie:
Which drink invented: and the winged Boy,
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices.
These loose naked statues through the Land,
And in every Village, nay the palace
Is not free from 'em. This is my request,
That these erect[ed] obscene Images
May be pluckt down and burnt: and every man
That offers to 'em any sacrifice, may lose his life.

Leon. But be advis'd my fairest daughter, if he be
A god, he will express it upon thee my child:
Which heaven avert.

Leucip. There is no such power:
But the opinion of him fills the Land
With lustful sins: every young man and maid
That feel the least desire to one another,
Dare not suppress it, for they think it is
Blind *Cupid's* motion: and he is a god.

Leon. This makes our youth unchaste. I am resolv'd:
Nephew *Ismenus*, break the Statues down
Here in the Palace, and command the City
Do the like, let proclamations
Be drawn, and hastily sent through the Land
To the same purpose.

Ismen. Sir, I will break down none my self,
But I will deliver your command:
Hand I will have none in't, for I like it not.

Leon. Goe and command it. Pleasure of my life,
Wouldst thou ought else? make many thousand suits,
They must and shall be granted.

Hid. Nothing else. [Exit *Ismenus*.]

Leon. But go and meditate on other suits,
Some six days hence I'll give thee Audience again,
And by a new oath, bind my self to keep it:
Ask largely for thy self, dearer than life
In whom I may be bold to call my self,
More fortunate than any in my age,
I will deny thee nothing.

Leu. 'Twas well done, Sister.

[*Exeunt all but these three Lords.*]

Nis. How like you this request my Lord[s]?

Dor. I know not yet, I am so full of wonder,
We shall be gods our selves shortly,
And we pull 'em out of Heaven o' this fashion.

Age. We shall have wenches now when we can
Catch 'em, and we transgress thus.

Nis. And we abuse the gods once, 'tis a Justice
We should be held at hard meat: for my part,
I'll e'en make ready for mine own affection,

I know the god incenst must send a hardness
 Through all good Womens hearts, and then we have
 Brought our Eggs and Muskadine to a fair Market:
 Would I had giv'n a 100 l. for a tolleration,
 That I might but use my conscience in mine
 Own house.

Dor. The Duke he's old and past it, he would
 Never have brought such a plague upon the Land else,
 'Tis worse than Sword and Famine:
 Yet to say truth, we have deserv'd it, we have liv'd
 So wickedly, every man at his Livery, and wou'd that
 Wou'd have suffic'd us: we murmur'd at this
 Blessing, that was nothing; and cry'd out to the
 God for endless pleasures, he heard us,
 And supp[l]ied us, and our Women were new still
 As we need 'em: yet we like beasts still cry'd,
 Poor men can number their woers, give us
 Abundance: we had it, and this curse withal.

Age. Berlady we are like to have a long *Lent* on't,
 Flesh shall be flesh: now Gentlemen I had rather
 Have anger'd all the gods, than that blind Gunner.
 I remem[b]er once the people did but slight him
 In a sacrifice: and what followed?
 Women kept their houses, grew good huswives
 Honest forsooth! was not that fine?
 Wore their own faces,
 Though they wear gay cloaths without surveying,
 And which was most lamentable,
 They lov'd their Husbands.

Nis. I do remember it to my grief,
 Young Maids were as cold as Cowcumbers
 And much of that complexion:
 Bawds were abolisht: and, to which misery
 It must come again,
 There were no Cuckolds,
 Well, we had need pray to keep these
 Divels from us,
 The times grow mischievous.
 There he goes, Lord!

Enter one with an Image.

This is a sacrilege I have not heard of:
Would I were gelt, that I might not
Feel what follows.

Age. And I too. You shall see within these
Few years, a fine confusion i'the Countrey: mark it:
Nay, and we grow for to depose the Powers,
And set up Chastity again, well, I have done.
A fine new goddess certainly, whose blessings
Are hunger and hard beds.

Nis. This comes of fulness, a sin too frequent with us
I believe now we shall find shorter commons.

Dor. Would I were married, somewhat has some favour;
The race of Gentry will quite run out now,
'Tis only left to Husbands, if younger Sisters
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.

Age. Well, let come what will come,
I am but one, and as the plague falls,
I'll shape my self: If Women will be honest, I'll be sound.
If the *god* be not too unmerciful,
I'll take a little still, where I can get it,
And thank him, and say nothing.

Nis. This ill wind yet may blow the City good,
And let them, (if they can) get their own children,
They have hung long enough in doubt, but howsoever, the
old way was the surer, then they had 'em.

Dor. Farewel my Lords, I'll e'en take up what Rent I can
before the day, I fear the year will fall out ill.

Age. We'll with you Sir: And love so favour us,
As we are still thy servants. Come my Lords;
Let's to the Duke, and tell him to what folly
His doting now has brought him.

[*Exeunt.*

*Priest of Cupid, with four young men
and Maids.*

Priest. Come my children, let your feet,
In an even measure meet;
And your chearful voices rise,
For to present this Sacrifice;

Lo great *Cupid*, in whose name,
 I his *Priest* begin the same.
 Young men take your Loves and kiss,
 Thus our *Cupid* honour'd is
 Kiss again, and in your kissing,
 Let no promises be missing:
 Nor let any Maiden here,
 Dare to turn away her ear,
 Unto the whisper of her Love,
 But give Bracelet, Ring or Glove,
 As a token to her sweeting,
 Of an after secret meeting:
 Now boy sing to stick our hearts
 Fuller of great *Cupids* darts.

SONG.

Lovers rejoyce, your pains shall be rewarded,
 The god of Love himself grieves at your crying:
 No more shall frozen honor be regarded,
 Nor the coy faces of a Maids denying.
 No more shall Virgins sigh, and say we dare not,
 For men are false, and what they do they care not,
 All shall be well again, then do not grieve,
 Men shall be true, and Women shall believe.

Lovers rejoyce, what you shall say henceforth,
 When you have caught your Sweet-hearts in your arms,
 It shall be accounted Oracle, and Worth:
 No more faint-hearted Girls shall dream of harms,
 And cry they are too young, the god hath said,
 Fifteen shall make a Mother of a Maid:
 Then wise men, pull your Roses yet unblown,
 Love hates the too ripe fruit that falls alone.

The Measure.

After the Measure, Enter Nilo and others.

Nilo. No more of this: here break your Rights for ever,
 The Duke commands it so; Priest do not stare,
 I must deface your Temple, though unwilling,

And your god *Cupid* here must make a Scare-crow
 For any thing I know, or at the best,
 Adorn a Chimney-piece.

Priest. Oh Sacriledge unheard of!

Nilo. This will not help it, take down the Image[s]
 And away with 'em.

Priest, change your coat you had best, all service now
 Is given to men: Prayers above their hearing
 Will prove but babblings: learn to lye and thrive,
 'Twill prove your best profession: for the gods,
 He that lives by 'em now, must be a beggar.
 There's better holiness on earth they say,
 Pray God it ask not greater sacrifice. Go home,
 And if [y]our god be not deaf as well as blind,
 He will [make] some smoak for it.

Gent. Sir—

Nilo. Gentlemen, there is no talking,
 This must be done and speedily;
 I have commission that I must not break.

Gent. We are gone, to wonder what shall follow.

Nilo. On to the next Temple. [Exeunt.]

Cornets. *Descendit Cupid.*

Cupid. Am I then scorn'd? is my all-doing Will
 And Power, that knows no limit, nor admits none,
 Now look'd into by less than gods? and weak'ned
 Am I, whose Bow struck terror through the earth,
 No less than Thunder, and in this, exceeding
 Even gods themselves; whose knees before my Altars
 Now shook off; and contemn'd by such, whose lives
 Are but my recreation! anger rise
 My sufferance and my self are made the subject
 Of sins against us. Go thou out displeasure,
 Displeasure of a great god, flying thy self
 Through all this Kingdom: sow what ever evils
 Proud flesh is [taking of], amongst these Rebels:
 And on the first heart that despise my Greatness,
 Lay a strange misery, that all may know
Cupid's revenge is mighty; with his Arrow
 Hotter than plagues or mine own anger, will I

Now nobly right my self: nor shall the prayers
Nor [sweete] smoaks on my Altars hold my hand,
Till I have left this a most wretched Land.

[Exit.

Enter Hidaspes, and Cleophila.

Hidas. *Cleophila*, what was he that went hence?

Cleo. What means your Grace now?

Hidas. I mean that handsome man,
That something more than man I met at door.

Cleo. Here was no handsome man.

Hidas. Come, he's some one
You would preserve in private, but you want
Cunning to do it, and my eyes are sharper
Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance,
See all the graces of a man. Who was't?

Cleo. That went hence now?

Hidas. That went hence now, I, he.

Cleo. Faith here was no such one as your Grace thinks.
Zoylous your Brothers Dwarf went out but now.

Hidas. I think 'twas he: how bravely he past by:
Is he not grown a goodly Gentleman?

Cleo. A goodly Gentleman, Madam?
He is the most deformed fellow i'the Land.

Hidas. Oh blasphemy: he may perhaps to thee
Appear deform'd, for he is indeed
Unlike a man: his shape and colours are
Beyond the Art of Painting; he is like
Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble
Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,
When rising from his bed, he stirs himself
And shakes day from his hair.

Cleo. He resembles *Apollo's* Recorder.

Hidas. *Cleophila*, go send a Page for him,
And thou shalt see thy error, and repent.

[Exit Cleo.

Alas, what do I feel, my bloud rebels,
And I am one of those I us'd to scorn,
My Maiden-thoughts are fled against my self,
I harbor Traitors in my Virginitie,
That from my Childhood kept me company,
Is heavier than I can endure to bear:

Forgive me *Cupid*, for thou art a god,
 And I a wretched creature; I have sinn'd,
 But be thou merciful, and grant that yet
 I may enjoy what thou wilt have me, Love.

Enter Cleo. and Zoy.

[*Cleo.*] *Zoylous* is here Madam.

Hida. He's there indeed.

Now be thine own Judge; see thou worse than mad,
 Is he deformed? look upon those eyes,
 That let all pleasure out into the world,
 Unhappy that they cannot see themselves;
 Look on his hair, that like so many beams,
 Streaking the *East*, shoot light o'er half the world,
 Look on him altogether, who is made
 As if two Natures had contention
 About their skill, and one had brought forth him.

Zoy. Ha, ha, ha: Madam, though Nature
 Hath not given me so much
 As others in my outward shew;
 I bear a heart as loyal unto you
 In this unsightly body (which you please
 To make your mirth) as many others do
 That are far more befriended in their births;
 Yet I could wish my self much more deformed
 Than yet I am, so I might make your Grace
 More merry than you are, ha, ha, ha.

Hidas. Beshrew me then if I be merry;
 But I [am] content whilst thou art with me:
 Thou that art my Saint:
 By hope of whose mild favour I do live
 To tell thee so: I pray thee scorn me not;
 Alas what can it add unto thy worth
 To triumph over me, that am a Maid,
 Without deceit? whose heart doth guide her tongue,
 Drown'd in my passions; yet I will take leave
 To call it reason that I dote on thee.

Cleo. The Princess is besides her Grace I think,
 To talk thus with a fellow that will hardly

Serve i'th' dark when one is drunk.

Hida. What answer wilt thou give me?

Zoy. If it please your Grace to jest on, I can abide it.

Hida. If it be jest, not to esteem my life,
Compar'd with thee: If it be jest in me,
To hang a thousand kisses in an hour
Upon those Lips, and take 'em off again:
If it be jest for me to marry thee,
And take obedience on me whilst I live:
Then all I say is jest:

For every part of this, I swear by those
That see my thoughts, I am resolv'd to do,
And I beseech thee, by thine own white hand,
(Which pardon me, that I am bold to kiss
With so unworthy Lips) that thou wilt swear
To marry me, as I do here to thee,
Before the face of heaven.

Zoy. Marry you? ha, ha, ha.

Hida. Kill me or grant, wilt thou not speak at all?

Zoy. Why I will do your Will for ever.

Hida. I ask no more: but let me kiss that mouth
That is so merciful; that is my will:
Next go with me before the King in haste,
That is my Will; where I will make our Peers
Know, that thou art their better.

Zoy. Ha, ha, ha, that is fine, ha, ha, ha.

Cleo. Madam, what means your Grace?
Consider for the love of Heaven to what
You run madly; will you take this Viper
Into your bed?

Hida. Away, hold off thy hands:
Strike her sweet *Zoylus*, for it is my Will,
Which thou hast sworn to doe.

Zoy. Away for shame.

Know you no manners: ha, ha, ha.

[*Exit.*]

Cleo. Thou know'st none I fear,
This is just *Cupid's* Anger, *Venus* look down mildly on us:
And command thy Son to spare this Lady once, and let me
be in love with [all]: and none in love with me. [*Exit.*]

Enter Ismenus, and Timantus.

Timan. Is your Lordship for the Wars this Summer?

Ismen. *Timantus*, wilt thou go with me?

Timan. If I had a Company, my Lord.

Ismen. Of Fidlers: Thou a company?

No, no, keep thy Company at home, and cause cuckolds:

The Wars will hurt thy face, there's no Semsters,

Shoomakers, nor Taylors, nor Almond-milk i'th' morning,

Nor poach'd Eggs to keep your worship soluble,

No man to warm your Shirt, and blow your Roses:

Nor none to reverence your round lace Breeches:

If thou wilt needs goe, and goe thus,

Get a Case for thy Captainship, a shower will spoil thee else.

Thus much for thee.

Tim. Your Lordship's wondrous witty, very pleasant believe't. [Exit.]

Enter Telamon, Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus, Leonti.

Leon. No news yet of my Son?

Tela. Sir, there be divers out in search:

No doubt they'll bring the truth where he is,

Or the occasion that led him hence.

Tim. They have good eyes then.

Leon. The gods goe with them:

Who be those that wait there?

Tele. The Lord *Ismenus*, your General, for his dispatch.

Leon. Oh Nephew: we have no use to imploy your
Virtue in our War: now the Province is well settled.

Hear you aught of the Marquis?

Ismen. No Sir.

Leon. 'Tis strange he should be gone thus:
These five days he was not seen.

Tim. I'll hold my [life], I could bolt him in an hour:

Leon. Where's my Daughter?

Dori. About the purging of the Temples, Sir.

Leon. She's chaste and virtuous; fetch her to me,
And tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now
Her last request, without repenting me.

[Exit Nis.]

Be it what it will: she is wise, *Dorialus*

And will not press me farther than a Father.

Dor. I pray the best may follow; yet if your Grace
Had taken the opinions of your people,
At least of such, whose wisdoms ever wake
About your safety, I may say it, Sir,
Under your noble pardon: that this change
Either had been more honor to the gods,
Or I think not at all. Sir, the Princess.

Enter Hidaspes, Nisus, and Zoylus.

Leon. Oh my Daughter, my health!
And did I say my soul, I ly'd not;
Thou art so near me, speak, and have whatever
Thy wise Will leads thee too: had I a Heaven,
It were too poor a place for such a goodness.

Dor. What's here?

Agen. An Apes skin stuff I think, 'tis so plump.

Hida. Sir, you have past your word,
Still be a Prince, and hold you to it.
Wonder not I press you, my life lies in your word:
If you break that, you have broke my heart, I must ask
That's my shame, and your Will must not deny me:
Now for Heaven be not forsworn.

Leon. By the gods I will not,
I cannot, were there no other power,
Than my love call'd to a witness of it.

Dor. They have much reason to trust,
You have forsworn one of 'em out o'th' cOUNTRY already.

Hida. Then this is my request: This Gent.
Be not ashamed, Sir:
You are worth a Kingdom.

Leon. In what?

Hida. In the way of marriage.

Leon. How?

Hida. In the way of marriage, it must be so,
Your oath is ti'd to Heaven: as my love to him.

Leon. I know thou dost but try my age,
Come ask again.

Hida. If I should ask all my life-time, this is all still.
Sir, I am serious, I must have this worthy man without
enquiring why; and suddenly, and freely:

Doe not look for reason or obedience in my words:

My love admits no wisdom:

Only haste, and hope hangs on my fury,

Speak Sir, speak, but not as a Father,

I am deaf and dull to counsel: inflamed blood

Hears nothing but my Will;

For Gods sake speak.

Dor. Here's a brave alteration.

Nis. This comes of Chastity.

Hida. Will not you speak Sir?

Agen. The god begins his vengeance; what a sweet youth he has sent us here, with a pudding in's belly!

Leon. Oh let me never speak,

Or with my words let me speak out my life;

Thou power abus'd: great Love, whose vengeance now we feel and fear, have mercy on this Land.

Nis. How does your Grace?

Leon. Sick, very sick I hope.

Dor. Gods comfort you.

Hida. Will not you speak? is this your Royal word?

Do not pull perjurie upon your soul.

Sir, you are old, and near your punishment; remember.

Leon. Away base woman.

Hidas. Then be no more my Father, but a plague,

I am bound to pray against: be any sin

May force me to despair, and hang my self,

Be thy name never more remembred King

But in example of a broken faith,

And curst even to forgetfulness:

May thy Land bring forth such Monsters as thy Daughter is!

I am weary of my rage. I pray forgive me,

And let me have him, will you Noble Sir?

Leon. Mercy, mercy heaven:

Thou heir of all dishonor, shamest thou not to draw

This little moisture left for life, thus rudely from me?

Carry that slave to death.

Zoy. For heavens sake Sir, it is no fault of mine, That she will love me.

Leon. To death with him, I say.

Hida. Then make haste Tyrant, or I'll be for him:

This is the way to Hell.

Leon. Hold fast, I charge you away with him.

Hida. Alas old man, Death hath more doors than one,
And I will meet him. [*Exit Hida.*]

Leon. *Dorialis*, Pray see her in her chamber,
And lay a guard about her:

The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties,
Is Will and Disobedience in our Issues,
Which we beget as well as them to plague us,
With our fond loves; Beasts you are only blest
That have that happy dulness to forget
What you have made, your young ones grieve not you
They wander where they list, and have their ways
Without dishonor to you; and their ends,
Fall on 'em without sorrow of their Parents,
Or after ill remembrance: Oh this Woman
Would I had made my self a Sepulcher,
When I made her: Nephew, where is the Prince?
Pray God he have not more part of her baseness
Than of her bloud about him.

Gentlemen: where is he?

Ism. I know not Sir.

H'as his ways by himself, is too wise for my company.

Leon. I do not like this hiding of himself,
From such society as his person:
Some of it ye needs must know.

Ism. I am sure not I: nor have known twice this ten
days, which if I were as proud as some of 'em, I should take
scurvily, but he is a young man.

Let him have [his] swinge, 'twill make him.

Timantus whispers to the Duke.

There's some good matter now in hand:
How the slave jeers and grins; the Duke is pleas'd,
There's a new pair of Scarlet Hose now, and as much
Money to spare, as will fetch the old from pawn, a Hat and
a Cloak to goe out to morrow:
Garters and Stockings come by nature.

Leon. Be sure of this.

Tima. I durst not speak else, Sir.

*Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.**Cornets. Descend Cupid.*

Cupid. **L***Euippus* thou art shot through with a shaft
 That will not rankle long, yet sharp enough
 To sow a world of helpless misery—
 In this [happie] Kingdom, dost thou think
 Because thou art a Prince, to make a part
 Against my power, but it is all the fault
 Of thy old Father, who believes [his] age
 Is cold enough to quench my burning Darts,
 But he shall know e'r long, that my smart loose,
 Can thaw Ice, and inflame the wither'd heart
 Of *Nestor*, thou thy self art lightly struck,
 But his mad love, shall publish that the rage
 Of *Cupid*, has the power to conquer Age.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Bacha, and Leucippus, Bacha,
 a Handkerchief.*

Leu. Why, what's the matter?

Bacha. Have you got the spoil
 You thirsted for? Oh tyrannie of men!

Leu. I pray thee leave.

Bacha. Your envy is, Heaven knows,
 Beyond the reach of all our feeble sex:
 What pain alas, could it have been to you,
 If I had kept mine honor? you might still
 Have been a Prince, and still this Countreys Heir,
 That innocent Guard which I till now had kept,
 For my defence, my virtue, did it seem
 So dangerous in a State, that your self came to suppress it?

Leu. Drie thine eyes again, I'll kiss thy tears away,
 This is but folly, 'tis past all help.

Bacha. Now you have won the treasure,
 'Tis my request that you would leave me thus:
 And never see these empty Walls again,
 I know you will do so, and well you may:
 For there is nothing in 'em that's worth
 A glance, I loath my self, and am become

Another Woman ; One methinks with whom
I want acquaintance.

Leu. If I do offend thee, I can be gone,
And though I love thy sight, so highly do I prize thine own
content, that I will leave thee.

Bac. Nay, you may stay now ;
You should have gone before : I know not now
Why I should fear you : All I should have kept
Is stol'n : Nor is it in the power of man
To rob me farther : if you can invent,
Spare not ; No naked man fears robbing less
Than I doe : now you may for ever stay.

Leu. Why, I could do thee farther wrong.

Bac. You have a deeper reach in evill than I :
'Tis past my thoughts. (do it.)

Leu. And past my will to act : but trust me I could

Bac. Good Sir do, that I may know there is a wrong
beyond what you have done me.

Leu. I could tell all the world what thou hast done.

Bac. Yes you may tell the world
And do you think I am so vain to hope
You will not ? you can tell the world but this,
That I am a widow, full of tears in shew,
My Husband dead : And one that lov'd me so,
Hardly a week, forgot my modestie,
And caught with youth and greatness,
Gave my self to live in sin with you ;
This you may tell : And this I do deserve.

Leu. Why dost thou think me so base to tell !
These limbs of mine shall part
From one another on a wrack,
Ere I disclose ; But thou dost utter words
That much afflict me : you did seem as ready
Sweet *Bacha*, as my self.

Bac. You are right a man : when they have 'wicht us
into miserie, poor innocent souls,
They lay the fault on us :
But be it so ; for Prince *Leucippus* sake
I will bear any thing.

Leucip. Come weep no more,

I wrought thee to it, it was my fault :
 Nay, see if thou wilt leave? Here, take this pearl,
 Kiss me sweet *Bacha*, and receive this purse.

Bacha. What should I do with these? they will not
 deck my mind.

Leucip. Why keep 'em to remember me.
 I must be gone, I have been absent long :
 I know the Duke my Father is in rage,
 But I will see thee suddenly again.
 Farewell my *Bacha*.

Bacha. Gods keep you,
 Do you he[a]re Sir: pray give me a point to wear. (wilt.

Leu. Alas good *Bacha*, take on[e], I pray thee where thou

Bac. Coming from you. This Point is of as high
 Esteem with me, as all pearl and gold: nothing but good
 be ever with or near you.

Leu. Fare thee well mine own good *Bacha* ;
 I will make all haste.

[*Exit*.

Bacha. Just as you are a Dosen I [e]steem you :
 No more, does he think I would prostitute
 My self for love? it was the love of these pearls
 And gold that won me, I confess
 I lust more after him than any other,
 And would at any rate if I had store,
 Purchase his fellowship: but being poor,
 I'll both enjoy his bodie and his purse,
 And he a *Prince*, nere think my self the worse.

Enter Leontius, Leucippus, Ismenus, Timantus.

Leon. Nay, you must back and shew us what it is,
 That 'witches you out of your Honor thus.

Bacha. Who's that?

Tima. Look there Sir.

Leon. Lady, never flye you are betray'd.

Bacha. Leave me my tears a while,
 And to my Just rage give a little place :
 What saucy man are you, that without leave,
 Enter upon a Widows mournfull house?
 You hinder a dead man from many tears.
 Who did deserve more than the world can shed,

Though they should weep themselves to Images.
 If not for love of me, yet of your self
 Away, for you can bring no [comfort] to me.
 But you may carry hence, you know not what.
 Nay sorrow is infectious.

Leon. Thou thy self

Art grown infectious: wouldst thou know my name?
 I am the Duke, father to this young-man
 Whom thou corrupt'st.

Bacha. Has he th[e]n told him all?

Leuc. You do her wrong Sir.

Bacha. O he has not told. Sir I beseech you pardon
 My wild tongue, directed by a weak distemper'd head
 Madded with grief: Alas I did not know
 You were my Sovereign; but now you may
 Command my poor unworthy life,
 Which will be none I hope ere long.

Leon. All thy dissembling will never hide thy shame:
 And wer't not more respecting Woman-hood in
 General, than any thing in thee, thou shouldst
 Be made such an example, that posteritie,
 When they would speak most bitterly, should say,
Thou art as impudent as Bacha was.

Bacha. Sir, though you be my King, whom I will
 Serve in all just causes: yet when wrongfully
 You seek to take my Honor, I will rise
 Thus, and defie you; for it is a Jewell
 Dearer than you can give, which whilst I keep,
 (Though in this lowly house) I shall esteem
 My self above the Princes of the earth
 That are without it. If the Prince your son,
 Whom you accuse me with, know how to speak
 Dishonor of me, if he do not do it,
 The plagues of hell light on him, may he never
 Govern this Kingdome: here I chalenge him
 Before the face of heaven, my Liege, and these,
 To speak the worst he can: if he will lye,
 To lose a womans fame, I'll say he is
 Like you (I think I cannot call him worse.)
 He's dead, that with his life would have defended

My reputation and I forct to play
 (That which I am) the foolish woman,
 And use my liberal tongue.

Leu. Is't possible! we men are children in our
 Carriages, compar'd with women: 'wake thy self
 For shame, and leave not her whose honor thou
 Shou'dst keep safe as thine own, alone to free her self:
 But I am prest I know not how, with guilt,
 And feel my conscience (never us'd to lye)
 Loth to allow my tongue to add a lye
 To that too much I did: but it is lawfull
 To defend her, that only for my Love lov'd evill.

Leon. Tell me, why did you *Leucip*: stay here so long?

Leu. If I can urge ought from me but a truth,
 Hell take me.

Leon. What's the matter, why speak you not?

Tima. Alas good Sir, forbear
 To urge the Prince, you see his shamefastness.

Bacha. What does he say Sir? if thou be a Prince
 Shew it, and tell the truth.

Ismen. If you have lain with her tell your Father
 No doubt but he has done as ill before now:
 The Gentlewoman will be proud on't.

Bacha. For God's sake speak.

Leu. Have you done prating yet?

Ismen. Who prates?

Leu. Thou know'st I do not speak to thee *Ismenus*:
 But what said you *Tima*; concerning my shamefastness?

Tima. Nothing I hope that might displeas your
 Highness.

Leu. If any of thy great, Great-grandmothers
 This thousand years, had been as chaste as she,
 It would have made thee honest, I stay'd
 To he[a]re what you wou'd say: she is by heaven
 Of the most strict and blameless chastitie
 That ever woman was: (good gods forgive me)
 Had *Tarquin*, met with her, she had been kil'd
 With a Slave by her ere she had agreed:
 I lye with her! wou'd I might perish then.
 Our Mothers, whom we all must reverence,

Could nere exceed her for her chastitie,
 Upon my soul: for by this light she's
 A most obstinate modest creature.

Leon. What did you with her then so long *Leucippus*?

Leu. I'll tell you Sir: You see she's beautifull.

Leon. I see it well.

Leu. Mov'd by her face,
 I came with lustful thoughts,
 Which was a fault in me:

But telling truth, something more pardonable,
 (And for the world I will not lye to you:)
 Proud of my self, I thought a Princes name
 Had power to blow 'em down flat of their backs;
 But here I found a Rock not to be shook:
 For as I hope for good Sir, all the battery
 That I could lay to her, or of my person,
 My greatness, or gold, could nothing move her.

Leon. 'Tis very strange, being so young and fair.

Leu. She's almost thirty Sir.

Leon. How do you know her age so just?

Leu. She told it me her self

Once when she went about to shew by reason
 I should leave wooing her.

Leon. She stains the ripest Virgins of her age.

Leu. If I had sin'd with her, I would be loth
 To publish her disgrace: but by my life
 I would have told it you, because I think
 You would have pardon'd me the rather:
 And I will tell you father: By this light Sir,
 (But that I never will bestow my self
 But to your liking) if she now would have me,
 I now would marry her.

Leon. How's that *Leucippus*!

Leu. Sir, will you pardon me one fault, which yet
 I have not done, but had a will to do, and I will tell it?

Leon. Be't what it will I pardon thee.

Leu. I offered marriage to her.

Leon. Did she refuse it?

Leucip. With that earnestn[e]ss, and almost scorn
 To think of any other after her lost Mate, that she

Made me think my self unworthy of her.

Leon. You have stay'd too long *Leucippus*.

Leu. Yes Sir, forgive me Heaven, what multitude
Of oaths have I bestow'd on lies, and yet they were
Officious lyes, there was no malice in 'em.

Leon. She is the fairest creature that ever I beheld;
And then so chaste, 'tis wonderfull: the more I look
On her, the more I am amaz'd.

I have long thought of a wife, and one I would have
Had, but that I was afraid to meet a woman
That might abuse my age: but here she is

Whom I may trust to; of a chastitie
Impregnable, and approved so by my son:

The meanness of her birth will still preserve her

In due obedience; and her beauty is

Of force enough to pull me back to youth.

My son once sent away, whose rivall-ship

I have just cause to fear, if power, o[r] gold,

Or wit, can win her to me, she is mine.

Nephew *Ismenus*, I have new intelligence,

Your Province is unquiet still.

Ismen. [Ime] glad on't.

Leon. And so dangerously, that I must send the
Prince in person with you.

Ismen. [Ime] glad of that too: Sir, will you dispatch us
We shall wither here for ever.

Leon. You shall be dispatcht within this hour:

Leucippus, never wonder, nor ask, it must be thus.

Lady I ask your pardon, whose virtue I have

Slubberd with my tongue, and you shall ever be

Chast in my memory hereafter;

But we old men often doat: to make amends for

My great fault, receive that Ring:

I'm sorry for your grief, may it soon leave you:

Come my Lords lets begon.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bacha. Heaven bless your Grace.

One that had but so much modestie left, as to blush,

Or shrink a little at his first encounter,

Had been undone; where I come off with honor,

And gain too: they that never wou'd be tract

In any course, by the most subtle sense
Must bear it through with frontless impudence.

[*Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

Dor. Gentlemen this is a strange peece of Justice,
To put the wretched Dwarf to death because
She doated on him; Is she not a woman, and
Subject to those mad figaries her whole Sex
Is infected with? Had she lov'd you, or you, or I,
Or all on's (as indeed the more the merryer still
With them) must we therefore have our heads par'd
With a Hatchet? So she may love all the Nobility
Out o'th Dukedome in a month, and let the raskals in.

Nis. You will not, or you do not see the need
That makes this just to the world?

Dor. I cannot tell, I would be loth to feel it:
But the best is, she loves not proper men, we three
Were in wise cases else: but make me know this need.

[*Nis.* Why yes: He being taken away, this base incon-
tinence dyes presently, and she must see her shame and sorrow
for it.

Dor. Pray God she do: but was the Sprat beheaded,
Or did they swing him about like a chickin, and so break
his neck? (of it.

Agen. Yes, he was beheaded, and a solemn Justice made

Dor. That might have been deducted.

Agenor. Why how would you have had him dyed?

Dori. Faith I would have had him rosted like a warden
in a brown paper, and no more talk on't: or a feather stuck
in's head, like a Quail: or a hanged him in a Dog-coller:
what should he be beheaded? we shall have it grow so base
shortly, Gentlemen will be out of love with it.

Nis. I wonder from whence this of the Dwarf's first
sprung?

Dor. From an old leacherous pair of breeches that lay
upon a wench to keep her warm: for certainly they are no
mans work: and I am sure a Monkey would get one of the
guard to this fellow, he was no bigger than a small Port-
manteu, and much about that making if'tad legs.

Age. But Gentlemen, what say you to the *Prince*?

Nis. I, concerning his being sent I know not whither.

Dorialis. Why then he will come home I know not when: you shall pardon me, I'll talk no more of this subject, but say, gods be with him where ere he is, and send him well home again: For why, he is gone, or when he will return, let them know that directed him: Only this, there's mad *Morisco's* in the state; but what they are, I'll tell you when I know. Come, let's go, hear all, and say nothing.

Agen. Content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Timantus, and Telamon.

Tela. *Timantus*, is the *Duke* ready yet?

Tima. Almost.

Tela. What ails him?

Tima. Faith I know not, I think he has dreamt he's but eighteen: has been wors[e] since he sent you forth for the frizzling iron.

Tel. That cannot be, he lay in *Gloves* all night, and this morning I brought him a new *Periwig*, with a lock at it, and knockt up a swing in's chamber.

Tim. O but since, his *Taylor* came, and they have fallen out about the fashion on's cloaths: and yonders a fellow come, has board a hole in's ear; and he has bespoke a *Vaulting-horse*, you shall see him come forth presently: he looks like *Winter*, stuck here and there with fresh flowers.

Tela. Will he not *Tilt* think you?

Tima. I think he will.

Tela. What does he mean to doe?

Tim. I know not: but by this light I think he is in love; he wou'd ha' bin shav'd but for me.

Tela. In love with whom?

Tim. I could guess, but you shall pardon me: he will take me along with him some-whither. (beauty.)

Tela. I over-heard him ask your opinion of some bodies

Tima. Yes, there it goes, that makes him so youthfull, and h'as layd by his *Crutch*, and halts now with a leading staff.

Enter Leontine with a staff and a looking glass.

Leon. *Timantus.*

Tim. Sir.

Leon. This Feather is not large enough.

Tim. Yes faith, 'tis such [a] one as the rest of the young Gallants wear.

Leon. *Telamon*, does it doe well? (liest—

Tela. Sir, it becomes you, or you become it, the rare—

Leon. Away, dost think so?

Tela. Think Sir? I know it. Sir, the *Princess*, is past all hope of life since the Dwarf was put to death.

Leon. Let her be so, I have other matters in hand: but this same Taylor angers me, he has made my doublet so wide: and see, the knave has put no points at my arme.

Tima. Those will be put to quickly Sir, upon any occasion.

Leon. *Telamon*, have you bid this Dancer come a morn—

Tela. Yes Sir. (ings?

Leon. *T[i]mantus*, let me see the glass again: look you how careless you are grown, is this tooth well put in?

Tima. Which Sir?

Leon. This Sir.

Tima. It shall be.

Telam. Me thinks that tooth should put him in mind on's years: and *Timantus*, stands as if (seeing the *Duke*, in such a youthfull habit) he were looking in's mouth how old he were.

Leon. So, so.

Tela. Will you have your Gown sir?

Leon. My Gown? why, am I sick? bring me my Sword.

[*Exit Tela.*

[*Timantus,*] Let a couple of the great horses be brought out for us.

Tima. He'll kill himself. Why, will you ride Sir:

Leon. Ride? Dost thou think I cannot ride?

Timan. O yes Sir, I know it: but as I conceive your journey, you wou'd have it private; and then you were better take a Coach.

Leon. These Coaches make me sick: yet 'tis no matter, let it be so.

Enter Telamon with a sword.

Tel. Sir, here's your sword.

Leon. O well sed: let me see it, I could me thinks
Why *Telamon*, bring me another: what, thinkst thou
I will wear a sword in vain?

Tela. He has not strength enough to draw it,
A yোক of Fleas ty'd to a hair would have drawn it.
'Tis out sir now, the Scabbard is broke.

Leon. O put it up again, and on with it; me thinks I
am not drest till I feel my sword on.

Telamon, if any of my counsell aske for me,
Say I am gone to take the air.

Tima. He has not been drest this twenty years then, If
this vain hold but a week, he will learn to play o'th base
violl and sing to't: He's poetical alreadie;
For I have spide a Sonnet on's making lye by's beds side,
I'll be so unmannerly to read it. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Hidaspes, Cleophila, and Hero, Hidaspes
in a Bed.*

[Hida.] He's dead, he's dead, and I am following.

Cleo. Ask *Cupid* mercie Madam.

Hida. O my heart.

Cleo. Help!

Hero. Stir her:

Hida. O, O!

Cleo. She's going, wretched wom[e]n that we are:
Look to her, and I'll pray the while.

Hero. Why Madam?

[Shee kneels.]

Cleo. *Cupid*, pardon what is past,
And forgive our sins at last,
Then we will be coy no more,
But thy Deity Adore,
Troths at fifteen we will plight,
And will tread a Dance [each] night.
In the fields, or by the Fire,
With the youths that have desire.

(How does she yet?)

Hero. O ill:

Cleo. Given Ear-rings we will wear,
 Bracelets of our Lovers hair,
 Which they on our Arms shall twist,
 With their Names carv'd on our wrist:
 All the money that we owe,
 We in Tokens will bestow:
 And learn to write, that when 'tis sent,
 Onely our Loves know what it meant:
 O then pardon what is past,
 And forgive our Sins at last. *(What, Mends she?)*

Hero. Nothing, you do it not wantonly, you shou'd sing.

[*Cleo.* Why?

Hero. Leave, leave, 'tis now too late.
 Shee is dead: Her last is breathed.]

Cleo. What shall we doe.

Hero. Go run,
 And tell the *Duke*; And whilst I'll close her eyes.

Thus I shut thy faded light,
 And put it in eternall night.
 Where is she can boldly say
 Though she be as fresh as *May*:
 She shall not by this Corps be laid,
 Ere to morrows light doe fade.
 Let us all now living be,
 Warn'd by thy striēt Chastitie;
 And marry all fast as we can,
 Till then we keep a piece of man,
 Wrongfully from them that owe it
 Soon may every Maid bestow it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bacha and a Maid.

Bac. Who is it?

Maid. Forsooth there's [a] gallant Coach at the dore,
 And the brave old man in't, that you said was the *Duke*.

Bacha. *Cupid*, grant he may be taken. *Away:*

Maid. He is coming up, and looks the swaggeringst, and
 has such glorious cloaths.

Bac. Let all the house see me sad, and see all handsome.

Enter Leontius, and Timantus, a Jewell and a Ring.

Leon. Nay widow flie not back, we come not now to chide, stand up and bid me welcome.

Bac. To a poor widows house that knows no end of her ill fortune: your Highness is most welcome.

Leon. Come kiss me then, this is but manners widow: Nere fling your head aside, I have more cause of grief than you: my Daughters dead: but what? 'Tis nothing. Is the rough *French* horse brought to the dore?

They say he is a high goer, I shall soon try his mettle.

Tim. He will be Sir, and the gray *Barbary*, they are fiery both.

Leon. They are the better: Before the gods I am lightsome, very lightsome: How doest thou like me widow?

Bach. As a person in whom all graces are.

Leon. Come, come, ye flatter: I'll clap your cheek for that, and you shall not be angry.

Hast no *Musick*: Now could I cut three times with ease, and do a cross point, should shame all your gallants.

Bacha. I do believe you, and your self too:

Lord what a fine old *Zany* my Love has made him!

'Is mine, I am sure: Heaven make me thankful for him.

[*Leon.*] Tell me how old thou art, my pretty sweet heart?

Timantus. Your Grace will not buy her, she may trip Sir?

Bacha. My sorrow showes me elder then I am by many years.

Leon. Thou art so witty I must kiss agen.

Tima. Indeed her Age lyes not in her mouth: nere look it there Sir, she has a better Register, if it be not burnt.

Leon. I will kiss thee, I am a fire *Timantus*.

Tima. Can you chuse Sir, having such heavenly fire before you?

Leon. Widow, guess why I come, I prethee do.

Bacha. I cannot Sir, unless you be pleas'd to make a mirth out of my rudeness: and that I hope your pity will not let ye, the subject is so Barren: Bite King, Bite, I'll let you play a while.

Leon. Now as I am an honest man, I'll tell thee truely, how many foot did I Jump yesterday *Timantus*?

Tim. Fourteen of your own, and some three fingers.

Bacha. This fellow lyes as lightly, as if hee were in cut Taffata.

Alas good Almanack get thee to Bed, and tell what weather we shall have to morrow.

Leon. Widow I am come in short to be a Suiter.

Bacha. For whom?

Leon. Why by my troth, I come to wooe thee wench :
And win thee for my self : Nay, look upon me :
I have about me that will do it.

Bac. Now Heaven defend me, your Whore [you] shall never:
I thank the Gods, I have a little left me to keep me warm,
and honest : if your grace take not that, I seek no more.

Leon. I am so far from taking any thing, I'll add unto thee.

Bach. Such Additions may be for your ease Sir,
Not my honestie: I am well in being single, good Sir seek
another, I am no meat for money.

Leon. Shall I fight for thee?
This sword shall cut his throat, that dars lay claim
But to a Finger of thee, but to a look, I would
See such a fellow.

Bac. It would be but a cold sight to you :
This is the father of *S. George* a foot-back,
Can such dry mumming talk.

Tim. Before the gods, your grace lookes like *Æneas*.

Bac. He looks like his old father upon his back,
Crying to get Aboord.

Leon. How shall I win thy love, I pray thee tell me?
I'll marry thee if thou desirest that : That is an honest
Course, I am in good earnest, and presently within this hour,
[I] am mad for thee : prethee deny me not,
For as I live I'll pine thee, but I'll have thee.

Bacha. Now he's in the Toyl, I'll hold him fast.

Tima. You do not know what 'tis to be a Queen,
Go too you Maid, else what the old man falls short of,
there's others can eech out, when you please to call on 'em.

Bacha. I understand you not, Love I adore thee,
Sir, on my knees I give you hearty thanks, for so much
Honoring your humble Hand-mayd above her birth :

ACT III CUPID'S REVENGE

Far more her weak deservings, I dare not trust the Envious
tongues of all that must repine at my unworthy rising.
Beside, you have many fair ones in your Kingdome
Born to such worth: O turn your self about
And make a Noble choice.

Leon. If I do, let me famish: I will have thee,
Or break up house, and boord here.

Bac. Sir, you may command an unwilling woman to obey
ye: but heaven knows—

Leon. No more: these half a dozen kisses, and this Jewell,
and every thing I have, and away with me, and clap it up;
and have a boy by morning *Timantus*. let one be sent post
for my son again: and for *Ismenus*, they are scarce twenty
miles on their way yet, by that time we'll be married.

Tima. There shall Sir. [Exeunt.]

Actus Tertii. Scæna Prima.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

Nisus. Is not this a fine marriage?

Agenor. Yes, yes, let it alone.

Dor. I, I, the King may marry whom's list, let's talk
of other matters.

Nis. Is the *Prince* coming home certainly?

Dor. Yes, yes, he was sent post for yesterday, lets make
haste we'll see how his new Mother-in-law will entertain him.

Nis. Why well I warrant you: did you not mark how
humbly she carried her self to us on her marriage day, ac-
knowledging her own unworthiness, and that she would be
our servant.

Dor. But mark what's done.

Nis. Regard not shew.

Age. O God! I knew her when I have been off'red her
to be brought to my bed for five [pound]: whether it could
have been perform'd or no, I know not.

Nis. Her Daughters a pretty Lady.

Dor. Yes: and having had but mean bringing up, it talks
the pretilest and innocentliest, the Queen will be so angry to
hear her betray her breeding by her language: but I am per-
swaded she's well dispos'd.

Agenor. I think better than her Mother.

Nis. Come, we stay too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leucippus, and Ismenus.

Isme. How now man, strook dead with a tale?

Leu. No, but with a truth.

Isme. Stand [of] your self: can you endure blows, and shrink at words?

Leu. Thou knowst I have told thee all.

Isme. But that all's nothing to make you thus: your Sisters dead.

Leu. That's much, but not the most.

Isme. Why, for the other let her marry and hang, 'tis no purpos'd fault of yours: and if your Father will needs have your cast Whore, you shall shew the duty of a child better in being contented, and bidding much good doe his good old heart with her, than in repining thus at it; let her go: what, there are more wenches man, we'll have another.

Leu. O thou art vain, thou knowst I doe not love her: What shall I doe? I would my tongue had led me To any other thing, but blasphemy, So I had mist commending of this woman, Whom I must reverence now: she is my Mother, My sin *Ismenus* has wrought all this ill: And I beseech thee, to be warn'd by me, And doe not lye, if any man should aske thee But *How thou dost*, or *What a clock 'tis now*. Be sure thou doe not lye, make no excuse For him that is most near thee: never let The most officious falsehood scape thy tongue, For they above (that are intirely truth) Will make that seed, which thou hast sown Of lyes, yield miseries a thousand fold Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Sir, your Highness is welcome home, the *Duke* and *Queen* will presently come forth to you.

Leu. I'll wait on them.

Tima. Worthy *Ismenus*, I pray you, have you sped in your wars?

Ism. This Rogue mocks me. Well *Timantus*, Pray how have you sped here at [home] at shovelboard?

Tim. Faith reasonable. How many Towns have you taken in this Summer?

Ism. How many Stags have you been at the death of this grass?

Tima. A number: 'Pray how is the Province settled?

Ism. Prethee how does the dun Nag?

Tim. I think you mock me my Lord.

Ism. Mock thee? Yes by my troth doe I: why what wouldst thou have me doe with thee? Art good for any thing else?

*Enter Leontius, Bacha, Dorialus, Agenor,
Nisus, Telamon.*

Leu. My good *Ismenus*, hold me by the wrist:
And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard,
For I shall swoon again else—

[*Kneels.*]

Leon. Welcome my son; rise, I did send for thee
Back from the province, by thy Mothers counsell,
Thy good Mother here, who loves thee well:
She would not let me venture all my joy
Amongst my enemies: I thank thee for her,
And none but thee, I took her on thy word.

Leucip. Pinch harder.

Leon. And she shall bid thee welcome: I have now
Some near affairs, but I will drink a Health
To thee anon: Come *Telamon*, [I]me] grown
Lustier, I thank thee for't, since I married;
I can stand now alone, why *Telamon*,
And never stagger.

[*Exit Leontius, Telamon.*]

Bac. Welcome most noble Sir, whose fame is come
Hither before you: out alas you scorn me,
And teach me what to doe.

Leu. No, you are my Mother.

Bacha. Far unworthy of that name God knows:
But trust me, here before these Lords,
I am no more but Nurse unto the Duke;

Nor will I breed a faction in the State,
It is too much for me that I am rais'd
Unto his bed, and will remain the servant
Of you that did it.

Leu. Madam I will serve you
As shall become me. O dissembling woman!
Whom I must reverence though. Take from thy
Quiver, sure-aim'd *Apollo*; one of thy swift darts,
Headed with thy consuming golden beams,
And let it melt this body into mist,
That none may find it.

Bac. Shall I beg my Lords
This Room in private for the *Prince* and me?

[*Exeunt all but Leu. and Bac.*]

Leu. What will she say now?

Bac. I must still enjoy him:
Yet there is still left in me a spark of woman,
That wishes he [w]ould move it, but he stands,
As if he grew there with his eyes on earth,
Sir, you and I when we were last together
Kept not this distance as we were afraid
Of blasting by our selves.

Leu. Madam 'tis true, Heaven pardon it.

Bac. Amen Sir. (marriage.)
You may think that I have done you wrong in this strange

Leu. 'Tis past now.

Bac. But it was no fault of mine:
The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd
The King: nor layd I any train to catch him,
It was your own Oaths did it.

Leu. 'Tis a truth: that takes my sleep away, but
Would to Heaven, if it had so been pleas'd, you had
Refus'd him, though I had gratifi'd that courtesie
With having you my self: But since 'tis thus,
I doe beseech you that you will be honest
From henceforth; and not abuse his credulous Age,
Which you may easily doe. As for my self
What I can say, you know alas too well
Is ty'd within me, here it will sit like lead,
But shall offend no other, it will pluck me

Back from my ent'rance into any mirth,
 As if a servant came, and whisper'd with me
 Of some friends death, but I will bear my self,
 To you, with all the due obedience
 A son owes to a Mother: more than this,
 Is not in me, but I must leave the rest to the
 Just gods: who in their blessed time,
 When they have given me punishment enough,
 For my rash Sin, will mercifully find
 As unexpected means to ease my grief
 As they did now to bring it.

Bac. Grown so godly? this must not be.
 And I will be to you, no other than a natural Mother ought;
 And for my honesty, so you will swear
 Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe from any other.

Leu. Bless me I should urge you?

Bacha. Nay but swear then that I may be at peace,
 For I doe feel a weakness in my self,
 That can denie you nothing, if you tempt me,
 I shall embrace Sin as it were a friend, and run to meet it.

Leu. If you knew how far
 It were from me, you would not urge an Oath.
 But for your satisfaction, when I tempt you.

Bac. Swear not: I cannot move him, this sad talk
 Of things past help, does not become us well.
 Shall I send one for my *Musicians*, and we'll dance?

Leu. Dance Madam?

Bac. Yes, *Alavalta*.

Leu. I cannot dance Madam.

Bac. Then lets be merry.

Leu. I am as my *Fortunes* bid me.

Do not you see me sowr?

Bac. Yes.

And why think you I smile?

Leu. I am so far from any joy my self,
 I cannot fancie a cause of mirth.

Bac. I'll tell you, we are alone:

Leu. Alone?

Bac. Yes.

Leu. 'Tis true: what then?

Bac. What then? you make my smiling now
Break into laughter: what think you is to be done then?

Leu. We shou'd pray to Heaven for mercy.

Bacha. Pray? that were a way indeed
To pass the time: but I will make you blush,
To see a bashfull woman teach a man
What we should doe alone: try again
If you can find it out.

Leu. I dare not think I understand you.

Bac. I must teach you then; Come, kiss me.

Leu. Kiss you?

Bac. Yes, be not asham'd:

You did it not your self, I will forgive you.

Leuc. Keep you displeas'd gods, the due respect
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,
As she is now my Mother, Haste within me,
Lest I add sins to sins, till no repentance will cure me.

Bac. Leave these melancholly moods,
That I may swear thee welcome on thy Lipps
A thousand times.

Leuc. Pray leave this wicked talk,
You doe not know to what my Fathers wrong
May urge me.

Bac. I'm careless, and doe weigh
The world, my life, and all my after hopes
Nothing without thy Love, mistake me not:
Thy Love, as I have had it, free and open
As wedlock is, within it self, what say you?

Leu. Nothing.

Bac. Pitty me, behold a Duchess
Kneels for thy mercie, and I swear to you
Though I should lye with you, it is no Lust,
For it desires no change, I could with you
Content my self; what answer will you give?

Leuc. They that can answer must be less amaz'd,
Than I am now: you see my tears deliver
My meaning to you.

(savage beast,

Bac. Shall I be contem'd? thou art a beast, worse than a
To let a Lady kneel, to beg that thing
Which a right man would offer.

Leu. 'Tis your will Heaven: but let me bear me like My self, how ever she does.

Bac. Were you made an *Eunuch*, since you went hence? Yet they have more desire than I can find in you: How fond was I to beg thy love! I'll force thee to my will Dost thou not know that I can make the King Dote as my list? yield quickly, or by Heaven I'll have thee kept in prison for my purpose, Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have thee fed With such meats as best shall fit my ends And not thy health, why dost not speak to me? And when thou dost displease me, and art grown Less able to perform; then I will have thee Kill'd and forgotten: Are you stricken dumb?

Leu. All you have nam'd but making of me sin With you, you may command, but never that; Say what you will, I'll hear you as becomes me, If you speak, I will not follow your counsell, Neither will I tell the world to your disgrace, But give you the just honor That is due from me to my Father's wife.

Bac. Lord how full of wise formality you [are] grown Of late: but you were telling me You could have wisht that I had marry'd you, If you will swear so yet, I'll make away the King.

Leuc. You are a strumpet.

Bacha. Nay, I care not For all your Railings: They will Batter walls And take in Towns, as soon as trouble me: Tell him, I care not, I shall undoe you only, which is no matter.

Leu. I appeal to you still, and for ever, that are And cannot be other, Madam, I see 'tis in your power To work your will on him: And I desire you To lay what trains you will for my wish'd death, But suffer him to find his quiet grave In peace; Alas he never did you wrong, And farther I beseech you pardon me, For the ill word I gave you, for how ever You may deserve, it became not me To call you so, but passion urges me

I know not whither : my heart break now, & ease me ever.

Bacha. Pray you get you hence
With your goodly humor, I am weary of you extreamely :

Leu. Trust me, so am I of my self too :
Madam, I'll take my leave ; gods set all right.

Bacha. Amen, Sir, get you gon ;
Am I deny'd ? it does not trouble me
That I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd :
I have lost my patience : I will make him know
Lust is not Love, for Lust will find a mate
While there are men, and so will I : and more

Enter Timantus.

Than one, or twenty : yonder is *Timantus*,
A fellow void of any worth, to raise himself,
And therefore like to catch at any evil
That will but pluck him up : him will I make
Mine own : *Timantus.*

Timantus. Madam ?

Bac. Thou know'st well
Thou wert by chance, a means of this my raising :
Brought the Duke to me, and though 'twere but chance
I must reward thee.

Tim. I shall bend my service unto your Highness.

Bacha. But do it then entirely, and in every thing,
And tell me, couldst thou now think that thing
Thou wouldst not do for me ?

Timant. No by my soul Madam.

Bacha. Then thou art right.

Go to my Lodging, and I'll follow thee. [*Exit Timantus.*
With my instruction I do see already,
This Prince that did but now contemn me, dead :
Yet will I never speak an evil word
Unto his Father of him, till I have won
A belief, I love him, but I'll make
His virtues his undoing, and my praises
Shall be so many swords against his breast,
Which once perform'd, I'll make *Urania*
My Daughter, the Kings heir, and plant my issue
In this large Throne : nor shall it be withstood,
They that begin in Lust, must end in Blood. [*Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus.

Doria. We live to know a fine time, Gentl.

Nis. And a fine Duke, that through his doting age
Suffers him to be a child again
Under his Wives tuition.

Agen. All the Land holds in that tenor too: in womans
service? sure we shall learn to spinn.

Dor. No, that's too honest: we shall have other
Liberal Sciences taught us too soon;
Lying, and flattering, those are the studies now:
And Murther shortly I know, will be humanity, Gent.
If we live here we must be knaves, believe it.

Nisus. I cannot tell my Lord *Dorialus*, though my
Own nature hate it, if all determine to be knaves,
I'll try what I can do upon my self: that's certain,
I will not have my throat cut for my goodness,
The virtue will not quit the pain.

Age. But pray you tell me,
Why is the *Prince*, now ripe and full experient,
Not made a dore in the State?

Nis. Because he is honest.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Goodness attend your Honors.

Dor. You must not be amongst us then.

Tim. The *Dutchess*, whose humble servant I am proud
to be, would speak with you.

Age. Sir, we are pleas'd to wait: when is it?

Tim. An hour hence my good Lords, and so I leave
my service.

Dor. This is one of her Ferrets that she bolts business
out withall: this fellow, if he were well ript, has all the linings
of a knave within him: how slye he looks!

Nis. Have we nothing about our cloaths that he may
catch at?

Agenor. O my conscience, there's no treason in my dublet,
if there be, my elbows will discover it, they are out.

Dor. Faith, and all the harm that I can find in mine is,

that they are not pay'd for ; let him make what he can of that, so he discharge that. Come, let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bach, Leontius, Tella.

Bac. And you shall find Sir what [a] blessing heaven gave you in such a son.

Le. Pray *gods*, I may, Let's walk & change our subject.

Bac. O Sir, can any thing come sweeter to you, or strike a deeper joy into your heart than your son's virtue ?

Leon. I allow his virtues : but 'tis not handsome thus to feed my self with such moderate praises of mine own.

Bac. The subject of our comendations is it self grown so infinite in goodness, that all the glory we can lay upon it, though we should open volumes of his praises, is a mere modesty in his expression, and shews him lame still, like an ill wrought peece wanting proportion.

Leo. Yet still he is a man, and subject still to more inordinate vices, than our love can give him blessing.

Bac. Else he were a *god* : yet so near as he is, he comes to heaven, that we may see so far as flesh can point us things only worthy them, and only these in all his actions.

Leon. This is too much my Queen.

Bach. Had the *gods* lov'd me ; that my unworthy womb had bred this brave man.

Leon. Still you run wrong.

Bach. I would have liv'd upon the comfort of him ; fed on his growing hopes.

Leo. This touches me.

Bach. I know no friends, nor Being, but his virtues.

Le. You have laid out words enough upon a subject.

Bach. But words cannot express him Sir : why what a shape Heaven has conceiv'd him in, oh Nature made him up !

Leon. I wonder *Dutchess*.

Bach. So you must : for less than admiration loses this god-like man.

Leon. Have you done with him ?

Bach. Done with ? O good gods what frailties thus pass by us without reverence !

Leon. I see no such perfection.

Bac. O dear Sir: you are a father, and those joys
To you, speak in your heart, not in your tongue.

Leo. This leaves a tast behind it worse than physick.

Bac[*b*]. Then for all his wisdom, valour,
Good fortune, and all those friends of honor,
They are in him as free and natural, as passions
In a Woman.

Leon. You make me blush at all these years
To see how blindly you have flung your praises
Upon a Boy, a very child, and worthless,
Whilst I live, of these Honors.

Bac. I would not have my love Sir, make my tongue
Shew me so much a woman: as to praise
Or dispraise, where my will is, without reason,
Or generall allowance of the people.

Leon. Allowance of the people, what allow they?

Bac. All, I have sed for truth, and they must do it,
And doat upon him: love him, and admire him.

Leon. How's that?

Bac. For in this youth and noble forwardness
All things are bound together that are kingly,
A fitness to bear rule:

Leon. No more.

Bac. And Sovereignty not made to know command.

Leon. I have sed, no more.

Bac. I have done Sir, though unwilling, and pardon me.

Leon. I do, not a word more.

Bac[*b*]. I have gi'n thee poyson
Of more infection than the Dragons tooth,
Or the gross Air o'er heated.

Leon. *Timantus* when saw you the Prince?

Tim. I left him now Sir.

Leon. Tell me truely, out of your free opinion without
courting. How you like him.

Tim. How I like him?

Leon. Yes: for you in conversation may see more
Than a Father.

Bac. It works.

Timantus. Your Grace has chosen out an ill observer.

Leon. Yes, I mean of his ill: you talk rightly.

Tim. But you take me wrong : All I know by him
I dare deliver boldly : He is the store-house
And head of virtue ; your great self excepted,
That feeds the Kingdome.

Leon. These are flatteries : speak me his vices, there you
do a service worth a Fathers thanks.

Tim. Sir, I cannot. If there be any, sure they are the
times which I could wish less dangerous.
But pardon me, I am too bold. (are.

Leon. [You] are not, forward and open what these dangers

Timan. Nay, good Sir.

Leon. Nay, fall not off again, I will have all.

Timan. Alas Sir, what am I, you should believe
My eyes or ears, so subtle to observe
Faults in a State : all my main business
Is service to your Grace, and necessaries
For my poor life.

Leon. Do not displeas me Sirrah,
But that you know tell me, and presently.

Timan. Since your Grace will have it
I'll speak it freely : Always my obedience
And love preserv'd unto the Prince.

Leon. Prethee to the matter.

Tim. For Sir, if you consider
How like a Sun in all his great employments,
How full of heat.

Leon. Make me understand what I desire.

Tim. And then at his return.

Leon. Do not anger me.

Tim. Then thus Sir : All mislike ye,
As they would do the gods, if they did dwell with 'em.

Leon. What ?

Tim. Talke and prate, as their ignorant rages
Leads 'em without Alleageance or Religion.
For Heavens sake have a care of your own person :
I cannot tell, their wickedness may lead
Farther than I dare think yet.

Leo. O base people.

Tim. Yet the Prince, for whom this is pretended may
Persuade 'em, and no doubt will : virtue is ever watchfull,

But be you still secur'd and comforted.

Leon. Heaven how have I offended, that this rod
So heavy and unnaturall, should fall upon me
When I am old and helpless.

Tim. Brave Gentl. that such a madding love should follow
thee, to rob thee of a Father :

All the Court is full of dangerous whispers.

Leon. I perceive it, and 'spight of all their strengths
Will make my safety : I'll cut him shorter.
I'll cut him shorter first, then let him rule.

Bach. What a foul Age is this, when Virtue is made a
sword to smite the virtuous ! Alas, alas :

Leon. I'll teach him to fly lower.

Tim. By no means Sir, rather, make more your love,
And hold your favor to him : for 'tis now
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts,
As I must ne'er believe, run with their rages,
He never was so innocent, but what reason
His Grace has to withdraw his love from me,
And other good men that are near your person,
I cannot yet find out : I know my duty
Has ever been attending.

Leon. 'Tis too plain : He means to play the villain,
I'll prevent him, not a word more of this, be private.

[*Exit Leontius.*

Tim. Madam 'tis done.

(noble men ?

Bac. He cannot escape me. Have you spoken with the

Tim. Yes Madam they are here : I wait a farther service.

Bac. Till [you see] the Prince, you need no more
instructions.

Tim. No, I have it.

[*Exit Timantus.*

Enter Dorialus, Nisus, Agenor.

Bac. That fool that willingly provoks a woman,
Has made himself another evill Angell,
And a new Hell, to which all other torments
Are but mere pastime : Now my noble Lords,
You must excuse me, that unmannerly
We have broke your private business.

Agen. Your good Grace may command us, and that.

Bac. Faith my Lord *Agenor*: 'Tis so good a cause
I am confident, you cannot loose by it.

Dorialus. Which way does she fish now?
The devill is but a fool to a right woman.

Nisus. Madam, we must needs win in doing service to
such a gracious Lady.

Bac. I thank you, and will let you know the business:
So I may have your helps, never be doubtfull,
For 'tis so just a cause, and will to you
Upon the knowledge seem so honorable,
That I assure my self your willing hearts
Will strait be for me in it.

Age. If she should prove good now, what wer't like?

Dorial. Thunder in *Januarie*, or a good woman,
That's stranger than all *Affrick*.

Bac. It shall not need your wonder, this it is:
The Duke you know is old, and rather subject
To ease and prayers now, than all those troubles,
Cares, and continuall watchings, that attend
A Kingdomes safety, therefore to prevent
The fall of such a flourishing Estate
As this has [ever] been, and to put off
The murmure of the people that encrease
Against my government, which the gods knows
I onely feel the trouble of: I present
The Prince unto your loves, a Gent.
In whom all Excellencies are knit together,
All peeces of a true man, let your prayers
Win from the Duke half his Vexation,
That he may undertake it, whose discretion
I must confess, though it be from the Father,
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern.
'Tis not my own desire, but all the Lands,
I know the weakness of it.

Nisus. Madam, this noble care and love has won us
For ever to your lives, we'll to the King,
And since your Grace has put it in our mouths,
We'll win him with the cunning'st words we can.

Dorial. I was never cousen'd in a woman before.
For commonly they are like Apples: If once they bruise

ACT IV CUPID'S REVENGE

They will grow rotten thorow, and serve for nothing but to asswage swellings.

Bac. Good Lords delay no time, since 'tis your good Pleasures to think my counsell good, and by no means Let the Prince know it, whose affections Will stir mainly against it: besides his Father May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried So that his forward will appear not in it, Go, and be happy.

Dorial. Well, I would not be Chronicl'd as thou Wilt be for a good woman, for all the world.

Nisus. Madam, we kiss your hand, and so inspire. Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quart[us]. Scæna Prima.

Enter Leucippus, Ismenus.

Leu. **A**ND thus she has us'd me, is't not a good mother?
Ismenus. Why kill'd you her not?

Leu. The gods forbid it.

Ismenus. S'light, if all the women i'th' world were barren, shee had dy'd.

Leuc. But 'tis not reason directs thee thus.

Ismen. Then have I none at all, for all I have in me Directs me: Your Father's in a pretty rage.

Leucippus. Why?

Ismenus. Nay, 'tis well, if he know himself, but some of the Nobility have deliver'd a petition to him: what's in't, I know not, but it has put him to his trumps: he has taken a months time to answer it, and chafes like himself.

Enter Leontius, Bacha, and Tellamon.

Leu. He's here *Ismenus.*

Leon. Set me down *Tellamon.* *Leucippus.*

Leu. Sir. (not of it.)

Bach. Nay good Sir, be at peace, I dare swear he kn[ew]

Leon. You are foolish: peace.

Bach. All will go ill, deny it boldly Sir, trust me he cannot prove it by you.

Leu. What?

Bac. You'll make all worse too with your facing it.

Leuc. What is the matter?

Leon. Know'st thou that petition?

Look on it well: wouldst thou be joyn'd with me
(Unnaturall child to be weary of me)
E'r Fate esteem me fit for other worlds.

Bac. May be he knows not of it.

Leu. Oh strange carriages!

Sir, as I have hope that there is any thing
To reward doing well, my usages
Which have been (but 'tis no matter what)
Have put me so far from the thought of Greatness,
That I should welcome it like a disease
That grew upon me, and I could not cure.
They are my enemies that gave you this,
And yet they call me friend, and are themselves
I fear abus'd. I am weary of my life,
For Gods sake take it from me: it creates
More mischief in the State than it is worth,
The usage I have had, I know would make
Wisdom her self run frantick through the streets,
And Patience quarrel with her shadow.
Sir, this sword—

Bac. Alas! help for the love of Heaven,
Make way through me first, for he is your Father.

Leon. What, would he kill me?

Bac. No Sir, no.

Leon. Thou always [mak'st] the best on't, but I fear—

Leu. Why do you use me thus? who is't can think
That I would kill my Father, that can yet
Forbear to kill you? Here Sir, is my sword;
I dare not touch it, lest she say again
I would have kill'd you: let me not have mercy
When I most need it, if I would not change
Place with my meanest servant. Let these faults
Be mended Madam: if you saw how ill
They did become you, you would part with them.

Bac. I told the Duke as much before.

Leu. What? what did you tell him?

Bac. That it was only an ambition,
Nurst in you by your youth, provok'd you thus,
Which age would take away.

Leon. It was his doing then? come hither Love.

Bac. No indeed, Sir.

Leu. How am I made, that I can bear all this?
If any one had us'd a friend of mine [nere] this,
My hand had carried death about it.

Leon. Lead me hence *Tellamon*: come my dear
Bacha, I shall find time for this.

Ism. Madam, you know I dare not speak before
The King; but you know well, if not, I'll tell [it] you,
You are the most wicked'st, and most murderous
Strumpet, that ever was call'd Woman.

Bac. My Lord, what can I do for him? he shall command me.

Leon. I know thou art too kind; away I say.

[Exit *Leon.* *Bac.* *Tima.* *Tella.*

Ism. Sir, I am sure we dream, this cannot be.

Leu. Oh that we did, my wickedness has brought
All this to pass, else I should bear my self.

Enter Urania.

Ism. Look, doe you see who's there? your virtuous
Mothers issue: kill her, yet take some little pidling revenge.

Leu. Away, the whole Court calls her virtuous; for they
say, she is unlike her Mother, and if so, she can have no vice.

Ism. I'll trust none of 'em that come of such a breed.

Leu. But I have found

A kind of love in her to me: alas,
Think of her death! I dare be sworn for her,
She is as free from any hate to me
As her bad Mother's full. She was brought up
I'th' Countrey, as her tongue will let you know

Enter Urania.

If you but talk with her, with a poor Uncle,
Such as her Mother had.

Ism. She's come again.

Ura. I would fene speak to the good Marquess my brother,
if I but thought he could abaid me.

Leu. Sister, how do you?

Ura. Very well I thank you.

Ism. How does your good Mother?

Leu. Fie, fie, *Ismenus* for shame, mock such an innocent soul as this.

Ura. Feth a she be no good, [G]od may her so.

Leu. I know you wish it with your heart dear Sister, but she is good I hope.

Ism. Are you so simple, to make so much of this? Do you not know, That all her wicked Mother labours for, is but to raise Her to your right, and leave her this Dukedom?

Ura. I, but ne'r Sir be afred; For though she take th' ungain'st weas she can, I'll ne'er ha't fro' you.

Leu. I should hate my self *Ismenus*; If I should think of her simplicity, Ought but extreamly well.

Ism. Nay, as you will.

Ura. And though she be my Mother, If she take any cause to do you wrong, If I can see't, youst quickly hear on't Sir: And so I'll take my leave.

Leu. Farewel good Sister, I thank you. [*Exit Urania.*]

Ism. You believe all this.

Leu. Yes.

Enter Timantus.

Ism. A good faith doth well, but methinks It were no hard matter now, for her Mother to send her: Yonder's one you may trust if you will too.

Leu. So I will, if he can shew me as apparent signs Of truth as she did; Does he weep *Ismenus*?

Ism. Yes, I think so: some good's happen'd I warrant: Do you hear, you? What honest man has scap'd misery, that [you are] crying thus?

Tim. Noble *Ismenus*, where's the Prince?

Ism. Why there! hast wept thine eyes out?

Tim. Sir, I beseech you hear me.

Leu. Well, speak on.

Ism. Why, will you hear him?

Leu. Yes *Ismenus*, why?

Ism. I would hear blasphemy as willingly.

Leu. You are [to] blame.

Tim. No Sir: he is not to blame:

If I were as I was.

Ism. Nor as thou art, yfaith awhit [to] blame.

Leu. What's your business?

Tim. Faith Sir, I am ashamed to speak before you,
My conscience tells me I have injur'd you,
And by the earnest instigation
Of others, have not done you to the King
Always the best and friendliest offices;
Which pardon me, or I will never speak.

Ism. Never pardon him and silence a knave.

Leu. I pardon thee.

Tim. Your Mother sure is naught.

Leu. Why shouldst thou think so?

Tim. Oh noble, Sir, your honest eyes perceive not
The dangers you are led to; shame upon her,
And what fell miseries the gods can think on
Shower down upon her wicked head, she has plotted
I know too well your death: would my poor life
Or thousand[s] such as mine is, might be offer'd
Like sacrifices up for your preserving,
What free oblations would she have to glut her,
But she is merciless, and bent to ruin;
If heaven and good men step not to your rescue,
And timely, very timely: Oh this Dukedom!
I weep, I weep for the poor Orphans i'th' Countrey
Left with but Friends or Parents.

Leu. Now *Ismenus*, what think you of this fellow?
This was a lying knave, a flatterer,
Does not this Love still shew him so.

Ism. This Love? this Halter: if he prove not yet
The cunning'st rankest rogue that ever Canted,
I'll never see man again: I know him to bring,
And can interpret every new face he makes;
Look how he wrings like a good stool for a tear:

Take heed, Children and Fools
First feel the smart, Then weep.

Leu. Away, away, such an unkind distrust,
Is worse than a dissembling, if it be one,
And sooner leads to mischief, I believe it,
And him an honest man: he could not carry
Under an evil cause, so true a sorrow.

Ism. Take heed, this is your Mothers scorpion,
That carries stings even in his tears,
Whose soul is a rank poison through: Touch
Not at him, if you do, you are gone, if you had twenty
Lives: I knew him for a Roguish boy, when
He would poison Dogs, and keep tame Toads,
He lay with his Mother, and infected her, and now
She begs i'th' Hospital, with a patch of Velvet,
Where her Nose stood: like the Queen of Spades.
And all her teeth in her purse, the Devil and this
Fellow are so near, 'Tis not yet known which is the eviler Angel.

Leu. Nay, then I see 'tis spite: Come hither friend.
Hast thou not heard the cause yet that incens'd my Mother
to my death, for I protest I feel none in my self?

Tim. Her Will Sir, and Ambition, as I think,
Are the provokers of it, as in Women,
Those two are ever powerful to destruction,
Beside a hate of your still growing virtues,
She being only wicked.

Leu. Heavens defend me as I am innocent,
And ever have been from all immoderate thoughts and
Actions, that carry such rewards along w[i]th 'em.

Tim. Sir, all I know, my duty must reveal,
My Countrey and my Love command it from me,
For whom I'll lay my life down: this night coming,
A Counsel is appointed by the Duke,
To sit about your apprehension:
If you dare trust my faith: which by all good things
Shall ever watch about you: goe along,
And to a place I'll guide you: where no word
Shall scape without your hearing, nor no plot
Without discovering to you, which once known, you have your
answers and prevention.

Ism. You are not so mad to goe; shift off this fellow, you shall be rul'd once by a wise man: Ratsbane get you gone, or—

Leu. Peace, peace for shame, thy love is too suspitious, 'tis a way offer'd to preserve my life, and I will take it: be my Guide *Timantus* and do not mind this angry man, thou know'st him: I may live to requite thee.

Tim. Sir, this service is done for virtues sake, not for reward, however he may hold me.

Ism. The great pox on you: but thou hast that curse so much, 'twill grow a blessing in thee shortly. Sir, for wisdoms sake court not your death, I am your friend and subject, and I shall lose in both: if I lov'd you not, I would laugh at you, and see you run your neck into the noose, and cry a Woodcock.

Leu. So much of man, and so much fearful; fie, prethee have peace within thee: I shall live yet many a golden day to hold thee here dearest and nearest to me: Go on *Timantus*, I charge you by your love no more, no more. [*Exeunt Leu. Tim.*]

Ism. Goe, and let your own rod whip you:
I pity you. And dog, if he miscarry thou shalt pay for't,
I'll study for thy punishment, and it shall last
Longer and sharper than a tedious Winter,
Till thou blasphem'st, and then thou diest and damn'st. [*Exit.*]

Enter Leontius and Tellamon.

Leon. I wonder the Dutchess comes not.

Tel. She has heard, Sir, your Will to speak with her:
But there is something leaden at her heart;
(Pray God it be not mortal) that even keeps her
From conversation with her self.

Enter the Dutchess.

B. Oh whither will you my cross affections pull me?
Fortune, Fate, and you whose powers direct our actions,
And dwell within us: you that are Angels
Guiding to virtue, wherefore have you given
So strong a hand to evil? wherefore suffer'd
A Temple of your own, you Deities
Where your fair selves dwelt only, and your goodness
Thus to be soyld with sin?

Leon. Heaven bless us all.

From whence comes this distemper? speak my fair one.

Bac. And have you none, Love and Obedience,
You[r] ever faithful Servants to employ
In this strange story of impiety,
But me a Mother; Must I be your strumpet?
To lay black Treason upon, and in him,
In whom all sweetness was: in whom my love
Was [proud] to have a Being, in whom Justice,
And all the gods for our imaginations
Can work into a man, were more than virtues,
Ambition down to hell, where thou wert foster'd,
Thou hast poison'd the best soul, the purest, whitest,
And meekest innocent'st it self that ever
Mens greedy hopes gave life to.

Leon. This is still stranger: lay this treason
Open to my correction.

Bac. Oh what a combat duty and affection
Breeds in my blood!

Leon. If thou conceal'st him, may,
Beside my death, the curses of the Countrey,
Troubles of conscience, and a wretched end,
Bring thee unto a poor forgotten grave.

Bac. My Being: for another tongue to tell it,
Cease, a Mother! some good man that dares
Speak for his King and Countrey: I am full
Of too much womans pity: yet oh Heaven,
Since it concerns the safety of my Sovereign,
Let it not be a cruelty in me,
Nor draw a Mothers name in question,
Amongst unborn people, to give up that man
To Law and Justice, that unrighteously
Has sought his Fathers death: be deaf: be deaf Sir,
Your Son is the offender: Now have you all,
Would I might never speak again.

Leon. My Son! Heaven help me.
No more! I thought it, and since
His life is grown so dangerous: Let them that
Gave him, take him: he shall dye,
And with him all my fears.

Bac. Oh use your mercy: you have a brave subject
To bestow it on. I'll forgive him, Sir; and for his
Wrong to me, I'll be before ye.

Leon. Durst his villany extend to thee?

Bac. Nothing but heats of youth, Sir.

Leon. Upon my life he sought my bed.

Bacha. I must confess he loved me
Somewhat beyond a Son: and still pursu'd it
With such a Lust, I will not say *Ambition*:
That clean forgetting all obedience,
And only following his first heat unto me,
He hotly sought your death, and me in Marriage.

Leon. Oh Villain!

Bac. But I forget all: and am half asham'd
To press a man so far.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Where is the Duke? for Gods sake bring me to him:

Leon. Here I am: each corner of the Dukedom
Sends new affrights forth: what wouldst thou? speak.

Tim. I cannot Sir, my fear ties up my tongue:

Leon. Why, what's the matter? Take thy courage
To thee, and boldly speak, where are the Guard?
In the gods name, out with it:

Tim. Treason, treason.

Leon. In whom?

Bacha. Double the Guard.

Tim. There is a fellow, Sir.

Leon. Leave shaking man.

Timan. 'Tis not for fear, but wonder.

Leon. Well.

Timan. There is a fellow, Sir, close i'th' Lobby:
You o'the Guard, look to the door there.

Leon. But let me know the business.

Tima. Oh that the hearts of men should be so hard'ned
Against so good a Duke, for Gods sake, Sir,
Seek means to save your self; This wretched slave
Has his sword in his hand, I know his heart:
Oh it hath almost kill'd me with the thought of it.

Leon. Where is he?

Enter the Guard, and bring him in.

Timan. I'th' Lobby Sir, close in a corner :
Look to your selves for Heavens sake,
Me thinks he is here already.
Fellows of the Guard be valiant.

Leon. Goe Sirs, and apprehend him ; Treason shall
Never dare me in mine own Gates.

Tim. 'Tis done. [*There they bring the Prince in.*]

Bacha. And thou shalt find it to thy best content.

Leon. Are these the comforts of my age ?
They're happy that end their daies contented
With a little, and live aloof from dangers, to a King
Every content doth a new peril bring.
Oh let me live no longer, shame of Nature,
Bastard to Honor : Traytor, Murderer,
Devil in a humane shape. Away with him,
He shall not breathe his hot [inf]ection here.

Leu. Sir, hear me.

Leon. Am I or he your Duke ? away with him
To a close prison : your Highness now shall know,
Such branches must be cropt before they grow.

Leu. Whatever fortune comes, I bid it welcome,
My innocency is my Armor : gods preserve you. [*Exit.*]

Bacha. Fare thee well, I shall never see so brave a Gent.
Would I could weep out his offences.

Tim. Or I could weep out mine eyes.

Leon. Come Gentlemen, we'll determine presently
About his death : we cannot be too forward in our
Safety : I am very sick, lead me unto my bed. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Citizen and his Boy.

Cit. Sirrah, goe fetch my Fox from the Cutlers :
There's money for the scowring : Tell him I stop a groat since
the last great Muster : he had in stone Pitch for the bruise : he
took with the recoyling of his Gun.

Boy. Yes Sir.

Cit. And do you hear ? when you come, Take down my
Buckler, and sweep the Cobwebs off : and grind the pick o[n']t,

and fetch a Nail or two: and tack on bracers: your Mistriss made a pot-lid ont't,
I thank her, at her Ma[yd]s Wedding, and burnt off the Handle.

Boy. I will Sir.

[Exit.

Cit. Who's within here, hoe Neighbor, not stirring yet?

2 Cit. Oh, good morrow, good morrow: what news, what news?

1 Cit. It holds, he dies this morning.

2 Cit. Then happy man be his fortune, I am resolv'd.

1 Cit. And so am I, and forty more good fellows,
That will not give their heads for the washing, I take it.

2 Cit. 'Sfoot man, who would not hang in such good company, and such a cause? A Fire, a Wife and Children; 'Tis such a jest that men should look behind 'em to the world: and let their honors, their honors neighbor, slip.

1 Cit. I'll give thee a pint of *Bastard* and a Roll for that bare word.

2 Cit. They say, that we Tailors, are things that lay one another, and our Geese hatch us: I'll make some of 'em feel they are Geese o'th' game then.

I'fack, take down my Bill, 'tis ten to one I use it. Take a good heart man, all the low ward is ours, with a wet finger.

An[d] lay my cut-fing'red Gantlet ready for me,
That, that I us'd to work in, when the Gentl. were
Up against us, and beaten out of Town, and almost out o'
Debt too: for a plague on 'em they never paid well since:
And take heed sirrah, your Mistriss hears not of this
Business, she's near her time: yet if she do,
I care not, she may long for Rebellion,
For she has a devilish spirit.

1 Cit. Come, let's call up the new Iremonger, he's as tough as steel, and has a fine wit in these resurrections;
Are you stirring neighbor?

3. *Within.* Oh, Good morrow neighbors,
I'll come to you presently.

2. Goe to, this is his Mothers doing; she's a *Polecat*.

1. As any is in the world.

2. Then say, I have hit it, and a vengeance on her, let her be what she will.

1. *Amen* say I, she has brought things to a fine pass with her wisdom: do you mark it?

2. One thing I am sure she has, the good old Duke, she gives him pap again they say, and dandles him, and hangs a corral and bells about his neck, and makes him believe his teeth will come agen; which if they did, and I he, I would worry her as never Curr was worried: I would neighbor, till my teeth met I know where, but that's counsel.

Enter [third] Citizen.

3. Good morrow neighbors: hear you the sad news?

1. Yes, would we knew as well how to prevent it.

3. I cannot tell, methinks 'twere no great matter, if men were men: but—

2. You do not twit me with my calling neighbor?

3. No surely: for I know your spirit to be tall; pray be not vext.

2. Pray forward with your counsel:

I am what I am, and they that prove me shall find me to their cost: do you mark me neighbor, to their cost I say.

1. Nay, look how soon you are angry!

2. They shall neighbors: yes, I say they shall.

3. I do believe they shall.

1. I know they shall.

2. Whether you do or no I care not two pence, I am no beast, I know mine own strength neighbors; God bless the King, your companies is fair.

1. Nay neighbor, now ye erre, [I] tell you so, and ye [were] twenty Neighbors.

3. You had best goe peach, doe, peach.

2. Peach; I scorn the motion.

3. Doe, and see what follows: I'll spend an hundred pound, and be two I care not: but I'll undoe thee.

2. Peach, Oh disgrace! Peach in thy face, and doe the worst thou canst: I am a true-man, and a free-man: peach!

1. Nay, look, you will spoil all.

2. Peach!

1. Whilst you two brawl together, the Prince will lose his life.

3. Come, give me your hand, I love you well, are you for the action?

2. Yes: but Peach provokes me, 'tis a cold fruit, I feel it cold in my stomach still.

3. No more, I'll give you Cake to digest it.

Enter the Fourth.

4. Shut up my shop, and be ready at a call boys, and one of you run over my old tuck with a few ashes, 'tis grown odious with toasting Cheese: and burn a little Juniper in my Murrin, the Maid made it her Chamber-pot: an hour hence I'll come again; and as you hear from me, send me a clean shirt.

3. The Chandler by th[e] Wharf, and it be thy Will.

2. Gossip, good morrow.

4. Oh good morrow Gossip: good morrow all, I see ye of one mind you cleave so close together: come 'tis time, I have prepared [a] hundred if they stand.

1. 'Tis well done: shall we sever, and about it?

3. First, let's to the Tavern, and a pint a piece will make us Dragons.

2. I will have no mercy, come what will of it.

4. If my tuck hold, I'll spit the Guard like Larks with sage between 'em.

2. I have a foolish Bill to reckon with 'em, will make some of their hearts ake, and I'll lay it on: now shall I fight, 'twill do you good to see me.

3. Come, I'll do something for the Town to talk of when I am rotten: pray God there be enough to kill, that's all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dorialus, Nisus, Agenor.

Age. How black the day begins!

Dor. Can you blame it, and look upon such a deed as shall be done this morning?

Nis. Does the Prince suffer to day?

Dor. Within this hour they say.

Agen. Well, they that are most wicked are most safe: 'twill be a strange justice, and a lamentable, gods keep us from the too soon feeling of it.

Doria. I care not if my throat were next: for to live still, and live here, were but to grow [f]at for the Shambles.

Nis. Yet we must do it, and thank 'em too, that our lives may be accepted.

Age. Faith I'll go starve [my] self, or grow diseas'd to shame the hangman ; for I am sure he shall be my Herald, and quarter me.

Dor. I, a plague on him, he's too excellent at Arms.

Nisus. Will you go see this sad sight, my Lord *Agenor* ?

Age. I'll make a mourner.

Dor. If I could do him any good, I would goe,
The bare sight else will but afflict my spirit,
My prayers shall be as near him as your eyes : [Grace.
As you find him settled, remember my love and service to his

Nis. We will weep for you, Sir : farewel. [Exeunt.

Dor. Farewell to all our happiness, a long farewell.
Thou angry power, whether of Heaven or Hell,
Thou laist this sharp correction on our Kingdom
For our offences, infinite and mighty !
Oh hear me, and at length be pleas'd, be pleas'd
With pity to draw back thy vengeance,
Too heavy for our weakness ; and accept,
(Since it is your discretion, heavenly Wisdoms,
To have it so) this sacrifice for all,
That now is flying to your happiness,
Only for you most fit : let all our sins suffer in him.
[A shout within.
Gods, what's the matter ? I hope 'tis joy ;
How now my Lords ?

Enter Agenor and Nisus.

Nis. I'll tell you with that little breath I have ;
More joy than you dare think, The Prince is safe from danger.

Dor. How !

Age. 'Tis true, and thus it was ; his hour was come
To lose his life, he ready for the stroke,
Nobly, and full of Saint-like patience,
Went with his Guard : which when the people saw,
Compassion first went out, mingled with tears,
That bred desires, and whispers to each other,
To do some worthy kindness for the Prince,
And e'r they understood well how to do,

Fury stept in, and taught them what to do,
 Thrusting on every hand to rescue him,
 As a white innocent: then flew the roar
 Through all the streets, of *Save him, save him, save him*:
 And as they cry'd, they did; for catching up
 Such sudden weapons as their madness shew them
 In short, they beat the Guard, and took him from 'em,
 And now march with him like a royal Army.

Dor. Heaven, heaven I thank thee,
 What a slave was I to have my hand so far from
 This brave rescue, 't 'ad been a thing to brag on
 When I was old. Shall we run for a wager to the
 Next Temple, and give thanks?

Nis. As fast as wishes.

Enter Leucippus and Ismenus: the people within stops.

Leu. Good friends goe home again, there's not a man shall
 goe with me.

Isme. Will you not take revenge? I'll call them on.

Leuc. All that love me, depart:

I thank you, and will serve you for your loves:
 But I will thank you more to suffer me
 To govern 'em: once more, I do beg ye,
 For my sake to your houses.

All within. Gods preserve you.

Ism. And what house will you goe to?

Leu. *Ismenus*, I will take the wariest courses that I can
 think of to defend my self, but not offend.

Isme. You may kill your Mother, and never offend your
 Father, an honest man.

Leu. Thou know'st I can scape now, that's all I look for:
 I'll leave.

Isme. *Timantus*, a pox take him, would I had him here, I
 would kill him at his own weapon single, sithes we have built
 enough on him: plague on't, I'm out of all patience: discharge
 such an Army as this, that would have followed you without
 paying, Oh gods!

Leu. To what end should I keep 'em? I am free.

Isme. Yes, free o'th' Traitors, for you are proclaim'd one.

Leu. Should I therefore make my self one?

Isme. This is one of your moral Philosophy, is it? Heaven bless me from subtilties to undoe my self with: But I know, if reason her self were here, She would not part with her own safety.

Leu. Well, pardon *Ismenus*, for I know My courses are most just; nor will I stain 'em With one bad action; for thy self thou know'st, That though I may command thee, I shall be A ready servant to thee if thou needst: and so I'll take my leave.

Isme. Of whom?

Leu. Of thee.

Isme. Heart, you shall take no leave of me.

Leu. Shall I not?

Isme. No, by the gods shall you not: nay, if you have no more wit but to goe absolutely alone, I'll be in a little.

Leu. Nay, prethee good *Ismenus* part with me.

Isme. I wonnot i'faith, never move it any more; for by this good light I wonnot.

Leu. This is an ill time to be thus unruly: *Ismenus*. You must leave me.

Isme. Yes, if you can beat me away: else the gods refuse me if I will leave you till I see more reason; you sha'nt undoe your self.

Leu. But why wilt not leave me?

Isme. Why I'll tell you: Because when you are gone, then—life, if I have not forgot my reason—hell take me: you put me out of patience so: Oh! marry when you are gone, then will your Mother (a pox confound her) she never comes in my head, but she spoils my memory too: there are a hundred reasons.

Leu. But shew me one.

Isme. Shew you; what a stir here is; why I will shew you: Do you think; well, well, I know what I know, I pray come, come. 'Tis in vain: but I am sure. Devils take 'em; what do I meddle with 'em? You know your self. Soul, I think I am: is there any man i'th' world? as if you knew not this already better than I. Pish, pish, I'll give no reason.

Leu. But I will tell thee one, why thou shouldst stay: I have not one friend in the Court but thou,

On whom I may be bold to trust to send me
 Any intelligence: and if thou lov'st me
 Thou wilt do this, thou needst not fear to stay,
 For there are new-come Proclamations out,
 Where all are pardon'd but my self.

Isme. 'Tis true, and in the same Proclamation, your fine
 Sister *Urania*, whom you us'd so kindly, is proclaim'd Heir
 apparent to the Crown. (danger.

Leu. What though, thou mayst stay at home without

Isme. Danger, hang danger, what tell you me of danger?

Leu. Why if thou wilt not do't, I think thou dar'st not.

Isme. I dare not: if you speak it in earnest, you are a Boy.

Leu. Well Sir, if you dare, let me see you do't.

Isme. Why so you shall, I will stay.

Leu. Why God-a-mercy-

Isme. You know I love you but too well.

Leu. Now take these few directions: farewel, send to me
 by the wariest ways thou canst: I have a soul tells me we
 shall meet often. The gods protect thee.

Isme. Pox o' my self for an ass, I'm crying now, God be
 with you, if I never see you again: why then pray get you
 gone, for grief and anger wonnot let me know what I say, I'll
 to the Court as fast as I can, and see the new Heir apparant.

[*Excunt.*

Aëtus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Urania and her Woman.

Uran. **W**Hat hast thou found him?

Wo. Madam, he is coming in.

Uran. Gods bless my brother, wheresoe'er he is:
 And I beseech you keep me fro the bed
 Of any naughty Tyrant, whom my Mother
 Would ha me have to wrong him.

Enter Ismenus.

Isme. What would her new Grace have with me?

Ura. Leave us a while. My Lord *Ismenus*, [*Exit [Wom.]*
 I pray for the love of Heaven and God,
 That you would tell me one thing, which I know

You can do weell.

Ism. Where's her fain Grace?

Ura. You know me well inough, but that you mock, I am she my sen.

Ism. God bless him that shall be thy husband, if thou wear'st [breeches] thus soon, thou'lt be as impudent as thy Mother.

Ura. But will you tell me this one thing?

Ism. What is't? if it be no great matter whether I do or no, perhaps I will.

Ura. Yes faith, 'tis matter.

Ism. And what is't? (Brother is.

Ura. I pray you let me know whaire the Prince my

Ism. I'faith you shan be hang'd first, is your Mother so foolish to think your good Grace can sift it out of me?

Ura. If you have any mercy left i' you to a poor wench, tell me.

Ism. Why wouldst [not thou] have thy brains beat out for this, to follow thy Mothers steps so young?

Ura. But believe me, she knows none of this.

Ism. Believe you? why do you think I never had wits? or that I am run out of them? how should it belong to you to know, if I could tell?

Ura. Why I will tell you, and if I speak false Let the devil ha me: yonder's a bad man, Come from a Tyrant to my Mother, and what name They ha' for him, good faith I cannot tell.

Ism. An Ambassador.

Ura. That's it: but he would carry me away, And have me marry his Master; and I'll day E'r I will ha' him.

Ism. But what's this to knowing where the Prince is?

Ura. Yes: for you know all my Mother does: Agen the Prince is but to ma me great.

Ism. Pray, I know that too well, what ten?

Ura. Why I [w]ould goe to the good Marquis my Brother, and put my self into his hands, that so He may preserve himself.

Ism. Oh that thou hadst no seed of thy Mother in thee, and couldst mean this now.

Ura. Why feth I do, wou'd I might ne'er stir more if I do not.

Ism. I shall prove a ridiculous fool, I'll be damn'd else : hang me if I do not half believe thee.

Ura. By my troth you may.

Ism. By my troth I doe : I know I'm an Ass for't, But I cannot help it.

Ura. And won you tell me then ?

Ism. Yes faith will I, or any thing else i'th' world : for I think thou art as good a creature as ever was born.

Ura. But ail goe i' this ladst [reparrell] : But you mun help me to Silver.

Ism. Help thee ? why the pox take him that will not help thee to any thing i'th' world, I'll help thee to Money, and I'll do't presently too, and yet soul, If you should play the scurvy Harlotry little pocky baggage now and cosin me, what then ?

Ura. Why, an I do, wou'd I might ne'r see day agen.

Ism. Nay, by this light, I do not think thou wilt : I'll presently provide thee Money and a Letter. [Exit *Ism.*

Ura. I, but I'll ne'er deliver it.

When I have found my Brother, I will beg
To serve him ; but he shall never know who I am :
For he must hate me then for my bad mother :
I'll say I am a Countrey Lad that want a service,
And have straid on him by chance, lest he discover me ;
I know I must not live long, but that taim
I ha' to spend, shall be in serving him.
And though my Mother seek to take his life away,
In ai day my brother shall be taught
That I was ever good, though she were naught. [Exit.

*Enter Bacha and Timantus : Bacha reading
a Letter.*

Bac. Run away, the Devil be her guide.

Tim. Faith she's gone : there's a Letter, I found it in her pocket, would I were with her, she's a handsome Lady, a plague upon my bashfulness, I had bobb'd her long ago else.

Bach. What a base whore is this, that after all My ways for her advancement, should so poorly Make virtue her undoer, and choose this time,

The King being deadly sick, and I intending
 A present marriage with some foreign Prince,
 To strengthen and secure my self. She writes here
 Like a wise Gentlewoman, She will not stay :
 And the example of her dear brother, makes her
 Fear her self, to whom she means to flie.

Tim. Why, who can help it?

Bac. Now Poverty and Lechery, which is thy end, rot
 thee, where e'er thou goest with all thy goodness.

Timan. Berlady they'll bruze her : and she were of brass.
 I am sure they'll break stone Walls : I have had experience of
 them both, and they have made me desperate : but there's a
 messenger, Madam, come from the Prince with a Letter to
Ismenus, who by him returns an answer.

Bac. This comes as pat as wishes : thou shalt presently
 away *Timantus*.

Tim. Whither Madam?

Ba. To the Prince, and take the Messenger for guide.

Tim. What shall I do there? I have done too much
 mischief to be believ'd again; or indeed, to scape with my
 head on my back, if I be once known.

Bac. Thou art a weak shallow fool : get thee a disguise,
 and withal, when thou com'st before him, have a Letter fain'd
 to deliver him : and then, as thou hast ever hope of goodness
 by me, or after me, strike one home stroke that shall not need
 another : dar'st thou speak, dar'st thou? if thou fall'st off, go
 be a Rogue again, and lie and pander to procure thy meat :
 dar'st thou speak to me?

Tim. Sure I shall never walk when I am dead : I have no
 spirit, Madam, I'll be drunk but I'll do it, that's all my refuge.
[Exit.]

Bac. Away, no more, then I'll raise an Army whilst the
 King yet lives, if all the means and power I have can do it,
 I cannot tell.

Enter Ismenus and three Lords.

Ism. Are you inventing still? we'll ease your studies.

Bac. Why how now saucy Lords?

Ism. Nay, I'll shake ye; yes devil, I will shake ye.

Bac. Do not you know me Lords?

Nis. Yes deadly sin we know ye, would we did not.

Ism. Doe you hear whore, a plague a God upon thee, the Duke is dead.

Bac. Dead!

Ism. I, wild-fire and brimstone take thee: good man he is dead, and past those miseries which thou, salt infection-like; like a disease flungst upon his head. Dost thou hear, and 'twere not more respect [to] Womanhood in general than thee, because I had a Mother, who I will not say she was good, she liv'd so near thy time, I would have thee in vengeance of this man, whose peace is made in heaven by this time, tied to a post; and dried i' th' sun, and after carried about, and shewn at Fairs for money, with a long story of the devil thy father, that taught thee to be whorish, envious, bloody.

Bac. Ha, ha, ha.

Ism. You fleeing harlot, I'll have a horse to leap thee, and thy base issue shall carry Sumpters. Come Lords, bring her along, we'll to the Prince all, where her hell-hood shall wait his censure; and if he spare the[e] she-Goat, may he lie with thee again: and beside, maist thou lay upon him some nasty foul disease, that hate still follows, and his end a dry ditch. Lead you corrupted whore, or I'll draw a goad shall make you skip: away to the Prince.

Bac. [Ha] ha, ha, I hope yet I shall come too late to find him.

Cornets. Cupid from above.

Enter Leucippus, Urania: Leucippus with a bloody Handkerchief.

Leu. Alas poor boy, why dost thou follow me? What canst thou hope for? I am poor as thou art.

Ura. In good feth I shall be weel and rich enough if you will love me, and not put me from you.

Leu. Why dost thou choose out me Boy to undo thee? Alas, for pittty take another Master, That may be able to deserve thy love In breeding thee hereafter: me thou knowest not, More than my misery: and therefore canst not Look for rewards at my hands: would I were able

My pretty knave, to doe thee any kindness: truly
 Good Boy, I would upon my faith, thy harmless
 Innocence moves me at heart: wilt thou goe
 Save thy self; why dost thou weep?
 Alas, I do not chide thee.

Ura. I cannot tell if I go from you; Sir, I shall ne'er
 dawn day more: Pray if you can, I will be true to you: Let
 me wait on you: if I were a man, I would fight for you:
 Sure you have some ill-willers, I would slay [u]m.

Leu. Such harmless souls are ever Prophets: well, I take
 thy wish, thou shalt be with me still: But prethee eat, [then]
 my good boy: Thou wilt die my child if thou fast one day more.
 This four daies thou hast tasted nothing: Goe into the Cave
 and eat: thou shalt find something for thee, to bring thy blood
 again, and thy fair colour.

Ura. I cannot eat, God thank you.
 But I'll eat to morrow.

Leu. Thou't be dead by that time.

Ura. I should be well then, for you will not love me.

Leu. Indeed I will. This is the prettiest passion that e'er
 I felt yet: why dost thou look so earnestly upon me?

Ura. You have fair eyes Master.

Leu. Sure the boy dotes: why dost thou sigh my child?

Ura. To think that such a fine man should live, and no
 gay Lady love him.

Leu. Thou wilt love me?

Ura. Yes sure till I die, and when I am in heaven, I'll
 e'en wish for you.

Leu. And I'll come to thee boy.

This is a Love I never yet heard tell of: come, thou art
 sleepy child; goe in, and I'll sit with thee: heaven what
 portends this?

Ura. You are sad, but I am not sleepy, would I could do
 ought to make you merry: shall I sing?

Leu. If thou wilt good Boy.

Alas my boy, that thou shouldst comfort me, and art far
 worse than I!

Enter Timantus with a Letter disguised.

Ura. Law Master, there's one, look to your [sen.]

Leu. What art thou that in this dismal place,
Which nothing could find out but misery,
Thus boldly stepst? Comfort was never here,
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house
Built by a better Architect than beasts;
And e'er you get dwelling from one of them,
You must fight for it: if you conquer him,
He is your meat: if not, you must be his.

Tim. I come to you (for if I not mistake, you are the
Prince) from that most Noble Lord *Ismenus* with a Letter.

Ura. Alas, I fear I shall be discover'd now.

Leu. Now I feel my self the poorest of all mortal things.
Where is he that receives such courtesies
But he has means to shew his gratefulness
Some way or other? I have none at all:
I know not how to speak so much as well
Of thee, but to these trees.

[*Leucippus opening the Letter, the
whilst Timantus runs at him,
and Urania steps before.*

Tim. His Letters speak him, Sir—

Ura. Gods keep me but from knowing him till I die:
aye me, sure I cannot live a day, Oh thou foul Traitor:
How do you Master?

Leu. How dost thou my child? alas, look on [t]his, it may
make thee repentant, to behold those innocent drops that thou
hast drawn from thence.

Ura. 'Tis nothing Sir, and you be well.

Tim. Oh pardon me, know you me now, Sir?

Leu. How couldst thou find me out?

Tima. We intercepted a Letter from *Ismenus*, and the
bearer directed me.

Leu. Stand up *Timantus* boldly,
The world conceives that thou art guilty
Of divers treasons to the State and me:
But oh far be it from the innocence
Of a just man, to give a Traitor death
Without a tryal: here the Countrey is not
To purge thee or condemn thee; therefore
A nobler trial than thou dost deserve,

Rather than none at all, here I accuse thee
 Before the face of Heaven, to be a Traitor
 Both to the Duke my Father and to me, and the
 Whole Land: speak, is it so or no?

Tima. 'Tis true Sir, pardon me.

Leu. Take heed *Timantus* how thou dost cast away thy
 self, I must proceed to execution hastily if thou confess it:
 speak once againe, is it so or no?

Tima. I am not guilty, Sir.

[*Fight here: the Prince gets his
 sword, and gives it him.*]

Leu. Gods and thy sword acquit thee, here it is.

Tima. I will not use any violence against your Highness.

Leu. At thy peril then, for this must be thy trial: and
 from henceforth look to thy self.

[*Timantus draws his sword, and runs
 at him when he turns aside.*]

Tim. I do beseech you, Sir, let me not fight.

Leu. Up, up again *Timantus*,

There is no way but this, believe me.

Now if—Fie, fie *Timantus*, is there no

Usage can recover thee from baseness? wert thou

Longer to converse with men, I would have chid

Thee for this: be all thy faults forgiven.

Tim. Oh spare me Sir, I am not fit for death.

Leu. I think th[o]u art not, yet trust me, fitter than for
 life: Yet tell me e'r thy breath be gone, know'st of any
 other plots against me?

Tim. Of none.

Leu. What course wouldst thou have taken, when thou
 hadst kill'd me?

I would have ta'en your Page, and married her.

Leu. What Page?

Tim. Your boy there.

[*Dies.*]

[*Urania sounds.*]

Leu. Is he fall'n mad in death, what does he mean?
 Some good god help me at the worst: how dost thou?

Let not thy misery vex me, thou shalt have

What thy poor heart can wish: I am a Prince,

And I will keep thee in the gayest cloaths,

And the finest things, that ever pretty boy had given him.

Ura. I know you well enough,
Feth I am dying, and now you know all too.

Leu. But stir up thy self; look what a Jewel here is,
See how it glisters: what a pretty shew
Will this make in thy little ear? ha, speak,
Eat but a bit, and take it.

Ura. Do you not know me?

Leu. I prethee mind thy health: why that's well said my
good boy, smile still.

Ura. I shall smile till death an I see you,
I am *Urania*, your Sister-in-law.

Leu. How?

Ura. I am *Urania*.

Leu. Dulness did seize me, now I know thee well;
Alas, why cam'st thou hither?

Ura. Feth for love, I would not let you know till I was
dying; for you could not love me, my Mother was so naughty.

Leu. I will love thee, or any thing: what? wilt
Thou leave me as soon as I know thee?
Speak one word to me: alas she's past it,
She will ne'er speak more.

What noise is that? it is no matter who

Enter Ismenus with the Lords.

Comes on me now. What worse than mad are you
That seek out sorrows? if you love delights
Begone from hence.

Isme. Sir, for you we come, as Soldiers to revenge the
wrongs you have suffer'd under this naughty creature: what
shall be done with her? say, I am ready.

Leu. Leave her to Heaven, brave Cosin, they shall tell
her how she has sinn'd against 'em, my hand shall never be
stain'd with such base blood: live wicked Mother: that
reverend Title be your pardon, for I will use no extremity
against you, but leave you to Heaven.

Bacha. Hell take you all, or if there be a place
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither:
And till the devils have you, may your lives

Be one continued plague, and such a one,
 That knows no friends nor ending.
 May all ages that shall succeed, curse you as I do:
 And if it be possible, I ask it heaven,
 That your base issues may be ever Monsters,
 That must for shame of nature and succession,
 Be drown'd like dogs.

Would I had breath to [poyson] you.

Leu. Would you had love within you, and such grief
 As might become a Mother: look you there,
 Know you that face? that was *Urania*:
 These are the fruits of those unhappy Mothers,
 That labour with such horrid births as you do:
 If you can weep, there's cause; poor innocent,
 Your wickedness has kill'd her: I'll weep for you.

Isme. Monstrous woman,
Mars would weep at this, and yet she cannot.

Leu. Here lies your Minion too, slain by my hand,
 I will not say you are the cause: yet certain,
 I know you were [to] blame, the gods forgive you.

Isme. See, she stands as if she were inventing
 Some new destruction for the world.

Leu. *Ismenus*, thou art welcome yet to my sad company.

Isme. I come to make you somewhat sadder, Sir.

Leu. You cannot, I am at the height already.

Isme. Your Fathers dead.

Leu. I thought so, Heaven be with him: Oh woman,
 woman, weep now or never, thou hast made more sorrows
 than we have eyes to utter.

Bac. Now let Heaven fall, I am at the worst of evils, a
 thing so miserably wretched, that every thing, the last of
 humane comforts hath left me: I will not be so base and cold,
 to live and wait the mercies of these men I hate, no, 'tis just
 I die, since fortune hath left me, my step discent attends me:
 hand, strike thou home, I have soul enough to guide; and let
 all know, as I stood a Queen, the same I'll fall, and one with
 me.

[*She stabs the Prince with a knife.*]

Leu. Ho.

Isme. How do you, Sir?

Leu. Nearer my health, than I think any here, my tongue

begins to falter : what is man ? or who would be one, when he sees a poor weak woman can in an instant make him none.

Dor. She is dead already.

Isme. Let her be damn'd already as she is : post all for Surgeons.

Leu. Let not a man stirr, for I am but dead : I have some few words which I would have you hear, And am afraid I shall want breath to speak 'em : First to you my Lords, you know *Ismenus* is Undoubtedly Heir of *Lycia*, I do beseech you all, When I am dead, to shew your duties to him.

Lords. We vow to do't.

Leu. I thank you.

Next to you Cosin *Ismenus*, that shall be the Duke, I pray you let the broken Image of *Cupid* Be re-edified, I know all this is done by him.

Isme. It shall be so.

Leu. Last, I beseech you that my Mother-in-law may have a burial according to— [*Dies.*]

Isme. To what, Sir ?

Dor. There is a full point.

Isme. I will interpret for him ; she shall have burial according to her own deserts, with dogs.

Dor. I would your Majesty would haste for setling of the people.

Isme. I am ready.

Age. Goe, and let the Trumpets sound Some mournful thing, whilst we convey the body Of this unhappy Prince unto the Court, And of that virtuous Virgin to a Grave : But drag her to a ditch, where let her lie, Accurst, whilst one man has a memory. [*Exeunt.*]

Cupid's Speech.

*The time now of my Revenge draws near.
Nor shall it lessen as I am a god,
With all the cries and prayers that have been ;
And those that be to come, though they be infinite,
In need and number.*

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

The Persons represented in the Play.

Hymen,		Perithous,
Theseus,		Jaylor,
Hippolita,	} <i>Sisters to Theseus.</i>	His Daughter, <i>in love with Palamon,</i>
Emelia,		
Nymphs,		Countreymen,
Three Queens,		Wenches,
Three valiant Knights,		A Taborer,
Palamon,	} <i>The two Noble Kinsmen, in love with fair Emelia.</i>	Gerrold, <i>A Schoolmaster.</i>
Arcite,		

PROLOGUE.

Florish.

New Plays and Maidenheads are near a-kin,
Much follow'd both; for both much money gi'n,
If they stand sound, and well: And a good Play
(Whose modest Scenes blush on his marriage day,
And shake to loose his honour) is like hir
That after holy Tie, and first nights stir
Yet still is Modesty, and still retains
More of the Maid to sight, than Husbands pains;
We pray our Play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A Learned, and a Poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po, and silver Trent.
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,
There constant to eternity it lives:
If we let fall the Nobleness of this,
And the first sound this Child hear, be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man

ACT I THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

*And make him cry from under-ground, Oh fan
 From me the witless chaff of such a writer
 That blasts my Bayes, and my fam'd Works makes lighter
 Than Robin Hood, this is the fear we bring
 For to say Truth, it were an endless thing :
 And too ambitious to aspire to him ;
 Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
 In this deep water. Do but you hold out
 Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,
 And something do to save us : You shall hear
 Scænes, though below his Art, may yet appear
 Worth two hours travel. To his bones sweet sleep :
 Content to you. If this Play do not keep,
 A little dull time from us, we perceive
 Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave.*

Florish.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Hymen with a Torch burning: a Boy, in a white Robe
 before, singing, and strewing Flowers : after Hymen, a
 Nymph, encompass'd in her Tresses, bearing a wheaten
 Garland. Then Theseus between two other Nymphs, with
 wheaten Chaplets on their heads. Then Hippolita the Bride
 lead by Theseus, and another holding a Garland over her
 head (her Tresses likewise hanging.) After her Emilia hold-
 ing up her Train.*

The SONG.

Musick.

Roses their sharp spines being gone,
 Not royal in their smells alone,
 But in their bew,
 Maiden-Pinks, of odour faint,
 Daizies smell-less, yet most quaint
 And sweet Time true.

Primrose first born, child of Ver,
 Merry Spring time's Harbinger,
 With her bells dimm.

Oxlips in their Cradles growing,
 Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
 Larks-beels trim.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT I

*All dear natures children sweet,
Lie fore Bride and Bridegrooms feet,
Blessing their sence.
Not an Angel of the Air,
Bird melodious, or Bird fair,
Is absent hence.*

[Strew
Flowers.]

*The Crow, the slanderous Cuckooe, nor
The boading Raven, nor Clough b[ee]
Nor chatt'ring Pie,
May on our Bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring
But from it fly.*

*Enter three Queens in Black, with veils stain'd, with Imperial
Crowns. The first Queen falls down at the foot of Theseus;
The second fals down at the foot of Hippolita. The third
before Emilia.*

1 *Qu.* For pities sake, and true gentilities,
Hear and respect me.

2 *Qu.* For your Mothers sake.
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me.

3 *Qu.* Now for the love of him whom *Jove* hath mark'd
The honor of your Bed, and for the sake
Of clear Virginitie, be Advocate
For us, and our distresses: This good deed
Shall raze you out o'th' Book of Trespasses
All you are set down there.

Thes. Sad Lady rise.

Hip. Stand up.

Emil. No knees to me.

What Woman I may steed that is distrest,
Does bind me to her.

Thes. What's your request? Deliver you for all?

1 *Qu.* We are three Queens, whose Sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel *Creon*; who endur'd
The Beaks of Ravens, Tallents of the Kites,
And pecks of Crows in the foul field[s] of *Thebes*.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,

SC. I THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

To urne their ashes, nor to take th' offence
 Of mortal loathsomness from the blest eye
 Of holy *Phæbus*, but infects the winds
 With stench of our slain Lords. Oh pity Duke,
 Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd Sword
 That does good turns to th' world; give us the Bones
 Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappel them;
 And of thy boundless goodness take some note
 That for our crowned heads we have no roof;
 Save this which is the Lions and the Bears,
 And vault to every thing.

Thes. Pray you kneel not,
 I was transported with your Speech, and suffer'd
 Your knees to wrong themselves; I have heard the fortunes
 Of your dead Lords, which gives me such lamenting
 As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for 'em:
 King *Capaneus*, was your Lord the day
 That he should marry you, at such a season,
 As-now it is with me, I met your Groom,
 By *Mars's Altar*; you were that time fair;
 Not *Juno's Mantle*, fairer than your Tresses,
 Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreath
 Was then not thrash'd, nor blasted; Fortune at you
 Dimpled her Cheek with smiles: *Hercules* our kinsman
 (Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his Club,
 He tumbled down upon his Nenuan hide
 And swore his sinews thaw'd: Oh grief, and time,
 Fearful consumers, you will all devour.

1 Qu. Oh I hope some God,
 Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood
 Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
 Our undertaker.

Thes. Oh no knees, none Widow,
 Unto the Helmeted-*Belona* use them,
 And pray for me your Soldier.
 Troubl'd I am.

[*Turns away.*]

2 Qu. Honoured *Hippolita*
 Most dreaded *Amazonian*, that hast slain
 The Sith-tusk'd-Bore; that with thy Arm as strong
 As it is white, was't near to make the male

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT I

To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
 Born to uphold Creation, in that honor
 First nature stil'd it in, shrunk thee into
 The bound thou wast o'er-flowing; at once subduing
 Thy force, and thy affection: Soldieress
 That equally canst poize sternness with pity,
 Whom now I know hast [much] more power on him
 Than ever he had on thee, who ow'st his strength,
 And his Love too: who is a Servant for
 The Tenor of the Speech. Dear Glass of Ladies.
 Bid him that we whom flaming war doth scorch,
 Under the shadow of his Sword, may cool us:
 Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
 Speak't in a womans key: like such a woman
 As any of us three; weep e'r you fail; lend us a knee;
 But touch the ground for us no longer time
 Than a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
 Tell him if he i'th' blood-ciz'd field, lay swoln
 Shewing the Sun his Teeth, grinning at the Moon
 What you would do.

Hip. Poor Lady say no more:
 I had as leif trace this good action with you
 As that whereto I'm going, and never yet
 Went I so willing, way. My Lord is taken
 Heart deep with your distress: Let him consider;
 I'll speak anon.

3 *Qu.* Oh my petition was, [Kneel to Emilia.]
 Set down in Ice, which by hot grief uncandied
 Melts into drops, so sorrow wanting form
 Is prest with deeper matter.

Emil. Pray stand up,
 Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 *Qu.* Oh woe,
 You cannot read it there; there through my tears,
 Like wrinkl'd pebbles in a Glass stream
 You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alack)
 He that will all the treasure know o'th' earth
 Must know the Center too; he that will fish
 For my least minnow, let him lead his line
 To catch one at my heart. Oh pardon me;

SC. I THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Extremity that sharpens sundry wits
Makes me a fool.

Emil. Pray you say nothing, pray you,
Who cannot feel, nor see the rain being in't,
Knows neither wet, nor dry, if that you were
The ground-piece of some Painter, I would buy you
T'instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed
Such heart-pierc'd demonstration; but alas
Being a natural Sister of our Sex
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me:
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My Brothers heart, and warm it to some pity
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort:

Thes. Forward to th' Temple, leave not out a jot
O' th' sacred ceremony.

1 Qu. Oh this celebration
Will long last, and be more costly than
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame
Knowls in the ear o'th' world: what you do quickly,
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more,
Than others laboured medittance: your premeditating
More than their actions: But oh *Jove*, your actions,
Soon as they move, as Asprays do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear Duke think
What beds our slain Kings have.

2 Qu. What griefs our beds
That our dear Lords have none.

3 Qu. None fit for th' dead:
Those that with Cords, Knives, Drams precipitance,
Weary of this worlds light, have to themselves
Been deaths most horrid Agents, humane grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1 Qu. But our Lords
Lie blist'ring 'fore the visitating Sun,
And were good Kings, when living.

Thes. It is true, and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead Lords graves:
The which to do must make some work with *Creon*.

1 Qu. And that work presents it self to th' doing:
Now 'twill take form, the heats are gone to morrow,

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT I

Then bootless toil must recompence it self,
 With its own sweat; Now he's secure,
 Not dre[a]ms, we stand before your puissance
 Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes
 To make petition clear.

2 *Qu.* Now you may take him,
 Drunk with his victory.

3 *Qu.* And his Army full
 Of Bread, and sloth.

Thes. *Artesis* that best knowest
 How to draw out, fit to this enterprize,
 The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
 To carry such a business, forth and levy
 Our worthiest Instruments, whilst we dispatch
 This grand act of our life, this daring deed
 Of Fate in wedlock.

1 *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands
 Let us be Widows to our woes, delay
 Commends us to a famishing hope.

All. Farewell.

2 *Qu.* We come unseasonably: But when could grief
 Cull forth as unpanged judgement can, fit'st time
 For best solicitation.

Thes. Why good Ladies,
 This is a service, whereto I am going,
 Greater than any was; it more imports me
 Than all the actions that I have foregone,
 Or futurely can cope.

1 *Qu.* The more proclaiming
 Our suit shall be neglected, when her Arms,
 Able to lock *Jove* from a Synod, shall
 By warranting Moon-light corslet thee, oh when
 Her twining Cherries shall their sweetness fall
 Upon thy tastful Lips, what wilt thou think
 Of rotten Kings, or blubber'd Queens, what care
 For what thou feel'st not? what thou feel'st being able
 To make *Mars* spurn his Drom. Oh if thou couch
 But one night with her, every hour in't will
 Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
 Thou shalt remember nothing more, than what

Sc. I THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

That Banquet bids thee too.

Hip. Though much unlike
 You should be so transported, as much sorry
 I should be such a Suitor; yet I think
 Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy
 Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
 That craves a present med'cine, I should pluck
 All Ladies scandal on me. Therefore Sir
 As I shall here make trial of my Prayers,
 Either presuming them to have some force,
 Or sentencing for ay their vigor dumb,
 Prorogue this business, we are going about, and hang
 Your Shield afore your heart, about that neck
 Which is my Fee, and which I freely lend
 To do these poor Queens service.

All Queens. Oh help now
 Our Cause cries for your knee.

Emil. If you grant not
 My Sister her petition in that force,
 With that Celerity, and nature which
 She makes it in: from henceforth I'll not dare
 To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
 Ever to take a Husband.

Thes. Pray stand up.
 I am intreating of my self to do
 That which you kneel to have me; *Pyritous*
 Lead on the Bride; get you and pray the gods
 For success, and return; omit not any thing
 In the pretended Celebration; Queens
 Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
 And at the banks of *Anly* meet us with
 The forces you can raise, where we shall find
 The moiety of a number, for a business,
 More bigger look't; since that our Theme is haste
 I stamp this kiss uppon thy currant Lip,
 Sweet keep it as my token; set you forward
 For I will see you gone. [*Exeunt towards the Temple.*]
 Farewel my beauteous Sister; *Pyritous*
 Keep the Feast full, bate not an hour on't.

Pyri. Sir,

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT I

I'll follow you at heels; The Feasts solemnity
Shall want till your return.

Thes. Cosin I charge you
Budge not from *Athens*; we shall be returning
E'r you can end this Feast; of which I pray you
Make no abatement; once more farewell all. (world.

1 *Qu.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o'th'

[2] *Qu.* And earnest a Deity equal with *Mars*.

3 *Qu.* If not above him, for

Thou being but mortal, makest affections bend
To godlike honors; they themselves some say
Groan under such a Mast'ry.

Thes. As we are men
Thus should we doe, being sensually subdu'd
We loose our humane Title; good cheer Ladies. *Florish.*
Now turn we towards our Comforts. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Palamon, and Arcite.

Arcite. Dear *Palamon*, dearer in Love than Blood
And our prime Cosin, yet unhard'ned in
The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the City
Thebs, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth,
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in Incontinence; for not to swim
I' th' aid o'th' current, were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving, and to follow
The common stream, 't would bring us to an Eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life, and weakness.

Pal. Your advice
Is cry'd up with example; what strange ruins
Since first we went to School, may we perceive
Walking in *Thebs*! Skars, and bare weeds
The gain o'th' Martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honor, and golden Ingots,
Which though he won, he had not, and now flurted
By peace, for whom he fought, who then shall offer

SC. II THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

To *Mars's* so scorn'd Altar? I doe bleed
 When such I meet, and wish great *Juno* would
 Resume her antient fit of *jealousie*
 To get the Soldier work, that peace might purge
 For her repletion, and retain anew
 Her charitable heart now hard, and harsher
 Than strife, or war could be.

Arcite. Are you not out?
 Meet you no ruin, but the Soldier in
 The crancks and turns of *Thebs*? you did begin
 As if you met decaies of many kinds:
 Perceive you none, that do arouse your pity
 But th' unconsider'd Soldier?

Pal. Yes, I pity
 Decaies where-e'er I find them, but such most
 That sweating in an honourable toil
 Are paid with Ice to cool 'em.

Arcite. 'Tis not this
 I did begin to speak of, this is virtue
 Of no respect in *Thebs*, I spake of *Thebs*
 How dangerous if we will keep our honors,
 It is for our residing, where every evil
 Hath a good colour; where ev'ry seeming good's
 A certain evil, where not to be ev'n jump
 As they are, here were to be strangers, and
 Such things to be meer Monsters.

Pal. 'Tis in our power,
 (Unless we fear that Apes can Tutor's) to
 Be Masters of our manners: what need I
 Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
 Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
 Another's way of speech, when by mine own
 I may be reasonably conceiv'd; sav'd too,
 Speaking it truly; why am I bound
 By any generous bond to follow him
 Follows his Taylor, haply so long, until
 The follow'd, make pursuit? or let me know,
 Why mine own Barber is unblest, with him
 My poor Chinn too, for 'tis not Cizard just
 To such a Favorites glass: What Cannon is there

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT I

That does command my Rapier from my hip
 To dangle't in my hand, or to goe tip toe
 Before the street be foul? either I am
 The fore-horse in the Team, or I am none
 That draw i' th' sequent trace: these poor slight sores,
 Need not a Plantain; That which [r]ips my bosome
 Almost to th' heart's.

Arcite. Our Uncle *Creon*.

Pal. He,

A most unbounded Tyrant, whose successes
 Makes Heaven unfear'd, and villany assured
 Beyond its power: there's nothing, almost puts
 Faith in a Feavor, and deifies alone
 Voluble chance, who only attributes
 The faculties of other Instruments
 To his own Nerves and act; Commands men service,
 And what they win in't, boot and glory on;
 That fears not to [do] harm; good, dares not; Let
 The blood of mine that's sibbe to him, be suckt
 From me with Leeches, let them break and fall
 Off me with that corruption.

Arc. Clear spirited Cosin

Let's leave his Court, that we may nothing share,
 Of his loud infamy: for our milk,
 Will relish of the pasture, and we must
 Be vile, or disobedient, not his kinsmen
 In blood, unless in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:

I think the ecchoes of his shames have deaf't
 The ears of heav'nly Justice: widdows cries
 Descend again into their throats, and have not
 Due audience of the gods: *Valerius*.

Enter Valerius.

Val. The King calls for you; yet be leaden-footed
 Till his great rage be off him. *Phebus* when
 He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against
 The Horses of the Sun, but whisper'd to
 The loudness of his fury.

Pal. Small winds shake him,

SC. III THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

But what's the matter?

Val. *Theseus* (who where he threats appals,) hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to *Thebs*, who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach:

But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us; yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours)
When that his actions dregg'd, with mind assur'd
'Tis bad he goes about.

Pal. Leave that unreason'd.

Our services stand now for *Thebs*, not *Creon*,
Yet to be neutral to him, were dishonor;
Rebellious to oppose: therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute. }

Arc. So we must;

Ist sed this wars afoot? or it shall be
On fail of some condition.

Val. 'Tis in motion

The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.

P[a]l. Let's to the King, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honor, which
His enemy came in, the bloud we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: but alas
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o' th' stroke do damage?

Arci. Let th' event,

That never-erring Arbitrator, tell us
When we know all our selves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scena Tertia.

Enter Perithous, Hippolita, Emilia.

Pir. No further.

Hip. Sir farewel; repeat my wishes

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT I

To our great Lord, of whose success I dare not
 Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
 Excess, and overflow of power, and't might be
 To dure ill-dealing fortune; speed to him,
 Store never hurts good Governors.

Pir. Though I know
 His Ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
 Must yield their tribute there: My precious Maid,
 Those best affections that the heavens infuse
 In their best temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
 In your dear heart.

Emil. Thanks Sir; remember me
 To our all-Royal Brother, for whose speed
 The great *Bellona* I'll solícite; and
 Since in our terrene State, petitions are not
 Without gifts understood: I'll offer to her
 What I shall be advis'd she likes; our hearts
 Are in his Army, in his Tent.

Hip. In's bosom:
 We have been Soldiers, and we cannot weep
 When our Friends do'n their helms, or put to Sea,
 Or tell of Babes broach'd on the Launce, or Women
 That have sod their Infants in (and after eat them)
 The brine, they wept at killing 'em; Then if
 You stay to see of us such Spinsters, we
 Should hold you here for ever.

Pir. Peace be to you
 As I pursue this war, which shall be then
 Beyond further requiring.

[*Exit Pir.*

Emil. How his longing
 Follows his friend; since his depart, his sports
 Though craving seriousness, and skill, past slightly
 His careless execution, where nor gain
 Made him regard, or loss consider, but
 Playing o'er business in his hand, another
 Directing in his head, his mind, nurse equal
 To these so diff'ring Twins; have you observ'd him,
 Since our great Lord departed?

Hip. With much labour:
 And I did love him for't, they two have Cabin'd

SC. III THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
 Peril and want contending, they have skift
 Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
 I'th' least of these was dreadful, and they have
 Fought out together, where Death's-self was lodg'd,
 Yet Fate hath brought them off: their knot of love
 Ti'd, weav'd, intangl'd, with so true, so long,
 And with a finger of so deep a cunning
 May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself
 Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
 Each side like Justice, which he loves best.

Emil. Doubtless

There is a best, and reason has no manners
 To say it is not you: I was acquainted
 Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a Play-fellow;
 You were at wars, when she the grave enrich'd,
 Who made too proud the Bed, took leave o' th' Moon
 (Which then lookt pale at parting) when our count
 Was each eleven.

Hip. 'Twas *Flavia*.

[*Two Hearses ready with Palamon, and Arcite:*
The three Queens. Theseus, and his Lords ready.]

Emil. Yes,

You talk of *Pirithous* and *Theseus* love;
 Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
 More buckled with strong judgement, and their needs
 The one of th' other may be said to water
 Their intertangled roots of love, but I
 And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
 Lov'd for we did, and like the Elements
 That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
 Rare issues by their operance; our souls
 Did so to one another; what she lik'd,
 Was then of me approv'd, what not condemn'd
 No more arraignment, the flower that I would pluck
 And put between my breasts, oh (then but beginning
 To swell about the blossom) she would long
 Till she had such another, and commit it
 To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phenix*-like

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT I

They di'd in perfume: on my head no toy
 But was her pattern, her affections (pretty
 Though happily, her careless, were, I followed
 For my most serious decking, had mine ear
 Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd on
 From musical Coynage, why, it was a Note
 Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on)
 And sing it in her slumbers; This rehearsal
 (Which fury innocent wots well) comes in
 Like old importments-bastard, has this end;
 That the true love 'tween Maid, and Maid, may be
 More than in sex individual.

Hip. Y'are out of breath
 And this high speeded-pace, is but to say
 That you shall never (like the Maid *Flavina*)
 Love any that's call'd Man.

Emil. I 'm sure I shall not.

Hip. Now alack weak Sister,
 I must no more believe thee in this point
 (Though in't I know thou dost believe thy self)
 Then I will trust a sickly appetite,
 That loaths even as it longs, but sure my Sister
 If I were ripe for your perswasion, you
 Have said enough to shake me from the Arm
 Of the all noble *Theseus*, for whose fortunes,
 I will now in, and kneel with great assurance,
 That we, more than his *Pirathous*, possess
 The high Throne in his heart.

E[m]il. I am not against your faith,
 Yet I continue mine.

[*Exeunt.*
Cornets.]

Scena Quarta.

*A Battel struck within: then a Retreat: Florish. Then Enter
 Theseus (victor) the three Queens meet him, and fall on their
 faces before him.*

1 *Qu.* To thee no Star be dark.

2 *Qu.* Both Heaven and Earth

Friend thee for ever.

SC. IV THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

3 *Qu.* All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry *Amen* to't.

Theb. Th'impartial gods, who from the mounted heavens
View us their mortal Herd, behold who erre,
And in their time chastise: goe and find out
The bones of your dead Lords, and honor them
With treble ceremony, rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rights, we would supply't.
But those we will depute, which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect; So adieu
And heavens good eyes look on you, what are those?

[*Exeunt* Queens.]

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd
By their appointment; some of *Thebs* have told's
They are Sisters children, Nephews to the King.

Theb. By th' Helme of *Mars*, I saw them in the War,
Like to a pair of Lions, smear'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops agast. I fixt my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view: what prisoner was't that told me
When I enquir'd their names?

Herald. We leave, they'r called
Arcite and *Palamon*.

Theb. 'Tis right, those, those
They are not dead?

[*Three Hearses ready.*]

Her. Nor in a state of life, had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd; Yet they breathe
And have the name of men.

Theb. Then like men use 'em
The very lees of such (millions of rates)
Exceed the Wine of others, all our Surgeons
Convent in their behoof, our richest balmes
Rather than niggard waste, their lives concern us,
Much more than *Thebs* is worth, rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,
But forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us, than death; bear 'em speedily

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT I

From our kind air, to them unkind, and minister
 What man to man may do for our sake more,
 Since I have known frights, fury, friends, beheasts,
 Loves, provocations, zeal, a Mistriss taske,
 Desire of liberty, a feavor, madness,
 Hath set a mark which nature could not reach too
 Without some imposition, sickness in Will
 Or wrestling strength in reason, for our Love
 And great *Apollo's* mercy, all our best,
 Their best [skill] tender. Lead into the City,
 Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post. *Florish.*
 To *Athens* for o[u]r Army. *[Exeunt.*
Musick.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter the Queens, with the Hearses of their Knights,
 in a Funeral Solemnity, &c.*

*Urns and Odours, bring away,
 Vapors, sighs, darken the day;
 Our dole more deadly looks, than dying
 Balmes, and Gumms, and heavy cheers,
 Sacred vi[er]s fill'd with tears,
 And clamors, through the wild air flying:
 Come all sad and solemn Shows,
 That are quick-ey'd pleasures foes;
 We convent nought else but woes.
 We convent, &c.*

3 *Qu.* This funeral path, brings to your houshold[s] grave[:]
 Joy seize on you again: peace, sleep with him.

2 *Qu.* And this to yours.

1 *Qu.* Yours this way: Heavens lend
 A thousand differing ways to one sure end.

3 *Qu.* This world's a City full of straying streets,
 And Death's the Market-place, where each one meets.

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT II THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Jaylor and Wooer.

Jail. I May depart with little, while I live, something I
 May cast to you, not much : Alas the Prison I
 Keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom
 Come ; before one *Salmon*, you shall take a number
 Of Minnows : I am given out to be better lin'd
 Than it can appear, to me report is a true
 Speaker : I would I were really, that I am
 Deliver'd to be : Marry, what I have (be it what
 It will) I will assure upon my daughter at
 The day of my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer,
 And I will estate your Daughter, in what I
 Have promised.

Jail. Well, we will talk more of this, when the solemnity
 Is past ; But have you a full promise of her ?

Enter Daughter.

When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have Sir ; here she comes.

Jail. Your friend and I have chanced to name
 You here, upon the old business : but no more of that.
 Now, so soon as the Court-hurry is over, we will
 Have an end of it : I' th' mean time look tenderly
 To the two prisoners. I can tell you they are Princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their Chamber ; 'tis pity they
 Are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out : I
 Do think they have patience to make any adversity
 Asham'd ; the prison it self is proud of 'em ; and
 They have all the world in their Chamber.

Jail. They are fam'd to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but stammers 'em, they
 Stand a grief above the reach of report. (doers.)

Jail. I heard them reported in the battel, to be the only

Daugh. Nay, most likely, for they are noble sufferers ; I
 Marvel how they would have look'd, had they been
 Victors, that with such a constant Nobility, enforce

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT II

A freedom out of bondage, making misery their
Mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Fail. Doe they so?

Daugh. It seems to me, they have no more sence of their
Captivity, than I of ruling *Athens*: they eat
Well, look merrily, discourse of many things,
But nothing of their own restraint, and disasters:
Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyr'd as 'twere
I' th' deliverance, will break from one of them,
When the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke,
That I could wish my self a sigh to be so chid,
Or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Woer. I never saw 'em.

Fail. The Duke himself came privately in the night.

Enter Palamon, and Arcite above.

And so did they, what the reason of it is, I
Know not: Look, yonder they are; that's
Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*: *Arcite* is the
Lower of the twain; you may perceive a part
Of him.

Fail. Go to, leave your pointing; they would not
Make us their object; out of their sight.

Daugh. It is a holliday to look on them: Lord, the
Diff'rence of men. [*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Palamon, and Arcite in prison.

Pal. How do you, Noble Cosin?

Arcite. How do you, Sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet, we are prisoners
I fear for ever Cosin.

Arcite. I believe it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh Cosin *Arcite*,
Where is *Thebs* now? where is our noble Countrey?

SC. II THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Where are our friends, and kindreds? never more
 Must we behold those comforts, never see
 The hardy youths strive for the Games of honor
 (Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies)
 Like tall Ships under Sail: then start amongst 'em
 And as an Eastwind leave 'em all behind us,
 Like lazy Clouds, whilst *Palamon* and *Arcite*,
 Even in the wagging of a wanton leg
 Out-stript the peoples praises, won the Garlands,
 E'r they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh never
 Shall we two exercise, like twins of honor,
 Our Arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
 Like proud Seas under us, our good Swords, now
 (Better the red-ey'd god of War nev'r were)
 Bravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
 And deck the Temples of those gods that hate us,
 These hands shall never draw 'em out like light'ning
 To blast whole Armies more.

Arcite. No *Palamon*,

Those hopes are prisoners with us, here we are
 And here the graces of our youths must wither
 Like a too-timely Spring; here age must find us,
 And which is heaviest (*Palamon*) unmarried,
 The sweet embraces of a loving wife
 Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand *Cupids*
 Shall never claspe our necks, no issue know us,
 No figures of our selves shall we ev'r see,
 To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach 'em
 Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
 Remember what your Fathers were, and conquer.
 The fair-ey'd Maids, shall weep our banishments,
 And in their Songs, curse ever-blinded fortune
 Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
 To youth and nature; This is all our world;
 We shall know nothing here, but one another,
 Hear nothing, but the clock that tels our woes.
 The Vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
 Summer shall come, and with her all delights;
 But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true *Arcite.* To our Theban hounds,

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT II

That shook the aged Forrest with their ecchoes,
 No more now must we hollo, no more shake
 Our pointed Javelins, whilst the angry Swine
 Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
 Struck with our well-steel'd Darts: All valiant uses,
 (The food and nourishment of noble minds,)
 In us two here shall perish; we shall die
 (Which is the curse of honor) lastly,
 Children of grief, and Ignorance.

Arc. Yet Cosin,

Even from the bottom of these miseries
 From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
 I see two comforts rising, two meer blessings,
 If the gods please, to hold here a brave patience,
 And the enjoying of our griefs together.
 Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish
 If I think this our prison.

Pala. Certainly,

'Tis a main goodness, Cosin, that our fortunes
 Were twin'd together; 'tis most true, two souls
 Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
 The gaul of hazard, so they grow together,
 Will never sink, they must not, say they could,
 A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place
 That all men hate so much?

Pal. How gentle Cosin?

Arc. Let's think this prison, Holy Sanctuary,
 To keep us from corruption of worse men,
 We are young, and yet desire the wayes of honour,
 That liberty and common conversation,
 The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
 Wooe us to wander from. What worthy blessing
 Can be but our imaginations
 May make it ours? And here being thus together,
 We are an endless mine to one another;
 We are one anothers Wife, ever begetting
 New births of love; we are Father, Friends, Acquaintance,
 We are, in one another, Families,
 I am your Heir, and you are mine: This place

SC. II THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Is our Inheritance: no hard oppressor
 Dare take this from us; here with a little patience
 We shall live long, and loving: No surfeits seek us:
 The hand of War hurts none here, nor the Seas
 Swallow their youth: were we at liberty,
 A Wife might part us lawfully, or business,
 Quarrels consume us: Envy of ill men
 Crave our acquaintance, I might sicken Cosin,
 Where you should never know it, and so perish
 Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
 Or prayers to the gods; a thousand chances
 Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me
 (I thank you Cosin *Arcite*) almost wanton
 With my Captivity: what a misery
 It is to live abroad! and every where:
 'Tis like a Beast me thinks: I find the Court here,
 I 'm sure a more content, and all those pleasures
 That wooe the Wills of men to vanity,
 I see through now; and am sufficient
 To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
 That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him,
 What had we been old in the Court of *Creon*,
 Where sin is Justice, Lust, and Ignorance,
 The virtues of the great ones: Cosin *Arcite*
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us
 We had di'd as they doe, ill old men unwept,
 And had their Epitaphs, the peoples Curses,
 Shall I say more?

Arc. I would hear you still.

Pal. Ye shall.

Is there record of any two that lov'd
 Better than we two *Arcite*?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I doe not think it possible our friendship
 Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot.

Enter Emilia and her Woman.

And after death our spirits shall be led

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT II

To those that love eternally. Speak on Sir.

This Garden has a world of pleasures in't.

Emil. What Flower is this?

Wom. 'Tis call'd *Narcissus*, Madam.

Emil. That was a fair Boy certain, but a fool,
To love himself, were there not Maids enough?

Arc. Pray forward.

Pal. Yes.

Emil. Or were they all hard-hearted?

Wom. They could not be to one so fair.

Emil. Thou wouldst not.

Wom. I think I should not, Madam.

Emil. That's a good wench:

But take heed to your kindness though.

Wom. Why Madam?

Emil. Men are mad things.

Arcite. Will ye go forward, Cosin?

Emil. Canst not thou work such Flowers in Silk wench?

Wom. Yes.

Emil. I'll have a Gown full of 'em, and of these,

This is a pretty colour, wil't not do

Rarely upon a skirt wench?

Wom. Dainty Madam.

Arc. Cosin, Cosin, how do you, Sir? Why *Palamon*?

Pal. Never till now, I was in prison *Arcite*.

Arc. Why, what's the matter man?

Pal. Behold, and wonder.

By heaven she is a Goddess.

Arcite. Ha.

Pal. Do reverence.

She is a Goddess *Arcite*.

Emil. Of all Flowers,

Methinks a Rose is best.

Wom. Why gentle Madam?

Emil. It is the very Emblem of a Maid.

For when the West wind courts her gently

How modestly she blows, and paints the Sun,

With her chaste blushes! When the North comes near her,

Rude and impatient, then like Chastity

She locks her beauties in her bud again,

SC. II THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

And leaves him to base briers.

Wom. Yet good Madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for't: a Maid
If she have any honor, would be loth
To take example by her.

Emil. Thou art wanton.

Arc. She is wondrous fair.

Pal. She is all the beauty extant. (flowers,

Emil. The Sun grows high, let's walk in, keep these
We'll see how near Art can come near their colours;
I'm wondrous merry-hearted, I could laugh now.

Wom. I could lie down I am sure.

Emil. And take one with you?

Wom. That's as we bargain, Madam.

Emil. Well, agree then. [*Exeunt Emilia and Woman.*]

Pal. What think you of this beauty?

Arc. 'Tis a rare one.

Pal. Is't but a rare one?

Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.

Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for't, now I feel my Shackles.

Pal. You love her then?

Arc. Who would not?

Pal. And desire her?

Arc. Before my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing.

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes, but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not as you do; to worship her;
As she is heavenly, and a blessed goddess;
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)
So both may love.

Pal. You shall not love at all.

Arc. Not love at all;

Who shall denie me?

Pal. I that first saw her; I that took possession

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT II

First with mine eye of all those beauties
 In her reveal'd to mankind: if thou lov'st her;
 Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
 Thou art a Traitor *Arcite*, and a fellow
 False as thy Title to her: friendship, bloud
 And all the ties between us I disclai[m]
 If thou once think upon her.

Arc. Yes, I love her,
 And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
 I must do so, I love her with my soul,
 If that will lose ye, farewell *Palamon*.
 I say again, I love, and in loving her, maintain
 I am as worthy and as free a Lover
 And have as just a title to her beauty
 As any *Palamon*, or any living
 That is a mans Son.

Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so; why are you mov'd thus?
 Let me deal coldly with you, am not I
 Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have told me
 That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcite*.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
 Those joyes, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?

Pal. Ye may be.

Arc. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
 So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman
 To love alone? speak truly, do you think me
 Unworthy of her sight?

Pal. No, but unjust,
 If thou pursue that [si]ght.

Arc. Because another
 First sees the Enemy, shall I stand still
 And let mine honor down, and never charge?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But say that one
 Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one say so,
 And use thy freedom: else if thou pursuest her,
 Be as that cursed man that hates his Countrey,

Sc. II THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

A branded villain.

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be.

Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concerns me,
And in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

Arc. Fie Sir.

You play the child extreamly: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare,
And all this justly.

Pal. Oh that now, that now

Thy false-self, and thy friend, had but this fortune
To be one hour at liberty, and graspe
Our good swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another: }
Thou art baser in it than a Cutpurse; }
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't.

Arc. Thou dar'st not fool, thou canst not, thou art feeble.
Put my head out? I'll throw my Body out,
And leap the Garden, when I see her next.

Enter Keeper.

And pitch between her Arms to anger thee.

Pal. No more; the Keepers coming; I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my Shackles.

Arc. Doe.

Keep. By your leave, Gentlemen.

Pala. Now honest Keeper?

Keep. Lord *Arcite*, you must presently to th' Duke;
The cause I know not yet.

Arc. I am ready Keeper.

Keep. Prince *Palamon*, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair Cosins company. [*Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.*]

Pal. And me too,

Even when you please of life; why is he sent for?
It may be he shall marry her, he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his Bloud and Body: but his falshood,
Why should a friend be treacherous? if that

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT II

Get him a Wife so noble, and so fair ;
 Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
 I would but see this fair one : blessed Garden,
 And Fruit, and Flowers more blessed that still blossom
 As her bright eies shine on ye. Would I were
 For all the fortune of my life hereafter
 Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricock ;
 How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
 In at her window ; I would bring her fruit
 Fit for the gods to feed on : youth and pleasure
 Still as she tasted should be doubled on her,
 And if she be not heavenly, I would make her
 So near the gods in nature, they should fear her.

Enter Keeper.

And then I'm sure she would love me : how now Keeper,
 Where's *Arcite* ?

Keep. Banish'd : Prince *Pirithous*
 Obtain'd his liberty ; but never more
 Upon his oath and life must he set foot
 Upon this Kingdom.

Pal. He's a blessed man,
 He shall see *Thebes* again, and call to Arms
 The bold young men, that when he bids 'em charge,
 Fall on like fire : *Arcite* shall have a Fortune,
 If he dare make himself a worthy Lover,
 Yet in the Field to strike a battel for her ;
 And if he lose her then, he's a cold Coward ;
 How bravely may he bear himself to win her
 If he be noble *Arcite* ; thousand ways.
 Were I at liberty, I would do things
 Of such a virtuous greatness, that this Lady,
 This blushing Virgin should take manhood to her
 And seek to ravish me.

Keep. My Lord for you
 I have this charge too.

Pal. To discharge my life.

Keep. No, but from this place to remove your Lordship,
 The windows are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em

Sc. III THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

That are so envious to me ; prethee kill me.

Keep. And hang for't afterward.

Pal. By this good light

Had I a sword I would kill thee.

Keep. Why my Lord ?

Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually
Thou art not worthy life ; I will not go.

Keep. Indeed you must my Lord.

Pal. May I see the Garden ?

Keep. No.

Pal. Then I am resolv'd, I will not go.

Keep. I must constrain you then : and, for you are dangerous
I'll clap more irons on you.

Pal. Doe good Keeper.

I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep,

I'll make ye a new Morri[ss]e, must I goe ?

Keep. There is no remedy.

Pal. Farewel kind window.

May rude wind never hurt thee. Oh my Lady,

If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,

Dream how I suffer. Come ; now bury me.

[*Exeunt Palamon and Keeper.*]

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Arcite.

Arcite. Banish'd the Kingdom ? 'tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thank 'em for, but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh 'twas a studded punishment, a death
Beyond Imagination : Such a vengeance
That were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me, *Palamon* ;
Thou hast the Start now, thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee ; Thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature never exceeded, nor never shall :
Good gods ! what happiness has *Palamon* !

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT II

Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her,
 And if she be as gentle, as she's fair,
 I know she's his, he has a Tongue will tame (come,
 Tempests, and make the wild Rocks wanton. Come what can
 The worst is death; I will not leave the Kingdom,
 I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
 And no redress there, if I go, he has her,
 I 'm resolv'd an other shape shall make me,
 Or end my fortunes. Either way, I 'm happy:
 I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter 4. Country people, & one with a garland before them.

1. My Masters, I'll be there that's certain.

2. And I'll be there.

3. And I.

4. Why then have with ye Boys; 'Tis but [a] chiding,
 Let the plough play to day, I'll tick[^lt] out
 Of the jades tails to morrow.

1. I 'm sure

To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:
 But that's all one, I'll goe through, let her mumble.

2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and stoa her,
 And all's made up again.

3. I, do but put a fesku in her fist, and you shall see her
 Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.

Doe we all hold, against the Maying?

4. Hold? what should ail us?

3. *Arcas*, will be there.

2. And *Sennois*.

And *Rycas*, and 3. Better lads never danc'd under green Tree,
 And yet know what wenches: ha?

But will the dainty *Domine*, the Schoolemaster keep touch
 Doe you think: For he do's all ye know.

3. He'll eat a hornbook ere he fail: goe too, the matter's
 too far driven between him, and the Tanners daughter, to
 let slip now, and she must see the Duke, and she must
 dance too.

4. Shall we be lusty.

2. All the Boys in Athens blow wind i'th' breech on's,

SC. III THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

and here I'll be and there I'll be, for our Town, and here again, and there again: Ha, Boys, heigh for the weavers.

1. This must be done i'th' woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any means our thing of learning sees so: Where he himself will edifie the Duke most parlously in our behalfs: He's excellent i'th' woods, bring him to'th' plains, his learning makes no cry.

3. We'll see the sports, then every man to's Tackle: and Sweet Companions lets rehearse by any means, before The Ladies see us, and doe sweetly, and God knows what May come on't.

4. Content; the sports once ended, we'll perform. Away
Boys and hold. (you.

Arc. By your leaves honest friends: Pray you w[h]ither goe

4. Whither? Why, what a question's that!

Arc. Yes, 'tis a question, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games*, my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

Arc. Not far Sir,

Are there such *Games*, to day?

1. Yes marry are there:

And such as you never saw; The *Duke*, himself
Will be in person there.

Arc. What pastimes are they?

2. Wrestling, and Running; 'Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

Arc. Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir

Take your own time, come Boys.

1. My mind misgives me

This fellow has a veng'ance trick o'th hip,
Marke how his Bodi's made for't.

2. I'll be hang'd though

If he dare venture, hang him plumb-porredge,
He wrestle? He rost eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. [*Exeunt* 4.

Arc. This is an offer'd oportunity

I durst not wish for. Well, I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent, and run
Swifter, than wind upon a feild of Corn

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT II

(Curling the wealthy ears) never flew: I'll venture,
 And in some poor disguise be there, who knows
 Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands?
 And happiness prefer me to a place,
 Where I may ever dwell in sight of her. [Exit Arcite.]

Scæna [4].

Enter Jailors Daughter alone.

Daugh. Why should I love this Gentleman? 'Tis odds
 He never will affect me; [I am] base,
 My Father the mean Keeper of his Prison,
 And he a Prince; To marry him is hopeless;
 To be his whore, is witles; Out upon't;
 What pushes are we wenches driven to
 When fifteen once has found us? First I saw him,
 I (seeing) thought he was a goodly man;
 He has as much to please a woman in him,
 (If he please to bestow it so) as ever
 These eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied him,
 And so would any young wench o'my Conscience
 That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maydenhead
 To a young hansom Man; Then I lov'd him,
 (Extremely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him;
 And yet he had [a] Cosen, fair as he too.
 But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there
 Lord, what a coyl he keeps! To hear him
 Sing in an evening, what a Heaven it is!
 And yet his Songs are sad-ones; Fairer spoken,
 Was never Gentleman. When I come in
 To bring him water in a morning, first
 He bows his noble body, then salutes me, thus:
 Fair, gentle Mayd, good morrow, may thy goodness,
 Get thee a happy husband; Once he kist me,
 I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after,
 Would he would doe so ev'ry day; He greives much,
 And me as much to see his misery:
 What should I doe, to make him know I love him,
 For I would fain enjoy him? Say I ventur'd

SC. [v] THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

To set him free? What saies the Law then? Thus much
 For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,
 And this night, or to morrow he shall love me. [Exit.
 [This short flourish of Cornets and Showtes within.

Scæna [5].

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Pirithous, Emilia: Arcite
 with a Garland, &c.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen
 Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews;
 What ere you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
 That these times can allow.

Arcite. I 'm proud to please you.

Thes. What Countrie bred you?

Arcite. This; But far off, Prince.

Thes. Are you a Gentleman?

Arcite. My father said so;

And to those gentle uses gave me life.

Thes. Are you his heir?

Arcite. His youngest Sir.

Thes. Your Father

Sure is a happy S[ir]e, then: What proves you?

Arcite. A little of all noble Qualities:

I could have kept a Hawk, and well have hollow'd

To a deep crie of Dogs; I dare not praise

My feat in horsemanship: yet they that knew me

Would say it was my best peece: last, and greatest,

I would be thought a Soldier.

Thes. You are perfect.

Pirith. Upon my soul, a proper man.

Emilia. He is so.

Per. How doe you like him Ladie?

Hip. I admire him,

I have not seen so young a man, so noble

(If he say true,) of his sort.

Emil. Believe,

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman,

His face me thinks, goes that way.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT II

Hip. But his Body
And fire mind, illustrate a brave Father.

Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden Sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.

Hip. He's well got sure.

Thes. What made you seek this place Sir?

Arc. Noble *Theseus*.

To purchase name, and doe my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder, as thy worth,
For only in thy Court, of all the world
Dwells fair-ey'd honor.

Per. All his words are worthy.

Thes. Sir, we are much endebted to your travell,
Nor shall you loose your wish: *Perithous*
Dispose of this faire Gentleman.

Perith. Thanks *Theseus*.

What ere you are y'are mine, and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this Lady,
This bright young Virgin; Pray observe her goodness;
You have honour'd her fair birth-day, with your virtues,
And as your due y'are hers: kiss her fair hand Sir.

Arc. Sir, y'are a noble Giver: dearest Beautie,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith: when your Servant
(Your most unworthie Creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.

Emil. That were too cruell.

If you deserve well Sir; I shall soon see't:
Y'are mine, and somewhat better than your ranck I'll use you.

Per. I'll see you furnish'd, and because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs intreat you
This after noon to ride, but 'tis a rough one.

Arc. I like him better (Prince) I shall not then
Freeze in my Saddle.

Thes. Sweet, you must be readie,
And you *Emilia*, and you (Friend) and all
To morrow by the Sun, to doe observance
To flowry May, in *Dian's* wood: wait well Sir,
Upon your Mistris: *Emely*, I hope
He shall not goe a foot.

Emil. That were a shame Sir,

SC. VI THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

While I have horses : take your choice, and what
 You want at any time, let me but know it ;
 If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
 You'll find a loving Mistris.

Arc. If I doe not,
 Let me find that my Father ever hated,
 Disgrace, and blows.

Thes. Go lead the way ; You have won it :
 It shall be so ; You shall receive all dues
 Fit for the honor you have won ; 'Twere wrong else.
 Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a Servant,
 That if I were a woman, would be Master,
 But you are wise.

Emil. I hope too wise for that Sir.

[*Florish.*
Exeunt omnes.]

Scæna 6.

Enter Jaylors Daughter alone.

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,
 He is at liberty : I have ventur'd for him :
 And out I have brought him to a little wood
 A mile hence, I have sent him, where a Cedar,
 Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
 Fast by a Brook, and there he shall keep close,
 Till I provide him Fyles, and food ; for yet
 His yron bracelets are not off. O Love
 What a stout hearted child thou art ! My Father
 Durst better have indur'd cold iron, than done it :
 I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
 Or wit, or safetie : I have made him know it
 I care not, I am desperate : If the Law
 Find me, and then condemne me for't ; Some wenches,
 Some honest hearted Maids, will sing my Dirge.
 And tell to memory, my death was noble,
 Dying almost a Martyr : That way he takes,
 I purpose is my way too : Sure he cannot
 Be so unmanly, as to leave me here,
 If he doe, Maids will not so easily
 Trust men again : And yet he has not thank'd me

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT III

For what I have done: no not so much as kist me,
 And that (me thinks) is not so well; Nor scarcely
 Could I persuade him to become a Freeman,
 He made such scruples of the wrong he did
 To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope
 When he considers more, this love of mine
 Will take more root within him: Let him doe
 What he will with me, so he use me kindly,
 For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
 And to his face, no man: I'll presently
 Provide him necessaries, and pack my cloaths up,
 And where there is a path of ground I'll venture
 So he be with me; By him, like a shadow
 I'll ever dwell; Within this hour the whoobub
 Will be all o'er the prison: [I am] then
 Kissing the man they look for: Farewell Father,
 Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
 And shortly you may keep your self. Now to him:
 [Cornets in sundry places. Noise and
 hollowing as people a Maying.]

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Arcite alone.

Arcite. **T**He Duke has lost Hypolita; Each took
 A severall land. This is a solemn Right
 They owe bloom'd May, and the *Athenians* pay it
 To 'th' heart of Ceremony: O *Queen Emilia*
 Fresher than May, sweeter
 Then her gold Buttons on the bows, or all
 Th'enamell'd knacks o'th' Mead, or garden, ye[a]
 (We challenge too) the banck of any Nymph
 That makes the stream seem flowers; Thou o Jewell
 O'th wood, o'th world, hast likewise blest a pace
 With thy sole presence, in thy rumination
 That I poor man might eftsoones come betwen
 And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance
 To drop on such a Mistris, expectation
 Most guiltless on't: tell me O Lady Fortune

SC. I THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

(Next after *Emely* my Sovereign) how far
 I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
 Hath made me near her; and this beauteous Morn
 (The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
 A brace of horses, two such Steeds might well
 Be by a pair of Kings backt, in a Field
 That their crowns titles tried: Alas, alas
 Poor Cosen *Palamon*, poor prisoner, thou
 So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
 Thou thinkst thy self, the happier thing, to be
 So near *Emilia*, me thou deem'st at *Thebs*,
 And therein wretched, although free; But if
 Thou knew'st my Mistris breath'd on me, and that
 I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye; O Coz
 What passion would enclose thee.

*Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles:
 bends his fist at Arcite.*

Palamon. Traytor kinsman,
 Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
 Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
 But owner of a Sword: By all oaths in one
 I, and the justice of my love would make thee
 A confest Traytor: O thou most perfidious
 That ever gently look'd the voydes of honor.
 That ev'r bore gentle Token; falsest Cosen
 That ever blood made kin, call'st thou her thine?
 I'll prove it in my Shackles, with these hands,
 Void of appointment, that thou ly'st, and art
 A very thief in love, a Chaffy Lord
 Nor worth the name of villain: had I a Sword
 And these house cloggs away.

Arc. Dear Cosin *Palamon*.

Pal. Cosoner *Arcite*, give me language, such
 As thou hast shew'd me feat.

Arc. Not finding in
 The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
 To form me like your blazon, holds me to
 This gentleness of answer; 'tis your passion
 That thus mistakes, the which to you being enemy,

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT III

Cannot to me be kind: honor, and honestie
 I cherish, and depend on, how so ev'r
 You skip them in me, and with them fair Coz
 I'll maintain my proceedings; pray be pleas'd
 To shew in generous terms, your griefs, since that
 Your question's with your equall, who professes
 To clear his own way, with the mind and Sword
 Of a true Gentleman.

Pal. That tho[u] durst *Arcite*.

Arc. My Coz, my Coz, you have been well advertis'd
 How much I dare, y'ave seen me use my Sword
 Against th' advice of fear: sure of another
 You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
 Should break out, though i'th' Sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,

I have seen you move in such a place, which well
 Might justify your manhood, you were call'd
 A good knight and a bold; But the whole week's not fair
 If any day it rayn: Their valiant temper
 Men loose when they encline to trecherie,
 And then they fight like coupel'd Beeres, would fly
 Were they not ty'd.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
 Speak this, and act it in your Glass, as to
 His ear, which now disdains you.

Pal. Come up to me,
 Quit me of these cold Gyves, give me a Sword
 Though it be rustie, and the charity
 Of one meal lend me; Come before me then,
 A good Sword in thy hand, and doe but say
 That *Emily* is thine, I will forgive
 The trespass thou hast done [me, yea] my life
 If then thou carry't, and brave souls in shades
 That have di'd manly, which will seek of me
 Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
 That thou art brave, and noble.

Arc. Be content,
 Again betake you to your hawthorn house,
 With counsel of the night, I will be here
 With wholesome viands; these impediments

SC. I THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Will I file off, you shall have garments, and
 Perfumes to kill the smell o'th' prison, after
 When you shall stretch your self, and say but *Arcite*
 [I am] in plight, there shall be at your choice
 Both Sword, and Armor.

Pal. Oh you heavens, dare any
 So noble bear a guilty business! none
 But only *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*
 In this kind is so bold.

Arc. Sweet *Palamon*.

Pal. I doe embrace you, and your offer, for
 Your offer do't I only, Sir your person
 Without hypocrisy I may not wish [*Wind horns of Cornets.*
 More than my Swords edge ont.

Arc. You hear the Horns;
 Enter your Musick least this match between's
 Be crost e'r met, give me your hand, farewell.
 I'll bring you every needfull thing: I pray you
 Take comfort and be strong.

Pal. Pray hold your promise;
 And doe the deed with a bent brow, most certain
 You love me not, be rough with me, and pour
 This oil o[u]t of your language; by this ayr
 I could for each word, give a Cuff: my stomach
 Not reconcil'd by reason.

Arc. Plainly spoken,
 Yet pardon me hard language, when I spur [*Wind horns.*
 My horse, I chide him not; content, and anger
 In me have but one face. Hark Sir, they call
 The scatter'd to the Banket; you must guess
 I have an office there.

Pal. Sir your attendance
 Cannot please heaven, and I know your office
 Unjustly is atcheiv'd.

Arc. If a good title,
 I'm persuaded this question sick between's,
 By bleeding must be cur'd. I'm a Suitor,
 That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea,
 And talk of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT III

You are going now to gaze upon my Mistris,
For note you, mine she is.

Arc. Nay then.

Pal. Nay pray you,
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength
You are going now to look upon a Sun
That strengthens what it looks on, there
You have a vantage o'er me, but enjoy't till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Jaylor's daughter alone.

Daugh. He has mistook; the Beak I meant, is gone
After his fancy, 'Tis now welnigh morning,
No matter, would it were perpetuall night,
And darkness Lord o'th' world, Hark 'tis a wolf:
In me hath grief slain fear, and but for one thing
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon*.
I wreak not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this Fi[l]e; what if I hollow'd for him?
I cannot hollow: if I whoop'd; what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And doe him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night, why may't not be
They have made prey of him? he has no weapons,
He cannot run, the Jengling of his Gives
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sence to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to peeces, they howl'd many together
And then they fed on him: So much for that,
Be bold to ring the Bell; How stand I then?
All's char'd when he is gone, No, no I lye,
My Father's to be hang'd for his escape,
My self to beg, if I priz'd life so much
As to deny my act, but that I would not,
Should I try death by dussons: I am mop't,
Food took I non[e] these two daies.

SC. III THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Sipt some water, I have not clos'd mine eyes
 Save when my lids scowrd off their bine; alas
 Dissolve my life, Let not my sence unsettle
 Least I should drown, or stab or hang my self.
 O state of Nature, fail together in me,
 Since thy best props are warpt: So which way now?
 The best way is, the next way to a grave:
 Each errant step beside is torment. Loe
 The Moon is down, the Cr'ckets chirpe, the Schreich-owl
 Calls in the dawn; all offices are done
 Save what I fail in: But the point is this
 An end, and that is all. [Exit.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Arcite, with Meat, Wine, and Files.

Arc. I should be near the place, hoa. Cosen *Palamon.*

Enter Palamon.

Pal. *Arcite?*

Arc. The same: I have brought you food and files,
 Come forth and fear not, here's no *Theseus.*

Pal. Nor none so honest *Arcite.*

Arc. That's no matter,
 We'll argue that hereafter: Come take courage,
 You shall not dye thus beastly, here Sir drink:
 I know you 're faint, then I'll talk further with you.

Pal. *Arcite,* thou mightst now poyson me.

Arc. I might.

But I must fear you first: Sit down, and good now
 No more of these vain parlies; let us not
 Having our ancient reputation with us
 Make talk for Fools, and Cowards, To your health. &c.

Pal. Doe.

Arc. Pray sit dow[n] then, and let me entreat you
 By all the honesty and honor in you,
 No mention of this woman, 't will disturb us,
 We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well Sir, I'll pledge you. (man.

Arc. Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good blood
 Doe not you feel it thaw you?

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT III

Pal. Stay, I'll tell you after a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not, the Duke has more Cuz : Eat now.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. [I am] glad you have so good a stomach.

Pal. [I am] gladder I have so good meat to't.

Arc. Is't not mad lodging here in the wild woods Cosen ?

Pal. Yes, for them that have wild Consciencences. (I see.

Arc. How tasts your victuals ? your hunger needs no sawce

Pal. Not much.

But if it did, yours is too tart : sweet Cosen : what is this ?

Arc. Venison.

Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat :

Give me more wine ; here *Arcite* to the wenches

We have known in our daies. The Lord Stewards daughter.

Doe you remember her ?

Arc. After you Cuz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.

Arc. She did so ; well Sir.

Pal. And I have heard some call him *Arcite* ; and

Arc. Out with't faith.

Pal. She met him in an Arbor :

What did she there Cuz ? play o'the virginals ?

Arc. Something she did Sir.

Pal. Made her groan a Month for't ; or 2. or 3. or 10.

Arc. The Marshals Sister,

Had her share too, as I remember Cosen,

Else there be tales abroad, you'll pledge her ?

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis : There was a time
When young men went a hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech : and thereby hangs a tale : heigh ho.

Pal. For *Emily*, upon my life, fool

A way with this strain'd mirth ; I say again

That sigh was breath'd for *Emily* ; base Cosen,

Dar'st thou break first ?

Arc. You are wide.

Pal. By heaven and earth, there's nothing in thee honest.

Arc. Then I'll leave you : you are a Beast now :

Pal. As thou mak'st me, Traytor. (fumes.

Arc. There's all things needfull, files and shirts, and per-

SC. IV THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.

Pal. A Sword and Armor.

Arc. Fear me not; you are now too fowl; farewell.
Get off your Trinkets, you shall want nought;

Pal. Sir ha:

Arc. I'll here no more.

[*Exit.*

Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't.

[*Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Faylor's daughter.

Daugh. I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,
The little Stars, and all, that look like aglets:
The Sun has seen my Folly: *Palamon*;
Alas no; he's in heaven; where am I now?
Yonder's the sea, and there's a Ship; how't tumbles
And there's a Rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now,
There's a leak sprung, a sound one, how they cry!
Upon her before the wind, you'll loose all els:
Up with a course or two, and tack about Boys.
Good night, good night, y'are gone; I'm very hungry,
Would I could find a fine Frog; he would tell me
News from all parts o'th' world, then would I make
A Careck of a Cockle-shell, and sayll
By East and North East to the King of *Pigmies*,
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father
Twenty to one is trust up in a trice
To morrow morning, I'll say never a word.

Sing.

*For I'll cut my green coat, afoot above my knee,
And I'll clip my yellow locks; an inch below mine eie.*

hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

He's buy me a whit Cut, forth for to ride

And I'll goe seek him, throw the world that is so wide.

hey nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a prick now like a Nightingale, to put my brest
Against. I shall sleep like a Top else. [*Exit.*

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT III

Scæna [5].

*Enter a School-master 4. Countrymen: and Baum.
2. or 3. wenches, with a Taborer.*

Sch. Fy, fy, what tediousity, & disensanity is here among ye? have my Rudiments bin labour'd so long with ye? milk'd unto ye, and, by a figure, even the very plumbroth & marrow of my understanding laid upon ye? and do you still cry where, and how, & wherefore? you most course freeze capacities, ye jave Judgements, have I said thus let be, and there let be, and then let be, and no man understand me, *prob deum, medius fidius*, ye are all dunces: For why here stand I. Here the Duke comes, there are you close in the Thicket; the Duke appears, I meet him, and unto him I utter learned things, and many figures, he hears, and nods, and hums, and then cries rare, and I goe forward, at length I fling my Cap up; mark there; then do you as once did *Meleager*, and the *Bore* break comely out before him: like true lovers, cast your selves in a Body decently, and sweetly, by a figure trace, and turn Boys.

1. And sweetly we will doe it Master *Gerrold*.

2. Draw up the Company, Where's the Taborer?

3. Why *Timothy*?

Tab. Here my mad boys, have at ye.

Sch. But I say where's their wom[e]n?

4. Here's *Friz* and *Maudline*.

(*Barbary*.)

2. And little *Luce*, with the white legs, and bouncing

1. And freckled *Nel*; that never fail'd her Master.

Sch. Where be your Ribands maids? swym with your
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly (Bodies)

And now and then a favor, and a friske.

Nel. Let us alone Sir.

Sch. Where's the rest o'th' Musick.

3. Dispers'd as you commanded.

Sch. Couple then

And see what's wanting; where's the *Bavian*?
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandall to the Ladies; and be sure
You tumble with audacity, and manhood,
And when you bark doe it with judgement.

Sc. [v] THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Bau. Yes Sir.

Sch. *Quo usque tandem?* Here is a woman wanting.

4. We may goe whistle: all the fat's i'th' fire.

Sch. We have,

As learned Authors utter, wash'd a Tile,
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.

2. This is that scornfull peece, that scurvy hilding
That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here,
Cicely the Sempsters daughter:

The next gloves that I give her shall be dogs-skin;
Nay and she fail me once, you can tell *Arcas*,
She swore by wine, and bread, she would not break.

Sch. An E[e]l and woman,
A learned Poet sayes: unles by'th' tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail,
In manners this was false position.

1. A fire ill take her; do's she flinch now?

3. What
Shall we determine Sir?

Sch. Nothing,
Our business is become a nullity
Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

4. Now when the credit of our Town lay on it,
Now to be frampall, now to piss o'th' nettle,
Goe thy ways, I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee.

Enter Faylor's daughter.

Daughter,
*The George alow, came from the South, from
The coast of Barbary a.
And there he met with brave gallants of war*

By one, by two, by three, a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants, [Chair and
And whither now are you bound a? stools out.

O let me have your company till come to the sound a.

There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:
*The one sed it was an owl
The other he sed nay,*

The third he sed it was a hawk, and her bels were cut away.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT III

3. There's a dainty mad woman Mr. comes i'th' Nick, as mad as a march Hare; If we can get her dance, we are made again: I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols.

1. A mad woman? we are made Boys.

Sch. And are you mad good woman?

Daugh. I would be sorry else,
Give me your hand.

Sch. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune.

You are a fool: tell ten, I have poz'd him: Buz
Friend you must eat no white bread, if you do
Your teeth will bleed extremely, shall we dance ho?
I know you, y'are a Tinker: Sir, ha Tinker
Stop no more holes, but what you should.

Sch. *Dii boni.* A Tinker Damzell? (him play.)

Daugh. Or a Conjurer: raise me a devill now, and let
Quipassa, o'th' bells and bones.

Sch. Go take her, and fluently persuade her to a peace:
Et opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis.
Strike up, and lead her in.

2. Come Lass, lets trip it.

Daugh. I'll lead.

[*Wind Horns:*

3. Doe, doe.

Sch. Persuasively, and cunningly: away boys,
[*Ex. all but Schoolemaster.*

I hear the horns: give me some
Meditation, and mark your Cue;
Pallas inspire me.

Enter Thes. Pir. Hip. Emil. Arcite: and train.

Thes. This way the Stag took.

Sch. Stay, and edifie.

Thes. What have we here?

Per. Some Countrey sport, upon my life Sir.

Thes. Well Sir, goe forward, we will edifie.

Ladies sit down, we'll stay it.

Sch. Thou doughtie Duke all hail: all hail sweet Ladies.

Thes. This is a cold beginning.

Sch. If you but favor; our Country pastime made is,
We are a few of those collected here

Sc. [v] THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

That ruder Tongues distinguish villager,
 And to say veritie, and not to fable;
 We are a merry rout, or else a rable
 Or company, or by a figure, *Chorus*
 That for thy dignitie will dance a Morris.
 And I that am the rectifier of all
 By title Pedagogus, that let fall
 The Birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
 And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,
 Doe here present this Machine, or this frame
 And daintie Duke, whose doughtie dismall fame
 From *Dis* to *Dedalus*, from post to pillar
 Is blown abroad; help me thy poor well willer,
 And with thy twinckling eyes, look right and straight
 Upon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight
 Is—now comes in, which being glew'd together
 Makes Morris, and the cause that we came hither
 The body of our sport of no small study
 I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
 To speak before thy noble grace, this tenner:
 At whose great feet I offer up my penner.
 The next the Lord of May, and Lady bright,
 The Chambermaid, and Servingman by night
 That seek out silent hanging: Then mine Host
 And his fat Spouse, that welcomes to their cost
 The gauled Traveller, and with a beck'ning
 Informs the Tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
 Then the beast eating Clown, and next the fool,
 The *Bavian*, with long tail, and eke long tool
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance,
 Say I, and all shall presently advance.

Thes. I, I by any means, dear *Domine*.

Per. Produce.

[*Musick Dance* :

Intrate filii, Come forth, and foot it.

Knock for Schoolm.

Enter The Dance.

*Ladies, if we have been merry
 And have pleas'd thee with a derry,
 And a derry, and a down
 Say the School-master's no Clown :*

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT III

*Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too
And have done as good Boys should doe,
Give us but a tree or twaine
For a Maypole, and again
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh and all this rout.*

Thes. Take 20. *Domine*; how does my sweet heart?

Hip. Never so pleas'd Sir.

Emil. 'Twas an excellent dance, and for a preface
I never heard a better. (warded.

Thes. School-master, I thank you, One see'em all re-

Per. And heer's something to paint your Pole withall.

Thes. Now to our sports again.

Sch. May the Stag thou huntst stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong:
May they kill him without lets,
And the Ladies eat his dowsets: Come we are all made.

[*Wind Horns.*

Dii Deæq; Omnes, ye have danc'd rarely wenches. [Exeunt.]

Scæna [6].

Enter Palamon from the Bush.

Pal. About this hour my Cosen gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two Swords, and two good Armors; If he fail
He's neither man, nor Soldier; When he left me
I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low,
And Crest-fal'n with my wants: I thank thee *Arcite*,
Thou art yet a fair Foe; And I feel my self
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger: To delay it longer
Would make the world think when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting like a Swine, to fight
And not a Soldier: Therefore this blest morning
Shall be the last; And that Sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis Justice:
So love, and Fortune for me: O good morrow.

Sc. [vi] THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Enter Arcite with Armors and Swords.

Arc. Good morrow noble kinsman.

Pal. I have put you
To too much pains Sir.

Arc. That too much fair Cosen,
Is but a debt to honor, and my duty.

Pal. Would you were so in all Sir; I could wish ye
As kind a kinsman, as you force me find
A beneficiall foe, that my embraces
Might thank ye, not my blows.

Arc. I shall think either
Well done, a noble recompence.

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you show
More than a Mistris to me, no more anger
As you love any thing that's honorable:
We were not bred to talk man, when we are arm'd
And both upon our guards, then let our fury
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us,
And then to whom the birthright of this Beauty
Truely pertains (without obbraidings, scorns,
Dispisings of our persons, and such powtings
Fitter for Girles and Schooleboyes) will be seen
And quickly, yours, or mine: Wilt please you arme Sir?
Or if you feel your self not fitting yet
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay Cosen
And ev'ry day discourse you into health,
As I 'm spar'd, your person I 'm friends with
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her
Though I had [dide]; But loving such a Lady
And justifying my Love, I must not fly from't.

Pal. *Arcite*, thou art so brave an enemy
That no man but thy Cosen's fit to kill thee,
I 'm well, and lusty, choose your Armes.

Arc. Choose you Sir.

Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or do'st thou doe it
To make me spare thee?

Arc. If you think so Cosen,
You are deceiv'd, for as I 'm a Soldier,

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT III

I will not spare you.

Pal. That's well said.

Arc. You'll find it.

Pal. Then as [I am] an honest man and love,
With all the justice of affection
I'll pay thee soundly: This I'll take.

Arc. That's mine then,
I'll arme you first.

Pal. Do: Pray thee tell me Cosen,
Where gotst thou this good Armor?

Arc. 'Tis the Dukes,
And to say true, I stole it, doe I pinch you?

Pal. No.

Arc. Is't not too heavie?

Pal. I have worn a lighter,
But I shall make it serve.

Arc. I'll buckl't close.

Pal. By any means.

Arc. You care not for a Grand guard?

Pal. No, no, we'll use no horses, I perceive
You would fain be at that Fight.

Arc. I'm indifferent.

Pal. Faith so am I: Good Cosen, thrust the buckle
Through far enough.

Arc. I warrant you.

Pal. My Cask now.

Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?

Pal. We shall be the nimbler.

Arc. But use your Gantlets though; those are o'th' least,
Prethee take mine good Cosen.

Pal. Thank you *Arcite*.

How doe I look, am I falen much away?

Arc. Faith very little; Love has us'd you kindly.

Pal. I'll warrant thee, I'll strike home.

Arc. Doe, and spare not;

I'll give you cause sweet Cosen.

Pal. Now to you Sir,

Me thinks this Armor's very like that, *Arcite*,
Thou wor'st that day the 3. Kings fell, but lighter.

Arc. That was a very good one, and that day

Sc. [vi] THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

I well remember, you out-did me Cosen,
 I never saw such valour: When you charg'd
 Upon the left wing of the Enemie,
 I spur'd hard to come up, and under me
 I had a right good horse.

Pal. You had indeed
 A bright Bay I remember.

Arc. Yes but all
 Was vainly labour'd in me, you out-went me,
 Nor could my wishes reach you; Yet a little
 I did by imitation.

Pal. More by virtue,
 Yo[u] are modest Cosen.

Arc. When I saw you charge first,
 Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder
 Break from the Troop.

Pal. But still before that flew
 The lightning of your valour: Stay a litt[l]e,
 Is not this peece too streight?

Arc. No, no, 'tis well.

Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword,
 A bruise would be dishonor.

Arc. Now I'm perfect.

Pal. Stand off then.

Arc. Take my Sword, I hold it better.

Pal. I thank ye: No, keep it, your life lyes on it,
 Here's one, if it but hold, I aske no more,
 For all my hopes: My Cause and honor guard me.

[They bow severall wayes: then advance and stand.]

Arc. And me my love: Is there ought else to say?

Pal. This only, and no more: Thou art mine Aunts Son.
 And that blood we desire to shed is mutuall.

In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword
 Is in my hand, and if thou killst me
 The gods, and I forgive thee; If there be
 A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honor,
 I wish his wearie soul, that falls may win it:
 Fight bravely Cosen, give me thy noble hand.

Arc. Here *Palamon*: This hand shall never more
 Come near thee with such friendship.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT III

Pal. I commend thee.

Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,
For none but such, dare die in these just Tryalls.
Once more farewell my Cosen.

Pal. Farewell *Arcite*.

[*Fight.*

[*Horns within : they stand.*

Arc. Loe Cosen, loe, our Folly has undone us.

Pal. Why?

Arc. This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,
If we be found, we 're wretched, O retire
For honors sake, and safely presently
Into your Bush agen; Sir we shall find
Too many hours to dye in, gentle Cosen:
If you be seen you perish instantly
For breaking prison, and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt; Then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.

Pal. No, no, Cosen

I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second Tryall
I know your cunning, and I know your cause,
He that faints now, shame take him, put thy self
Upon thy present guard.

Arc. You are not mad?

Pal. Or I will make th'advantage of this hour
Mine own, and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less then my fortune: Know weak Cosen
I love *Emilia*, and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else.

Arc. Then come, what can come
Thou shalt know *Palamon*, I dare as well
Die, as discourse, or sleep: Only this fears me,
The law will have the honor of our ends,
Have at thy life.

Pal. Look to thine own well *Arcite*. [*Fight again. Horns.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous and train.

Theseus. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,
Are you? That 'gainst the tenor of my Laws

Sc. [VI] THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Are making Battail, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?

By *Castor* both shall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word *Theseus*,
We are certainly both Traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodness: I'm *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Prison,
Think well, what that deserves; And this is *Arcite*
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground,
A Falser never seem'd friend: This is the man
Was beg'd and banish'd, this is he contemnes thee
And what thou dar'st doe; and in this disguise
Against this own Ediçt follows thy Sister,
That fortunate bright Star, the fair *Emilia*
Whose servant, (if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to) justly
[I am], and which is more, dares think her his.
This treacherie like a most trusty Lover,
I call'd him now to answer; If thou be'st
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, Fight again, and thou shalt see me *Theseus*
Doe such a Justice, thou thy self wilt envie
Then take my life, I'll wooe thee to't.

Per. O Heaven,
What more than man is this!

Thes. I have sworn.

Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy *Theseus*, 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to dye, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,
Let me say thus much; If in love be Treason,
In service of so excellent a Beautie,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish,
As I have brought my life here to confirme it,
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest,
As I dare kill this Cosen, that denies it,
So let me be most Traitor, and ye please me:
For scorning thy Ediçt Duke, aske that Lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT III

Stay here to love her. And if she say Traytor,
I'm a villain fit to lye unburied.

Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, O *Theseus*,
If unto neither thou shew mercy, stop
(As thou art just) thy noble ear against us,
As thou art valiant; For thy Cosens soul
Whose 12. strong labors crown his memory,
Let's die together, at one instant, Duke,
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my Soul he shall not have her.

Thes. I grant your wish, for to say true, your Cosen
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, Sir, your offences
Being no more than his: None here speak for 'em
For ere the Sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

Hippol. Alas the pity, now or never Sister
Speak not to be denied; That face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after ages
For these lost Cosens.

Emil. In my face dear Sister
I find no anger to'em; Nor no ruin,
The misadventure of their own eyes kill'em;
Yet that I will be woman, and have pittie,
My knees shall grow to'th' ground but I'll get mercie.
Help me dear Sister, in a deed so virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us,
Most royall Brother.

Hippol. Sir by our tye of Marriage.

Emil. By your own spotless honor.

Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me.

Emil. By that you would have pittie in another,
By your own virtues infinite.

Hip. By valor,
By all the chast nights I have ever pleas'd you.

Thes. These are strange Conjurings. (all our dangers,

Per. Nay then I'll in too: By all our friendship Sir, by
By all you love most, wars; And this sweet Lady.

Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing Maid.

Sc. [VI] THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Hip. By your own eyes: By strength
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded *Theseus*.

Per. To crown all this; By your most noble soul
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg first.

Hip. Next hear my prayers.

Emil. Last let me intreat Sir.

Per. For mercy.

Hip. Mercy.

Emil. Mercy on these Princes.

Thes. Ye make my faith reel: Say I felt
Compassion to'em both, how would you place it?

Emil. Upon their lives: But with their banishments.

Thes. You are a right woman, Sister; You have pittie,
But want the understanding where to use it.

If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: Can these two live

And have the agony of love about 'em,

And not kill one another? Every day

They'd fight about you; Hourly bring your honor

In publique question with their Swords; Be wise then

And here forget 'em; It concerns your credit,

And my [oth] equally: I have said they die,

Better they fall byth' Law, than one another.

Bow not my honor.

Emil. O my noble Brother,

That [oth] was rashly made, and in yo[u]r anger,

Your reason will not hold it, if such vows

Stand for express will, all the world must perish.

Beside, I have another oath, gainst yours

Of more authority, I 'm sure more love,

Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

Thes. What is it Sister?

Per. Urge it home brave Lady.

Emil. That you would never deny me any thing
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:

I tye you to your word now, if ye fall in't,

Think how you maim your honor;

(For now I 'm set a begging Sir, I 'm deaf

To all but your compassion) how, their lives

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT III

Might breed the ruin of my name; Opinion,
 Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?
 That were a cruell wisdom, doe men proyn
 The straight young Bows that blush with thousand Blossoms
 Because they may be rotten? O Duke *Theseus*
 The goodly Mothers that have groan'd for these,
 And all the longing Maids that ever lov'd,
 If your vow stand, shall curse me and my Beauty,
 And in their funerall songs, for these two Cosens
 Despise my cruelty, and cry woe worth me,
 Till I'm nothing but the scorn of women;
 For Heavens sake save their lives, and banish 'em.

Thes. On what conditions?

Emil. Swear'em never more

To make me their Contention, or to know me,
 To tread upon the Dukedome, and to be
 Where ever they shall travel, ever strangers to one another.

Pal. I'll be cut a peeces

Before I take this oath, forget I love her?
 O all ye gods dispise me then: Thy Banishment
 I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
 Our Swords, and cause along: Else never trifle,
 But take our lives Duke, I must love and will,
 And for that love, must and dare kill this Cosen
 On any peece the earth has.

Thes. Will you *Arcite*

Take these conditions?

Pal. He's a villain then.

Per. These are men.

Arcite. No, never Duke: 'Tis worse to me than begging
 To take my life so basely, though I think
 I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
 The honor of affection, and dye for her,
 Make death a Devill.

Thes. What may be done? For now I feel compassion.

Per. Let it not fall again Sir.

Thes. Say *Emilia*

If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
 Content to take th'other to your husband?
 They cannot both enjoy you; They are Princes

Sc. [vi] THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet spoke of: Look upon'em,
And if you can love, end this difference,
I give consent, are you content too, Princes?

Both. With all our souls.

Thes. He that she refuses
Must dye then.

Both. Any death thou canst invent Duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favor.
And Lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And Soldiers sing my Epitaph.

Thes. Make choice then.

Emil. I cannot Sir, they are both too excellent
For me, a hayr shall never fall of these men.

Hip. What will become of 'em?

Thes. Thus I ordain it,
And by mine honor, once again it stands,
Or both shall dye. You shall both to your Countrey,
And each within this month accompanied
With three fair Knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a Pyramid; And whether
Before us that are here, can force his Cosen
By fair and knightly strength to touch the Pillar,
He shall enjoy her: The other loose his head,
And all his friends: Nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this Lady:
Will this content ye?

Pal. Yes: Here Cosen *Arcite*
I'm friends again, till that hour.

Arc. I embrace ye.

Thes. Are you content Sister?

Emil. Yes, I must Sir,

[Els] both miscarry.

Thes. Come shake hands again then,
And take heed, as you are Gentlemen, this Quarrell
Sleep till the hour p[re]fixt, and hold your course.

Pal. We dare not fail thee *Theseus*.

T[b]es. Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to Princes, and to Friends:

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT IV

When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here,
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his Beer.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Jailor and his freind.

Jail. H Ear you no more? was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of *Palamon*?
Good Sir remember.

1 Fr. Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: yet I might perceive
E'r I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons: for *Hippolita*,
And fair-ey'd *Emilia*, upon their knees,
Begg'd with such handsome pitty, that the Duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
Of those two Ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble Prince *Perithous*
Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: neither heard I one question
Of your name, or his scape.

Enter 2 Friends.

Jail. Pray Heaven it hold so.

2 Fr. Be of good comfort man; I bring you news
Good news.

Jail. They are welcome.

2 Fr. *Palamon* has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd
How, and by whose means he scap'd, which was your Daughter's,
Whose pardon is procured too, and the prisoner
Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness,
Has given a sum of money to her Marriage,
A large one I'll assure you.

Jail. Ye are a good man
And ever bring good news.

1 Fr. How was it ended?

SC. I THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

2 *Fr.* Why, as it should be; they that ne'er begg'd
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted.
The prisoners have their lives.

1 *Fr.* I knew 'twould be so.

2 *Fr.* But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of
At better time.

Fail. I hope they are good.

2 *Fr.* They are honourable,
How good they'll prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1 *Fr.* 'Twill be known.

Woo. Alas Sir, where's your Daughter?

Fail. Why do you ask?

Woo. Oh Sir, when did you see her?

2 *Fr.* How he looks!

Fail. This morning. (sleep?)

Woo. Was she well? was she in health Sir? when did she

1 *Fr.* These are strange questions.

Fail. I do not think she was very well, for now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An Innocent, and I was very angry.

But what of her Sir? (as good by me)

Woo. Nothing but my pity, but you must know it, and
As by another that less loves her:

Fail. Well Sir.

1 *Fr.* Not right?

2 *Fr.* Not well?—

[*Woo.*]. No Sir, not well.

'Tis too true, she is mad.

1 *Fr.* It cannot be.

Woo. Believe, you'll find it so.

Fay. I half suspected

What you told me: the gods comfort her:

Either this was her love to *Palamon*,

Or fear of my miscarrying on his scape,

Or both.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT IV

Woo. 'Tis likely.

Jay. But why all this haste, Sir?

Woo. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great Lake that lies behind the Palace,
From the far shore, thick set with Reeds and Sedges.
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one, and attentive
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung, and by the smallness of it
A Boy or Woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the sound; the Rushes, and the Reeds
Had so encompass it: I laid me down
And listned to the words she sung, for then
Through a small glade cut by the Fisher-men,
I saw it was your Daughter.

Jail. Pray goe on Sir?

Woo. She sung much, but no sence; only I heard her
Repeat this often. *Palamon* is gone,
Is gone to th' wood to gather Mulberries,
I'll find him out to morrow.

1 Fr. Pretty soul.

Woo. His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken,
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a beavy,
A hundred black-ey'd Maids that love as I do
With Chaplets on their heads [of] Daffadillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of Damask Roses,
And all we'll dance an Antique 'fore the Duke,
And beg his pardon; then she talk'd of you, Sir;
That you must lose your head to morrow morning
And she must gather Flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome, then she sung
Nothing but willow, willow, willow, and between
Ever was, *Palamon*, fair *Palamon*,
And *Palamon*, was a tall young man. The place
Was knee deep where she sate; her careless Tresses,
A wrea[th] of Bull-rush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand fresh Water Flowers of several colours.
That methought she appear'd like the fair Nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as *Iris*

SC. I THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Newly dropt down from heaven; Rings she made
 Of Rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
 The prettiest posies: thus our true love's ty'd,
 This you may loose, not me, and many a one:
 And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
 And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

2 Fr. Alas what pity it is?

Woo. I made in to her,

She saw me, and straight sought the flood, I sav'd her,
 And set her safe to land: when presently
 She slipt away, and to the City made,
 With such a cry, and swiftness, that believe me
 She left me far behind her; three, or four,
 I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
 I knew to be your brother, where [she] staid,
 And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hither came to tell you: Here they are.

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the light, &c.

Is not this a fine Song?

Bro. Oh, a very fine one.

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Bro. I think you can.

Daugh. Yes truly can I, I can sing the *Broom*,
 And *Bonny Robbin*. Are not you a Tailor?

Bro. Yes.

Daugh. Where's my wedding-Gown?

Bro. I'll bring it to morrow.

Daugh. Doe, very rarely, I must be abroad else
 To call the Maids, and pay the Minstrels
 For I must loose my Maidenhead by cock-light
 'Twill never thrive else.

Oh fair, oh sweet, &c.

[*Sings.*]

Bro. You must ev'n take it patiently.

Fay. 'Tis true.

Daugh. Good ev'n, good men, pray did you ever hear
 Of one young *Palamon*?

Fay. Yes wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine young Gentleman?

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT IV

Jay. 'Tis Love.

Bro. By no mean cross her, she is then distemper'd
For worse than now she shows.

1 Fr. Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. Oh, is he so? you have a Sister.

1 Fr. Yes.

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know, y'had best look to her,
For if she see him once, she's gone, she's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young Maids
Of our Town are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
And let 'em all alone, is't not a wise course?

1 Fr. Yes.

(by him,

Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a Cockle; and all these must be boys,
He has the trick on't, and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for Musicians,
And sing the wars of *Theseus*.

2 Fr. This is strange.

Daugh. As ever [you] heard, but say nothing.

1 Fr. No.

(him,

Daugh. They come from all parts of the Dukedom to
I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty, to dispatch, he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.

Jay. She's lost
Past all cure.

Bro. Heaven forbid man.

Daugh. Come hither, you are a wise man.

1 Fr. Does she know him?

2 Fr. No, would she did.

Daugh. You are master of a Ship?

Jay. Yes.

Daugh. Where's your Compass?

Jay. Here.

Daugh. Set it to th' North.

And now direct your course to th' wood, where *Palamon*
Lies longing for me; for the Tackling
Let me alone; come weigh my hearts, cheerly.

SC. II THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, 'tis up, the wind's fair, top the Bowling; out with the main sail, where's your Whistle Master?

Bro. Let's get her in.

Jay. Up to the top Boy.

Bro. Where's the Pilot?

1 Fr. Here.

Daugh. What ken'st thou?

3 Fr. A fair wood.

Daugh. Bear for it master: tack about:

When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c.

[*Sings.*

[*Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Emilia alone, with two Pictures.

Emil. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open
And bleed to death for my sake else; I'll choose,
And end their strife: two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
Following the dead cold ashes of their Sons
Shall never curse my cruelty: Good Heaven;
What a sweet face has *Arcite*, if wise nature
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She [sowes] into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young Maids, yet doubtless,
She would run mad for this man: what an eye!
Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness:
Has this young Prince! here Love himself sits smiling,
Just such another wanton *Ganimead*,
Set Love a fire with, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and set him by him
A shining constellation: what a brow,
Of what a spacious Majesty he carries!
Arch'd like the great ey'd *Juno's*, but far sweeter,
Smoother than *Pelops* Shoulder! Fame and Honor
Methinks from hence, as from a Promontory
Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing
To all the under world, the Loves, and Fights

Of gods, and such men near 'em. *Palamon*,
 Is but his foil, to him, a mere dull shadow,
 He's swarth, and meagre, of an eye as heavy
 As if he had lost his mother; a still temper,
 No stirring in him, no alacrity,
 Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile;
 Yet these that we count errors, may become him:
Narcissus was a sad Boy, but a heavenly:
 Oh who can find the bent of womans fancy?
 I'm a fool, my reason is lost in me,
 I have no choice, and I have ly'd so lewdly
 That Women ought to beat me. On my knees
 I ask thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou art alone,
 And only beautiful, and these th[e] eyes,
 These the bright lamps of Beauty that command
 And threaten Love, and what young Maid dare cross 'em
 What a bold gravity, and yet inviting
 Has this brown manly face! Oh Love, this only
 From this hour is complexion: lye there *Arcite*,
 Thou art a changling to him, a mere Gipsie.
 And this the noble Bodie: I am sotted,
 Utterly lost: My Virgins faith has fled me.
 For if my Brother, but even now had ask'd me
 Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*.
 Now if my Sister; More for *Palamon*.
 Stand both together: now, come ask me Brother,
 Alas, I know not: ask me now sweet Sister,
 I may go look; what a mere child is *Fancie*,
 That having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,
 Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir?

Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
 Madam, I bring you news: the Knights are come.

Emil. To end the quarrel?

Gent. Yes.

Emil. Would I might end first:
 What sins have I committed, chaste *Diana*,
 That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd

SC. II THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

With blood of Princes? and my Chastity
 Be made the Altar, where the Lives of Lovers,
 Two greater, and two better never yet
 Made Mothers joy, must be the sacrifice
 To my unhappy Beauty?

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, and Attendants.

Thes. Bring 'em in quickly,
 By any means I long to see 'em.
 Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
 And with them their fair Knights: Now my fair Sister,
 You must love one of them.

Emil. I had rather both,
 So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter Messenger. Curtis.

Thes. Who saw 'em?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I.

Thes. From whence come you, Sir?

Mess. From the Knights.

Thes. Pray speak

You that have seen them, what they are.

Mess. I will Sir,

And truly what I think: six braver spirits
 Than those they have brought, (if we judge by the outside)

I never saw, nor read of: he that stands

In the first place with *Arcite*, by his seeming

Should be a stout man, by his face a Prince,

(His very looks so say him) his complexion,

Nearer a brown, than black; stern, and yet noble,

Which shews him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers:

The circles of his eyes, shew fair within him,

And as a heated Lion, so he looks:

His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining

Like Ravens wings: his shoulders broad, and strong,

Arm'd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword

Hung by a curious Bauldrick: when he frowns

To seal his Will with, better o' my conscience

Was never Soldiers friend.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT IV

Thes. Thou hast well describ'd him.

Per. Yet, a great deal short
Methinks, of him that's first with *Palamon*.

Thes. Pray speak him friend.

Per. I gness he is a Prince too,
And if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honor in't:
He's somewhat bigger than the Knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is (as a ripe Grape) ruddy: he has felt
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own: in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes,
And when he's angry, then a setled valour
(Not tainted with extreams) runs through his body,
And guides his arm to brave things: Fear he cannot,
He shews no such soft temper, his head's yellow,
Hard hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like Ivy tops,
No[t] to undoe with thunder; in his face
The Livery of the warlike Maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him.
And in his rowling eyes sits victory,
As if she ever meant to correct his valour:
His Nose stands high, a Character of honor,
His red Lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.

Emil. Must these men die too?

Per. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a Trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean,
He wears a well-steel'd Axe, the staffe of Gold,
His age some five and twenty.

Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any, fairer promises
In such a Body yet I never look'd on.

Per. Oh he that's freckle fac'd?

Mess. The same my Lord,
Are they not sweet ones?

Per. Yes, they are well.

Mess. Methinks,

SC. II THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Being so few, and well dispos'd, they shew
 Great, and fine Art in nature, he's white hair'd,
 Not wanton white, but such a manly colour
 Next to an aborn, tough, and nimble set,
 Which shows an active soul: his arms are brawny
 Lin'd with strong sinews: to the shoulder-piece,
 Gently they swell, like Women new conceiv'd,
 Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
 Under the weight of Arms, stout-hearted still,
 But when he stirs, a Tiger; he's grey ey'd,
 Which yields compassion where he conquers: sharp
 To spie advantages, and where he finds 'em,
 He's swift to make 'em his: He does no wrongs,
 Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he smiles
 He shows a Lover, when he frowns, a Soldier:
 About his head he wears the winners oak,
 And in it stuck the favour of his Lady:
 His age, some six and thirty. In his hand
 He bears a Charging Staffe, emboss'd with Silver.

Thes. Are they all thus?

Per. They are all the sons of honor.

Thes. Now as I have a soul, I long to see 'em,
 Lady, you shall see men fight now.

Hip. I wish it,
 But not the cause my Lord; They would shew
 Bravely about the Titles of two Kingdoms;
 'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous:
 Oh my soft-hearted Sister, what think you?
 Weep not, till they weep bloud: Wench it must be.

Thes. You have steel'd 'em with your Beauty: honor'd
 To you I give the Field; pray order it, (friend,
 Fitting the persons that must use it.

Per. Yes Sir.

Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay,
 Their fame has fir'd me so; till they appear,
 Good friend be royal.

Per. There shall want no bravery.

Emil. Poor wench go weep, for whosoever wins,
 Looses a noble Cosin, for thy sins. [Exeunt.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT IV

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Jaylor, Wooer, Doctor.

Doct. Her distraction is more at some time of the Moon,
Than at other some, is it not?

Jay. She is continually in a harmless distemper, sleeps
Little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking,
Dreaming of another world, and a better; and what
Broken piece of matter so e'er she's about, the name
Palamon lards it, that she farces ev'ry business

Enter Daughter.

Withal, fits it to every question; Look where
She comes, you shall perceive her behaviour.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was *Down*
A down a: and penn'd by no worse man, than
Giraldo, Emilius Schoolmaster; he's as
Fantastical too, as ever he may goe upon's legs,
For in the next world will *Dido* see *Palamon*, and
Then will she be out of love with *Æneas*.

Doct. What stuff's here? poor soul.

Jay. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this Charm, that I told you of, you must
Bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come where
The blessed spirits, as there's a sight now; we Maids
That have our Livers, perisht, crackt to pieces with
Love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long
But pick Flowers with *Proserpine*, then will I make
Palamon a Nosegay, then let him mark me,—then.

Doct. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little farther.

Da[u]. Faith I'll tell you, sometime we goe to Barly-break,
We of the blessed; alas, 'tis a sore life they have i' th'
Other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing,
Howling, chatt'ring, cursing, oh they have shrowd
Measure, take heed; if one be mad, or hang, or
Drown themselves, thither they goe, *Jupiter* bless
Us, and there shall we be put in a Cauldron of
Lead, and Usurers grease, amongst a whole million of

SC. III THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Cut-purses, and there boil like a Gamon of Bacon
That will never be enough.

[Exit.

Doct. How her brain coins!

Daugh. Lords and Courtiers, that have got Maids with child, they are in this place, they shall stand in fire up to the Navel, and in Ice up to th' heart, and there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes; in troth a very grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a Trifle, believe me one would marry a leprous witch, to be rid on't I'll assure you.

Doct. How she continues this fancie! 'Tis not an engrafted madness but a most thick, and profound melancholly.

Daugh. To hear there a proud Lady, and a proud City wife, howl together: I were a beast, and I'd call it good sport: one cries, oh this smoak, another this fire; one cries oh that I ever did it behind the Arras, and then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow and her Garden-house.

Sings. *I will be true, my Stars, my Fate, &c.*

[Exit *Daugh.*

Jay. What think you of her, Sir? (minister to.

Doct. I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot

Jay. Alas, what then?

Doct. Understand you, she ever affected any man, e'r
She beheld *Palamon*?

Jay. I was once, Sir, in great hope she had fix'd her
Liking on this Gentleman my friend.

Woo. I did think so too, and would account I had a great
Pen'worth on't, to give half my state, that both
She and I at this present stood unfainedly on the
Same terms. (the

Doct. That intemperate surfet of her eye, hath distemper'd
Other sences, they may return and settle again to
Execute their preordained faculties, but they are
Now in a most extravagant vagary. This you
Must doe, confine her to a place, where the light
May rather seem to steal in, than be permitted; take
Upon you (young Sir, her friend) the name of
Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to
Commune of Love; this will catch her attention, for
This her mind beats upon; other objects that are
Inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT V

And friskins of her madness; sing to her such green
 Songs of Love, as she says *Palamon* hath sung in
 Prison; Come to her, stuck in as sweet Flowers as the
 Season is mistriss of, and thereto make an addition of
 Some other compounded odors, which are grateful to the
 Sense: all this shall become *Palamon*, for *Palamon* can
 Sing, and *Palamon* is sweet, and ev'ry good thing, desire
 To eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still
 Among, intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance
 Into her favour: learn what Maids have been her
 Companions, and Play-pheers; and let them repair to
 Her with *Palamon* in their mouths, and appear with
 Tokens, as if they suggested for him, it is a falshood
 She is in, which is with falshoods to be combated.
 This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's
 Now out of square in her, into their former Law, and
 Regiment; I have seen it approved, how many times
 I know not, but to make the number more, I have
 Great hope in this. I will between the passages of
 This project, come in with my applyance: Let us
 Put it in execution; and hasten the success, which doubt not
 Will bring forth comfort. [Florish. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Thesius, Perithous, Hippolita, *Attendants.*

Thes. **N**OW let 'em enter, and before the gods
 Tender their holy Prayers: Let the Temples
 Burn bright with sacred fires, and the Altars
 In hallowed clouds commend their swelling Incense
 To those above us: Let no due be wanting,
[Florish of Cornets.

They have a noble work in hand, will honor
 The very powers that love 'em.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir, they enter.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies
 You royal German foes, that this day come

Sc. I THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

To blow that nearness out, that flames between ye ;
Lay by your anger for an hour, and Dove-like
Before the holy Altars of your helpers
(The all-fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn bodies,
Your Ire is more than mortal ; So your help be,
And as the gods regard ye, fight with Justice,
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Per. Honor crown the worthiest.

[*Exit Theseus and his train.*]

Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire : think you but thus,
That were there ought in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another : Arm opprest by Arm :
I would destroy th' offender, Coz. I would
Though parcel of my self : then from this gather
How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour

To push your name, your antient love, our kindred
Out of my memory ; and i' th' self-same place
To seat something I would confound : so hoist we
The sails, that must these vessels port, even where
The heavenly Lymiter pleases.

Pal. You speak well ;
Before I turn, let me embrace thee Cosin
This I shall never do agen.

Arc. One farewell.

Pal. Why let it be so : Farewel Coz.

[*Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.*]

Arc. Farewel Sir ;

Knights, Kinsmen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices
True worshipers of *Mars*, whose spirit in you
Expells the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension
Which still is farther off it, goe with me
Before the god of our profession : There
Require of him the hearts of Lions, and
The breath of Tygers, yea, the fierceness too,
Yea, the speed also, to go on, I mean
Else wish we to be snails : you know my prize

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT V

Must be dragg'd out of blood, force and great fea[te]
 Must put my Garland on, where she sticks
 The Queen of Flowers: our intercession then
 Must be to him that makes the Camp, a Cestron
 Brim'd with the b[l]ood of men: give me your aid
 And bend your spirits towards him. [They kneel.]
 Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
 Green *Neptune* into purple.

Comets prewarn, whose havock in vast Field
 Unearthed skulls proclaim, whose breath blows down,
 The teeming C[e]res foyzon, who dost pluck
 With hand armenipotent from [forth] blew clouds,
 The mason'd Turrets, that both mak'st and break'st
 The stony girths of Cities: me thy pupil,
 Youngest follower of thy Drum, instruct this day
 With military skill, that to thy laud
 I may advance my streamer, and by thee,
 Be stil'd the Lord o' th' day, give me great *Mars*
 Some token of thy Pleasure.

*[Here they fall on their faces as formerly,
 and there is heard clanging of Armor,
 with a short Thunder, as the burst of
 a battel, whereupon they all rise, and
 bow to the Altar.]*

Oh great Corrector of enormous times,
 Shaker of o'er-rank States, thou grand decider
 Of dusty, and old Titles, that heal'st with blood
 The earth when it is sick, and curst the world
 O' th' pl[u]resie of people; I do take
 Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
 To my design; march boldly, let us goe. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former
 observance.*

Pal. Our stars must glisten with new fire, or be
 To day extinct; our argument is love,
 Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
 Victory too, then blend your spirits with mine,
 You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
 Your personal hazard; to the goddess *Venus*

SC. I THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Commend we our proceeding, and implore
 Her power unto our partie. [*Here they kneel as formerly.*
 Hail Sovereign Queen of secrets, who hast power
 To call the fiercest Tyrant from his rage;
 And weep unto a Girl; that hast the might
 Even with an eye-glance, to choak *Marsis* Drum
 And turn th' allarm to whispers, that canst make
 A Cripple flourish with his Crutch, and cure him
 Before *Apollo*; that may'st force the King
 To be his subjects vassal, and induce
 Stale gravity to [daunce], the pould Batchelor
 Whose youth like wanton boys through Bonfires
 Have skipt thy flame, at seventy, thou canst catch
 And make him to the scorn of his hoarse throat
 Abuse young lays of Love; what godlike power
 Hast thou not power upon? To *Phæbus* thou
 Add'st flames, hotter than his the heavenly fires
 Did scorch his mortal Son, thine him; the huntress
 All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
 Her Bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace
 Me thy vow'd Soldier, who do bear thy yolk
 As 'twere a wreath of Roses, yet is heavier
 Than Lead it self, stings more than Nettles;
 I have never been foul-mouth'd against thy Law,
 Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none; would not
 Had I ken'd all that were; I never practis'd
 Upon mans wife, nor would the Libels read
 Of liberal wits: I never at great feasts
 Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
 At simpring Sirs that did: I have been harsh
 To large Confessors, and have hotly ask'd 'em
 If they had Mothers, I had one, a woman,
 And women 't were they wrong'd. I knew a man
 Of eighty winters, this I told them, who
 A Lass of fourteen bridged, 'twas thy power
 To put life into dust, the aged Cramp
 Had screw'd his square foot round,
 The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,
 Torturing Convulsions from his globy eies,
 Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN Act v

In him seem'd torture : this Anatomie
 Had by his young fair [pheare] a Boy, and I
 Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,
 And who would not believe her? brief I am
 To those that prate, and have done, no Companion ;
 To those that boast and have not, a defyer ;
 To those that would and cannot, a Rejoycer.
 Yea him I do not love, that tells close offices
 The foulest way, nor names concealments in
 The boldest language, such a one I am,
 And vow that lover never yet made sigh
 Truer than I. Oh then most soft sweet goddess
 Give me the victory of this question, which
 Is true loves merit, and bless me with a sign
 Of thy great pleasure.

[Here Musick is heard, Doves are seen to flutter, they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.]

Pal. Oh thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
 In mortal bosoms, whose Chase is this world
 And we in Herds thy Game ; I give thee thanks
 For this fair Token, which being laid unto
 Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance *[They bow.]*
 My body to this business ; Let us rise
 And bow before the goddess : Time comes on. *[Exeunt.]*
Still Musick of Records.

Enter Emilia in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath : One in white, holding up her train, her hair stuck with Flowers : One before her carrying a silver Hynd, in which is conveyed Incense and sweet odors, which being set upon the Altar, her Maids standing aloof, she sets fire to it, then they curt'sy and kneel.

Emil. Oh sacred, shadowy, cold and constant Queen,
 Abandoner of Revels, mute contemplative,
 Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
 As wind-fan'd Snow, who to thy femal Knights
 Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
 Which is their Orders Robe. I here thy Priest
 Am humbled for thine Altar, oh vouchsafe
 With that thy rare green eye, which never yet

SC. I THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Beheld thing maculate, look on thy Virgin,
 And sacred silver Mistriss, lend thine ear
 (Which ne'r heard scurril term, into whose port
 Ne'er entred wanton sound,) to my petition
 Season'd with holy fear; this is my last
 Of vestal office, I'm Bride-habited,
 But Maiden-hearted: a Husband I have pointed,
 But do not know him, out of two, I should
 Choose one, and pray for his success, but I
 Am guiltless of election of mine eyes,
 Were I to lose one, they are equal precious,
 I could doome neither, that which perish'd should
 Goe to't unsentenc'd: Therefore most modest Queen,
 He of the two Pretenders, that best loves me
 And has the truest Title in't, let him
 Take off my wheaten Garland, or else grant
 The file and quality I hold, I may
 Continue in thy Band.

*[Here the Hind vanishes under the Altar: and
 in the place ascends a Rose-Tree, having one
 Rose upon it.]*

See what our General of Ebbs and Flows
 Out from the bowels of her holy Altar
 With sacred Act advances: But one Rose,
 If well inspir'd, this Battel shall confound
 Both these brave Knights, and I a Virgin Flower
 Must grow alone unpluck'd.

*[Here is heard a sodain twang of Instru-
 ments, and the Rose falls from the Tree.]*

The Flower is fall'n, the Tree descends: oh Mistriss
 Thou here dischargest me, I shall be gather'd,
 I think so, but I know not thine own Will;
 Unclaspe th[y] Mistery: I hope she's pleas'd,
 Her Signs were gracious.

[They curt'sey, and Exeunt.]

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Doctor, Jaylor, and Woo[e]r, in habit of Palamon.

Doct. Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her?

Woo. Oh very much; the Maids that kept her company
Have half perswaded her that I am *Palamon*; within this
Half hour she came smiling to me, and ask'd me what I
Would eat, and when I would kiss her: I told her,
Presently, and kist her twice.

Doct. 'Twas well done; twenty times had been far better,
For there the cure lies mainly.

Woo. Then she told me
She would watch with me to night, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me.

Doct. Let her do so,
And when your fit comes, fit her home,
And presently.

Wooer. She would have me sing.

Doct. You did so?

Woo. No.

Doct. 'Twas very ill done then,
You should observe her ev'ry way.

Woo. Alas
I have no voice Sir, to confirm her that way.

Doct. That's all one, if ye make a noise,
If she intreat again, do any thing,
Lie with her if she ask you.

Jail. Hoa there Doctor.

Doct. Yes, in the way of cure.

Jail. But first, by your leave
I' th' way of honesty.

Doct. That's but a niceness,
Nev'r cast your child away for honesty;
Cure her first this way, then if she will be honest,
She has the path before her.

Jail. Thank ye Doctor.

Doct. Pray bring her in
And let's see how she is.

Jail. I will, and tell her

SC. II THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Her *Palamon* stiaies for her : but Doctor,
Methinks you are i' th' wrong still.

[*Exit Jaylor.*]

Doct. Goe, goe : you Fathers are fine fools : her honesty?
And we should give her physick till we find that :

Woo. Why, do you think she is not honest, Sir?

Doct. How old is she?

Woo. She's eighteen.

Doct. She may be,

But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose,
What ev'r her Father saies, if you perceive
Her Mood inclining that way that I spoke of
Videlicet, The way of flesh, you have me.

Woo. Yes very well Sir.

Doct. Please her appetite

And do it home, it cures her *ipso facto,*
The melancholly humor that infects her.

Woo. I am of your mind, *Doctor.*

Enter Jaylor, Daughter, Maid.

Doct. You'll find it so ; she comes, pray honor her.

Jail. Come, your Love *Palamon* stays for you child,
And has done this long hour, to visit you.

Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience,
He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,
Did you never see the horse he gave me?

Jail. Yes.

Daugh. How do you like him?

Jail. He's a very fair one.

Daugh. You never saw him dance?

Jail. No.

Daugh. I have often,
He dances very finely, very comely,
And for a Jigg, come cut and long tail to him,
He turns ye like a Top.

Jail. That's fine indeed.

Daugh. He'll dance the *Morris* twenty mile an hour.
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish,
And gallops to the turn of *Light a'love,*
What think you of this horse?

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT V

Fail. Having these virtues
I think he might be brought to play at Tennis.

Daugh. Alas that's nothing.

Fail. Can he write and read too?

Daugh. A very fair hand, and casts himself th' accounts
Of all his Hay and Provender: that Hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him; you know
The Chesnut Mare the Duke has?

Fail. Very well.

Daugh. She is horribly in love with him, poor beast,
But he is like his Master, coy and scornful.

Fail. What Dowry has she?

Daugh. Some two hundred Bottles,
And twenty strike of Oats; but he'll ne'er have her;
He lisp, in's neighing, able to entice
A Millers Mare,
He'll be the death of her.

Doct. What stuff she utters!

Fail. Make curt'sie, here your love comes.

Woo. Pretty soul

How doe ye? that's a fine Maid, there's a curt'sie.

Daugh. Yours to command i'th' way of honesty;
How far is't now to th' end o'th' world my Masters?

Doct. Why a days journey wench.

Daugh. Will you go with me?

Woo. What shall we do there wench?

Daugh. Why play at Stool-ball.

What is there else to do?

Woo. I am content

If we shall keep our wedding there.

Daugh. 'Tis true

For there I will assure you, we shall find
Some blind Priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice and foolish;
Besides, my Father must be hang'd to morrow
And that would be a blot i'th' business
Are not you *Palamon*?

Woo. Do not you know me?

Daugh. Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this poor Petticoat, and two course Smocks.

SC. II THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Woo. That's all one, I will have you.

Daugh. Will you surely?

Woo. Yes, by this fair hand will I.

Daugh. We'll to bed then.

Woo. Ev'n when you will.

Daugh. Oh Sir, you would fain [b]e nibbling.

Woo. Why do you rub my kiss off?

Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one,

And will perfume me finely against the wedding.

Is not this your Cosin *Arcite*?

Doct. Yes Sweet heart,

And I am glad my Cosin *Palamon*

Has made so fair a choice.

Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?

Doct. Yes without doubt.

Daugh. Do you think so too?

Fail. Yes.

([growne])

Daugh. We shall have many children: Lord, how y'are

My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely

Now he's at liberty: alas poor Chicken,

He was kept down with hard Meat, and ill Lodging,

But I'll kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What do you here? you'll lose the noblest sight,
That e'er was see[ne].

Fail. Are they i'th' field?

Mess. They are

You bear a charge there too.

Fail. I'll away straight

I must ev'n leave you here.

Doct. Nay, we'll goe with you,

I will not loose the Fight.

Fail. How did you like her?

Doct. I'll warrant you within these three or four days

I'll make her right again. You must not from her

But still preserve her in this way.

Woo. I will.

Doct. Let's get her in.

Woo. Come Sweet, we'll go to dinner

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT V

And then we'll play at Cards.

Daugh. And shall we kiss too?

Woo. A hundred times.

Daugh. And twenty.

Woo. I, and twenty.

Daugh. And then we'll sleep together.

Doct. Take her offer.

Woo. Yes marry will we.

Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.

Woo. I will not Sweet.

Daugh. If you do (Love) I'll cry. [Florish *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous: *and*
some Attendants, T. Tuck: Curtis.

Emil. I'll no step further.

Per. Will you loose this sight?

Emil. I had rather see a Wren hawk at a Fly
Than this decision; ev'ry blow that falls
Threats a brave life, each stroke laments
The place wheron it falls, and sounds more like
A Bell, than Blade, I will stay here,
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd,
With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is
No deafing, but to hear; not taint mine eye
With dread sights, it may shun.

Per. Sir, my good Lord
Your Sister will no further.

Thes. Oh she must.
She shall see deeds of Honor in their kind,
Which sometime shew well pencill'd. Nature now
Shall make, and act the Story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye, and ear; you must be present,
You are the victors meed, the price, and garland
To crown the Questions Title.

Emil. Pardon me,
If I were there, I'd wink.

Thes. You must be there;

SC. III THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

This trial is as 'twere i' th' night, and you
The only Star to shine.

Emil. I am extinct,
There is but envy in that light, which shows
The one the other: darkness which ever was
The [dam] of horror; who does stand accurst
Of many mortal Millions, may even now
By casting her black mantle over both
That neither could find other, get her self
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she's guilty.

Hip. You must go.

Emil. In faith I will not.

Thes. Why the Knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: know of this war
You are the Treasure, and must needs be by
To give the Service pay.

Emil. Sir, pardon me,
The Title of a Kingdom may be try'd
Out of it self.

Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure,
Those that remain with you, could wish their office
To any of their enemies.

Hip. Farewel Sister,
I am like to know your Husband 'fore your self
By some small start of time, he whom the gods
Doe of the two, know best, I pray them, he
Be made your Lot.

[*E[xeunt]*] Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, &c.

Emil. *Arcite* is gently visag'd; yet his eye
Is like an Engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy, and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage: *Palamon*
Has a most menacing aspect, his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on,
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object. Melancholly
Becomes him nobly; so does *Arcite's* mirth,

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT V

But *Palamon's* sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad.
And sadness, merry; those darker humors that
Stick mis-becomingly on others, on them
Live in fair dwelling.

[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a Charge.*

Hark how yo[n] spurs to spirit doe incite
The Princes to their proof, *Arcite* may win me,
And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite*, to
The spoiling of his figure. Oh what pity
Enough for such a chance; if I were by
I might do hurt, for they would glance their eies
Toward my Seat, and in that motion might
Omit a Ward, or forfeit an offence
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better

[*Cornets. A great cry, and noise
within, crying a Palamon.*

I am not there, oh better never born
Than minister to such harm, what is the chance?

Enter Servant.

Ser. The cry's a *Palamon*.

Emil. Then he has won: 'twas ever likely,
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men: I prethee run
And tell me how it goes.

[*Shout, and Cornets: crying a Palamon.*

Ser. Still *Palamon*.

Emil. Run and enquire, poor Servant thou hast lost,
Upon my right side still I wore thy Picture,
Palamon's on the left, why so I know not,
I had no end in't; else chance would have it so.

[*Another cry and shout within, and Cornets.*

On the sinister side the heart lies; *Palamon*
Had the best boding chance: this burst of clamor
Is sure th' end o'th' combat.

Enter Servant.

Ser. They said that *Palamon* had *Arcites* body
Within an inch o'th' Pyramid, that the cry

SC. III THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Was general a *Palamon*: but anon,
Th' Assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold Tytlers, at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a man: their single share,
[Their noblenes peculier to them, gives]
The prejudice of disparity values shortness

[*Cornets.* Cry within, *Arcite*, *Arcite*.
To any Lady breathing—More exulting?

Palamon still?

Ser. Nay, now the sound is *Arcite*.

Emil. I prethee lay attention to the Cry.

[*Cornets.* A great shout, and cry, *Arcite*, *victory*.
Set both thine ears to th' business.

Ser. The cry is
Arcite, and victory, hark *Arcite*, victory,
The Combats consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind Instruments.

Emil. Half sights saw
That *Arcite* was no babe, god's lyd, his richness
And costliness of spirit lookt through him; it could
No more be hid in him, than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
That drift winds, force to raging: I did think
Good *Palamon* would miscarry, yet I knew not
Why I did think so; Our reasons are not prophets
When oft our fancies are: they are coming off:

Alas poor *Palamon*.

[*Cornets.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Arcite as
Victor and Attendants, &c.

Thes. Lo, where our Sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unsetled: fairest *Emilia*,
The gods by their Divine arbitrament
Have given you this Knight, he is a good one
As ever struck at head: Give me your hands;
Receive you her, you him, be plighted with
A love that grows, as you decay.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT V

Arcite. Emily.

To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought, and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

Thes. Oh loved Sister,
He speaks now of as brave a Knight as e'er
Did spur a noble Steed: surely the gods
Would have him die a batchelor, lest his race
Should show i'th' world too godlike: his behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought *Alcides* was
To him a Sow of Lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I have spoke, your *Arcite*
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good
Encountred yet his Better, I have heard
Two emulous *Philomels*, beat the ear o'th' night
With their contentious throats, now on[e] the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: so it far'd
Good space between these kinsmen; till heavens did
Make hardly one the winner: wear the Garland
With joy that you have won: for the subdu'd,
Give them our present Justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em, let it here be done:
The Scene's not for our seeing, goe we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow. Arm your prize,
I know you will not lose her: *Hippolita*
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear
The which it will deliver.

[*Florish*]

Emil. Is this winning?

Oh all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable Prince that cuts away
A life more worthy from him, than all women;
I should, and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pity

That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one
That two must needs be blind for't.

Thes. So it is.

[*Exeunt*]

SC. IV THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Palamon and his Knights pinion'd : Jailor
Executioner, &c. Gard.*

[*Pal.*] There's many a man alive that hath out-liv'd
The love o' th' people, yea, i'th' self-same state
Stands many a Father with his child; some comfort
We have by so considering: we expire
And not without mens pity. To live still,
Have their good wishes, we prevent
The lothsome misery of age, beguile
The Gout and Rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come towards the gods
Young, and unwapper'd, not halting under Crimes
Many and stale: that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us Nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear Spirits. My dear kinsmen.
Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,
You have sold 'em too too cheap.

1 *K.* What ending could be
Of more content? o'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose Title is as momentary,
As to us death is certain: a grain of honor
They not o'er-weigh us.

2 *K.* Let us bid farewell;
And, with our patience, anger tott'ring Fortune,
Who at her certain'st reels.

3 *K.* Come: who begins?

Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this Banquet, shall
Taste to you all: ah ha my Friend, my Friend,
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever: pray how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.

Jail. Sir, she's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.

Pal. By my short life
I am most glad on't; 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of, prethee tell her so:

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT V

Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.

1 *K.* Nay, let's be offerers all.

2 *K.* Is it a maid?

Pal. Verily I think so,

A right good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quight or speak of.

All K. Commend us to her. [*They give their purses.*]

Jail. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful.

Pal. Adieu; and let my life be now as short,
As my leave taking. [*Lies on the Block.*]

1 *K.* Lead courageous Cosin.

1, 2 *K.* We'll follow cheerfully.

[*A great noise within, crying, run, save, hold.*]

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold, oh hold, hold, hold.

Enter Pirithous in haste.

Pir. Hold, hoa: It is a cursed haste you made
If you have done so quickly: noble *Palamon*,
The gods will shew their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be,
When *Venus* I have said is false? How do things fare?

Pir. Arise great Sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most early sweet, and bitter.

Pal. What
Hath wak't us from our dream?

Pir. List then: your Cosin
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing
Not a hayr worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note: Which superstition
Hear finds allowance: On this horse is *Arcite*
Trotting the stones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*
Did rather tell, than trample; For the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his Rider

To put pride in him : as he thus went counting
 The flinty pavement, dancing as t'were to'th' Musick
 His own hoofs made ; (For as they say from iron
 Came Musicks origen) what envious Flint,
 Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him possest
 With fire malevolent, darted a Spark,
 Or what feirce sulphur else, to this end made,
 I comment not ; The hot horse, hot as fire,
 Took Toy at this, and fell to what disorder
 His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
 Forgets school dooing, being therein train'd,
 And of kind mannage, pig-like he whines
 At the sharp Rowell, which he frets at rather
 Than any jot obeyes ; Seeks all foul means
 Of boystrous and rough Jad'rie, to dis-seat
 His Lord, that kept it bravely : When nought serv'd,
 When neither Curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring
 Dis-root his Rider whence he grew, but that (plunges
 He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs on end he stands
 That *Arcites* legs being higher than his head
 Seem'd with strange art to hang : His victors wreath
 Even then fell off his head : And presently
 Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poyze
 Becomes the Riders load : Yet is he living,
 But such a vessell 'tis that floats but for
 The surge that next approaches : He much desires
 To have some speech with you : Loe he appears.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chair.

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance
 The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,
 Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken :
 Give me thy last words, I 'm *Palamon*,
 One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take *Emilia*
 And with her, all the worlds joy : Reach thy hand,
 Farewell : I have told my last hour ; I was false,
 Yet never treacherous : Forgive me Cosen :
 One kiss from fair *Emilia* : 'Tis done :
 Take her : I die.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN ACT V

Pal. Thy brave soul seek *Elizium*. (thee

Emil. I'll close thine eyes, Prince; Blessed souls be with
Thou art a right good man, and while I live,
This day I give to tears.

Pal. And I to honor.

Thes. In this place first you fought: Even very here
I sundred you, acknowledg to the gods
Our thanks that you are living:
His part is play'd, and though it were too short
He did it well: your day is length'ned, and
The blissfull dew of heaven do's arouze you:
The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,
And given you your love: Our Master *Mars*,
Hast vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite*, gave
The grace of the Contention: So the Deities
Have shew'd due justice: Bear this hence.

Pal. O Cosen,
That we should things desire, which doe cost us
The loss of our desire; That nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love.

Thes. Never Fortune
Did play a subtler Game: The conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the Loss: yet in the passage,
The gods have been most equall: *Palamon*,
Your kinsman hath confest the right o'th' Lady
Did lye in you, for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancie: He restor'd her
As your stolen Jewell, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven; The gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The Executioners: Lead your Lady off;
And call your Lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my Friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whose end
The visages of Bridegroomes we'll put on
And smile with *Palamon*; For whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of *Arcite*: And am now as glad,
As for him sorry. O you heavenly Charmers,

SC. IV THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

What things you make of us? For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have, are sorry still,
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankfull
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question: Let's goe off,
And bear us like the time. [Florish. Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

I Would now aske ye how ye like the Play,
But as it is with School Boys, cannot say,
I 'm cruell fearefull: pray yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye: No man smile?
Then it goes hard I see; He that has
Lov'd a young hansom wench then, show his face:
'Tis strange if none be here, and if he will
Against his Conscience let him hiss and kill
Our Market: 'Tis in vain, I see to stay ye,
Have at the worst can come, then; Now what say ye?
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold
We have no such cause. If th' tale we have told
(For 'tis no other) any way content ye
(For to that honest purpose it was ment ye)
We have our end; And ye shall have ere long
I dare say many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: We, and all our might,
Rest at your service, Gentlemen, good night.

[Florish.



APPENDIX.

In the following references to the text the lines are numbered from the top of the page, including titles, acts, stage directions, &c., but not, of course, the headline or mere 'rules.' Where, as in the lists of Persons Represented, there are double columns, the right-hand column is numbered after the left.

It has not been thought necessary to record the correction of every turned letter nor the substitution of marks of interrogation for marks of exclamation and *vice versâ*. Full-stops have been silently inserted at the ends of speeches and each fresh speaker has been given the dignity of a fresh line: in the double-columned folio the speeches are frequently run on. Misprints in the Quartos and the First Folio are recorded when they appear to be interesting. A word or two from the printed text is attached to the variants recorded below in cases where the variant, by itself, would not be sufficiently clear. Altered punctuation is shown, usually, by printing the old punctuation.

THE SEA-VOYAGE.

A = 1st folio. B = 2nd folio.

- p. 1, ll. 3 to end of page. Not in A. l. 15. B] Bortswain
 p. 2, l. 20. A] drunk;
 p. 3, l. 3. B] ye l. 36. B] stow this. l. 37. Prayer-Book woman;
 l. 39. A] There
 p. 4, l. 1. B] frights and terrors l. 23. A] Am I not ll. 38, 39. B]
 whither...whither
 p. 5, l. 1. A] lowd l. 5. A] ye were l. 19. A] *Gentlemen, Boat-*
swayne and Surgeon. l. 37. B omits] perish
 p. 7, l. 37. A] living yet
 p. 11, l. 28. B] 'emt l. 30. A and B] friendship?
 p. 12, l. 11. B omits] as l. 29. B] delicate? l. 36. B] ro find it, to
 p. 14, l. 33. A] Those l. 38. B] in in
 p. 16, l. 5. A] Yea things beneath pitty shall l. 7. A] strong on's
 l. 29. B] do no l. 30. A] This bath'd l. 31. B] leave.
 p. 18, l. 28. B] wants and
 p. 24, l. 11. B] this
 p. 28, l. 3. B omits] *Fran.*

APPENDIX

- p. 29, l. 15. A] hath l. 35. B] miseries.
 p. 30, l. 4. B] thye
 p. 32, l. 14. A] Sir, not l. 24. A] flung t'ee
 p. 33, l. 23. A] Sawce with
 p. 37, l. 19. B repeats] Ros. l. 30. A] Patrick
 p. 39, l. 28. A omits] Alb.
 p. 40, l. 21. A] ye
 p. 41, l. 19. B] heart
 p. 43, l. 23. A] i'my
 p. 44, l. 37. B] two
 p. 48, l. 21. B] concens
 p. 51, ll. 15, 16. B omits] but...Oysters l. 36. B] will. l. 40. B] glad, for certain, wonder
 p. 54, l. 20. B omits] By Heaven l. 25. B] villany l. 28. A] I,
 p. 55, l. 34. A omits] all l. 35. B] memory'and
 p. 56, l. 5. A] Him to. Yet B] He too yet l. 14. B] Cro. l. 17.
 B omits] off
 p. 57, l. 1. A] I am l. 7. A omits] famine l. 17. A] Metridate
 p. 58, ll. 31, 35. B] you
 p. 59, l. 22. B] griex'd l. 23. B] Labourers l. 29. B] in l. 33.
 A] those
 p. 64, l. 3. A] deprave l. 22. A] I am l. 23. B omits] it

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS.

A = 1st folio. B = 2nd folio.

- p. 66, ll. 3-28. A omits. l. 19. B] Perfidions
 p. 67, l. 9. B] once.
 p. 68, l. 3. B omits] Wenches, l. 17. B omits] a l. 20. A] And never
 l. 39. A] Wit, thou after
 p. 69, l. 24. A] i'me l. 38. A omits] I
 p. 70, l. 5. B] friend's l. 14. B] already, Hark? Hark, l. 29. B] friends
 p. 71, l. 14. B] W' are l. 19. B] Lady? l. 20. A omits] a
 l. 24. A] truth
 p. 72, l. 3. B] Neece? l. 33. A] those
 p. 74, l. 6. B] faid l. 24. A] Pax l. 36. B] present;
 p. 75, l. 4. A] rules for my l. 15. B] filius l. 26. B] Priscian he
 l. 36. A] were) l[?] I
 p. 76, l. 22. A] *poopitii in me junenem* [?] *juvenem*
 p. 77, l. 8. A] *Paupertat* l. 29. B] then;
 p. 79, l. 19. B] *Toia*. l. 26. B] reported against l. 28. A] seventh
 l. 34. A and B omits] *Pris*. B] *Ridsie* l. 35. B] can go
 p. 80, l. 9. A] have little l. 13. A] were heavier

WIT AT SEVERAL WEAPONS

- p. 82, l. 2. A] *Lady, Gentry, and* l. 8. A] misery workes us l. 15.
 B] that, most
- p. 83, l. 14. A] Wee'ne l. 32. B] *Jocke's*
- p. 85, l. 21. B] sake' I l. 36. B omits] a
- p. 86, l. 10. B] temper ll. 36, 37. B] Gregory
- p. 87, l. 11. B] you you
- p. 88, l. 1. B] ingenuous l. 19. B] amorus l. 20. B omits] *Clow.*
 l. 30. B omits] I,
- p. 89, l. 1. B] behaf l. 28. A omits] *Clow.* l. 29. A] *Gard.*
 Why l. 30. A omits] *Clow.*
- p. 90, l. 27. *Probably a stage direction.* l. 31. A] gub'd. l. 35.
 B] early
- p. 91, l. 11. A] stakling l. 26. A] ayld
- p. 92, l. 18. A] spake
- p. 94, l. 19. B omits] he l. 23. B] worse
- p. 95, ll. 14-18. *A gives these ll. to Wit.* l. 39. A omits] *Ruin.*
and reads Secure?
- p. 97, l. 5. B omits] to l. 7. B] be the cheaper l. 12. B] list but
 l. 16. B] *Old* l. 29. B] too l. 34. B] R.
- p. 98, l. 12. A] never call'd l. 15. A omits] *and Fidlers boy* l. 25.
 B] *Ela*
- p. 99, l. 9. B] can. l. 30. A] a' my l. 32. A] You gluten
 l. 37. A] thou't
- p. 100, l. 7. A] Thou't l. 29. A] He was
- p. 101, l. 9. B] nothing. l. 35. B] *Gr*
- p. 102, l. 6. A] a' both l. 26. A] a that
- p. 104, l. 15. A] a beating l. 27. A] been bold l. 29. A] a both
- p. 107, l. 26. A and B] this? l. 28. A and B] that?
- p. 108, l. 9. A] a my
- p. 109, l. 30. A] a' wit l. 38. A] Gentlewoman
- p. 112, l. 1. B] whiffers l. 5. B] Gentlemen. l. 29. A] A' your
- p. 113, l. 11. A adds] (*with a Letter.*) l. 26. A] yeare
- p. 114, l. 17. A] a' your
- p. 115, l. 9. B omits] first l. 10. B omits] him l. 11. A omits] for
 l. 12. A omits] *Cun.* l. 18. A omits] *Cun.* l. 19. A omits] *Mir.*
- p. 121. A] a Manchits out a'th Pantry l. 22. A] a'th Kitchin
- p. 116, l. 4. A] a' the l. 23. B] unndertake
- p. 119, l. 2. A] And dare to hang l. 22. A] I should l. 24. A] a
 Towne
- p. 120, l. 32. A] love? thy
- p. 121, l. 15. B] You run in l. 38. A omits] *this line.*
- p. 122, l. 8. A] groane's l. 17. A] a' thine, a' the l. 33. A omits]
stage direction.
- p. 123, l. 11. A] I' me an l. 16. B] *Cuu.*

APPENDIX

- p. 125, l. 6. A omits] *Cun.* l. 14. A omits] A l. 23. A omits] I
 p. 126, l. 36. A] *Kisse*
 p. 130, l. 3. B] *Knighthoods* l. 23. B] *Alls* l. 32. B omits] *Foot*,
 p. 131, l. 6. B] *Sir?* l. 17. B] *where* l. 21. B] *agen;* l. 22.
 B] *Old* l. 31. A gives this speech to *Witty*.
 p. 132, l. 21. B] *self?* l. 28. B] *permonish'd*
 p. 133, l. 24. B omits] *L.* l. 29. B] *'Till* l. 39. A] *did not abuse*
 p. 135, l. 15. A adds stage direction] *Exeunt they two.* l. 36. B] *shall*
 p. 136, l. 39. B] *C.*
 p. 137, l. 14. B] *pounds* l. 17. A gives this line as well as the next to
Guardianess. l. 38. B] *best*
 p. 138, l. 8. B] *namh*
 p. 139, l. 14. A] *false dye* l. 34. A] *have griev'd*
 p. 140, l. 30. A] *with 't*
 p. 141, l. 12. B] *both* A] *assistance, this*

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A = 1st folio. B = 2nd folio.

- p. 143, ll. 4 to end of page. Not in A.
 p. 144, l. 19. B] *aud* l. 33. A] *Misconster*
 p. 145, l. 18. Full-stop added after *Title*
 p. 146, l. 6. B] *beld* l. 12. A] *to say* l. 29. B] *temper.* l. 31.
 A] *How ere*
 p. 147, l. 6. B] *want* l. 31. B] *too*
 p. 150, l. 23. B] *appear what* l. 29. A] *with their greatnesse*
 p. 151, l. 33. B] *care*
 p. 152, l. 14. A] *our youthfull* l. 39. B] *you.*
 p. 153, l. 4. A] *Cynthia*
 p. 155, l. 11. B] *Turks* l. 13. B] *it.* l. 27. A] *the old* l. 33.
 B] *affections'*
 p. 156, l. 12. A] *His merit* l. 22. A] *light* l. 31. A] *wages*
 p. 158, l. 23. A omits] *he*
 p. 159, l. 33. A] *give him more*
 p. 160, l. 23. A omits] *a*
 p. 161, l. 14. B] *sear'd*
 p. 163, l. 8. A] *too* l. 13. B] *Rings*
 p. 164, ll. 9, 10. A] *fled Cesario?*
 p. 165, l. 6. A] *Pockets* l. 11. B] *witnss* l. 26. B] *part?*
 p. 166, l. 38. A] *be tralaunct*
 p. 167, l. 14. A] *Switzerland, was* l. 31. A] *steale*
 p. 168, l. 39. A] *Cesar.* I am
 p. 169, l. 1. A omits] *Ces.* l. 2. A] *I wish a*

APPENDIX

The Printer to the Reader.

I T is a custome used by some Writers in this Age to Dedicate their Playes to worthy persons, as well as their other works; and there is reason for it, because they are the best Minervaes of their braine, and expresse more puritie of conceit in the ingenious circle of an Act or Scene, then is to be found in the vast circumference of larger Volumnes; and therefore worthy an answerable Mecenas, to honour and bee honoured by them. But not [h]aving any such Epistle from the Authour (in regard I am not acquainted with him) I have made bolde my selfe, without his consent to dedicate this Play to the Juditious in generall, of what degree soever; not insinuating herein with any, be they never so great, that want judgement, for to them it belongs not, though they pay for it, more then in this respect, that like Æsops Cocke, having met with a precious Stone by accident, they knew not the true use thereof, but had rather have a Barlie-corne to their humour, then a perfect Diamond. But leaving them to their ignorance, I once againe dedicate this Booke to the Juditious, some whereof I have heard commend it to be excellent, who, because they saw it Acted, and knew what they spake, are the better to be beleaved: and for my part I censure it thus, That I never red a better.

(B) CUPIDS | REVENGE. | AS IT WAS OFTEN | Acted (with great
 applause) | by the Children of | the Revells. | Written by } FRAN. BEAUMONT
 &
 } JO. FLETCHER }
 Gentlemen. | *The second Edition.* | LONDON: | Printed for Thomas Jones,
 and are to be sold | at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Churchyard | in Fleet-street.
 1630.

(C) CUPIDS | REVENGE. | AS IT WAS OFTEN | Acted (with great
 aplause) by | *the Children of the Revels.* | Written by } FRAN: BEAUMONT,
 and
 } JO: FLETCHER, }
 Gentlemen. | *The third Edition.* | LONDON, | Printed by A. M. 1635.

p. 220, ll. 2-25. Not in A. l. 2. Not in B. C] The Actors are
 these. l. 18. Not in B or C. l. 31. D] day.

p. 221, l. 33. D] grant

p. 222, l. 38. B—D] erect

p. 223, l. 20. D] suits. l. 32. B—D] Lord l. 40. C] affection.
 D] affection [*comma added, as in A and B*]

p. 224, l. 15. D] supplied l. 20. A] Flesh will l. 22. D]
 remember l. 24. C] and grew

p. 225, l. 33. D] men. l. 37. D] rise.

p. 226, l. 1. C] To great l. 18. A] be rewarded l. 27. B and D]
 harms. l. 34. C] Rites

p. 227, l. 4. D] of? l. 5. D] Image l. 14. D] our l. 15. A,
 B and D] will some l. 33. C] fly l. 35. D] taken off l. 36. C]
 despis'd

p. 228, l. 2. D] Nor smoaks l. 36. B and D] selfe? C] selfe;

p. 229, l. 6. D omits] Cleo. l. 28. D] I'm l. 34. A] does. l. 37.
 D] think.

p. 230, l. 40. D] withal

CUPID'S REVENGE

- p. 231, l. 18. A] yet my 1. 31. A—C] This five 1. 32. D] hold
 p. 234, l. 4. A] And will 1. 23. A and B] Has 1. 26. C] ye must
 needs 1. 30. D] this
 p. 235, l. 6. C and D] unhappy 1. 9. D] this 1. 11. C] my dart
 p. 236, l. 12. A] you doe 1. 15. A] thought 1. 19. A] tell the
 p. 237, l. 12. D] here 1. 13. D] on 1. 19. D] steem
 p. 238, l. 2. A omits] love 1. 9. D] corrupt'st? 1. 10. D] than
 l. 26. A—C] mine
 p. 239, l. 34. D] here
 p. 240, l. 34. B and C] my one 1. 39. D] earnestness
 p. 241, l. 3. A] multitudes 1. 12. A—C] trust too 1. 18. D] of
 l. 22. D] I am 1. 25. D] I am ll. 25, 26. A, B and D]
 dispatch

Us

- C] dispatch us 1. 35. A] lets goe
 p. 242, l. 12. A] Out ath 1. 18. D] *Eis.* 1. 26. C] dye 1. 29.
 C] or hanged
 p. 243, l. 16. D] worss 1. 23. A—C] bespake 1. 36. A—C] has
 p. 244, l. 5. D] an one 1. 9. D] A way 1. 10. D] Think Sir,
 l. 18. D] *Temantus* 1. 31. B—D] *Leon.*
 p. 245, l. 11. A, B and D *print Leon. before Telamon* 1. 20. B and D
print this line above the stage direction, omitting Hida. ll. 23-25. A]
Cleo. Helpe! stirre her: Hero, Hida, ô, ô. 1. 26. B and D] woman
 l. 34. B—D] at
 p. 246, l. 4. A] on wrist ll. 11-14. A and B *omit full-point at sing
 and read*

Hero. Leave, leave, tis now too late: *Cleo.* Why
 Shee is dead: *Hero.* Her last is breathed.

C *prints as in text bracketed.*

D] *Hero.* Leave, leave, 'tis now too late.

Cleo. Why?

Shee is dead:

Hero. Her last is breathed

- l. 32. D] there's gallant 1. 34. C omits] *Away:* 1. 37. A
possibly] seeme
 p. 247, l. 22. C] He's mine 1. 23. A, B and D] *Leu.* 1. 26.
 A, B and D] years?
 p. 248, l. 11. A, B and D] Whore shall 1. 28. D] A boord 1. 32.
 B and D omits] I 1. 33. C] pine for thee. 1. 36. A] Goe to your 1. 37.
 A] eche
 p. 249, l. 12. D] morning. *Timantus* let 1. 14. A] mile. 1. 32.
 D] pounds
 p. 250, l. 6. D] off 1. 35. C] the King and
 p. 251, l. 4. D] whom 1. 13. D] thee; 1. 25. D] thee, 1. 29.
 D] I am 1. 31. C] Why *Telamon*, I can stand now alone
 p. 252, l. 18. D] should 1. 30. C] oathes that did
 p. 255, l. 22. C] are you grown D] you'r grown

APPENDIX

- p. 256, l. 11. A—D] more. l. 25. C] Thou couldst
- p. 257, l. 19. B—D] *Prince* now. C] experienc't
- p. 258, l. 4. D] what blessing l. 22. D] *gods*, lov'd
- p. 259, l. 4. D] *Baca*. l. 8. C] blush for all l. 16. A] they B] they. C] they? D] they! l. 25. A] sed no l. 28. D] *Baca*. l. 30. C adds stage direction] *Enter Timantus*. l. 39. C] chose
- p. 260, l. 10. D] Your l. 25. C] Son
- p. 261, l. 29. A, B and D] yet be
- p. 262, l. 15. C] all the Monsters in *Affricke* l. 22. C] hath been B and D] has beene
- p. 263, l. 14. A, B and D] *Quarti*. l. 16. C omits] And l. 22. A] Then gave I l. 33. D] knows
- p. 264, l. 29. D] makes mak'st
- p. 265, l. 7. C] neere D] ne'r l. 12. B—D] tell you l. 15. A—C] what I can do for him he shall command me
- p. 267, l. 5. D] too l. 8. D] too l. 16. B and D] silence, a l. 23. A] Shewe down l. 25. A, B and D] thousand l. 26. A] your presuming l. 32. C] friends, not parents
- p. 268, l. 29. D] with l. 38. A, B and D] plot.
- p. 269, l. 5. D] *Timantus*.
- p. 270, l. 4. A, B and D] You l. 9. A] proud'de B] prou'd D] prov'd
- p. 272, l. 17. D] breathe, his hot affection A and D] out
- p. 273, l. 3. D] Mans l. 7. A] God morrow, god morrowe l. 16. C] Neighbours l. 21. A—C] ath game l. 24. D] An l. 26. A] and a beaten A—C] out a Debt l. 32. C] Ironmonger A] is as B] h' is as
- p. 274, l. 8. D] 3 l. 27. C] now you erre, I must tell ye D] erre, now I must l. 28. D] are
- p. 275, l. 6. C adds] *Citizen* l. 12. D] thy l. 16. D] an l. 38. D] sat
- p. 276, l. 3. D] my my
- p. 277, l. 6. A—D] them. l. 22. A, B and D] em once : more, C] 'um once more,
- p. 279, l. 8. C] unto the l. 35. D] *Ismenus*. A, B and D] *Exit M*.
- p. 280, l. 6. D] wear'st the breeches l. 18. D] thou not
- p. 282, l. 10. A] weare a brass l. 28. B and D] thou?
- p. 283, l. 8. A, B and D] respect in Womanhood l. 19. B—D] the l. 22. A] draw gode l. 24. D] I la, ha, ha,
- p. 284, l. 9. D] em l. 11. B—D] eat, my l. 12. A—C] fasts
- p. 285, l. 6. C] get a dwelling l. 25. A, B and D] his
- p. 286, l. 8. D] speak : l. 22. D] baseness, ? l. 26. D] thau
- p. 287, l. 22. *Full-point supplied after more, as in A, B and C.*
- p. 288, l. 8. A, B and D] please l. 20. A, B and D] too
- p. 289, l. 5. A and B] Surgeants

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

A = 1634 quarto. B = 2nd folio.

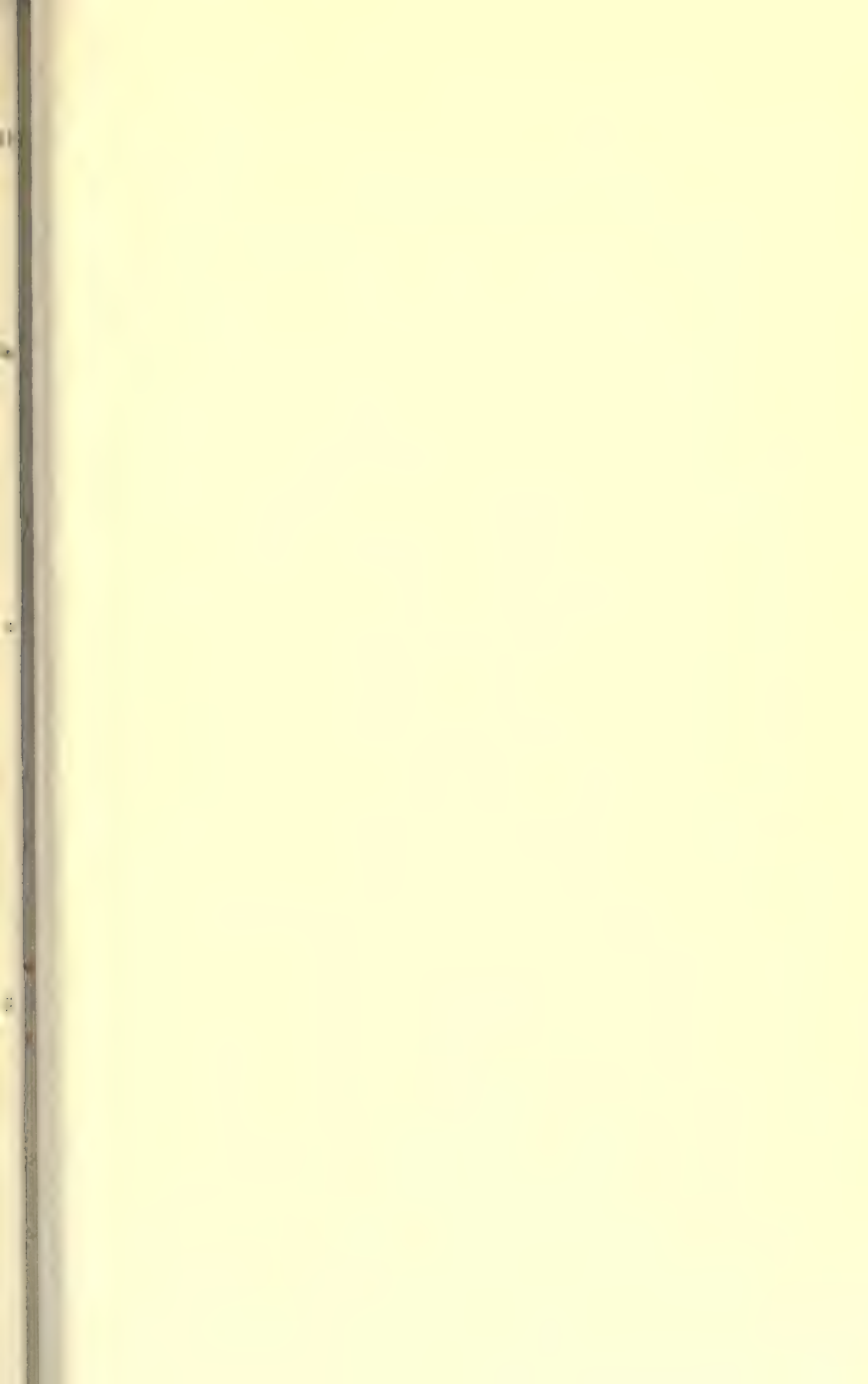
(A) THE | TWO | NOBLE | KINSMEN: | Presented at the Blackfriars |
by the Kings Majesties servants, | with great applause: | Written by the memor-
able Worthies | of their time; | {Mr. *John Fletcher*, and } Gent. | Printed at
London by *Tho. Cotes*, for *John Waterson*: | and are to be sold at the signe
of the *Crowne* | in *Pauls Church-yard*. 1634.

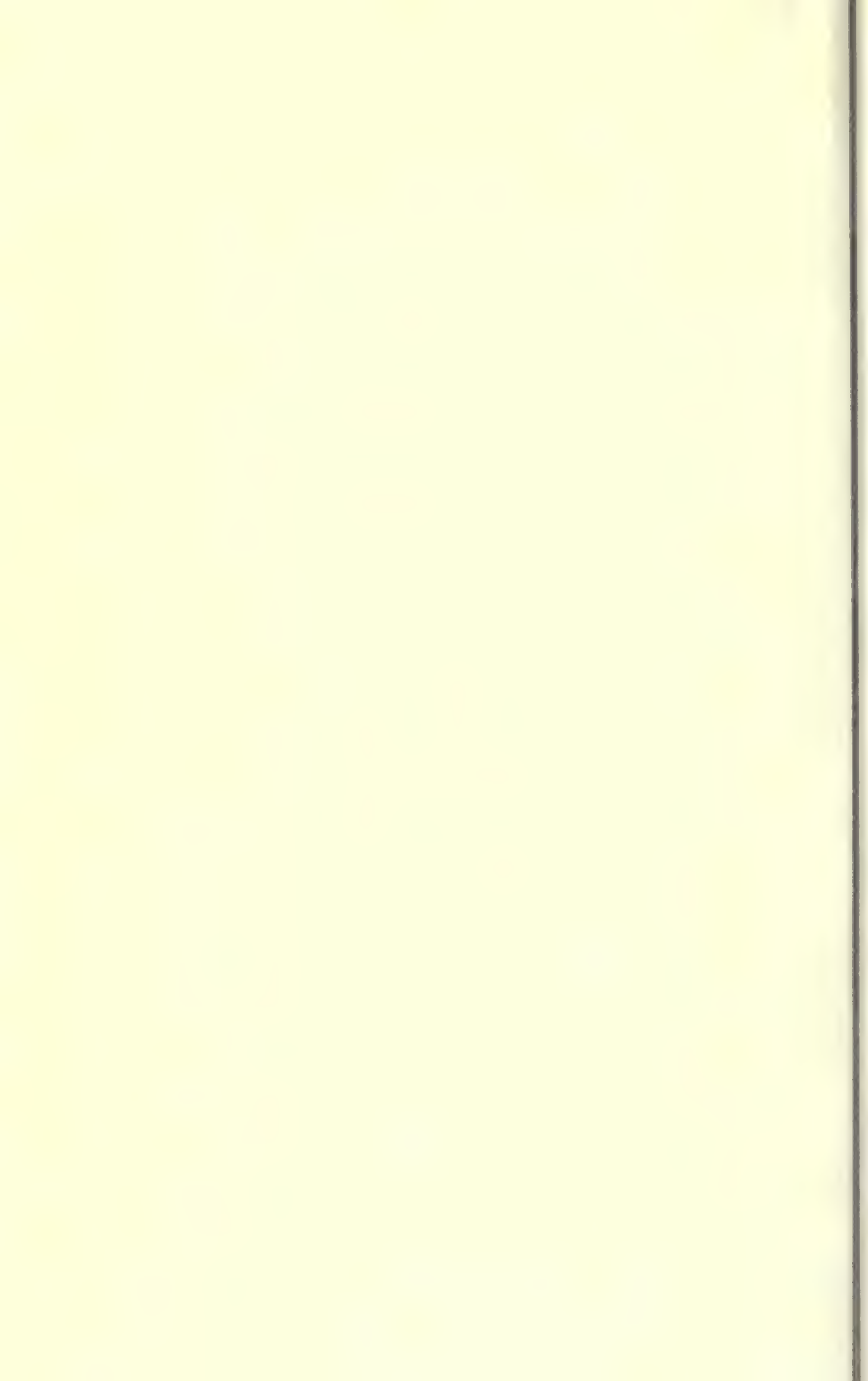
- p. 291, l. 9. A] take about l. 30. B] smell less
p. 292, l. 8. B] h l. 37. B] field
p. 294, l. 7. B] much much
p. 296, l. 3. B] dretms l. 10. A] *Artesuis*
p. 297, l. 28. B] return omit
p. 298, l. 8. B] r
p. 300, l. 6. B] tips l. 18. B] to harm
p. 301, l. 24. B] *Pol.* l. 37. B] him.
p. 304, l. 2. A and B *both omit the 2nd parenthesis.* l. 29. B] *Exvil.*
p. 306, l. 10. B] skill l. 12. B] onr l. 20. B] viols l. 26. B]
household graver
p. 308, l. 6. B] merrily discourse
p. 309, l. 7. B] *Arcite.*
p. 310, l. 14. B] please to
p. 314, l. 6. B] disclaim l. 31. B] fight
p. 317, l. 16. B] *Morriffe*
p. 318, l. 15. B] but chiding l. 16. B] tickt!
p. 319, l. 15. B] wither
p. 320, l. 6. B] *Secunda* l. 9. B] I 'm l. 23. B] had Cosen
p. 321, l. 5. A] 4 B] *Secunda* A *adds stage direction*] This short
florish of Cornets and Showtes within. l. 21. B] *Suie*
p. 324, l. 15. B] I 'm l. 29. B] ye
p. 325, l. 14. B] *Coz.*
p. 326, l. 3. B] *Coz.* l. 5. B] griefs since l. 9. B] thon l. 10.
B] *Coz.* l. 32. B] my, ye
p. 327, l. 4. B] I 'm l. 23. B] ont
p. 328, l. 19. B] *FiIe* l. 37. B] non
p. 329, l. 32. B] *dowu*
p. 330, ll. 4, 5. B] I 'm
p. 331, l. 20. A] take about
p. 332, l. 1. A] 6 B] *Sexta* l. 8. B] wherefore, l. 23. B] woman;
p. 333, l. 10. A] dog skin l. 13. B] *Eel*
p. 334, l. 10. B] *Buz.* l. 34. *Full-point added after edifie, as in A.*
p. 336, l. 3. B] *'twaine* l. 4. B] and' l. 20. A] 7 B] *Septima*

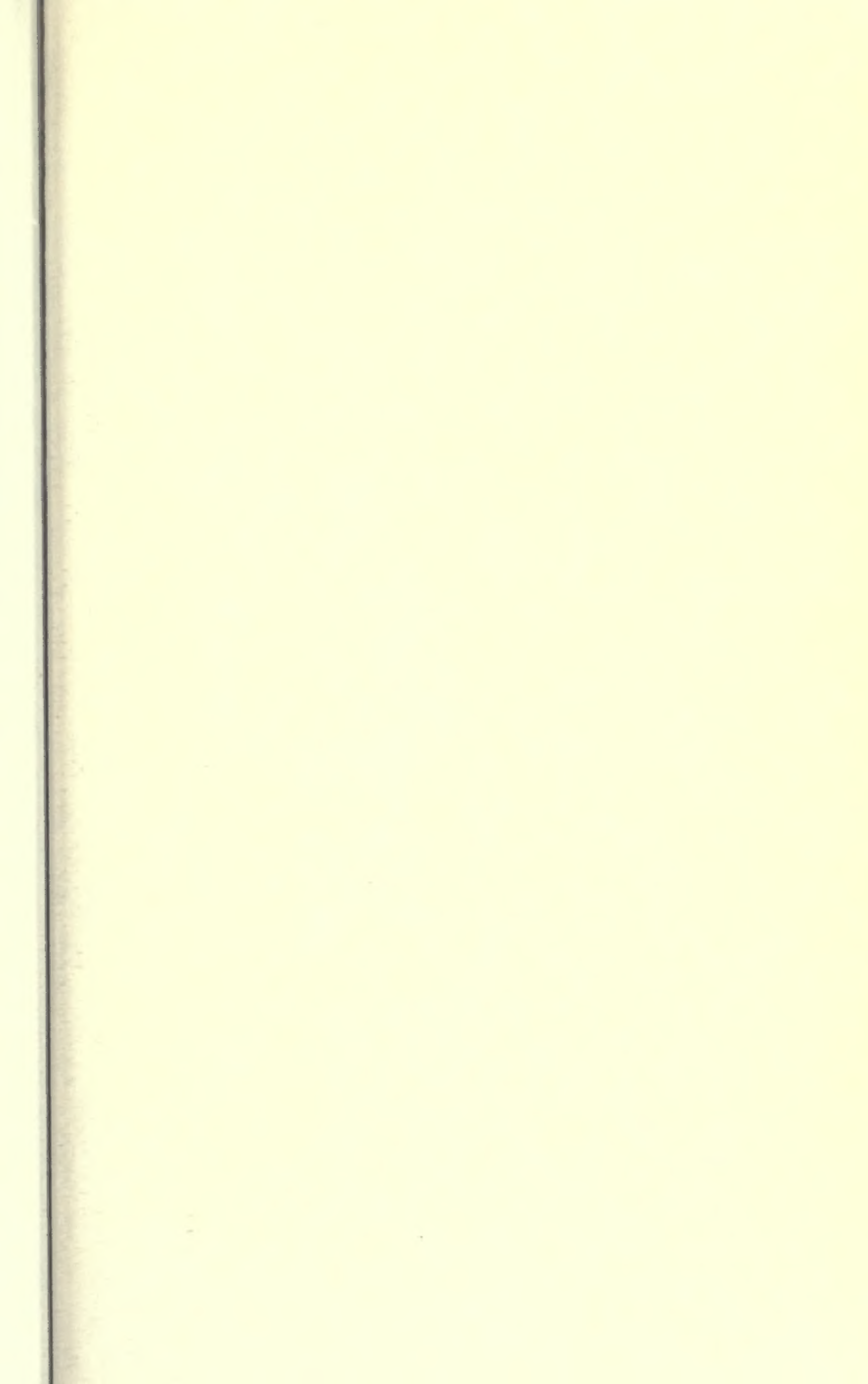
APPENDIX

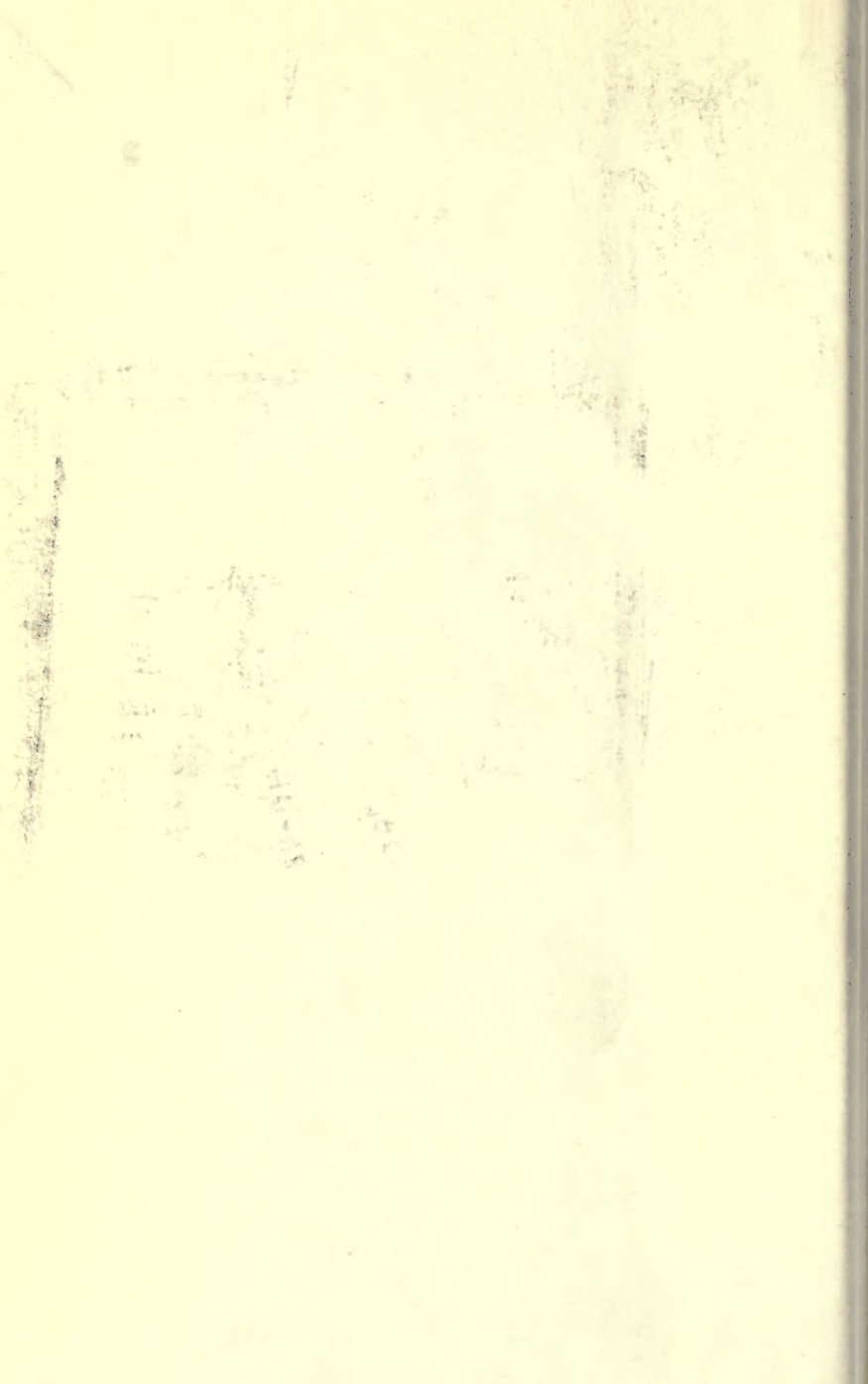
- p. 337, l. 28. A] I am...I am l. 30. B] did l. 39. A and B]
Soldier.
- p. 338, l. 4. B] I 'm l. 38. B] *Arcite*.
- p. 339, l. 13. B] Yor l. 18. B] littIe
- p. 341, l. 17. B] I 'm
- p. 343, l. 23. B] o'th l. 27. B] o'th B] yonr
- p. 345, l. 34. B] Ecel l. 37. B] perfixt l. 39. B] *Toes*.
- p. 346, l. 18. B] *Perithous*.
- p. 347, l. 25. B] Sir: ll. 31, 32. A and B *repeat Woo. before each line.*
- p. 348, l. 26. B] with l. 37. A and B] wreak
- p. 349, l. 15. B] we
- p. 350, l. 21. B] your
- p. 351, l. 10. A] take about l. 22. B] shews
- p. 352, l. 7. B] him? l. 14. B] thy l. 25. B] *Palamon*,
- p. 353, l. 31. B] him.
- p. 354, l. 19. B] Nor l. 40. B] Methinks.
- p. 356, l. 9. B] business. l. 30. B] *Dan*.
- p. 358, l. 7. B] thing desire l. 8. A] crave
- p. 360, l. 1. B] fear l. 5. B] bIood l. 11. B] Cores l. 12.
B] both l. 29. B] pleuresie
- p. 361, l. 11. B] to, the
- p. 362, l. 2. B] Sphere
- p. 363, l. 33. B] the
- p. 364, l. 2. B] *Woocr*
- p. 365, l. 11. B] of.
- p. 367, l. 6. B] he l. 18. B *omits*] growne l. 25. B] see
- p. 369, l. 6. B] dame l. 29. B] *Enter*
- p. 370, l. 7. B] your
- p. 371, l. 8. B *omits this line.*
- p. 372, l. 12. B] all; I l. 16. B] on
- p. 373, l. 4. A and B *omit*] *Pal*.
- p. 374, l. 21. B] life. l. 28. *Query mark supplied as in A.*
- p. 375, l. 11. B] Forgets-school l. 20. B] *Arcites*, legs l. 32.
A] I am
- p. 377, l. 20. B] ye)

END OF VOL. IX.









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