

Accessions

151.615

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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THE
HEIRE
AN
EXCELLENT
COMEDIE.

As it was lately Acted by the Company
of the Reuels.

Writren by T. M. Gent.



LONDON,

Printed by *B. A.* for *Thomas Iones*, and are to bee
sold at his shop in Chancery-lane, ouer-against
the Roles, and in Westminster Hall.

1622.

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May 1873



TO MY HONOURED
friend, master Thomas May, vpon
his Comedy, *The Heire.*

THe Heire being borne, was in his tender age
Rockt in the Cradle of a private Stage,
Where listd up by many a willing hand,
The child doth from the first day fairely stand,
Since, hauing gathered strength, he dares preferre
His steps into the publicke Theater
The World: where he dispaire not but to find
A doome from men more able, but lesse kind.

I but his Vsher am, yet if my word
May passe, I dare be bound he will afford
Things must deserue a welsome, is well knowne
Such as best writers would haue wishd their owne.

You shall obserue his words in order meete,
And often stealing on, with equall feete
Slide into equall numbers, with such grace
As each word had beene moulded for that place.

You shall perceiue an amorous passion, spun
Into so smooth a web, as had she sunne,
When he pursu'd the swiftly flying Maid,
Court'd her in such language she had staid,
A loue so well exprest must be the same,
The Author felt himselfe from his faire flame.

The whole plot doth like it selfe disclose
Through the fine Acts, as doth a Locke, that goes
With letters, for till euery one be knowne,
The Lock's as fast as if you had found none.
And where his sportiue Muse doth draw a thred
Of mirth, chaste Matrons may not blush to reade.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Thus haue I thought it fitter to reueale
My want of art (deare friend) then to conceale
My loue. It did appeare I did not meane
So to commend thy well-wrought Comicke-Scene,
As men might iudge my aime rather to be,
To gaine praise to my selfe, then giue it thee;
Though I can giue thee none but what thou hast
Deseru'd, and what must my faint breath out last.

Yet was this garment (though I skillesse be
To take thy measure) onely made for thee,
And if it proue to scant, 'tis cause the stuffe
Nature allow'd me, was not large enough.

Thomas Carew



The Names of the Actors.

Virro,	<i>An old rich Count.</i>
Polimetes,	<i>An old Lord.</i>
Eugenio,	<i>His sonne.</i>
Leucothoe,	<i>His Daughter.</i>
Roscio,	<i>His man.</i>
Euphues,	<i>Another Lord.</i>
Philocles,	<i>His sonne.</i> (locles,
Clerimont,	<i>A gentleman, friend to Phi-</i>
Franklin,	<i>An old rich gentleman.</i>
Luce,	<i>His daughter.</i>
Francisco,	<i>A yong man.</i>
Shallow,	<i>A foolish Gentleman.</i>
Nicanor,	<i>A Courtier.</i>
Matho,	<i>A Lawyer.</i>
Psecas,	<i>A waiting Gentlewoman.</i>
A Parson.	
A Sumner.	
A Constable and Watch.	
Seruants.	



Prologus.

I Vicious friends, if what shall heere be seene
May tast your sence, or ope your tickled spleene,
Our Author has his wish, he does not meane
To rub your gawles with a satyricke sceane,
Nor toyle your braines to find the sustian sence,
Of those poore lines that cannot recompence
The paines of study, Comedies soft straine
Should not perplexe, but recreate the braine,
His straine is such, he hopes, he dares not sweare,
That he referres to your iudicious care,
Our Author knowes, and therefore dares not vaine,
No foole so hatefull as the Arrogant.

AN



AN EXCELLENT
COMEDY CALLED
the Heire.

Enter Polimetes, Roscio.

Pol. **R** *Oscio.* *Ro.* My Lord.
Pol. Hast thou divulg'd the newes
That my sonne dy'd at Athens. *Ros.* Yes my Lord,
With euery circumstance, the time, the place,
And manner of his death; that it is beleeu'd
And told for newes with as much confidence
As if twere writ in Gallobelgicus.

Pol. That's well, that's very well, now *Roscio*
Followes my part, I must expresse a grieffe
Not vsuall, not like a well left heire
For his dead father, or a lusty Widdow
For her old husband, must I counterfeit,
But in a deeper, a farre deeper straine
Weepe like a Father for his onely sonne,
Is not that hard to doe, ha, *Roscio?*

Ro. Oh no my Lord,
Not for your skill, has not your Lordship seene
A player personate *Ieronimo?*

Pol. By th'masse tis true, I haue seen the knaue paint grieffe
In such a liuely colour, that for false
And acted passion he has drawne true teares
From the spectators eyes, Ladyes in the boxes
Kept time with sighes, and teares to his sad accents
As had he truely bin the new man he seemd.
Well then Ile neere dispaire, but tell me thou
Thou that hast still beene priuy to my bosome,
How will this project take?

An excellent Comedy

Rosc. Rarely my Lord,
Euen now my thinkes, I see your Lordships house
Haunted with suitors of the noblest ranke,
And my yong Lady your supposed Heire
Tir'd more with woing then the Grecian *Queene*
In the long absence of her wandring Lord.
There's not a ruinous nobility
In all this kingdome, but conceiues a hope
Now to rebuild his fortunes on this match.

Pol. Those are not they I looke for, no, my nets
Are spread for other game, the rich and greedy
Those that haue wealth enough, yet gape for more
They are for me, *Ros* Others will come my Lord,
All sorts of fish will presse vpon your nets,
Then in your Lordships wisdom it must lie
To cull the great ones, and reiect the fric.

Pol. Nay feare not that, there's none shall haue accessse
To see my daughter, or to speake to her,
But such as I approue, and ayme to catch.

Ro. The iest will be, my Lord, when you shall see
How your aspiring suitors will put on
The face of greatnesse, and bely their fortunes
Consume themselues in shew, wasting like Marchants
Their present wealth in rigging a fayre ship
For some ill venture de voyage, that vndoes vm.
Here comes a youth with letters from the Court,
Bought of some fauourite at such a price
A● will for euer sinke him, yet alas
Aall's to no purpose, he must loose the prize.

Pol. This was a iest well thought of, the conceit
Will feed me fat, with sport that it shall make,
Besides the large aduentures it brings home
Vnto my daughter. How now. *enter seruants*

Ser. My Lord, Count *Virro* is come to see you.

Pol. Conduct him in; So, so, it takes already
See *Roscio* see, this is the very man
My proiect aynd at, the rich Count that knowes

No end of his large wealth, yet gapes for more
There was no other loadstone could attract
His Iron heart, for could beauty haue mou'd him,
Nature has beene no niggard to my girle,
But I must to my grieffe, here comes the Count.

Enter Count Virro.

Vir. Is your Lord a sleepe? *Ro.* No Sir.
I thinke not, my Lord, *Count Virro.*

Vir. How doe you Sir.

Pol. I do intreat your Lordship pardon, my grieffe
and some want of sleepe haue made mee at this time vn-
mannerly, not fit to entertaine guests of your worth.

Vir. Alas Sir I know your grieffe.

Ro. T was that that fetcht you hither.

aside.

Vir. Y'haue lost a worthy and a hopefull sonne,
But heauen that alwayes giues, will sometimes take
And that the best, there is no balsome left vs
To cure such wounds as these but patience,
There's no disputing with the acts of heauen,
But if there were, in what could you accuse
Those powers that else haue beene so liberall to you,
And left you yet one comfort in your age:
A faire and vertuous daughter.

Ro. Now it begins.

Vir. Your blood is not extinct, nor your age childlesse,
from that fayre branch thats left may come much fruite to
glad posteritie, thinke on that my Lord.

Pol. Nay heauen forbid I should repine at what the
Iustice of those powers ordaine, it has pleas'd
Them to confine my care onely to one, and to
See her well bestow'd is all the comfort I now
Must looke for, but if it had pleas'd heauen that
My sonne, ah my *Eugenio.*

he weepes.

Vir. Alas good Gentleman.

Ro. Fore heauen he does it rarely.

Vir. But Sir, remember your selfe, remember your
Daughter, let not your grieffe for the dead make

You forget the liuing, whose hopes, and fortunes
Depend vpon your safety.

Pol. Oh my good Lord, you neuer had a soone.

Ros. Vnlesse they were bastards, and for them no
Doubt but he has done as other Lords do.

Pol. And therefore cannot tell what tis to looke
A sonne, a good sonne, and an onely sonne.

Vir. I would, my Lord, I could as well redresse
As I can take compassion of your grieffe
You should soone finde an ease.

Pol. Pray Pardon me my Lord, if I forget my selfe to-
ward you at this time, if it please you visite my house after
you shall be welcome.

Vir. You would faine sleepe my Lord, Ile take my leaue
heauen send you comfort, I shall make bold shortly to
visite you.

Pol. You shall be wondrous welcome,
Wait on my Lord out there.

exit Virro.

So now he's gone, how thinkst thou *Roscio*,
Will not this Gudgeon bite? *Ros.* No doubt my Lord,
So faire a bayte would catch a cunning fish.

Pol. And such a one is he, he euer lou'd
The beauty of my girle, but thats not it
Can draw the earth bred thoughts of his grosse soule
Gold is the God of his idolatry,
With hope of which Ile feed him, till at length
I make him fasten, and Ixion like
For his lou'd Iuno graspe an empty clowd.

Ros. How stands my yong Lady affected to him.

Pol. There's all the difficulty, we must win her to loue
him, I doubt the peeuish Gyrle will thinke him too
old, he's well neere threescore: in this businesse I must
leaue somewhat to thy wit and care, prayse him beyond
all measure.

Ros. Your Lordship euer found me trusty.

Pol. If thou effect it, I will make thee happy.

exiunt

Enter Philocles, Clerimont.

By

Phi. *Eugenios* sister then is the rich heire
By his decease. *Cler.* Yes, and the faire one too,
She needs no glosse that fortune can set on her,
Her beauty of it selfe were prize enough
To make a king turne begger for. *Phi.* Hoy day,
What in loue *Clermont*, I lay my life tis so,
Thou couldst not praise her with such passion else.

Cler. I know not, but I slept well enough last night,
But if thou sawst her once, I would not giue
A farthing for thy life, I tell thee *Philocles*
One sight of her would make thee cry, ay me,
Sigh, and looke pale, me thinkes I do imagine
How like an Idolatrous louer thou wouldst looke
Through the eye-lids, know no body.

Phi. Tis very well, but how did your worship scape
Youe haue seene her. *Cler.* True, but I haue an
Antidote, and I can teach it thee. *Phi.* When
I haue need on't Ile desire it. *Cler.* And twill
Be worth thy learning, when thou shalt see the
Tyranny of that same seuruy boy, and what fooles
He makes of vs, shall I describe the beast?

Phi. What beast? *Cler.* A louer. *Phi.* Doe.

Cler. Then to be briefe, I will passe ouer the opinion of
your ancient fathers, as likewise those strange Loues spo-
ken of in the Authenticke histories of chiuallric *Amadis*
du Gaule, *Parisimus*, the Knight of the Sunne, or the witty
Knight *Don Quixot de la Manca*, where those braue men,
neither Enchantments, Gyants, Wind-mils, nor flockes of
sheepe could vanquish, are made the trophyes of tryum-
phing loue.

Phi. Prithce come to the matter.

Cler. Neither will I mention the complaints of *Sir Guy*
for the faire *Phelis*, nor the trauels of *Parisimus* for the loue
of the beautious *Laurana*, nor lastly, the most sad pennance
of the ingenious knight *Don Quixot* vpon the mountains
of *Scienna Morena*, mooued by the vniust disdain of the
Lady *Dulcinea del Toboso*, as for our moderne Authors, I

will not so much as name them, no not that excellent treatise of *Tullies* Loue, written by the Master of Art.

Phi. I would thou wouldst passe ouer this passing ouer of Authors, and speake thine owne iudgement.

Cler. Why then to be briefe, I thinke a Louer lookes like an Ass.

Phi. I can describe him better then so my selfe, he lookes like a man that had sitten vp at Cards all night, or a stale Drunkard wakened in the midst of his sleepe.

Cler. But *Phisocles*, I would not haue thee see this Lady, she has a bewitching looke.

Phi. How darest thou venture man, what strange medicine hast thou found, *Ousd* neere taught it thee, I doubt I guess thy remedie, for loue, goe to a bawdy house or so, ist not? *Cler.* Faith, and that's a good way I can tell you, we yonger brothers are beholding to it, alas wee must not fall in loue and choose whom wee like best, wee haue no Ioyntures for vrn, as you blest heires can haue.

Phi. Well I haue found you Sir, and prithe tell me, how gotst thou Wenches?

Cler. Why I can want no Panders, I lye in the Constables house. *Phi.* And there you may whoore by authority, But *Clerimont*, I doubt this Parragon That thou so praisest, is some ilfauoured Wench Whom thou wouldst haue me laugh at for commending.

Cler. By heauen I spoke in earnest, trust your eyes, He shew you her. *Phi.* How canst thou doe it? Thou know'st this Ladies father is to mine A deadly enemy, nor is his house, Open to any of our kindred. *Cler.* That's no matter, My lodging's the next doore to this Lords house, And my backe Window lookes into his Garden, There euery morning faire *Leucosboe*, (For so I heare her nam'd) walking alone, To please her senses makes *Aurora* blush, To see on brighter then her selfe appeare.

Phi. Well I will see her then.

Exeunt.
En.

called the Heire.

Enter *Franklin, Francisco, Luce* grauida.

Franc. Yet for her sake be aduised better Sir,

Frank. Impudent Rascall, canst looke me i' th face,
And know how thou hast wrong'd me, thou hast
Dishonoured my Daughter, made a whoore on her.

Franc. Gentle Sir,
The wrong my loue has made to your faire Daughter
Tis now too late to wish vndone againe,
But if you please, it may be yet clos'd vp
Without dishonour, I will marry her.

Frank. Marry her, she has a hot catch of that, marry a
Begger, what Iointure canst thou make her?

Franc. Sir I am poore I must confesse,
Fortune has blest you better, but I sweare
By all things that can bind, twas not your wealth
Was the foundation of my true built loue,
It was her single vncompounded selfe,
Her selfe without addition that I lou'd,
Which shall for euer in my sight outweigh
All other womens fortunes, and themselues,
And were I great, as great as I could wish
My selfe for her aduancement, no such barre
As Fortunes inequality should stand
Betwixt our loues.

Luce. Good Father heare me,

Frank. Dost thou not blush to call me father, Strumpet
Ile make thee an example.

Luce. But heare me
Sir, my shame will be your owne.

Frank. No more I say, *Francisco* leaue my house, I charge
You come not heere. *Franc.* I must obey and will,
Deare *Luce* be constant. *Luce.* Till death

Exit Francisco.

Frank. Here's a fine wedding towards, the
Bridegroome when he comes for his bride,

Shall

Shall find her great with child by another man,
Passion a me minion, how haue you hid it so long?

Luc. Fearing your anger Sir, I stru'd to hide it.

Frank. Hide it one day more then, or be damn'd,
Hide it till *Shallow* be married to thee,
And then let him do his worst.

Lu. Sir I should too much wrong him.

Frank. Wrong him, there bee great Ladies haue done
the like, tis no newes to see a bride with childe.

Lu. Good Sir.

Frank. Then be wise, lay the child to him, he's a rich
man, tother's a beggar. *Lu.* I dare not Sir.

Frank. Do it I say, and he shall father it.

Lu. He knowes he neuer touch me Sir.

Frank. Thats all one, lay it to him, weele out face him
tis his: but harke, he is comming, I heare the Musicke,
swear thou wilt doe thy best to make him thinke tis his,
swear quickly. *Lu.* I doe.

Frank. Go step aside, and come when thy que is; thou
shalt heare vs talke. *Luce aside.*

Enter Shallow with Musicke.

Sha. Morrow Father. *Frank.* Sonne bridegroome
welcome, you haue beenc lookt for here.

Sha. My Tayler a little disappointed me, but is my
Bride ready.

Frank. Yes long ago, but you and I will talke a little,
send in your Musicke.

Sha. Go wait within, and tell me father, did she not
Thinke it long till I came. *Frank.* I warrant
Her she did, she loues you not a little.

Sha. Nay that I dare sweare, she has giuen me many
Tasts of her affection. *Frank.* What before you
Were married. *Sha.* I meane, in the way
Of honesty father. *Fran.* Nay that I doubt,
Yong wits loue to be trying, and to say
Truth, I see not how a woman can deny a man
Of your youth and person vpon those tearmes,

Youle not be knowne ont now. *Sbal.* I haue kist Her or so. *Fran.* Come, come, I know you are no Foole, I should thinke you a very Ass, nay I tell You plainly, I should be loth to marry my Daughter to you if I thought you had not tride Her in so long acquaintance, but you haue tride Her, and she poore soule could not deny you.

Sba. Ha ha ha. *Frank.* Faith tell me sonne, tis but a Merry question, she's yours. *Sba.* Vpon my Virginitie father. *Frank.* Swear not by that, Ile nere belecue you. *Sba.* Why then as I am A Gentleman I neuer did it that I remember.

Frank. That you remember, oh ist thereabouts.

Luc. Heele take it vpon him presently.

Frank. You haue beene so familiar with her, You haue forgot the times, but did you neuer Come in halfe fuddled, and then in a kinde humour, *Cetera quis nescit.*

Sba. Indeed I was wont to serue my mothers maides so when I came halfe foxt as you sayd, and then next morning I should laugh to my selfe.

Frank. Why there it goes, I thought to haue chid you sonne *Shallow*, I knew what you had done, tis too apparant, I would not haue people take notice of it, pray God she hide her great belly as she goes to Church to day. *Sba.* Why father is she with child?

Frank. As if you knew not that, fie, fie, leaue your dissembling now. *Sba.* Sure it cannot be mine.

Frank. How's this, you would not make my daughter a whore, would you? this is but to try if you can stirre my choller, your wits haue strange trickes, do things ouer night when you are merry, and then deny vm. But stay, here she comes alone, step aside, she shall not see vs,

they step aside.

Lu. Ah my deare *Shallow*, thou needst not haue made Such hast, my heart thou knowest was firme enough To thee, but I may blame my owne fond loue,

An excellent Comedy

That could not deny thee.

Shal. She's with child indeed, it swels,

Fran. You would not beleue me, tis a good wench,
She does it handsomely. *Luc.* But yet I know if
Thou hadst bin thy selfe, thou wouldst neere haue
Offered it, twas drinke that made thee.

Shal. Yes sure, I was drunke when I did it, for I had
Forgot it, I lay my life twill proue a girle
Because twas got in drinke.

Lu. I am ashamed to see any body.

Frank. Alas poore wretch, go comfort her, *Luc.*

Shal. Sweet heart, nay neuer bee ashamed, I was a little
too hasty, but Ile make thee amends, weele bee married
presently.

Fran. Be cheery *Luc.*, you were man and wife before,
it wanted but the ceremony of the Church, and that shall
be presently done.

Shal. I I, sweet heart, as soone as may be.

Frank. But now I thinke ont sonne *Shallow*, your wed-
ding must not now be publicke, as we intended it.

Shal. Why so?

Frank. Because I would not haue people take notice of
this fault, weele go to Church, onely we three, the Mini-
ster and the Cleark, thats witnesses enough, so the time be-
ing vnknowne, people will thinke you were married be-
fore.

Shal. But will it stand with my worship to be married
in priuate.

Frank. Yes, yes, the greatest do it, when they haue bene
nibbling before hand, there is no other way to saue your
brides credite. *Shal.* Come lets about it presently.

Fank. This is closd vp beyond our wishes.

Exeunt, manet Luc.

Luc. I am vndone, vnlesse, thy wit *Francisco*,
Can find some meanes to free me from this foole,
Who would haue thought the sot could be so grosse
To take vpon him what he neuer did,

called the Heire.

To his owne shame, He send to my *Francisco*,
And I must loose no time, for I am dead,
If not deliuered from this loathed bed.

Actus secundus.

Enter Philocles, Clerimont at the window.

Cler. SEE *Philocles*, yonders that happy shade,
That often vailes the faire *Leucothoe*,
And this her vsuall howre, sheele not be long,
Then thou shalt tell me, if so rare an obiect
Ere blest thine eyes before.

Phil. Well, I would see her once,
Wert but to try thy iudgement *Clerimont*:

Cler. And when thou doest, remember what I told thee,
I would not be so sicke, but soft looke to thy heart,
Yonder she comes, and thats her waiting woman.

Leucothoe and Psecas in the garden.

Now gaze thy fill, speake man how likest thou her.

Less. *Psecas.* *Psecas.* Madam:

Less. What flower was that

That thou wert telling such a story of
Last night to me. *Pse.* Tis call *Narcissus* Madam.
It beares the name of that too beautious boy,
That lost himselfe by louing of himselfe,
Who viewing in a faire and cristall streame
Those lips that onely he could neuer kisse,
Dotes on the shadow, which to reach in vaine
Striuing, he drwones, thus scorning all beside
For the loued shadow the fairer substance dyde.

Less. Fic fic, I like not these impossible tales,
A man to fall in loue with his owne shadow,
And died for loue, it is most ridiculous.

Pse. Madam I know not, I haue often seene

An excellent Comedy

Both men and women court the looking glasse
With so much seeming contentation,
That I could thinke this true, nay weare it about vni
As louers do their Mistresse counterfeit.

Les. That's not for loue, but to correct their beauties
And draw from others admiration,
For all the comfort that our faces giue
Vnto our selues is but reflection
Of that faire liking that another takes.

Cler. I would we were a little neerer vni
We might but heare what talke these wenches haue
When they are alone, I warrant some good stuffe.

Phi. Tis happinesse enough for me to see
The motion of her lips.

Cler. I faith ist thereabouts,
Why *Philocles*, what lost already man,
Strooke dead with one poore glance, looke vp for shame
And tell me how thou likest my iudgement now,
Now thou doest see.

Phi. Ah *Cleremont* too well,
Too well I see what I shall neuer taste,
Yon Ladies beautie: she must needs be cruell
(Though her faire shape deny it) to the sonne
Of him that is her fathers enemy,
That, *Cleremont*, that fatall difference
Checkes my desire, and sinkes my rising hopes,
But loue's a torrent violent if stopt,
And I am desperately mad: I must
I must be hers, or else I must not be.

Cler. Containe that passion that will else ouerwhelme
All vertue in you, all that is called man,
And should be yours, take my aduice my heart
My life to second you, let vs consult,
You may find time to speake to her and woe her:

Phi. May, nay I will in spite of destinie,
Let women and faint hearted fooles complaine
In languishing dispayre, a manly loue

Dares shew it selfe and presse to his desires
Through thickest troopes of horid opposites,
Were there a thousand waking Dragons set
To keepe that golden fruit: I would attempt
To plucke and taste it, tis the danger crownes
A braue atchieuement; what if I should goe
And boldly wooe her in her fathers house
In spite enmity, what could they say?

Cle. Twere madnesse that not wisdome rash attempts
Betray the meanes, but neuer worke the end.

Phi. She would not hate a man for louing her,
Or if she did, better be once deemed
Then liue for euer haplesse.

Cle. But take time,
The second thoughts our wise men say are best.

Phi. Delaye's a double death, no I haue thought
A meanes, that straight Ile put in execution,
Ile write a Letter to her presently,
Take how it will.

Cle. A Letter, who shall carry it?

Phi. Ile tell thee when I haue done, hast thou Pen and
Inke in thy Chamber.

Cle. Yes, there is one vpon the Table, Ile stay here at the
window, and watch whether she stay or not, what a sud-
den change is this.

Leu. Did not count *Virro* promise to be heare
To day at dinner.

Pse. Yes Madame that he did, and I dare sweare
He will not breake.

Leu. He needes not, he is rich enough, vnlesse
Hee should breake in knauery, as some of our Merchants
doe now adayes.

Pse. Breake promise Madame I meane, & that he will not
For your sake, you know his businesse.

Leu. I would I did not, he might spare his paines
And that vnusuall cost, that he bestowes
In pranking vp himselfe, and please me better

An excellent Comedy

He would not please his Taylor and his Barbar,
For they got more for your sake by their Lord
Then they got this twenty yeeres before.

Les. Ah *Psecas*, *Psecas*, can my father thinke
That I can loue Count *Virro*, one so old
(That were enough to make a match vnfit)
But one so base, a man that neuer loued
For any thing called good, but drosse and pelfe,
One that would neuer, had my brother liued
Haue mooued this sute, no I can neuer loue him,
But canst thou keepe a secret firmly *Psecas*.

P/c. Doubt me not Madame.

Les. Well Ile tell thee then,
I loue, alas, I dare not say I loue him,
But there's a yong and noble Gentleman,
Lord *Euphues* sonne, my fathers enemy,
A man whom natures prodigality
Stretcht euen to enuy in the making vp,
Once from a Window my pleased eye beheld
This youthfull Gallant as he rode the streete,
On a coruetting Courser, who it seemed
Knew his faire load, and with a proud disdain
Checkt the base earth, my father being by
I ask't his name, he told me *Philocles*,
The sonne and Heyre of his great enemy:
Iudge *Psecas* then, how my deuided brest,
Suffered betweene two meeting contraries,
Hatred and Loue, but Loues a deity,
And must preuaile against mortals, whose command
Not *loue* himselve could euer yet withstand.

Cle. What is the letter done already, I see these Louers
haue nimble inuentions, but how will you send it,

Phi. What a question's that, seest thou this stone.

Cle. Ah, then I see your drift, this stone must guide your
Flecting Letter in the Ayre, and carry it to that
Faure Marke you ayme at.

Phi. Hard by her.

called the Heire.

Cle. I think you would not hit her with such stones as this,
Lady looke to your selfe, he that now throwes one
Stone at you, hopes to hit you with two.

Phi. But prethee tell mee what doest thinke this Letter
may doe.

Cle. Well I hope,
Tis ten to one this Lady oft hath seene you,
You neuer liued obscure in Syracuse,
Nor walk'd the streetes vnknowne, and who can tell
What place you beare in her affections,
Lou'd or millik'd; if bad, this letter sent,
Will make her shew her scorne, if otherwise,
Feare not a womans wit, shee le find a time
To answere your kind Letter, and expresse
What you desire she should, then send it boldly,
You haue a fairer make there.

Phi. Cupid guide my arme,
Oh be as iust blind God as thou art great,
And with that powerfull hand, that golden shaft
That I was wounded, wound yon tender brest,
There is no salue but that, no cure for me,

Cle. See what a wonder it strikes vm in, how it should
come.

Phi. Shee le wonder more to see what man it comes from.

Cle. I like her well, yet she is not afraid to open it:
She starts, stay marke her action when shee has read the
Letter.

Shee reads

“**L** Et it wrong this Letter that it came,
“ From one that trembled to subscribe his name,
“ Fearing your hate, O let not hate descend,
“ Nor make you cruell to so vow'd a friend,
“ If you le not promise loue, grant but accesse,
“ And let me know my woes are past redresse,
“ Be iust then beautious Iudge, and like the lawes

“ Con-

An excellent Comedy

“ Condemne me not till you haue heard my cause,
“ Which when you haue, from those faire lips returne
“ Either my life in loue, or death in scorne.

Yours or not, *Philoctetes.*

Am I awake or dreame I, is it true
Or does my flattering fancy but suggest
What I most couet.

Pse. Madame the words are there,
He sweare it canna be, nor be illusion.

Leu. It is too good for truth.

Phi. Mocke me not fortune,
She kist it, sawest thou her, by heauen she kist it.

Cle. And with a looke that relisht loue, not scorne,

Leu. This Letter may be forged, I much desire to know
the certainty, *Psecas* thy helpe must further me.

Pse. He not be wanting.

Leu. Here comes my father, he must not see this.

Pse. No nor your tother sweet heart, hee is with him
yonder.

Enter *Polimetes, Virro, Roscio.*

Pol. Nay noble Count you are too old a Souldier
To take a maides first no, for a dentfall,
They will be nice at first, men must pursue
That will obtaine, woe her my Lord and take her,
You haue my free consent if you can get hers,
Yonder she walkes alone, goe comfort her.

Virro He doe the best I may, but we old men
Are but cold comfort, I thanke your Lordships loue.

Pol. I wonder *Roscio* that the peeuish Girle
Comes on so slowly on pswasions
That I can vse, do mooue the setting forth
Count *Virroes* greatnesse, wealth and dignity
Seemes not to affect her, *Roscio.*

Roscio. I doubt the cause my Lord,
For were not that, I dare ingage my life,

Shee

called the Heire.

She would be wonne to loue him, she has plac'd
Already her affections on some other.

Pol. How should I find it out *Ros.* Why thus my Lord
Theres neuer man nor woman that ere loued,
But chose some bosome friend whose close conuerse,
Sweeten their ioyes, and ease their burdened minds
Of such a working secret, thus no doubt
Has my yong Lady done, and but her woman,
Who should it be, tis she must out with it,
Her secrecy if wit cannot orereach,
Gold shall corrupt, leaue that to me my Lord,
But if her Ladies heart doe yet stand free
And vnbequeath'd to any, your command
And fathers iurisdiction enterpos'd
Will make her loue the Count, no kind of meanes
must want to draw her.

Pol. Thou art my Oracle,
My Braine, my Soule, my very being *Roscio,*
Walke on and speede whilst I but second thee.

Cle. It is euen so, Count *Virro* is your riual,
See how the old Ape smugs vp his mouldy chaps
To seize the bit.

Phi. He must not if I liue,
But yet her father brings him that has the meanes
That I should euer want.

Cle. If he do marry her
Reuenge it nobly, make him a Cuckold boy,

Phi. Thou iests that feelles it uot, prithee lets goe,

Cle. Stay, Ile not curse him briefly for thy sake,
If thou doest marry her mayest thou be made
A Cuckold without profit, and nere get
An Office by it, nor fauour at the Court,
But may thy large ill gotten treasury
Be spent in her bought lust, and thine owne gold
Bring thee adulterers, so farewell good Count.

Exeunt Phocles.

D

Enter

An excellent Comedy

Enter *Servant*.

Ser. My Lord, ther's a Messenger within
Desires access, has businesse of import,
Which to no care but yours he must impart.

Enter *Eugenio* disguised.

Pol. Admit him, now friend, your businesse with me.

Ser. If you be the Lord *Polimetes*.

Pol. The same.

Euge. My Lord, I come from *Athens* with such newes
As I dare say is welcome though vnlooked for,
Your sonne *Eugenio* liues whom you so long
Thought dead and mourn'd for. *Pol.* How, liues.

Euge. Vpon my life my Lord I saw him well
Within these few dayes.

Pol. Thankes for thy good newes,
Towards him *Roscio*, but now tell me friend
Hast thou reueal'd this newes to any man
In *Syracuse* but me. *Eu.* To none my Lord,
At euery place where I haue staid in towne,
Enquiring for your Lordships house, I heard
These tragicke, but false newes, the contrary
I still conceal'd, though knew, intending first
Your Lordships care should drinke it.

Pol. Worthy friend.

I now must thank your wisdome as your loue
In this well carried action, Ile requite it,
Meane time pray vse my house, and still continue your
Silence in this businesse, *Roscio* make him welcome, and
Part as little from him as you can for feare.

Ro. Thinke it done, my Lord.

Pol. *Pfecas* come hither.

Vir. Be like your selfe, let not a cruell doome
Passe those faire lips, that neuer were ordain'd

To kill, but to reuiue. *Leu.* Neither my Lord
Lyes in the power to doe.

Vir. Yes sweete to me.

Whom your scorne kils, and pittie will reuiue.

Leu. Pittie is shew'd to men in misery.

Vir. And so am I, if not relieu'd by you.

Leu. Twere pride in me, my Lord, to thinke it so.

Vir. I am your beauties captiue. *Leu.* Then my Lord,
What greater gift then freedome can I giue,
Tis that that Captiues most desires, and that
You shall command, y'are free from me my Lord,

Vir. Your beauty contradicts that freedome Lady.

Pol. come noble Couut, I must for this time interrupt you
You'le finde time enough within to talke.

Vir. Ile wait vpon your Lordship. *exeunt manet Euge.*

Euge. Thus in disguise I haue discouer'd all, *(solus.*
And found the cause of my reported death,
Which did at first amaze me, but tis well,
Tis to draw on the match betweene my sister
And this rich Count, heauen grant it be content
As well as fortune to her, but I feare
She cannot loue his age, how it succeedes
I shall perceiue, and whilst vnknowne I stay,
I cannot hurt the proiect, helpe I may. *Exit.*

Enter Francisco, Summer.

Fran. This will make good worke for you in the spirituall
Court, *Shallow* is a rich man. *Sum.* I marry Sir,
Those are the men we looke for, ther's somewhat
To be got, the Court has many busineses at this
Time, but they are little worth, a few waiting
Women got with child by Seruingmen or so, scarce
Worth the citing. *Fran.* Do not their Masters get
Vm with child sometimes. *Sum.* Yes no doubt, but
They haue got a trick to put vm off vpon their
Men, and for a little portion saue their

An excellent Comedy

Owne credits; besides, these priuate marriages
Are much out of our way, we cannot know when
There is a fault. *Fran.* Well, these are no
Starters I warrant you, *Shallow* shall not deny it,
And for the Wench she neede not confesse it, she has
A marke that will betray her. *Sum.* I thanke you
Sir for your good intelligence, I hope tis certaine.

Fran. Feare not that, is your citation ready.

Sum. I haue it heere. *Fran.* Well step aside, and come
when I call, I heare v^m comming. *Exit Sumner.*

Enter *Franklin, Shallow, Luce, Parson.*

Frank. Set forward there, *Francisco* what make you here.

Fran. I come to claime my right, *Parson* take heede,
Thou art the Author of adultery
If thou conioyne this couple, shee's my wife.

Frank. you saucebox. *Shal.* Father, I thought she had
beene mine, I hope I shall not loose her thus.

Frank. *Francisco*, dare notto interrupt vs, for I sweare
thou shalt endure the lawes extremity

For thy presumption. *Fran.* doe your worst, I feare not,
I was contracted to her. *Frank.* What witness haue you.

Fran. Heauen is my witness, whose imperial eye saw
our contract. *Shal.* What an Aise is this to talke of con-
tracting, hee that will get a wench, must make her big-
ger as I haue done, and not contract.

Fran. Sir, you are abus'd.

Shal. Why so. *Fran.* The wife you goe to marry is
with child, and by another. *Shal.* A good iest yfaith, make
me belecue that. *Fran.* How comes this foole posselt, he
neuer toucht her I dare sweare.

Frank. No more *Francisco* as you will' answere it,
Parson set forward there. *Fran.* stay,
If this will not suffice, *Sumner* come forth.

Frank. A *Sumner*, we are all betraid. *Enter Sumner.*

Sum. God saue you all, I think you gesse my business,
These

called the Heire.

These are to cite to the spirituall Court
You master *Shallow*, and you mistresse *Luce*,
Aske not the cause, for tis apparant here,
A carnall copulation, *ante matrimonium*.

Frank. This was a barre vnlookt for, spitefull *Francisco*

Franc. Iniurious *Franklin*, could the lawes diuine,
Or humane suffer, such an impious act,
That thou shouldst take my true and lawfull wife,
And great with child by me, to giue t'another,
Gulling his poore simplicity.

Shal. Do you meane me Sir.

Sum. Gallants Farewell, my writ shall be obeyd.

Frank. Summer it shall. *exit Summer*

Par. Ile take my leaue, theres nothing now for me to do

Frank. Farewell good master *Parson*. *exit Parson*

Frank. *Francisco* canst thou say thou euer louedst my
daughter, and wouldst thou thus disgrace her openly.

Franc. No, I would win her thus,
And did you hold her credit halfe so deare
As I, or her content, you would not thus
Take her from me, and thrust her against her will
On this rich foole.

Sha. You are very bold with me Sir.

Franc. Let me haue newes what happens dearest *Luce*.

Luc. Else let me die. *exit Francisco*.

Frank. This was your doing *Luce*, it had beene
Vnpossible he should ere haue knowne the time
So truly else, but Ile take an order next time
For you babling.

Sha. Whats the matter father. *Fran*. We may
Thanke you for it, this was your haste that will
Now shame vs all, you must be doing a fore your
Time. *Sha*. T was but a tricke of youth father,

Frank. And therefore now you must eene stand in a
White sheete for all to gaze at. *Sha*. How,
I would be loath to weare a surplese now, tis a
Disgrace the house of the *Shallowes* neuer knew.

An excellent Comedy

Fran. All the hope is, officers may be brib'd, and so they will, twere a hard world for vs to liue in else.

Shal. You say true father, if twere not for corruption, e-
uery poore rascall might haue iustice as well as one of vs,
and that were a shame. *exunt Shal. Luc*

Frank. This was a cunning stratagem well layd,
But yet *Francisco* th' hast not won the prize:
What should I do, I must not let this cause
Proceed to tryall in the open Court,
For then my daughters oath will cast the child
Vpon *Francisco*: no, I haue found a better,
I will before the next Court day prouide
Some needy Parson, one whose pouerty
Shall make him feare no Cannons, he shall marry
My daughter to rich *Shallow*, when tis done
Our gold shall make a silence in the Court. *Exit*

Enter Philocles, Psecas.

Pse. I must returne your answer to my Lady,
He tell her you will come. *Phil.* Come,
And such a Angell call, I should forget
All Offices of Nature, all that men
Wish in their second thoughts, ere such a duty
Commend my seruice to her, and to you
My thanks for this kind Message. *exit Psecas*
I neuer breath'd till now, neuer till now now
Did my life relish sweetenesse, breake not heart,
Cracke not yee feeble Ministers of nature
With inundation of such swelling ioy,
To great to beare without expression:
The Lady writes that she has knowne me long
By sight, and lou'd me, and she seemes to thanke
Her starres she loues, and is below'd againe,
She speakes my very thoughts, by heauen tis strange
And happy when affections thus can meete;
She further writes at such an houre to day,

Her

called the Heire.

Her fathers absence, and all household spies
Fitly remoou'd, shall giue access to me
Vnmarkt to visit her, where she alone
Will entertaine discourse and welcome me.
I hope tis truly meant, why should I feare,
But wisdome bids me feare: fie, fie, tis base,
To wrong a creature of that excellence,
With such suspicion I should iniure her,
I will as soone suspect an angell false,
Treason neare lodg'd within so faire a brest,
No, if her hand betray me, I will runne
On any danger, tis alike to me
To dye, or find her false, for on her truth
Hangs my chiefe being, well Ile lose no time
No not a minute, dearest loue I come,
To meeete my sweetest wishes I will flye,
Heauen and my truth, sheild me from trechery. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Polimetes, Roscio, Eugenio, Pseuas.

Pol. I Cannot credit it, nor thinke that she
Of all the noble youth in Sicilly,
Should make so strange a choise, that none but he,
None but the sonne of my vow'd enemy
Must be her mate, it strikes me to amaze,
Minion take heede, doe not belie your Mistresse.

Pse. Mercy forsake me if I doe my Lord,
You charg'd me to confesse the truth to you,
Which I haue fully done, and presently
Ile bring you where conceal'd, you shall both see
Their priuacy and heare their conference.

Pol. Well I belceue thee wench, and will reward
Thy trust in this, goe get thee in againe
And bring me word when *Philotes* is come,

Sir

Sir youle be secret to our purpose.

Euge. As your owne breast my Lord,

Pol. I shall rest thankfull to you:

This stranger must be soothd lest he marre all.

Rosc. This was well found out my Lord, you now haue meanes to take your enemye.

Pol. With blest occasion I will so pursue
As childlesse *Euphes* shall for euer rue.

Rise in thy blackest looke direct *Nemesiss*

Assistant to my purpose, helpe me glut

My thirsty soule with blood. This bold yong man

To his rash loue shall sacrifice his life.

Ros. What course you intend, to ruine him:

Pol. Why kill him presently. *Ro.* Oh no my Lord,
Youle rue that action, thinke not that the Law
Will let such murder sleepe vnpunished.

Pol. Should I now let him goe now I haue caught him

Ros. Yes Sir, to catch him faster, and more safely.

Pol. How should that be? speake man.

Ros. Why thus my Lord;

You know the law speakes death to any man

That steales an Heire without her friends consent,

This must he do, his loue will prompt him to it,

For he can neuer hope by your consent

To marry her, and she tis like will giue

Content, for womens loue is violent,

Then marke their passage you shall easly find

How to surprise them at your will my Lord.

Pol. Thou art my Oracle deare *Rossio*,

Heres *Psecas* come againe; how now what newes?

Pse. My Lord they both are comming please you with
you shall both heare and see what you desire. (draw,

Enter *Philocles* and *Leucothoe*.

Leu. Ye are welcom Noble Sir and did my power,
Answer me your visitation,

Should

called the Heire.

Should be more free, and your deserued welcome
Express in better fashion. *Phi.* Best of Ladies,
It is so well, so excellently well,
Comming from your wisht loue, my barren thanks
Wants language for't, there lies in your faire looks
More entertainment then in all the pompe
That the vaine Persian euer taught the world,
Your presence is the welcome I expected,
That makes it perfect. *Len.* Tis your noble thought
Makes good whats wanting here, but gentle friend,
For so I now dare call you.

Pol. Tis well Minion you are bold
Enough I see to chuse your friends without my leaue.

Phi. Tis my ambition euer to be yours.

Len. Thinke me not light, deare *Philocles*, so soone
To grant thee loue, that others might haue sought
With eagerest pursuit, and not obtain'd,
But I was yours by fate, and long haue beene,
Before you wood *Leucothoe* was wonne,
And yours without resistance.

Phi. Oh my Starres
Twas your kind influence, that whist I slept
In dullest ignorance, contriu'd for me
The way to crowne me with felicity.

Pol. You may be deceiu'd though,
You haue no such great reason
To thank your Starres if you knew all.

Phi. And know faire Mistresse you haue met a loue,
That time, nor fate, nor death can euer change,
A man that but in you can haue no being:
Let this kisse seale my faith. *Len.* And this mine.

Pol. Nay too't againe, your sweete meate shall haue
sowre sawce.

Phi. But sweet, 'mongst all these Roses ther's one thorne
That prickes and galls me, our parents enmity
Will crosse our loues, I doe assure my sonne
This father neuer will giue his consent.

An excellent Comedy

Leu. No so I thinke, he moues me still to *Virro*
That old craz'd Count, and with such vehemency
I dare scarce bide his presence if I deny him;
Therefore we must be speedy in our course,
And take without his leaue what he denies.

Pol. I thanke you for that good daughter.

Ref. I told you Sir twould come to this at last.

Phi. Oh thou hast spoke my wishes, and hath shewd
Thy selfe in loue as true as beautifull;
Then let's away dearest *Leucothoe*,
My fortunes are not poore, then feare no want,
This constant loue of ours may proue so happy,
To reconcile our parents enmity.

Leu. Heauen grant it may. *Pa.* Neuer by this meanes
yongster.

Leu. But seest now I thinke better ont Ile not goe.

Phi. Why dearest, is thy loue so quickly cold?

Leu. No, but ile not venter thee, thine is the danger,
Thou knowest tis death by law to steale an heire,
And my deare brothers most vntimely death,
Hath lately made me one, what if thou shouldst be taken.

Phi. Oh feare not that, had I a thousand liues,
They were too small a venture for such prise,
I tell thee sweete, a face not halfe so faire
As thine, hath arm'd whole actions in the field,
And brought a thousand ships to *Tenedos*,
To sacke lamented *Troy*, and should I feare
To venture one poore life, and such a life
As would be lost in not possessing thee:
Come come, make that no scruple, when shall we goe.

Leu. This present euening, for to morrow morning
My father lookes that I should giue consent
To marry with the Count,

Phil. Best of all, would twere this present houre,
Ile goe prepare, but shall I call thee heere.

Leu. Oh no, weele meete. *Phi.* Where dearest.

Leu. East from the City by a Riuers side,

called the Heire.

Not distant halfe a mile there stands a groue,
Where often riding by I haue obserued
A little Hermitage, there I will stay
If I be first, if you, doe you the like,
Let th'houre be ten, then shall I best escape.

Phi. Nere sweeter comfort came from Angels lips
I know the place, and will be ready there
Before the houre: Ile bring a friend with me
As true as mine owne heart, one *Clerimont*,
That may doe vs good if danger happen.

Leu. Use your pleasure. *Phi.* Dearest farewell,
Houres will seeme yeeres till we are met againe. *exiunt.*

Pol. Ah Sirrah, this geere goes well, godamercy girle
For thy intelligence, why this is as much as a
Man could desire, the time, place, and euery thing;
I warrant vñ they passe no further, well
Goe thou in and wait vpon thy Mistresse, shees
Melancholly till she see her sweete heart againe, but
When shee does, shee shall not see him long,
Not a word of whats past among vs for your life.

Pje. I warrant you my Lord.

Pol. Ile not so much as shew an angry looke,
Or any token that I know any of their proceedings,
But *Rosio*, we must lay the place strongly, if they
Should scape vs, I were pritily fool'd now after all
This. *Ros.* Why tis impossible my Lord, wee'le goe
Strong enough, besides I thinke it fit we tooke
An Officer along with vs to countenance it the
Better.

Pol. Thou sayst well, goe get one,
Ile goe my selfe along with you too, I loue
To see sport though I am old, you'le goe
Along with vs to Sir. *Eu.* I Sir, you shall
Command my seruice when you are ready.

Pol. Now *Euphues*, what I did but barely act
Thy bleeding heart shall feele, losse of a sonne
If Law can haue his course, as who can let it,
I know thou think'st mine dead, and in thy heart

An excellent Comedy

Laughest at my falling house, but let them laugh
That winne the prize, things here are knowne till ended.

Exeunt Pol. and Ros.

Eugenio solus.

Eug. Well I like my sisters choise, she has taken a man
Whose very lookes and carriage speake him
Worthy, besides he is Noble, his fortunes sufficient,
They both loue each other, what can my father
More desire, that he gapes so after this old
Count, that comes for the estate, as tother vpon
My soule does not, but pure spotlesse loue, but
Now his plot is for reuenge vpon his old enemy:
Fye, Fye tis bloody and vnchristian, my soule
Abhors such acts, this match may rather
Reconcile our houses, and I desire where worth
Is to haue friendship, as on my soule tis there.
Well *Philocles* I hope to call thee brother.
Somewhat Ile doe, Ile goe perswade Count *Virro*
Not to loue her, I know the way, and Ile but
Tell him truth her brother liues, that will
Coole his loue quickly, but soft, here comes
The Count as fit as may be.

Enter Virro.

Vir. She loues me not yet, but that's no matter,
I shall haue her, her father sayes I shall,
And I dare take his word, maides are quickly
ouer. rul'd, ah, ah, me thinkes I am growne yonger
Then I was by twenty yeeres, this Fortune
Cast vpon me, is better then *Medeas* charme, to
Make an old man yong againe, to haue a
Lords estate freely bestowed, and with it such
A beauty as should warme *Nectors* blood,
Make old *Priam* lusty. Fortune I see thou louest me
Now, Ile build a Temple to thee shortly, and

Adore

called the Heire.

Adore thee as the greatest deity. Now what are you.

Euge. A poore Scholler my Lord, one that Am little beholding to Fortune.

Vir. So are most of your profession, Thou shouldst take some more thriving Occupation, to be a iudges man, they are The bravest now adays, or a Cardinals Pander, that were a good profession and gainfull.

Euge. But not lawfull, my Lord. *Verro.* Lawfull, That Cardinall may come to be Pope, and Then he could pardon thee and himselfe too.

Eu. My Lord I was brought vp a Scholler, And I thanke your counsell, My Lord, I haue some for you, and therefore I Came.

Vir. For me, what I prithe.

Eu. Tis weighty and concernes you neere.

Vir. Speake, what ist?

Eu. My Lord, you are to marry old *Polimetes* Daughter. *Vir.* And Heire. *Eu.* No Heire My Lord, her Brother is aliue.

Vir. How, Thou art mad. *Eu.* My Lord, What I speake is true, and to my knowledge His father giues it out in pollicy to marry his Daughter the better, to hooke in sutors, and Specially aym'd at you, thinking you rich And couetous, and now he has caught you.

Vir. But dost thou mock me.

Eu. Let me be euer miserable if I speake Not truth, as sure as I am here *Eugenio* liues, I know it, and know him, where he is.

Vir. Where prithe. *Eu.* Not a daies iourney hence, Where his father enioyn'd him to stay till your Match, and sends word to him of this plot: Besides, I ouer-hard the old Lord and his man *Roscio*, laughing at you for being caught thus.

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Vir. Why, wert thou at the house then.

Eu. Yes, But had scuruy entertainment
Which I haue thusreueg'd.

Vir. Beshrew my heart I know not what
To thinke on't tis like enough, this Lord was
Alwayes cunning beyond measure, and it
Amaz'd me that he should grow so extreme
Kind to me on the suddaine to offer me all this:
Besides this fellow is so confident, and on
No ends of couznage that I can see; well,
I would faine enioy her, the Wench is
Delicate, but I would haue the estate too, and
Not be guld, what shall I doe, now braines
If euer you will, helpe your Master.

Eu. It stings him. *Vir.* Well, so Sir,
What may I call your name?

Eu. *Irus* my Lord.

Vir. Your name as well as your attire
Speakes you poore. *Eu.* I am so.

Vir. And very poore. *Eu.* Very poore.

Vir. Would you not gladly take a course
To get money, and a great some of mony.

Eu. Is gladly if your Lordship would but
Shew me the way. *Vir.* Harke ye.

Eu. Oh my Lord, Conscience. *Vir.* Eye, neuer
Talke of Conscience, and for Law thou art
Free, for all men thinke him dead, and
His father will be ashamed to follow it
Hauing already giuen him for dead,
And then who can know it, come be wise,
Fiue hundred crownes Ile giue.

Eu. Well, tis pouerty that does it, and not I,
When shall I be paid.

Vir. When thou hast done it. *Eu.* Well giue me your
Hand for it my Lord. *Vir.* Thou shalt.

Eu. In writing, to be paid when I haue
Poysoned him, and thinke it done. *Vir.* Now thou

Speakes

called the Heire.

Speakes like thy selfe, come in, Ile giue it thee.

Leu. And this shall stop thy mouth for euer Count.

Leucothoe sola.

There is no creature heere, I am the first,
Me thinks this sad and solitary place
Should strike a terror to such hearts as mine;
But loue has made me bold, the time has beene,
In such a place as this I should haue fear'd
Each rowling leafe, and trembled at a reed
Stird in the Mooneshine, my fearefull fancy
Would frame a thousand apparitions,
And worke some feare out of my very shadow:
I wonder *Philoctes* is tardy thus,
When last wee parted euery houre, he said,
Would seeme a yeere till we were met againe,
It should not seeme so by the hast he makes,
Ile sit and rest me, come I know he will.

Enter Philoctes and Clerimont.

Phi. This *Clerimont*, this is the happy place
Where I shall meet the summe of all my ioyes,
And be posselt of such a treasury
As would inrich a Monarch. *Leu.* This is his voyce,
My *Philoctes*. *Phi.* My life, my soule, what here before me,
Oh thou dost still out goe me, and dost make
All my endeaours poore in the requitall
Of thy large fauours, but I forget my selfe
Sweete bid my friend here welcome, this is he
That I dare trust next mine owne heart with secrets.
But why art thou disguised thus.

Leu. I durst not venture else to make escape.

Phi. Euen now me thinks I stand as I would wish
With all my wealth about me, such a loue
And such a friend, what can be added more
To make a man liue happy, thou darke groue
That hast beene cald the seat of Melancholy,

And

And shelter for the discontented spirits;
Sure thou art wrong, thou seemst to me a place
Of solace and content, a Paradise
That giueth me more then euer Court could doe
Or richest Palace, blest be thy faire shades,
Let birds of musicke euer chant it heere,
No croking Rauen, or ill booding Owle
Make heere their balefull habitation
Frighting thy walkes, but mayst thou be a groue
Where loues faire Queenemay take delight to sport :
For vnder thee two faithfull Louers meet,
Why is my faire *Lencoshoë* so sad.

Len. I know no cause, but I would faine be gone.

Phi. Whether sweete. *Len.* Any whether from hence.
My thoughts diuine of treason, whence I know not,
There is no creature knowes our meeting heere
But one, and thats my maid, she has beene trusty
And will be still I hope, but yet I would
She did not know it, prithee lets away
Any where else, we are secure from danger.

Phi. Then lets remoue, but prithee be not sad.

noise within.

What noise is that. *Len.* Ay me.

Phi. Oh feare not Loue.

draw.

Eer Polimedes, Roscio, Eugenio and Officers.

Pol. Vpon vm Officers, yonder they are.

Phi. Theeues, Villaines.

Pol. Thou art the Thiefe and the Villaine too,
Giue me my Daughter thou rauisher.

Phi. First take my life.

Pol. Vpon vm I say.

fight.

Knocke vm downe Officers if they resist, *they are taken.*

Len. Oh they are lost, ah wicked, wicked *Psecas,*

Pol. So keepe vm fast, weele haue vm faster shortly, and
for you Minion, lle tye a clog about your neck for run-
ning

called the Heire.

ning away any more.

Leu. Yet do but heare me father.

Pol. Call me not father thou disobedient wretch,
Thou Run-away, thou art no child of mine,
My Daughter nere wore Breeches.

Leu. Oh Sir, my Mother would haue done as much
For loue of you, if need had so required,
Thinke not my mind transformed as my habite.

Pol. Officers away with vm, peace Stumpet,
You may discharge him, he's but an assistant.

Leu. Oh stay and heare me yet, heare but a word
And that my last it may be, doe not spill
The life of him in whom my life subsists,
Kill not two liues in one, remember Sir,
I was your Daughter once, once you did loue me,
And tell me then, what fault can be so great,
To make a father murderer of his child,
For so you are in taking of his life.
Oh thinke not Sir that I will stay behinde him
Whilst there be Aspes, and Kniues, and burning Coles,
No Roman dame shall in her great example
Outgoe my loue.

Phi. Oh where will sorrow stay,
Is there no end in grieffe, or in my death
Not punishment enough for my offence,
But must her grieffe be added to afflict me;
Dry vp those Pearles dearest *Leucothoe*,
Or thou wilt make me doubly miserable,
Preferue that life, that I may after death
Liue in my better part, take comfort deare,
People would curte me, if such beauty should
For me miscarry, no, liue happy thou,
And let me suffer what the law inflicts.

Leu. My offence was as great as thine,
And why should not my punishment.

Pol. Come haue you done, Officers away with him.

Exit Philocles.

An excellent Comedy

He be your keeper, but He looke better to you.
But *Rosio* you and I must about the businesse:
Sir let it be your charge to watch my Daughter,
And see she send no message any whither, (and *Len.*
Nor receiue any. *Eu.* It shall my Lord. *exennt manet Eu.*
He be an Argus, none shall come heere I warrant you,
My very heart bleedes to see two such louers so
Faithfully parted so. I must condemne my father,
Hees too cruell in this hard action, and did not
Nature forbid it, I could raile at him, to reake
His long fostred malice against Lord *Euphues* thus
Vpon his sonne, the faithfull loue of his owne
Daughter, and vpon her, for should it come to passe
As he expects it shall, I thinke t' would kill her
Too, she takes it —: See in what strange amazement
Now she stands, her griefe has spent it selfe so
Farre that it has left her sencelesse, it grieues
Me thus to see her, I can scarce forbear reuealing
Of my selfe to her, but that I keepe it for a
Better occasion when things shall better answere to
My purpose: Lady. *Len.* What are you.

Eu. In that my Lord your father has appointed
To giue attendance on you.

Len. On me, alas I neede no attendance,
He might bestow his care better for me.

Eu. I came but lately to him, nor doe I meane
Long to stay with him, in the meane time Lady
Might I but doe you any seruice.

Len. All seruice is too late, my hopes are deseperate.

Eu. Madame, I haue a feeling of your woe,
A greater your owne brother could not haue,
And thinke not that I come suborn'd by any
To vndermine your secrets, I am true,
By all the gods I am, for further tryall
Command me any thing, send me on any message
He doe it faithfully, or any thing else
That my poore power can compasse.

Len. Oh

Leu. Oh strange fate
Haue I lost pittie in a fathers heart,
And shall I find it in a stranger: Sir
I shall not liue to thanke you, but my prayers
Shall goe with you.

Eu. Tis not for thankes or neede
But for the seruice that I owe to vertue
I would doe this. *Leu.* Surely this man
Is nobly bred, how ere his habite giue him:
But Sir, all physicke comes to me too late,
There is no hope my *Philoctes* should liue:

Eu. Vnlesse the King were pleas'd to grant his pardon,
Twe're good that he were mou'd.

Leu. Ah who should doe it,
I feare me tis in vaine, Count *Virro*
And my father both will crosse it, but I would venture
If I could get but thither.

Eu. Thats in my power
To giue you liberty, your father left me
To be your keeper, but in an act
So meritorious as this, I will not hinder you,
Nay I will waite vpon you to the Court.

Leu. A thousand thankes to you, well ile goe,
Grant oh you powers aboue, if Virgins teares,
If a true loues prayers had euer power
To moue compassion grant it now to me,
Arm'd with so strong a vigor, my weake words
They may pierce deepe into his kingly brest,
And force out mercy in spite of all opposers.

Eu. Come lets away.

EXIIT.

Actus quartus.

Enter Francisco reading a letter.

Fran. MY dearest *Luce*, were thy old Sire as iust
 As thou art truly constant, our firme loue
 Had neuer met these oppositions,
 All my designs as yet, all practises
 That I haue vs'd, I see are frustrated,
 For as my faire intelligencer writes,
 He will before the next court day prouide
 Some carelesse person, that in spite of lawes
 Shall marry her to *Shallow*, this being done,
 He meanes to hold the Courts seuerity
 In by a golden bit, and so he may,
 Alas it is too true, I must preuent it,
 And that in time, before it grow too farre;
 But how, there lies the point of difficulty:
 But what strange sight is this that greetes mine eyes,
Alphonso my old Captaine, sure tis he.

Enter *Alphonso*.

Al. Thus once againe from twenty yeares exile,
 Tost by the stormes of fortune too and fro,
 Has gracious heauen giuen me leaue to tread
 My natie earth of Sicily, and draw
 That aire that fed me in my infancy.

Fr. Tis he, most noble Captaine, oh what power
 Has bene so gracious as to blesse mine eyes
 Once more with sight of my most honored master.

Al. Kind youth the teares of ioy that I haue spent
 To greet my natie country haue quite robd
 Mine eyes of moysture, and haue left me none
 To answer thy affection, but tell me,
 Tell me how thou hast liu'd in Syracuse
 These fīue yeeres here, since that vnluckly storme
 Diuided ys at Sea. *Fr.* Faith poorely Sir,

called the Heire.

As one that knows no kindred nor alliance,
Vnknowne of any haue I shifted out,
But I haue heard you say that I was borne
In Syracuse, tell me what stocke I come of,
What parentage, how meane so ere they be,
They cannor well be poorer then my selfe,
Speake, do you know them Sir? Al. Yes very well,
And I am glad the fates haue brought me home,
For thy deare sake, that I may now disclose
Thy honorable birth. Fr. Honorable?

Al. Yes noble youth, thou art the second sonne
To old Lord *Euphues*, a man more worthy
And truly noble neuer drew this ayre;
Thy name's *Lysandro*, this discouery
Will be as welcome to your friends as you.

Fr. You do amaze me Sir. Al. Ile tell you all,
It was my fortune, twenty yeare ago,
Vpon the Tyrrhene shore, whose sea diuides
This Ile from Italy, to keepe a fort
Vnder your noble father, where your selfe
Then but a child, was left to my tuition,
When sodainly the rude assailing force
Of strong Italian Pirats so preuaild,
As to surprisall of the fort and vs.
Your name and noble birth I then conceald,
Fearing some outrage from the enmity
Of those fell Pyrates, and since from your selfe
I purposely haue kept the knowleng of it.
As loath to grieue your present misery
With knowledge of what fortunes you had lost,
That this is true, you straight shall see th' effect,
Ile goe acquaint your father with the tokens,
And make his oreioyde heart leape to embrace
Thee his new found and long forgotten sonne:

Fr. Worthy Captaine, your presence was alwayes
Welcomme to me, but this vnlookt for newes, I
Cannot suddenly digest.

Al. Well Ile go to him presently. *exit Alphonso.*

Fr. Now my deare *Luce*, I shall finde meanes to quite
Thy loue, that couldst descend so low as I
When I was nothing, and with such affection,
This was my suit still to the powers aboue,
To make me worthy of thy constant loue.
Exit Francisco. But ile about the proiect I intended.

Enter Virro and Polimetes.

Pol. Why now my Lord you are neerer to her loue then
euer you were yet, your riuall by this accident shall be re-
moued out of the way, for before the scorneful girl would
neuer fancy any man else.

Vir. I conceiue you Sir.

Pol. I labourd it for your sake as much as for my
Owne, to remoue your riuall and my enemy, you
Haue your loue, and I haue my reuenge.

Vir. I shall liue my Lord to giue you thanks, but *aside.*
T'will be after a strange manner, if *Irus* has
Dispatched what he was hired too, then my kind
Lord I shall be a little too cunning for you.

Pol. My Lord you are gracious with the King.

Vir. I thanke his Maiesty, I haue his care before ano-
ther man.

Pol. Then see no pardon be granted, you may stop any
thing; I know *Euphues* will be solliciting for his sonne.

Vir. I warrant you my Lord no pardon passes whilst I
am there, ile bee a barre betwixt him and the King, but
hearken the King approaches.

Enter the King with attendants.

Ambo. Health to your Maiesty.

King. Count *Virro*, and Lord *Polimetes* welcome,
You haue beene strangers at the Court of late;
But I can well excuse you Count, you are about a wife,
A yong one and a faire one too they say,

Get

called the Heire.

Get me yong souldiers Count, but speake
When is the day, I meane to be your guest,
You shall not steale a mariage.

Vir. I thanke your Maiesty, but the marriage that
I intended is stolen to my hand, and by another.

King. Stolne, how man. *Vir.* My promised wife
Is lately stolne away by *Philocles*,
Lord *Euphues* sonne against her fathers will,
Who followed vñ and apprehended them,
The Law may right vs Sir, if it may haue course.

King. No reason but the law should haue his course.

Enter Euphues.

Euph. Pardon dread Soueraigne, pardon for my sonne.

King. Your sonne, Lord *Euphues*, what is his offence.

Euph. No hainous one my Leige, no plot of treason
Against your royall person or your state,
These aged cheekes would blush to beg a pardon
For such a foule offence, no crying murder
Hath steyned his innocent hands, his fault was loue,
Loue my deare Leige, vnfortunately he tooke
The Daughter and Heire of Lord *Polimetes*,
Who followes him and seekes extremitie.

Pol. I seeke but Law, I am abus'd my Leige,
Iustice is all I beg, my Daughters stolne,
Staffe of my age, let the law doe me right,

Vir. To his iust prayers doe I bend my knee
My promised wife is stolne, and by the sonne
Of that iniurious Lord, iustice I craue,

Euph. Be like those powers aboue, whose place on earth
You represent, shew mercy gracious King,
For they are mercifull.

Pol. Mercy is but the Kings prerogatiue,
Tis Iustice is his office, doing that
He can wrong no man, no man can complaine,
But mercy shewed oft takes way reliefe
From the wronged partie that the Law would giue him:

Euph. The Law is blind and speakes in generall termes,
She

An excellent Comedy

She cannot pittie where occasion serues,
The living law can moderate her rigour,
And thats the King.

Pol. The King I hope in this will not do so,

Esp. Tis malice makes thee speake,
Hard hearted Lord, hadst thou no other way
To wreake thy cankred and long fostred hate
Vpon my head but thus, thus bloudily
By my sonnes suffering, and for such a fault
As thou shouldst loue him rather, is thy daughter
Disparaged by his loue, is his blood base,
Or are his fortunes sunke, this law was made
For such like cautions, to restraine the base
From wronging noble persons by attempts
Of such a kind, but where equality
Meetes in the match, the fault is pardonable.

Len. Mercy my Soueraigne, mercy gracious King.

Pol. Minion who sent for you, twere more modesty
For you to be at home.

King. Let her alone, speake Lady,
I charge you no man interupt her.

Enter Lencothoe

Len. If euer pittie toucht that princely brest,
If euer Virgins teares had power to moue,
Or if you euer lou'd and felt the pangs
That other louers doe, pittie great King,
Pittie and pardon two vnhappy Louers.

King. Your life is not in question.

Len. Yesroyall Sir

If Law condemne my *Philocles*, he and I
Haue but one heart, and can haue but one fate.

En. Excellent vertue, thou hadst not this from thy father.

King. Ther's Musicke in her voice, and in her face
More then a mortall beauty: Oh my heart,
I shall be lost in passion if I heare her,
He heere no more, conuey her from my presence,
Quickly I say.

En. This is strange.

called the Heire.

Vir. I told you what he would doe, I knew
He would not here of a pardon, and I againſt it,
He reſpects me.

Pol. No doubt he does my Lord,
I like this paſſage well.

King. But ſtay,
Stay Lady, let me heare you, beſhrew my heart
My minde was running of another matter.

Vir. Where the diuell hath his minde bin all this while,
Perhaps he heard none of vs neither,
We may eene tell our tales againe.

Pol. No ſure he heard vs, but tis very ſtrange.

King. Tis ſuch a tempting poiſon I draw in,
I cannot ſtay my draught, riſe vp Lady.

Leu. Neuer vntill your graces pardon raiſe me,
Ther's pittie in your eye, oh ſhew it Sir,
Say Pardon gracious King, tis but a word
And ſhort, but welcome as the breath of life.

King. Ile further here the manner of this fact,
Auid the preſence all, all but the Lady,
And come not till I ſend.

Pol. I like not this.

Vir. Nor I, here is mad dancing.

Eu. Heauen bleſſe thy fute, thou mirror of thy ſex,
And beſt example of true conſtant loue,
That in the Sea of thy transcendent vertues
Drown'ſt all thy fathers malice, and redeem'ſt
More in my thoughts then all thy kin can loſe. *exennt.*

King. Now Lady what would you doe to ſaue the life
Of him you loue ſo deereſly.

Leu. I cannot thinke that thought I would not doe,
Lay it in my power, and beyond my power
I would attempt.

King. You would be thankfull then
To me if I ſhould grant his pardon.

Leu. If euer I were thankfull to the gods
For all that I call mine, my health and being,

An excellent Comedy

Could I to you be vnthankfull for a gift
I value more then those, without which
These blessings were but wearisome.

King. Those that are thankfull study to requite
A courtesie, would you doe so? would you requite
This fauour? *Leu.* I cannot Sir,

For all the seruice I can doe your Grace
Is but my duty, you are my Soueraigne,
And all my deedes to you are debts not merita,
But to those powers aboue that can requite,
That from their vasslesse treasures hope rewards,
More out of grace then merrik on vs mortals,
To those ile euer pray that they would giue you
More blessings then I haue skill to aske.

King. Nay but *Leucothoe*, this lies in thy power to re-
quite, thy loue will make requitall, wilt thou loue me?

Leu. I euer did my Lord.

I was instructed from my infancy,
To loue and honour you my Soueraigne.

King. But in a neerer bond of loue.

Leu. There is no neerer nor no truer loue
Then that a loyall subiect beares a Prince.

King. Still thou wilt not conceiue me, I must deale plain
With you, wilt thou lye with me, and I will seale his
Pardon presently; nay more, ile heape vpon you
Both all fauours, all honours that a Prince can giue.

Leu. Oh me vnhappy, in what a sad dilemma stands my
choise.

Either to lose the man my soule most loues,
Or saue him by a deed of such dishonour
As he will euer loath me for, and hate
To draw that breath that was so basely kept.
Name any thing but that to saue his life,
I know you doe but tempt my frailty Sir,
I know your royall thoughts could neuer stoope
To such a foule dishonourable act.

King. Bethinke your selfe, there is no way but that,

I sweare by Heauen neuer to pardon him
But vpon those conditions.

Leu. Oh I am miserable.

King. Thou art not if not wilfull, yeeld *Lencothee*,
It shall be secret, *Philocles* for his life
Shall thanke thy loue, but neuer know the price
Thou paidst for it; be wise thou heardst me sweare,
I cannot now shew mercy, thou maist saue him,
And if he dye, tis thou that art the Tyrant.

Leu. I should be so if I should saue him thus,
Nay I should be a Traytor to your grace,
Betray your soule to such a foe as Iust,
But since your oath is past, deare *Philocles*
Ile shew to thee an honest cruelty,
And rather follow thee in spotlesse death,
Then buy with sinning a dishonoured life.

King. Yet pittie me *Lencothee*, cure the wound
Thine eyes hath made, pittie a begging King,
Vncharme the charmes of thy bewitching face,
Or thou wilt leaue me dead: will nothing moue thee,
Thou art a Witch, a Traytor, thou hast sought
By vnresisted spels thy soueraignes life:
Who are about vs there, call in the Lords againe,
Lord *Polimetes*, take your daughter to you,
Keepe her at home. (is done.)

Pol. I will my Leige, *Rosio* see her there I wonder what

King. *Euphones* I haue tane a solemne oath
Neuer to grant a pardon to thy sonne.

Euph. O say not so my Leige, your grace I know
Has mercy for a greater fault then this.

King. My oath is past and cannot be recalled.

Pol. This is beyond our wishes,

Vir. What made him sweare this I wonder.

Euph. A heauy oath to me and most vnlooked for,
Your iustice Sir has set the period
Vnto a loyall house, a Family
That haue bin props of the Sicylian crowne,

An excellent Comedy

That with their bloods in many an honourd field,
Gainst the hot French, and Neopolitan
Haue seru'd for you and your great Ancestors,
Their children now can neuer more doe so,
Farewell my Soueraigne, whilest I in teares
Spend the sad remnant of my childlesse age,
He pray for your long life and happy raigne,
And may your Grace and your Posterity
At neede finde hands as good and hearts as true
As ours haue euer beene.

King. Farewell good old man.

Sup. For you my Lord, your cruelty has deseru'd
A curse from me, but I can vtter none,
Your Daughters goodnesse has weigh'd down your malice
Heauen prosper her. *Poly.* Amen.

King. He is an honest man and truly noble,
Oh my rash oath, my lust, that was the cause,
Would any price would buy it in againe.

Vi. Your Maicsty is iust. *Pol.* Tis a happy Land
Where the King squares his actions by the law.

King. Away, you are base and bloody,
That feedes your malice with pretence of iustice,
Tis such as you make Princes tirranous,
And hated of their subiects, but looke too't,
Looke your owne heads stands fast, for if the law
Doe finde a hole in your coates, beg no mercy.

Vir. Pardon vs my Lord, we were wrong'd.

Pol. And sought redresse but by a lawfull course.

King. Well leaue me alone.

Vir. Farewell my Leige, now let him chafe alone.

Pol. Now we haue our ends.

exunt.

King. Is there no meanes to saue him no way,
To get a dispensation for an oath,
None that I know except the Court of Rome
Will grant one, thats well thought on,
I will not spare for gold, and that will doe it,
Nicanor. Nica. Sir. *King.* What booke is that

Thou

Thou hadst from Paris about the price of sinnes.

Nic. Tis cald the Textes of the Apostolicall Chancery.

Kin. Is there a price for any sinne set downe.

Nic. A my Sir, how heinous ere it be,
Or of what nature, for such a summe of money
As is set downe there, it shall be remitted

Kin. Thatswell, go fetch the book presently. *exit Nic.*

Nic. I will my Lord. *Kin.* Sure there is periury
Among the rest, and I shall know what rate
It beares before I haue committed it.

How now, hast brought it. *Nic.* Yes Sir.

Kin. Reade, I would know the price of periury,

Nic. I shall find it quickly, heres an Index. *he reads*

Imp. For murder of all kinds of a Clergy man, of a lay man,
of father, mother, Sonne, brother, sister, wife.

Kin. Reade till you come at periury.

Nic. Item, for impoysoning, enchantments, witchcraft,
Sacriledge, simony, and their kind and

Branches. Item, *pro lapsu carnis*, fornication

Adultery, incest without any exception or

Distinction; for sodomy, Brutality, or any of

That kind. *Kin.* My heart shakes with horror

To heare the names of such detested sinnes,

Can these be bought for any price of money,

Or do these merchants but deceiue the world

With their false Wares: no more of that foule booke,

I will know what I came to know,

I would not for the world redeeme my oath

By such a course as this, no more *Nicanor*

Voulesse thou finde a price for Atheisme.

Nic. Heres none for that my Lord, his Holinesse
Can pardon that in no man but himselfe.

Kin. Well this is not the way,

I haue thought of another that may proue,

And both discharge my oath and saue his life,

Nicanor run presently, call *Matho* hither,

Matho the Lawyer, command him to make hast,

I long to be resolved. *Nis.* I runne Sir,

King. He is a subtile Lawyer, and may find
Some point, that in the Lawes obscurity
Lies hid from vs, some point may doe vs good,
I haue seene some of his profession
Out of case as plaine, as cleere as day
To our weake iudgements, and no doubt at first
Meant like our thoughts by those that made the Law,
Picke out such hard inextricable doubts,
That they haue spun a suite of seuen yeere long,
And leade their hoodwinke Clients in a wood,
A most irremouable Labyrinth,
Till they haue quite consum'd vñ, this they can doe
In other cases, why not as well in this.

I haue seene others could extend the Law
Vpon the wrack, or cut it short againe
To their owne priuate profits, as that thiefe
Cruell *Procrustes* seru'd his haplesse guests,
To fit them to his bed; Well I shall see,
I would *Nicanor* were returned againe,
I would faine ease my conscience of that oath,
That rash and inconsiderate oath I tooke,
But see, heere they are comming.

Enter Masha.

Ma. Health to my Soueraigne.

King. *Masha*, welcome.

I sent for thee about a businesse

I would intreate thy helpe in.

Ma. Your Highnesse may command my seruice
In that, or any thing lies in my power.

King. Tis to decide a case that troubles me.

Ma. If it lye within the compasse of my knowledge,
I will resolve your Highnesse presently.

King. Then thus it is, Lord *Euphrates* sonne,
Yong *Philoteles*, has lately stolne away
The Daughter and Heire of Lord *Polimetes*,
Who is his enemy, he following him hard
Has apprehended him, and brings him to his tryall

To morrow morning: thou hast heard this newes,

Ma. I haue my Liege, and euery circumstance
That can be thought on in the businesse.

King. And what will be the issue by the Law.

Ma. He must dye for it, the case is plaine,
Vnlesse your grace will grant his pardon.

King. But can there be no meanes thought vpon
To saue him by the Law. *Mattho.* None my Lord.

King. Surely there may, speake man, Ile giue thee
Double Fees.

Ma. It cannot be my Leige, the Statutes is plaine.

King. Nay now thou art too honest, thou shouldst do
As other Lawyers doe, first take my mony,
And then tell me thou canst doe me good.

Ma. I dare not vndertake it, could it be done,
I doe goe as farre as any man would doe.

King. Yes iftwere to cut a peore mans throat you could,
For some rich griping Land-lord you could grin'd
The face of his poore Tenant, stretch the Law
To serue his turne, and guided by his Angels,
Speake Oracles more then the tongues of men,
Then you could find exceptions, reseruations,
Stand at a word, a silible, a letter,
Or coine some scruples out of your owne braines,
But in a cause so full of equity
So charitable as this, you can find nothing,
I shall for euer hate all your profession.

Ma. I do beseech your Highnesse to excuse me,
I cannot doe more then your lawes will let me,
Nor falsifie my knowledge nor my conscience.

King. Then I am miserable, rise *Mattho* rise,
I do not discommend thy honesty,
But blame my owne hard fate, ay *Philocles*
I would redeeme thy life at any price,
But the Starres crosse it, cruell fate condemnes thee.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Constable and Watch.

Con. Come fellow watchmen, for now you are my fellows,

Watch. It pleases you to call vs for master Constable.

Con. I do it to encourage you in your office, it is a trick that we commanders haue, your great Captains call your souldiers fellow souldiers to encourage them.

2. Watch. Indeed and so they do, I heard master Curate reading a story booke tother day to that purpose.

Con. Well I must shew now what you haue to do, for I my selfe, before I came to this prefermity, was as simple as one of you, and for your better destruction, I will deride my speech into two parts. First, what is a watchman. Secondly, what is the office of a watchman. For the first, if any man aske me what is a watchman, I may answer him, he is a man as others are, may a tradesman, as a Vintner, a Tayler, or the like, for they haue long bills.

3. Wat. He tels vs true neighbour, we haue bills indeed.

Con. For the second, what is his office, I answer, he may by vertue of his office reprehend any person, or persons, that walke the streets too late at a seasonable houre.

4. Wat. may we indeed master Constable.

Con. Nay, if you meet any of those rogues at seasonable houres, you may by vertue of your office commit him to prison, and then aske him whither he was going.

1. Watch. Why thats as much as my Lord Maior does.

Con. True, my Lord Maior can doe no more then you in that point. *2. Wat.* But master Constable what if hee should resist vs.

Con. Why if he do resist, you may knocke him downe, and then bid him stand, and come afore the Constable. So now I thinke you are sufficiently instructed concerning your office, take your stands, you shall heare rogues walking at these seasonable houres, I warrant you, stand close.

Enter Eugenio.

En. Pur.

Purpose, now doe I take as much care to be apprehended,
As others doe to scape the watch, I must speake
To be ouerheard, and plainly too, or els these dolts
Will neuer conceiue mee.

Con. Harke who goes by?

Eu. Oh my conscience, my conscience, the terror of a
Guilty conscience. *Con.* How, conscience talkes hee of,
He's an honest man, I warrant him, let him passe

2. Wa. I I, let him passe, good night honest gentleman.

Eu. These are wise officers, I must bee plainer yet.
That gold, that cursed gold, that made me poison him
Made me poison *Eugenio*.

Con. How made me poison him, he's a keaue I warrant

3. Wa. M. Constable has found him already, (him.

Con. I warrant you a knaue cannot passe me, go reprehend
him, Ile take his excommunication my selfe.

1. Wa. Come afore the constable *2. Wa.* Come afore the

Constable. *Con.* Sirrah sirrah, you would haue scap'd

Would you, no sirrah you shall know the Kings

Officers haue eyes to heare such roagues as you,

Come sirrah, confesse who it was you poison'd, he

Lookes like a notable roague. *1. Wa.* I dooe not like

His lookes. *2. Wa.* nor I. *Con.* You would deny it

Would you sirra, we shall sift you,

Eu. Alas maister *Con.* I cannot now deny what I haue
You ouerheard me, I poisoned *Eugenio* sonne to (said

Lord *Polimetes*. *1. Wa.* Oh rascall. *2. Wa.* my

Young Landlord. *Con.* Let him alone, the law

Shall punish him, but sirra where did you poison

Him. *Eu.* About adayes iourney hence, as he was

Comming hom from *Athens* I met him, and

Poisoned him. *Con.* But sirrah who set you a worke

Confesse, I shall finde out the whole nest of these

Rogues, speake.

Eu. Count *Virro* hired me to do it.

Con. Oh lying Rascall. *1. Wat.* Nay he that will steale
will lye. *2. Wat.* Ile belecue nothing he sayes.

3. *Wat.* Belye a man of worship. 4. *Wat.* A noble man.
Con. Away with him, Ile heare no more, remit him to
 Prison; Sirrah, you shall heare of these things
 To morrow, where you would be loath to heare vñ.
 Come lets goe. *exennt.*

Actus quintus.

*Enter Franklin, Shallow, Luce, Francisco in a Parsons habit,
 and a true Parson otherwise attyred.*

Frank. **I** Letake your counsell Sir, Ile not be seene in't, but
 meeete you when tis done, youle marry them.

Fran. Feare not that Sir, Ile doe the deede.

Frank. I shall rest than kfull to you, still then Ile leaue you.

Sha. I pray father leaue vs, wee know how to behaue
 our selues alone, mee thinkes *Luce* wee are too many by
 two yet.

Luce. You are merry Sir. *exennt manet Franklin.*

Frank. Now they are sure or neuer, poore *Francisco*
 Thou mettst thy match, when thou durst vndertake
 To ouerreach me with tricks, wher's now your *Summer*?
 Fore heauen I cannot but applaud my braine,
 To take my daughter euen against her will,
 And great with child by another, her shame publisht,
 She cited to the Court, and yet bestow her
 On such a fortune as rich *Shallow* is,
 Nay that which is the Master-peece of all,
 Make him beleeu'e tis his, though he nere toucht her,
 If men nere met with crosses in the world,
 There were no difference twixt the wise and fooles,
 But ile goe meeete vñ, when tis done, I feare not. *exit.*

Enter Francisco, Farson, Shallow, Luce.

Fran. Nay fret not now, you haue beene worse abusd
 If

If you had married her, she neuer lou'd you.

Luce. I euer scorn'd thy folly and hated thee, though
Sometimes afore my father I would make an Ass
Of thee. *Shal.* Oh women, monstrous women,
Little does her father know who has married her.

Luce. Yes, he knowes the Parson married me,
And you can witness that.

Fran. And he shall know the Parson will lye with her.

Shal. Well Parson, I will be reuenged on all thy coate,
I will not plough an Acre of ground for you to
Tyth, Ile rather pasture my neighbours cattle
For nothing.

Par. Oh be more charitable Sir, bid God giue vniouy.

Shal. I care not greatly if I do, he is not the first
Parson that has taken a gentlemans leauings.

Fran. How meane you Sir?

Shal. You guesse my meaning, I hope to haue good luck
To horse-flesh now she is a Parsons wife.

Fran. You haue laine with her then Sir.

Shal. I cannot tell you that, but if you saw a woman
with child without lying with a man, then perhaps I haue
not. *Luce.* Impudent Coxcombe, darest thou say that
euer thou layst with mee, didst thou euer so much as kisse
my hand in priuate.

Shal. These things must not be spoken of in company.

Luce. Thou know'st I euer hated thee.

Shal. But when you were i'th good humour you would
tell me another tale. *Luce.* The foole is mad, by heauen my
Francisco I am wrong'd. *He discouers himselfe.*

Fran. Then I must change my note, sirrah, vnsway
What you haue spoken, sweare here before
The Parson and my selfe, you neuer toucht her, for
Ile cut thy throat, it is *Francisco* threatenst thee.

Shal. I am in a sweete case, what should I doe now, her
Father thinks I haue laine with her, if I deny it
Heele haue about with me, if I say I haue, this
Young rogue will cut my throat.

An excellent Comedy

Fran. Come will you sweare.

Shal. I would I were fairely off, I would lose my wench with all my heart, I sweare. *Fran.* So, now thou art free from any imputation that his tongue can stick vpon thee.

Enter Franklin.

Frank. Well now I see tis done. *Shal.* Her's one Shall talke with you. *Frank.* God giue you ioy sonne *Shallow.* *Fran.* I thanke you father.

Frank. How's this, *Francisco* in the Parsons habite, *Fran.* I haue married her as you bad me Sir, but this Was the truer Parson of the two, he tyed the Knot, and this Gentleman is our witness.

Frank. I am vndone, Strumpet thou hast betraied thy selfe to beggery, to shame beside, and that in open Court, but take what thou hast sought, hang, beg, and starue, ile neuer pittie thee.

Luce. Good Sir.

Shal. I told you what would come on't.

Frank. How did your wife doe lose her?

Shal. Eene as you see, I was beguild, and so were you.

Frank. *Francisco* take her, thou see'st the portion thou art like to haue. *Fran.* Tis such a portion as will euer please mee, but for her sake be not vnnaturall.

Luce. Do not reiect me father. *Fran.* But for the fault that she must answere for, or shame shee should endure in Court, behold her yet an vntoucht Virgin, Cushion come forth, here signior *Shallow*, take your child vnto you, make much of it, it may proue as wise as the father.

He flugs the Cushion at him.

Frank. This is more strange then tother, ah *Luce*, wert Thou so subtil to deceiue thy selfe, and me; well Take thy fortune, tis thine owne choise.

Fran. Sir we can force no bounty from you, and therefore must rest content with what your pleasure is.

Enter Euphues, Alphonso.

Al. Yonder he is my Lord, that's he in the Parsons Habite, he is thus disguild about the businesse I told you of,

Lysan.

Lysandro, see your noble father.

Eus. Welcome my long lost sonne from all the stormes
Of frowning fortune that thou hast endur'd
Into thy fathers armes.

Luce. Is my *Francisco* noble. *Frank.* Lord *Euphues*
sonne, I am amaz'd. *Eup.* I heare *Lysandro* that you are
married. *Francisco.* Yes my Lord, this is my Bride, the
Daughter and Heire of this rich Gentleman, twas onely
she that when my state was nothing, my poore selfe and
Parentage vnknowne, vouchsaf't to know, nay grace mee
with her loue, her constant loue.

Euph. Such merit must not be forgot my sonne,
Daughter much ioy attend vpon your choise.

Fran. Now wants but your consent.

Frank. Which with a willing heart I do bestow,
Pardon me worthy sonne, I haue so long
Beene hard to you, twas ignorance
Of what you were, and care I tooke for her.

Fran. Your care needs no Apology.

Euph. But now *Lysandro* I must make thee sad
Vpon thy wedding day, and let thee know
There is no pure and vncompounded ioy
Lent to mortality, in depth of woe
Thou meetst the knowledge of thy parentage,
Thy elder brother *Philocles* must dye,
And in his his tragedy, our name and house
Had sunke for euer, had not gracious heauen
Sent as a comfort to my childlesse age,
Thy long lost selfe supporter of the name.

Fran. But can there be no meanes to saue his life.

Euph. Alas ther's none, the King has tane an oath
Neuer to pardon him, but since they say
His Maiesty repents, and faine would saue him.

Fran. Then am I wretched, like a man long blind,
That comes at last to see the wisht for sonne,
But finds it in ecclipse, such is my case,
To meete in this darke woe my dearest friends,

An excellent Comedy

Eu. Had you not heard this newes before *Lysandro*?

Fran. Yes Sir, and did lament,
As for a worthy stranger, but nere knew
My sorrow stood engag'd by such a tye
As brotherhood, where may we see him Sir?

Eu. This morning hee's arraign'd, put of that habite
You are in, and goe along with me, leaue your
Friends heere awhile. *Fran.* Farewell father,
Deare *Luce* till soone farewell, nought but so sad
A chaunce, could make mee cloudy now. *Exeunt*

Frank: Well *Luce* thy choice has proued better then we
Expected, but this cloud of griefe has dimde
Our mirth, but will I hope blow ouer,
Heauen graunt it may.

And signior *Shallow*, though you haue mist what
My loue meant you once, pray be my guest.

Shal. I thanke you Sir, Ile not be strange. *Exeunt*

Enter King, Nicanor.

King. *Nicanor*, I would find some priuy place
Where I might stand vnseene, vnknowne of any,
To heare the arraignment of yong *Philocles*.

Ni. The Iudges are now entring, please you Sir
Heere to ascend, you may both heare and see.

King. Well Ile goe vp,
And like a iealous husband heere and see
That that will strike me dead, am I a King
And cannot pardon such a small offence,
I cannot doo't, nor am I *Casar* now,
Lust has vncrown'd me, and my rash tane oath
Has rest me of a Kings prerogatiue,
Come come *Nicanor*, helpe me to ascend,
And see that fault that I want power to mend. *Ascendant*

*Enter 3. Iudges, Virro, Polimetes, Euphues, Francisco,
Leucochoes, Clerimont, Roscio.*

I. In. Bring forth the prisoner, where are the witnesses?

Pol. Here my Lords, I am the wrong'd party,
And the fact my man, here besides the Officers

That

called the Heire.

That tooke them can iustifie. 2. *In.* That's enough,

Enter Philoctes with a guard.

1. *In.* *Philoctes* stand to the Barre, and answer to such Crimes as shall be here objected against thy life.

Reade the enditement.

Phi. Spare that labour,
I do confesse the fact that I am charg'd with,
And speake as much as my accusers can,
As much as all the witnesses can proue,
Twas I that stole away the Daughter and Heire
Of the Lord *Polimetes*, which wert to doe againe
Rather then lose her, I againe would venture,
This was the fact, your sentence honour'd fathers,

Cler. Tis braue and resolute.

1. *In.* A heauy sentence noble *Philoctes*,
And such a one, as I could wish my selfe
Off from this place, some other might deliuer,
You must dye for it, death is your sentence. (to *Pol.*)

Phi. Which I embrace with willingnesse, now my Lord,
Is your hate glutted yet, or is my life
Too poore a sacrifice to appease the rancor
Of your inueterate malice, if it be to
Inuent some scandall that may after blot
My reputation, father dry your teares,
Weepe not for me, my death shall leaue no staine
Vpon your blood, nor blot on your faire name:
The honour'd ashes of my ancessors
May still rest quiet in their teare wet Vrnes
For any fact of mine, I might haue liu'd
If heauen had not preuented it, and found
Death for some soule dishonourable act.
Brother farewell, no sooner haue I found to *Francisco*
But I must leaue thy wisht for company.
Farewell my dearest loue, liue thou still happy,
And may some one of more desert then I,
Be blest in the enjoying what I loose,
I neede not wish him happinesse that has thee,

For

For thou wilt bring it, may hee proue as good
As thou art worthy. *Leu.* dearest *Philocles*,
There is no roome for any man but thee
Within this brest, oh good my Lords
Bee mercifull, condemne vs both together
Our faults are both alike, why should the law
Bee parciall thus, and lay it all on him,

1. *Iu.* Lady, I would we could as lawfully
Saue him as you, hee should not dye for this,

Enter Constable leading Eugenio.

How now, whose that you haue brought there?

Con. A benefactor, if it please your Lordships,
I reprehended him in my watch last night.

Usr. It is taken.

2. *Iu.* What's his offence? *Con.* murder.

Watch. No master Constable, twas but poisoning of a

Con. Go thou art a foole.

(man.

Vir. I am vndon for euer, all will out.

3. *Iu.* What proofes haue you against him?

Con. His owne profession if it please your honor.

3. *Iu.* And thats an ill profession, to be a murderer, thou
Meanest hee has confest the fact.

Con. Yes my Lord, hee cannot deny it.

1. *Iu.* Did he not name the party who it was that he had
Poisoned? *Con.* marry with reuerance be it spoken,
It was *Eugenio*, my Lord *Polimetes* his sonne.

Pol. How's this 1. *Iu.* He di'd long sence at *Athens*.

Pol. I cannot tell what I should thinke of it,
This is the man that lately brought me newes
My sonne was liuing.

2. *Iu.* Fellow stand to the barre, thou hearst thy accusation
What canst thou say. *Eug.* Ah my good Lord,
I cannot now deny what I haue saide,
This man oreheard me, as my bleeding heart
Was making a confession of my crime.

Con. I told him ant shall please your Lordships
The Kings officers had eies to heare such rascalls.

You

called the Heire.

1. *In.* You haue bin carefull in your office Constable,
You may now leaue your Prisoner,

Con. Ile leaue the fellow with your Lordship.

1. *In.* Farewel good *Con.* Murder I see will out. *exit Con.*
Why didst thou poison him. *Eng.* I was poore,
And want made me be hir'd.

2. *In.* Hir'd, by whom? *En.* By Count *Virro*,
There he stands.

Vir. I do beseech your Lordships not to credit
What this base fellow speakes, I am innocent.

1. *In.* I doe belecue you are, firrah speake truth,
You haue not long to liue. *En.* Please it your Lordship
I may relate the manner. 3. *In.* doe.

Eng. *Eugenio* was aliue when first the newes
Was spred in Syracuse he was dead,
Which false report Count *Virro* crediting,
Became an earnest suitor to his Sister
Thinking her Heyre, but finding afterwards
Her brother liu'd, and comming home
Not a dayes iourney hence, he sent me to him,
And with a promise of five hundred crownes
Hir'd me to poyson him, that this is true
Heer's his owne hand to witnesse it against him,
Please it your Lordships to peruse the writing.

1. *In.* This is his hand. 2. *In.* Sure as I liue,
I haue seene Warrants from him with iust these
Carracters. 3. *In.* Besides me thinks this fellowes
Tale is likely. *Pol.* Tis too true,
This fellowes suddaine going from my house
Put me into a feare.

1. *In.* Count *Virro*, stand to the barre,
What can you say to cleere you of this murder?

Vir. Nothing my Lords, I must confesse the fact.

2. *In.* Why then against you both doe I pronounce,
Sentence of death. *Amb.* The Law is iust.

Pol. Wretch that I am, is my dissembled grieffe
Turn'd to true sorrow, were my acted teares

But Prophecies of my ensuing woe,
 And is he truly dead: oh pardon me
 Deare Ghost of my *Eugenio*, 'twas my fault
 That cal'd this hasty vengeance from the Gods,
 And shortened thus thy life, for whilst with tricks
 I sought to fasten wealth vpon our house,
 I brought a Canniball to be the graue
 Of me and mine, base bloody murderous Count,

Vir. Vile Coufner, cheating Lord, dissembler.

I. Peace, stop the mouth of malediction there,
 This is no place to raile in.

Eu. Ye iust powers,
 That to the quality of mans offence,
 Shape your correcting rods, and punish there
 Where he has sian'd, did not my bleeding heart
 Beare such a heauy share in this dayes woe,
 I could with a free soule applaud your iustice.

Pol. Lord *Euphues* and *Philocles* forgiue me
 To make amends, I know's impossible
 For what my malice wrought, but I would faine
 Doe somewhat that might testifie my grieffe
 And true repentance. *Eu.* This is that I look't for.

Eup. Y'are kind too late my Lord, had you bin thus
 When neede required, y'had sau'd your selfe and me,
 Our haplesse sonnes, but if your grieffe be true
 I can forgiue you heartily. *Phi.* And I,

Eng. Now comes my que, my Lord *Polimetes*,
 Vnder correction let me aske one question.

Pol. What question? speake. *Eu.* if this young Lord
 Should liue, would you bestow your Daughter
 Willingly vpon him, would you Lord?

Pol. As willingly as I would breath my selfe.

Eng. Then dry all your eyes,
 Ther's no man heare shall haue a cause to weeke, *to Phil.*
 Your life is sau'd, *Leucothoe* is no Heire,
 Her brother liues, and that cleares you Count *Virro*
 Of your supposed murder. *All.* How, liues?

called the Heire.

En. Yes liues to call thee brother *Philocles.*

He discovers himselfe.

Len. Oh my deare Brother. *Pol.* My sonne,
Welcome from death.

En. Pardon me good my Lord that I thus long
Haue from your knowledge kept my selfe conceal'd,

My end was honest. *Pol.* I see twas,
And now sonne *Philocles* giue mee thy hand,
Heere take thy wife, she loues thee I dare sweare,
And for the wrong that I intended thee,
Her portion shall be double what I meant it.

Phi. I thanke your Lordship. *Pol.* Brother *Euphues,*
I hope all enmity is now forgot
Betwixt our houses.

En. Let it be euer so, I do embrace your loue.

Vir. Well my life is sau'd yet, though my wench be lost,
God giue you ioy. *Phi.* Thankes good my Lord.

1. In. How suddenly this tragicke sceane is chang'd,
And turn'd to Comedy. *2. In.* Tis very strange. *The King*

Pol. Let vs conclude within. *King.* Stay, *speakes*
And take my ioy with you. *Eup.* His Maiesty *from above*
Is comming downe, let vs attend. *Enter King.*

King. These iarres are well clos'd vp, now *Philocles,*
What my rash oath deni'de me, this blest howre
And happy accident has brought to passe,
The sauing of thy life. *Phi.* A life my Leige,
That shall be euer ready to be spent

Vpon your seruice. *King.* Thankes good *Philocles,*
But wher's the man whose happy presence brought
All this vnlook't for sport: where is *Eugenio?*

En. Heere my dread Leige. *King.* Welcome to Syra-
Welcome *Eugenio,* prithee aske some boone *(cuse,*
That may requite the good that thou hast done.

En. I thanke your Maiesty, what I haue done
Needes no requitall, but I haue a suite
Vnto Lord *Euphues,* please it your Maiesty
To be to him an intercessor for me,

An excellent Come dy

I make no question but I shall obtaine.

King. What is it? speake, it shall be granted thee.

Eu. That it would please him to bestow on me
His Neece, the faire and vertuous Lady *Lada*.

Euph. With all my heart, I know 'twill please her well,
I haue often heard her praise *Eugenio*,
It shall be done within.

King. Then here all strife ends,
He be your guest my selfe to day, and helpe
To solemnize this double marriage.

Pol. Your royall presence shall much honour vs.

King. Then leade away, the happy knot you tye,
Concludes in loue two houses enmity.

F I N I S.



EPILOGVS.

OVr Authors heire if it be legitimate
Tis his, if not, he dares the worst of fate,
For if a Bastard, charity is such,
That what you giue, it cannot be too much,
And he, and we, vow if it may be shorne,
To doe as much for yours, as for our owne.

FINIS.





