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2. 8. 0. 558 Marston (John) Malcontent

FIRST EDITION, morocco, gilt edges

Printed by V. S. for William A.

*Salkely,
May 21.
1854.*

* * * This very rare first edition differs from the second in the same year, which is more frequently met w

16

THE MALCONTENT.

By John Marston.

1st Edition



1604.

AT LONDON
Printed by V.S. for William Aspley, and
are to be sold at his shop in Paules
Church-yard.

GENERAL CONTENTS

149,495

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May 18. 73.



1004

AT LONDON

Printed by J. G. & J. S. ...
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...
...



BENIAMINO IONSONIO

POETÆ

ELEGANTISSIMO

GRAVISSIMO

AMICO.

SVO CANDIDO ET CORDATO,

IOHANNES MARSTON

MVSARVM ALVMNVS

ASPERAM HANC SVAM THALIAM.

D. D.

A 3





¶ *To the Reader.*



Am an ill Oratour; and in truth, vse to indite more honestly then eloquently, for t'is my custonie to speake as I think, and write as I speake.

In plainenesse therefore vnderstand, that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a Duke of *Genoa*, and in taking names different from that Citties families: for which some may wittily accuse me, but my defence shall bee as honest, as many reproofes vnto mee have been most malicious. Since (I heartily protest) t'was my care to write so farre from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose State I layd my Scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living. Yet in despight of my indevors, I vnderstand, some have bin most vnadvisedly over-cunning in mis-interpreting me, & with subtilty (as deep as hell) have maliciously spread ill rumors, which springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfie every firme spirit, who in all his actions, proposeth to himselfe no more ends then God and vertue doe, whose intentions are alwayes simple: to such I protest

test, that with my free vnderstanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those, whose vnquiet studies labor innovation, contempt of holy policie, reverent comely superiority, and established vnity: for the rest of my supposed tartnesse, I feare not, but vnto every worthy mind t'wil be approved so generall and honest, as may modestly passe with the freedome of a Satyre. I would faine leave the paper; onely one thing afflicts mee, to thinke that Scenes invented, meerey to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read, & that the least hurt I can receive, is to do my selfe the wrong. But since others otherwise would doe me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have my selfe therefore set forth this Comedy; but so, that my inforced absence must much relye vpon the Printers discretion: but I shal intreat, slight errors in orthography may bee as slightly or'epassed; and that the vnhandsome shape which this trifle in reading presents, may bee pardoned, for the pleasure it once afforded you, when it was presented with the soule of lively action.

Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phœbus.

I. M.

Dramatis personæ.

- Giouanni } Disguised Maleuole sometime
Altofronto } Duke of Genoa.
- Pietro Iacomo } Duke of Genoa.
- Mendozo } A Minion to the Dutchesse of
Pietro Iacomo.
- Celso } A friend to Altofront.
- Biliofo. } An olde cholerike Marshall.
- Prepasso } A Gentleman Vsher.
- Ferneze } A yong Courtier, and inamored
on the Dutchesse.
- Ferrardo } A Minion to Duke Pietro Iacomo.
- Equato. } Two Courtiers.
Guerrino.
- Aurelia } Dutchesse to Duke Piet: Iacomo.
- Maria } Dutchesse to Duke Altofront.
- Emilia } Two Ladies attending the Dut-
Beancha } chesse.
- Maquerelle } An olde Pandresse.

Vexat censura columba.

THE MALCONTENT.

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCE. PRIMA.

The vilest out of tune Musicke being heard.

Enter Biliofo and Præpasso.

Biliofo.



Hy how now? are yee mad? or drunke? or both? or what?

Præp. Are yee building *Babilon* there?

Beli. Heer's a noyse in Court, you thinke you are in a *Tauerne*, do you not?

Præp. You thinke you are in brothell house doe you not? This roome is ill sented.

Enter one with a Perfume.

So; perfume; perfume; some vpon me I pray thee: The Duke is vpon instant entrance; so, make place there.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter the Duke Pietro, Ferrardo, Count Equato, Count Celso before, and Guerrino.

Pietro. Where breathe's that Musique?

Biliofo. The discord rather then the Musique is heard from the *Malcontent Maleuoles* chamber.

Ferrar. Maleuole.

Male. *Yaugh, godaman what do'st thou there: Dukes ** Out of his Chamber.*
Ganimed Iunoes icalous of thy long stockings: shadow of a woman, what wouldst Wee'll? thou lambe a Court: what doest thou bleat for? a you smooth chind *Catamite.*

Pietro. Come downe thou rugged Cur, and snarle here, I giue thy dogged sullenesse free liberty: trot about and be-spurtle whom thou pleasest.

MALECONTENT.

Maleuole. Ile come among you, you Gotish bloudded Toderers, as Gum into Taffata, to fret, to fret: Ile fall like a sponge into water to suck vp; to suck vp. Howle againe. Ile go to Church, and come to you.

Pietro. This *Maleuole* is one of the most prodigious affections that euer conuerst with nature; A man or rather a monster; more discontent then Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence, his appetite is vn-satiabie as the Graue; as farre from any content as from heauen, his highest delight is to procure others vexation, and therein hee thinkes he truly serues heauen; for tis his position, ~~with~~ ^{whoe} soeuer in this earth can be contented is a slaue and damne, therefore do's he afflict al in that to which they are most affected; the Elements struggle within him; his owne soule is at variance: his speech is halter-worthy at all howers: I like him sayth, he giues good intelligence to my spirit, makes me vnderstand those weakenesses which others flattery palliates: haerke they sing.

SCENA TERTIA.

A Song.

Enter Maleuole after the Song.

See: he comes: now shall you heare the extremity of a Malecontent: he is as free as ayre: he blowes ouer euery man. And sir, whence come you now?

Mal. From the publick place of much dissimulation. ()

Piet. What didst there?

Mal. Talke with a Vserer: take vp at Interest.

Piet. I wonder what religion thou art?

Mal. Of a souldiers religion. (now?)

Piet. And what doost thou thinke makes most Infidels

Mal. Sects, sects, I haue seene seeming *Pietie* change her roabe so oft, that sure none but some arch-diuell can shape her a new Peticote.

Pietro. O! a religious pollicie.

Mal.

MALECONTENT.

Mal. But damnation on a politike religion: I am wearie, would I were one of the Dukes hounds now.

Pietr. But whats the common newes abroade *Malenole*, thou dogst rumor still.

Mal. Common newes? why common words are, God saue yee, Fare yee well: common actions, Flattery and Cosenage: common things, Women and Cuckolds: and how do's my little *Ferrard*: a yee lecherous Animall, my little Ferret, he goes sucking vp & downe the Pallace into euery Hens nest like a Weesell: & to what doost thou addiest thy time to now, more then to those Antique painted drabs that are stil affected of young Courtiers, *Flattery, Pride & Venerie*.

Ferrard. I study languages: who doost thinke to be the best linguist of our age?

Mal. Phew, the Diuell, let him possesse thee, heele teach thee to speake all languages, most readily and strangely, and great reason mary, hees traueled greatly iche worlde; and is euery where.

Ferrard. Saue ith Court.

Mal. I saue ith Court: and how do's my old Muckill ouerspred with frosh suow: thou halfe a mā halfe a Goate, *To Bilio* all a Beast: how do's thy young wife old huddle?

Bilio. Out you improuident rascall.

Mal. Doe, kick thou hugely hornd olde Dukes Oxe, good Maister Make-pleece.

Pietr. How doost thou liue now a dayes *Malenole*?

Mal. Why like the Knight *S. Patrik Penloians*, with killing a Spiders for my Ladies Munckey.

Pie. How do'st spend the night, I heere thou neuer sleepest?

Mal. O no, but dreame the most fantasticall: O heauen: O fubbery, fubbery.

Pier. Dreame, what dreamst?

Mal. Why me thinks I see that *Signior* pawn his foot-cloth: that *Metrez*s her Plate: this madam takes phisick: that that tother *Mounseur* may minister to her: here is a *Pandar* Jeweld: there a fellow in shift of Satten this day, that could not Chist a shirt tother night: here a *Paris* supports that *Hellen*:

MALECONTENT.

heres a Ladie *Guineuer* bears vp that fir *Lancelot*. Dreames, dreames, visions, fantasies, *Chimeras*, imaginations, trickes, conceits, * Sir *Tristram Trimtram* come a loft lacke a-napes with a whim wham, heres a Knight of the lande of *Carrado* shall play at trap with any Page in Europe; Doe the sword daunce, with any Morris-dauncer in Christendome; ride at the Ring till the finne of his eyes looke as blew as the *welkin*, and runne the wilde-goofe chase euen with *Pompey* the huge.

Pietro. You runne.

Mal. To the diuell: now *Signor Guerchino*; that thou from a most pittied prisoner shouldst grow a most loathed flatterer: Alas poore *Celso*, thy stairs opprest, thou art an honest Lord, tis pittie.

Equat. Ist pittie?

Mal. I marry ist Philosophicall *Equato*, and tis pittie that thou being so exce'ent a Scholler by Art, shouldst be so ridiculous a foole by Nature: I haue a thing to tel you Duke; bid vm auant, bid vm aunnt.

Pietro. Leauē vs, leauē vs, now fir what ist?

Exeunt all sauing Pietro and Maleuole.

Mal. Duke thou art a *Beco*, a *Cornute*.

Pietro. How?

Mal. Thou art a Cuckold.

Pietro. Speake; vnshale him quick.

Mal. With most tumbler-like nimbleeues.

Pietro. Who? by whom? I burst with desire.

Mal. *Mendoza* is the man makes thee a horn'd beast; Duke 'tis *Mendoza* cornutes thee.

Pietro. What conformance, relate, short, short.

Mal. As a Lawyers beard,

There is an old Crone in the Conrt, her name is Maquerelle, Shee is my mistres sooth to say, and shee dooth euer tell me, Blirt a time; blirt a rime; Maquerelle is a cunning Bawde, I am an honest villaine thy wife is a close Drab, and thou art a notorious Cuckold, farewell Duke.

Pietro

2.

M'ALECONTENT.

Pietro, Stay, Stay.

Mal, Dull, dull Duke. can lazy patience make lame re-
uenge ; O God for a woman to make a man that which
God neuer created, neuer made.

Pietro. What did God neuer make?

Mal. A Cockold: To be made a thing thats hud-winkt
with kindnesse whilst euery rascall philips his browes ; to
haue a Cox-combe with egregious hornes, pind to a Lords
back, euery page sporting himtselfe with delightfull laugh-
ter, whlst he must be the last must know it ; Pistols and Po-
niards, Pistols and Poinards.

Pietro. Death and dammation !

Mal. Lightning and thunder !

Pietro. Vengeance and torture !

Mal. *Cazzo!*

Pietro. O reuenge !

Mal. I would dam him and all his generation, my owne
hands should do it ; ha I would not trust heauen with my
vengeance any thing.

Pietro. Any thing, any thing *Maleuole* thou shalt see in-
stantly what temper my spirit houlds ; farewell, remember,
I forget thee not, farewell. *Exit Pietro*.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Celso.

Celso. My honor'd Lord.

Mal. Peace, speake low ; peace, O *Celso*, constant Lord,
(Thou to whose faith I onely rest discouered,
Thou one of full ten millions of men
That louest vertue onely for it selfe,
Thou in whose handes olde OPS may put her soule ;)
Behold for euer banisht *Alcofront*
This *Genoas* last yeares Duke, O truly noble,
I wanted those old instruments of state,
Dissemblance, and suspect: I could not time it *Celso*,

MALECONTENT.

My throane stood like a point in midd'st of a circle,
 To all of equall neere nesse, bore with none :
 Raine all alike, so slept in fearelesse vertue,
 * Suspectles, too suspectles : till the crowde :
 (Still liquerous of vntried nouelties)
 Impatient with seuerer government :
 Made strong with *Florence* : banisht *Altofront*.

Celfo. Strong with *Florence*, I thence your mischiefe rose,
 For when the daughter of the *Florentine* :
 Was matched once with this *Pietro* now Duke,
 No stratagem of state vntride was left, till you of all--

Mal. Of all was quite bereft,
 Alas *Maria* too close prisoned :
 My true faith'd Dutches i'the *Citadell*.

Celfo. Ile still adhere, lets mutinie and dye.

Mal. O no, clime not a falling towre *Celfo*,
 Tis well held desperation, no zeale :
 Hopelesse to strue with fate (peace) Temporize.
 Hope, hope, that neuer forsak't the wretchedst man,
 Yet bidst me liue, and lurke in this disguise.
 What? play I well the free breath'd discontent?

Why man we are all Philosophicall Monarkes or naturall
 fooles, *Celfo* the Courts a fiar, the dutches sheets will smoke
 for't ere it be long : Impure *Mendoza* that sharpe nos'd
 Lord, that made the cursed match linkt *Genoa* with *Florence*
 now brode hornes the Duke, which he now knowes : Dis-
 cord to malecontents is very *Manna*, when the rankes are
 burst then scuffle *Altofrons*.

Celfo. I but durst.

Mal. Tis gone, tis swallowed like a minerall, some way
 'twil worke, phe wt ile not shrinke, ,, *Hess resolute who can*
no lower siake.

Celfo. Yonder's *Mendoza*.

Discrries Mendoza.

Mal. True, the priuie key.

Celfo. I take my leaue sweete Lord.

Exit Celfo.

Mal. Tis fit, away.

SCENA.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Mendoza with three or foure suitors.

Mend. Leauē your suites with me, I can and will; attend my secretary, leauē me.

Mal. *Mendoza* harke yee, harke yee. You are a treacherous villaine, God buye yee.

Mend. Out you base borne rascall.

Mal. We are all the sonnes of heauen though a *Tripe* wife were our mother; a you whore-sonne hot raynde hee *Marmoset*, *Egistus* didst euer here of one *Egistus*?

Mend. *Gistus*?

Mal. I *Egistus*, he was a filthy incontinent *Fleishmonger*, such a one as thou art.

Mend. Out grumbling roage,

Mal. *Orestes*, beware *Orestes*.

Mend. Out beggar.

Mal. I once shall rise,

Mend. Thou rise?

Mal. I at the resurrection.

„No vulger see de but once may rise, and shall,

„No King so huge, but fore he die may fall.

Exit.

Mend. Now good *Elizium*, what a delicious heauen is it for a mā to be in a Princes fauour: ô sweet God, ô pleasure! ô Fortune! ô all thou best of life! what should I thinke: what say? what do? to be a fauorite? a minion? to haue a generall timorous respect, obserue a man, a statefull science in his presence: solitarinesse in his absence, a confused hum and busie murmure of obsequious suters trayning him; the cloth held vp, and waye proclaimd before him: Petitionary vassailes licking the pauement with their slavish knees, whilst some odde pällace *Lampreel*s that ingender with Snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides with a kinde of insinuated humblenesse fixe all their delights vpon his browe: O blessed state what a

rauiſhing proſpect doth the *Olympus* of fauor yeeld; Death, I cornute the Duke : ſweet women, moſt ſweet Ladies, nay Angels ; by heauen he is more accuſed then a Diuell that hates you, or is hated by you, and happier then a God that loues you, or is beloued by you; you preſeruets of mankind, liſe blood of ſociety, who would liue, nay who can liue without you? O Paradice, how maieſticall is your auſterer preſence? how imperiouſlie chaſte is your more modeſt face? but ô! how full of rauifhing attraction is your pretty, petulant, languifhing, laciuiouſly-compoſed countenance: theſe amorous ſmiles, thoſe ſoule-warming ſparkling glance; ardent as thoſe flames that ſing'd the world by heedles *Phaeton*; in body how delicate, in ſoule how witty, in diſcourſe how pregnant, in liſe how wary, in fauours how iudicious, in day how ſociable, and in night how? O pleaſure vnutterable, indeed it is moſt certaine, one man cannot deſerue onely to inioy a beautious woman: but a Dutcheſe? in diſpight of *Phæbus* Ile write a Sonnet inſtantly in praiſe of her.

Exit.

SCENA SEXTA.

Enter Farneze uſhering Aurelia, Emillia and Maquerelle bearing vp her traine, Beancha attending: all goe out but Aurelia, Maquerelle and Farneze.

Aur. And iſt poſſible? *Mendoza* ſlight me, poſſible?

Fer. Poſſible? what can be ſtrange in him thats drunke with fauour.

Groes inſolent with grace? ſpeake *Maquerelle*, ſpeake.

Maqu. To ſpeake feelingly, more, more richely in ſollid ſence then worthleſſe words, giue me thoſe Iewels of your cares to receiue my inforced dutie, as for my part tis well *knowne I can put any thing; can beare patiently with any man: But when I heard hee wronged your pretious ſweetneſſe, I was inforced to take deepe offence; Tis moſt certaine he loues *Emilia* with high appetite; and as ſhe told

me

* *Ferneze* primatly feeds *Maquerelles* hands with iewels during this ſpeech.

me (as you know we woemen impart our secrets one to another) when she repulsed his suite, in that he was possessed with your indeered grace: *Mendoza* most ingratfully renounced all fayth to you.

Fer. Nay, cald you, speake *Maquerelle*, speake.

Mag. By heauen witch? dride bisque, and conteste blushlesly hee lou'd you but for a spurt or soe,

Fer. For maintenance.

Mag. Aduancement and regarde.

Aur. O villaine? O impudent *Mendoza*.

Mag. Nay he is the rustiest iawde, the fowlest mouthd knaue in rayling against our sex: he will raile agen woemen.

Aur. How? how?

Mag. I am asham'd to speake, I.

Aur. I loue to hate him, speake.

Mag. Why when *Emilia* scornde his base vnsteddiness the blacke throated rascal scoulded, and sedde.

Aur. What?

Mag. Troth tis too shamelesse.

Aur. What saide he?

Mag. Why that at foure woemen were fooles, at foure-
teene Drabbes, at forty bawdes, at fourescore witches, and
a hundreth Cats.

Aur. O vnlimitable impudencie!

Fer. Bu: as for poore *Fernexes* fixed hart,
Was neuer shadlesse meadow drier parcht,
Vnder the scorching heate of heauens dog,
Then is my hart with your inforcing eyes,

Mag. A hotte simile.

Fer. Your smiles haue bin my heauẽ your frowns my hel,
O pittie then; Grace should with beautie dwell.

Mag. Reasonable perfect bir-lady,

Aur. I will loue thee, be it but in d'spight,
Of that *Mendoza*: witch! *Ferneze*: witch!

Ferneze thou art the Dutches fauorith,
Be faithfull, priuate, but tis dangerous,

M A L E C O N T E N T.

Fer., His loue is linelesse, that for loue fears breath,
 ,, The worst thats due to sinne, O would't were death.

Aur. Enioy my fauor, I wil be sick instantly & take phisick,
 There fore in depth of night, visit

Maq. Visit her chamber, but conditionally you shall not
 offend her bed: by this Diamond.

Fer. By this Diamond. ——— Gines it to Maquerelle.

Maq. Nor tarry longer then you please: by this Ruby.

Fer. By this Ruby. ——— Gines againe.

Maq. And that the doore shall not creake.

Fer. And that the doore shall not creake.

Mal Nay but sweare.

Fer. By this purse: ——— Gines her his purse.

Maq. Goe to, Ile keepe your oathes for you: remem-
 ber, visit.

Enter Mendoza reading a sonnet.

Aur. Dry'd bisquet? looke where the base wretch comes,

Men. Beauties life, Heauens modell, Loues Queene.

Maq. Thats his *Emilia*.

Mend. Natures triumph, best on Earth.

Maq. Meaning *Emillia*.

Mend. Thou onely wonder that the world hath scene.

Maq. Thats *Emillia*.

Aur. Must I then here her praids? *Mendoza*.

Mend. Madam, your excellency is graciously incountred;
 I haue bin writing passionate flashes in honor of -- *Exit Fer.*

Aur. Out villaine, villaine, () iudgment where haue bin
 my cies? what bewitched election made me doate on thee?
 what forcery made me loue thee; but be gone, bury thy
 head; O that I could doe more then loath thee: Hence
 worst of ill, *No reason else, our reason is our will.*

Exit with Maquer.

Mend. Women? nay furies, nay worse, for they tormente
 onely the bad, but women good and bad.

Damnation of mankinde breath hast thou praids them for
 this? And ist you *Fern.* are wrigled into smock grace, sit
 sure,

MALECONTENT.

sure, O that I could raile against these monsters in nature, models of hell, curse of the earth, women that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt they care not how they accomplish, without all premeditation or preuention, rash in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extreame in desiring, slaues vnto appetite, mistresses in dissembling, onely constant in vnconstancie, onely perfect in counterfetting: their wordes are fained, their eyes forg'd, their sights dissembled, their lookes counterfeit, their haire false, their giuen hopes deceitfull, their very breath artificiall:

Their blood is their onely God: Bad clothes, and old age are onely the Diuels they tremble at:
That I could raile now.

SCENA SEPTIMA.

Enter Pietro his swordes drawne.

Piet. A mischiefe fill thy throate, thou fowle iaw'd slaue:
Say thy prayers.

Mend. I ha forgot vm.

Piet. Thou shalt dye.

Mend. So shalt thou; I am hart mad.

Piet. I am horne mad.

Mend. Extreame mad.

Pietr. Monstrously mad.

Mend. Why?

Pietro. Why? thou, thou hast dishonored my bed.

Mend. I? come, come, sit, heeres my bare heart to thee,
As steddy as is this center to the glorious world,
And yet harke, thou art a *Cornuto*; but by me?

Pietro. Yes slaue by thee.

Mend. Do not, do not with tart and spleenfull breath,
Loose him can loose thee; I offend my Duke?
Bare record O yee dumbe and raw aird nights,
How vigilant my sleepleffe eyes haue bin,

MALECONTENT.

To watch the Traitor ; record thou spirit of truth,
 With what debasement I ha throwne my telfe,
 To vnder offices, onely to learne
 The truth, the party, time, the meanes the place,
 By whom, and when, and where thou wert disgrac'd :
 And am I paid with slaue ? hath my intrusion
 To places priuate, and prohibited,
 Onely to obserue the closer passages :
 Heauen knowes with vowes of reuelation,
 Made me suspected, made me deem'd a villaine ?
 What roage hath wronged vs ?

Piet. Mendoza, I may erre.

Mend. Erre ? tis too mild a name, but erre and erre,
 Runne giddy with suspect, fore through me thou know,
 That which most creatures saue thy telfe doe know,
 Nay since my seruice hath so loath'd reiect,
 Fore Ile reueale, shalt finde them clipt together.

Piet. Mendoza, thou knowst I am a most plaine brested mā.

Mend. The fitter to make a Cuckold, would your browes
 were most plaine too.

Piet. Tell me, indeed I heard thee raile ?

Mend. At womē, true, why what cold fleame could chose,
 Knowing a Lord so honest, vertuous,
 So boundlesse louing, bounteous, faire-shapt, sweete,
 To be contemn'd, abus'd, defam'd, made Cuckold,
 Hart, I hate all women for't : sweete sheetes, waxe lights,
 Antique bed-posts, Cambrick smocks, villanous Curtaines,
 Arras pictures, oylde hinges, and all ye tong-tide lasciuious
 witnessses of great creatures wantonnesse : what saluation
 can you expect ?

Piet. Wilt thou tell me ?

Mend. Why you may find it your selfe, obserue, obserue.

Piet. I ha not the patience, wilt thou deserue me ; teli,
 giue it.

Mend. Take', why *Ferneze* is the man, *Ferneze*, ile proourt,
 this night you shall take him, in your sheets, wilt serue.

Piet. It

MALECONTENT.

Piet. It will, my bozomes in some peace, till night.

Mend. What?

Piet. Farewell.

Mend. God how weake a Lord are you,
Why doe you thinke there is no more but so?

Piet. Why?

Mend. Nay then will I presume to councell you,
It should be thus; you with some garde vpon the suddaine
Breake into the Princes chamber, I stay behinde
Without the doore, through which he needs must passe,
Ferneze flies, let him, to me he comes, hee's kild
By me, obserue by me, you follow, I raile,
And seeme to saue the body: *Dutches* comes
On whom (respecting her aduanced birth,
And your faire nature) I know, nay I doe know
No violence must be vsed. She comes, I storme,
I praise, excuse *Ferneze*, and still maintaine
The *Dutches* honor, she for this loues me,
I honour you, shall know her soule, you mine,
Then naught shall she contriue in vengeance,
(As women are most thoughtfull in reuenge)
Of her *Ferneze*, but you shall sooner know't
Then she can think.

————— *Thus shall his death come sure,
Your Dutches braine-caught; so your life secure.*

Piet. It is too well, my bozome, and my hart,

„ *When nothing helpes, cut of the rotten part..* Exit.

„ *Mend.* Who cannot faine friendship, can nere produce
the effects of hatred: „ *Honest foole duke, subtil lasciuious
Dutches, silly nouice ferneze; I doe laugh at yee, my braine
is in labour til it produce mischiefe, & I feele sudden thro's,
proofes sensible, the issue is at hand.*

„ *As Beares shape young, so Ile forme my deuise,*

„ *Which growne prooues horrid: Vengeance makes men wise.*

MALECONTENT.

ACTVS SECVNDVS. SCE. PRIMA.

Enter Mendoza with a Sconce, to obserue Fernezes entrance, who whilst the Act is playing: Enter vnbraced 2. Pages before him with lights, is met by Maquerelle and conuaid in. The pages sent away.

Men. Hee's caught, the Woodcocks head is i'th noose,
 Now treads *Ferneze* in daungerous path of lust,
 Swearing his fence is meereley deified.
 The foole grasps clouds, and shall beget *Centaures*.
 And now in strength of panting faine delight,
 The Goate bids heauen enuis him, good Goose,
 I can afforde thee nothing but the poore cōfort of calamity,
 „ Lusts like the plummetts hanging on clock lines, (Pitty
 „ Will nere a done till all is quite is vndone.
 Such is the course salt fallow lust doth ruune.
 Which thou shalt trie; Ile be reueng'd, Duke thy susp^ece
 Dutches thy disgrace, *Ferneze* thy riuall-ship,
 Shall haue swift vengeance, nothing so holy,
 No band of nature so strong,
 No law of friendship so sacred,
 But iie prophane, burst, violate
 Fore iie indure disgrace: contempt and pouertie:
 Shall I whose very humme, strooke ail heads bare,
 Whose face made scilence: creaking of whose shoue,
 Fore'd the most priuate passages flie ope,
 Scrape like a seruile dog at some latch'd doore?
 Learne now to make a leg? and cry beseech yee,
 Pray yee is such a Lord within? be aw'd
 At some odde vsers scolt formality?
 First seare my braines: *Vnde cadis non quo refert*.
 My hart cries perish all, how? how? *What fate*
 „ Can once auoide reuenge, thats desperate,
 Ile to the Duke, if all should ope, if? cusch
 „ Fortune still doets on those who cannot blussh.

SCENA.

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Maleuole at one doore, Beancha, Emilia and
Maquerelle at the other doore.*

Mal. Blesse ye cast a Ladies; ha *Dipsas*, how doost thou
Maq. Olde Cole? (old *Cole*;

Mal. I old *Cole*, me thinkes thou liest like a brand vnder
these billits of greene wood.

He that wil inflame a yonge wenches hart, let him lay close
to her, an ould *Cole* that hath first bin fierd a *pandresse*, my
halfe burnt lynt, who though thou canst not flame thy selfe
yet art able to set a 1000. virgins tapers a fiar: and how do's *To Beancha.*
Ianiere thy husband, my little periwinckle: is a trobled with
the cough a the Lunges still? does he hawke anights still? he
will not bite.

Bean. No by my troth, I tooke him with his mouth emp-
tie of ould teeth.

Mal. And he tooke thee with thy belly full of yong bones
marry he tooke his maim by the stroake of his enemy,

Bean. And I mine by the stroake of my friende:

Mal. The close stock, ô mortall wench; Lady ha ye now no
restoratiues for your decayed *Iasons*, looke yee, Crabs guts,
bak't, distill'd Oxe-pith, the puluerized hairs of a Lions vp-
per lip, gelly of Cock-sparrowes, Hee Monkeis marrow, or
powder of Foxe-stones; and whither are all you ambling
now?

Bean. Why to bed, to bed.

Mal. Doe your husbands lye with yee?

Bean. That were countie fashion yfaith.

Mal. Ha yee no fo goers about you; come, whether in
good d'ed law now?

Maq. In good indeed law now, to eate the most miracu-
lously, admirably, astonishable compos'd Posset with three
Curds, without any drinke: will yee helpe me with a Hee
I ex: hecr's the Duke.

Exeunt Ladies.

SCENA TERTIA.

*Enter Duke Pietro, Count Celso, Count Equato,
Biliofo, Ferrard, and Mendoza.*

Piet. The night growes deepe and fowle, what houre ist?

Celso. Vpon the stroake of twelue.

Mal. Saue yee Duke.

Piet. From thee, begone I do not loue thee, let me see thee no more, we are displeas'd.

Mal. Why God buy thee, heauen heare my curse,
May thy wife and thee liue long together.

Piet. Be gone firra.

Mal. When *Arthur* first in Court began, -- *Agamemnon*
Menelaus-- was euer any Duke a *Cornuto*?

Piet. Begon hence.

Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?

Mend. Out with him.

Mal. With most seruile patience time will come,
When wonder of thy error will strike dumbe,
Thy beseld sence, slaues I fauour, I marry shall he, rise,

„ *Good God how subtile Hell doth flatter vice,*

„ *Moune him aloft, and makes him seeme to flie,*

„ *As foule the Tortois mockt: who to the skie,*

„ *T' b' ambitious shell fish rais'd t' b' end of all,*

„ *Is onely that from height he might dead fall*

Exit

Piet. It shall be so.

Mend. It must be so, for where great States reuenge,

„ Tis requisite, the parts with pietie

„ And loft respect forbeares, be closely dogd,

„ Lay one into his breast shall sleepe with him,

„ Feede in the same dish, run in selfe faction,

„ Who may discouer any shape of danger,

„ For once disgrac'd, displaid in offence,

„ It makes man blusshlesse, and man is (all confesse)

More

M A L E C O N T E N T.

More prone to vengeance then to gratefulnesse.

Fauours are writ in dust, but stripes we feele,

Depraued nature stamps in lasting Steele.

Pis. You shalbe leauged with the Dutches.

Equat. The plot is very good.

Mend. You shall both kill, and seeme the course to saue.

Ferrad. A most fine braine trick.

Celfo. Of a most cunning knaue. *tacite.*

Pietro My Lords: The heauy action we intend,

Is death and shame, two of the vglieft shapes

That can confound a soule, thinke, thinke of it;

I strike but yet like him that gainst stone walles^p

Directs his shaftes, reboundes in his owne face,

My Ladies shame is mine, O God tis mine.

Therefore I do coniure all secrese,

Let it be as very little as may be; pray yee, as may be?

Make frightlesse entrance, salute her with soft eyes,

Straine naught with blood, onely *Ferneze* dies,

But not before her browes: O Gentlemen

God knowes I loue her, nothing els, but this

I am not well; if grieffe that sucks veines drye,

Riue's the skinne, casts ashes in mens faces,

Be-duls the eye, vnstrengthens all the blood,

Chance to remooue me to an other world,

As sure I once must dye: let him succede:

I haue no childe, all that my youth begot,

Hath bin your loues, which shall inherit me,

Which as it euer shall, I doe coniure it

Mendoza may succeed, hees noble borne:

With me of much desert.

Celfo. Much.

tacite.

Pietro. Your silence answers I,

I thanke you, come on now, ô that I might die,

Before her shames displaide, would I were forst

To burne my fathers Tombe, vnhill his boanes,

And dash them in the durt, rather then this:

MALCONTENT.

This both the liuing and the dead offends,
In Sharpe surgery Where nought but death attends.

Exit With others.

SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Maquetelle, Emillia and Beanca,
with a Posset.*

Mag. Euen here it is, three curds in three regions indi-
uallie distinct,
Most methodically according to art compos'd, without a-
ny drinke.

Bean. Without any drinke.

Mag. Vpon my honour, will yee sit and eate.

Emil. Good, the composure, the receite, how ist:

Mag. Tis a pretty pearle, by this pearle, (how dost with
me) thus it is, seauen and thirty yowlks of *Barbarie* hennes
eggs, eightene spoonfulles and a halfe of the loice of cock-
sparrowe bones, one ounce, three drams, foure scruples, and
one quarter of the Sirrop of *Ethiopian* Dates, sweetned with
three quarters of a pound of pure *Candid Indian* *Eringes*,
strow'd ouer with the powder of Pearle of *America*, *Amber*
of *Cataia*, and Lambe stones of *Muscovia*.

Bean. Trust me the ingredients are very Cordiall, and no
question good, and most powerfull in restauration.

Mag. I know not what you meane by restauration, but
this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheeth the skinne, in-
lifeneth the eye, strengthneth the vaines, mundeifieth the
teeth, comforteth the stomacke, fortifieth the backe, and
quickeneth the wit, thats all.

Emil. By my troth I haue eaten but two spoonefuls, and
me thinkes I could discourse most swiftly, and wittily al-
ready.

Mag. Haue you the art to seeme honest.

Bean. I thanke aduise and practise.

Mag.

M A L E C O N T E N T.

Maq. Why then eate me a this posselt, quicken your blood, and preserue your beauty, doe you knowe Doctor Plaster-face: by this curd he is the most exquisite in forging of veines, sprighting of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheeks, surpheling of breasts, blanching and bleaching of teeth, that euer made an ould ladie gracious by torch-light: by this curd law.

Bean. Well we are resolu'd, what God has giuen vs weell cherish.

Maq. Cherish any thing sauing your husband, keepe him not too high least he leape the pale: but for your beauty, let it be your Saint, bequeath two howers to it euery morning in your closet: I ha bin yong, and yet in my conscience I am not aboute fise and twenty, but beleue me, preserue and vse your beauty, for youth and beautie once gone, we are like Beehiues without honey: out a fashion, apparell that no man will weare, therefore vse me your beauty.

Emil. I but men say.

Maq. Men say, let men say what the will, like a woman, they are ignorant of our wants, the more in yeeres the more in perfection the grow: if they loose youth and beauty, they gaine wisdom and discretion: But when our beauty fades, godnight with vs, there cannot be an vglie thing to see then an ould woman, from which, δ pruning, pinching, and painting, deliuer all sweete beauties.

Bean. Harke musique.

Maq. Peace tis ithe Dutches bed-chamber, good rest most prosperously grac'd ladies.

Emil. God night centinell.

Bean. Night deere Maquerelle.

Exeunt all but Maq.

Maq. May my posselts operation send you my witt and honesty,

And me your youth and beauty: the pleasingst rest.

Exit Maq.

MALECONTENT.

SCENA QUINTA.

A Song.

Whilest the Song is singing, enter Mendoza with his sword
drawne standing readie to murder Ferneze as he
flies from the Dutches chamber.

Tumult
within.

All. Strike, strike.

Aur. Saue my Ferneze, ô saue my Ferneze.

Enter Ferneze in his shirt, & is receiued vpon Mendoz. sword.

All. Follow, persue.

Aur. O saue Ferneze.

Mend. Pierce, pierce, thou shallow foole drop there,
„ He that attempts a Princes lawlesse loue,
„ Must haue broad hands, close hart with Argos eyes,
„ And back of Hercules, or els he dyes. thrusts his rapier in
Enter Aurelia, Duke Pietro, Ferrard, Bilioso, Ferro,
Celfo and Equato.

All. Follow, follow,

Mend. Stand off, forbear, yee most vnciuill Lords.

Piet. Strike.

Mendoza
bestrides the
wounded
body of Fer-
neze and
seemes to
saue him.

Mend. Do not; tempt not a man resolu'd;
Would you inhumane murderers more then death?

Aur. O poore Ferneze.

Mend. Alas now all defence too late.

Aur. Hee's dead.

Piet. I am sory for our shame: go to your bed:
Weepe not too much, but leaue some teares to shed
When I am dead.

Aur. What weepe for thee? my soule no teares shal find.

Piet. Alas, alas, that womens soules are blind.

Mend. Betray such beauty? murder such youth? con-
temne ciuilitie,

He loues him not that railes not at him.

Piet. Thou canst not mooue vs: we haue blood inough;
And please you Lady we haue quite forgot

All

MALECONTENT.

All your defects : if not, why then

Aur. Not.

Piet. Not: the best of rest, good night. *Exit Pietro with*

Aur. Despight goe with thee. *other Courtiers.*

Mend. Madam, you ha done me foule disgrace,
You haue wrongd him much, loues you too much.
Goe to; your foule knowes you haue.

Aur. I thinke I haue.

Mend. Do you but thinke so?

Aur. Nay sure I haue, my eyes haue witnessed thy loue,
Thou hast stood too firme for me.

Mend. Why tell me faire checkt Lady, who euen in teares
Art powerfully beautious, what vnadvised passion
Strooke yee into such a violent heate against me,
Speake, what mischiese wrongd vs? what diuell iniur'd vs?
Speake?

Aur. That thing nere worthy of the name of mā; *Ferneze*,
Ferneze swore thou lou'st *Emillia*,
Which to aduance, with most reprochfull breath,
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my loue.

Mend. Ignoble Villaine, did I for this bestride
Thy wounded limbs; for this? ranck opposite
Euen to my Soueraigne : for this? O God for this?
Sunke all my hopes, and with my hopes my life,
Ript bare my throate vnto the hangmans Axe,
Thou most dishonour'd trunk ————— *Emillia*?
By life I know her not ————— *Emillia*?
Did you belecue him?

Aur. Pardon me, I did.

Mend. Did you, and therevpon you graced him?

Aur. I did.

Mend. Tooke him to fauour, nay euen claspd with him?

Aur. Alas I did.

Mend. This night?

Aur. This night.

Mend. And in your lustfull twines the Duke tooke you?

MALECONTENT.

Aur. A most sad truth.

Mend. O God, O God, how we dull honest soules,
Heavy braind men, are swallowed in the bogs
Of a deceitfull ground, whilst nimble bloods,
Light jointed spirits pear, cut good mens throats,
And scape alas, I am too honest for this age,
Too full of fleame, and heauy steddinesse:
Stood still whilst this slaue cast a noose about me;
Nay then to stand in honor of him, and her,
Who had euen slic'd my hart.

Aur. Come I did erre, and am most sorry, I did erre.

Mend. Why we are both but dead, the Duke hates vs,
,, And those whom Princes doe once groundly hate,
,, Let them provide to dye; as sure as fate,
,, Preuention is the hart of pollicie.

Aur. Shall we murder him.

Mend. Instantly?

Aur. Instantly, before he casts a plot,
Or further blaze my honours much knowne blot,
Lets murder him.

Mend. I would do much for you, will ye marry me?

Aur. Ile make thee Duke, we are of *Medices*,
Florence our friend, in court my faction
Not meanly strength-full; the Duke then dead,
We well prepar'd for change: the multitude
Irresolutely reeling: we in force:
Our partie seconded: the kingdome mazde:
No doubt of swift successe all shalbe grac'd.

Mend. You do confirme me, we are resolute,
To morrow looke for change, rest confident.
Tis now about the immodest waste of night,
The mother of moist dew with pall'd light,
Spreds gloomy shades about the nummed earth.
Sleep, sleepe, whilst we contriue our mich efes birth:
This man ile get inhum'de, farewell, to bed,
I kisse thy pillow, dreame, the duke is dead. *Exit Aurelia.*

So,

MALECONTENT.

So, so, good night, how fortune dotes on impudence,
I am in priuate the adopted sonne of yon good Prince,
I must be Duke, why if I must, I must,
Most filly Lord, name me? O heauen
I see God made honest fooles, to maintaine craftie knaues:
The dutches is wholly mine too; must kill her husband
To quit her shame, mutch: then marry her: I,
O I grow prowd in prosperous trecherie:
*As wrestlers clip, so ile imbrace you all,
Not to support, but to procure your fall.*

Enter Maleuole.

Mal. God arrest thee.

Mend. At whose suite?

Mal. At the diuels: ha you treacherous damnable monster,
How doost? how doost thou treacherous roage?
Ha yee rascall, I am banisht the Court, Sirra.

Mend. Prethee lets be acquainted, I do loue thee faith,

Mal. At your seruice, by the Lord law, shals go to supper,
Lets be once drunke together, and so vnite a most vertu-
ously strenghtened friendship, shals *Hugonot*, shals?

Mend. Wilt fall vpon my chamber to morrow morne.

Mal. As a Rauen to a dunghill: they say ther's one dead
here pickt for the pride of the flesh.

Mend. *Ferneze*: there he is, prey thee bury him.

Mal. O most willingly, I meane to turne pure Rochell
Churchman, I.

Mend. Thou Churchman, why? why?

Mal. Because ile liue lazely, raile vpon authoritie, deny
Kings supremacie in things indifferent, and bee a Pope in
mine owne parish.

Mend. Wherefore doost thou thinke Churches were
made?

Mal. To scoure Plough-shares, I ha seene Oxen plough
vp Altars: *Et nunc seges vbi sion fuit.*

Mend. Strange.

MALECONTENT.

Mal. Nay monstrous, I ha seene a sumptuous steeple turned to a stinking priuie : more beastly, the sacredst place made a Doggs kenill : nay most inhumane, the ston'd coffins of long dead Christians burst vp, and made Hogstroughs. ————— *Hic finis Priami.*

Shall I ha some sack, and cheefe at thy chamber:

Good night good mischiuous incarnate diuill, godnight

Mendoze, ha, yee Inhumain villaine godaight, night sub.

Men. God night: to morrow morne. *Exit Mendoze.*

Mal. I, I will come friendly Damnation, I will come, I doe diserie crosse-poynts, honesty, and court-ship, straddle as farre a sunder, as a true Frenchmans legges.

Ferne. O!

Mal. Proclamations, more proclamations.

Fer. O a Surgion.

Mal. Hark, lust cries for a surgion, what news from *Limbo* How does the ground cuckold *Lucifer*.

Fer. O helpe, helpe, conceale & saue me.

{ *Ferneze stirs & Mal. helps him vp and conuauies him away. }*

Mal. Thy shame more then thy wounds do grieue me far,
 „ Thy woundes but leaue vpon thy flesh some skarre:
 „ But fame neare heales still ranckl's worfe and worfe,
 „ Such is of vncontrolled Lust the curffe.
 „ Thinke what it is in lawlesse sheetes to lye,
 „ But ô *Ferneze* what in lust to die:
 „ Then thou that shame respects, ô flie conuerse
 „ With womens eyes and lisping wantoness:
 „ Stick candells gainst a virgin walles white back,
 „ If they not burne, yet at the least theile blacke,
 Come Ile conuey thee to a priuate porte,
 Where thou shalt liue (O happy man) from court.
 The beautie of the daye begins to rize,
 From whose bright forme *Nights* heaue shadow flies.
 Now gins close plots to worke, the Seane growes full,
 And craues his eyes who hath a sollid Skull, *Exiunt.*

ACTVS TERTIVS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Pietro the Duke, Mendoz: Count Equato and Biliofo.

Piet. Tis growne to youth of day, how shall we wast this
My hart's more heauie then a tyrants crowne. (light ?
Shall we goe hunt ? Prepare for field. *Exit Equa.*

Mend. Would yee could be merry.

Piet. Would God I could : *Mendoz* a bid am hast. *Exit*
I would faine shift place, O vaine reliefe. *Mendo.*

Sad soules may well change, place, but not change grieffe:
As Deere being struck flie thorow many soyles,
Yet still the shaft stick fast, so,

Mend. A good old simile my honest Lord.

Piet. I am not much vlike to some sickman,
That long desired hurtfull drinke; at last
Swilles in and drinke his last, ending at once
Both life and thirst: O would I nere had knowne
My owne dishonor: good God, that men should
Desire to search out that, which being found kils all
Their ioye of life: to taste the tree of Knowledge,
And then be driuen from our Paradice.
Canst giue me some comfort ?

Bili. My Lord, I haue some bookes which haue bene
dedicated to my honor, and I neare read am, and yet they
had very fine names: *Phisicke for Fortune: Lozenges of sancti-*
fied sinceruy: very prettie workes of Curats, Scriueners and
Schoolemaisters. Mary I remember one *Seneca, Lucius A-*
neus Seneca.

Piet. Out vpon him, he writ of Temperance and Forti-
tude, yet liued like a voluptuous Epicure, and died like an
effeminate coward. Hast thee to *Florence:* heere take our
Letters, see um seald, awaye: report in puiate to the ho-
nourd duke his daughters fore'd disgrace, tell him at length
we know too much, *Due complasms aduance.*

Theres naught thars safe and sweete but Ignorance.

Exit Duke.

MALECONTENT.

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Maleuole in some freeze gowne whilest Biliofo
reads his Patent.*

Mal. I cannot sleepe, my eyes ill neighbouring lids
Will holde no fellowship: O thou pale sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all sence doost sleepe:
Thou that giues all the world full leaue to play,
Vnbendst the feebled vaines of sweatie labour;
The Gally-flaue, that all the toilesome day,
Tugges at his oare against the stubborne waue,
Straining his rugged vaines; snores fast:
The stooping Sitheman that dooth barbe the field,
Thou makst winke sure: in night all creatures sleepe,
Onely the Malecontent, that gainst his fate,
Repines and quarrels, alas hees goodman tell-clock,
His fallow iaw-bones sincke with wasting mone,
Whilst others beds are downe, his pillowes stone.

Bili. Maleuole.

Mal. Elder of Izrael, thou honest defect of wicked nature and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with her?

Bili. I am going Embassadour to *Florence*.

Mal. Embassador, now for thy countries honor, preethe doe not put vp Mutton and Porredge i' thy clock-bag: thy yong lady wife goes to *Florence* with thee too do's she not?

Bili. No, I leaue her at the Pallace.

Mal. At the Pallace? now discretion shield man, for Gods loue lets ha no more cuckolds, *Hymen* begins to put of his Saffron robe, keepe thy wife i' the state of grace, hart a truth, I would sooner leaue my lady singled in a *Bordello*, then in the *Genoa* pallace, sinne there appearing in her sluttish shape Would soone grow loathsome, euen to blushes sence, Surfet would cloake intemperare appetite, Make the soule sent the rotten breath of lust, When in an *Italian* lasciuious Pallace, a Lady gardianlesse. Left to the push of all allurement, The strongest incitements to immodestie,

MALECONTENT.

To haue her bound, incens'd with wanton sweetes,
 Her vaines fill'd hie with heating delicates,
 Soft rest, sweete Musick, amorous Masquerers, lasciuious
 banquets, sinne it selfe gilt ore, strong phantasie tricking vp
 strange delights, presenting it dressed pleasingly to sence,
 sence leading it vnto the soule, confirmed with potent ex-
 ample, impudent custome intic'd by that great bawd op-
 portunitie, thus being prepar'd, clap to her easie eare,
 youth in good clothes, well shapt, rich, faire-spoken, promi-
 sing-noble, ardent bloud-ful, wittie, flattering: *Ulysses* absent,
 O *Ithaca* can chafteft *Penelope* hold out.

Bil. Masse ile thinke on't farewell. *Exit Bilioso.*

Mal. Farewell, take thy wife with the, farewell,
 To *Florence*, um? it may prooue good, it may,
 And we may once vnmaske our browes.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Count Celzo.

Cel. My honour'd Lord.

Mal. Celso peace, how ist? speake loe, pale feares suspect
 that hedges, walls & trees haue eares, speake how runs all?

Cel. I faith my Lord, that beast with many heads
 The staggering multitude recoiles apace,
 Though thorow great mens enuie, most mens mallice,
 Their much intemperate heate hath banisht you.
 Yet now they find enuie and mallice neere,
 Produce faint reformation.

The Duke, the too soft Duke lies as a block,
 For which two tugging fact'ions seeme to lawe,
 But still the Yron through the ribbes they drawe.

Mal. I tell thee *Celzo*, I haue euer found
 Thy brest most farre from shifting cowardize
 And fearfull basenesse: therefore ile tell thee *Celzo*,
 I finde the winde begins to come about, (ly force,
 Ile shift my sute of fortune, I know the *Florentine* whose on-
 By marrying his prou'd daughter to this Prince,
 Both banisht me, and made this weake Lord Duke,
 Will now forsake them all, be sure he will:

MALECONTENT.

He lye in ambush for conueniencie,
Vpon their feuerance to confirme my selfe.

Cel. Is *Fernoz* interred?

Mal. Of that at leisure: he liues.

Cel. But how stands *Mendoza*, how ist with him?

Mal. Faith like a paire of Snuffers, snibbes filth in other men, and retaines it in himselfe.

Cel. He do's flie frō publique notice me thinks, as a Haire do's from hounds, the feet wheron he flies betraies him.

Mal. I can track him *Celzo*:

O my disguise fooles him most powerfully:

For that I seeme a desperate malecontent

He faine would claspe with me: he is the true slaue,

That will put on the most affected grace, *Enter Mendoza.*

For some vild second cause.

Cel. Hees here.

Mal. Giue place.

Illo, ho ho ho, art there old true peny, *Exit Celzo.*

Where hast thou spent thy selfe this morning? I see flattery in thine eyes, & damnation i'thy soule, Ha ye huge Rascal.

Men. Thou art very merry. (go with thee now.

Mal. As a scholler *fruens gratis*: How doz the deuill

Men. *Maleuole*, thou art an arrant knaue.

Mal. Who I? I haue beene a Sergeant man.

Men. Thou art very poore.

Mal. As *Iob*, an Alcumist, or a Poet.

Men. The Duke hates thee.

Mal. As *Irishmen* do bum-cracks.

Men. Thou hast lost his amitie.

Mal. As pleasing as Maids loose their virginitie. (noble.

Men. Would thou wert of a lustie spirit, would thou wert

Mal. Why sure my bloud giues me I am noble, sure I am of noble kinde, for I finde my selfe possessed with all their qualities: loue Dogs, Dice and Drabs, scorne witte in stufte clothes, haue beate my Shoemaker, knockt my Sempstres, cuckold my Potteccary, and vndone my Taylor.

Noble, why not? since the Stoick said; *Neminem seruum non*

MALECONTENT.

ex regibus, neminem regem non ex seruis esse oriundum, only bu-
 sic fortune towses, and the prouident chaunces blends them
 together; He giue you a symilie: did you ere see a Well with
 2. buckets, whilst one comes vp full to be emptied, another
 goes downe emptie to be filled; such is the state of all hu-
 manitie: why looke you, I may be the sonne of some Duke,
 for belecue me intemperate lasciuious bastardie makes no-
 bility doubtfull, I haue a lusty daring hart *Mendoza*.

Men. Lets graspe? I doe like thee infinitely, wilt inact
 one thing for me?

Mal. Shall I get by it? *Giues him his purse.*

Commaund me, I am thy slaue, beyond death and hell.

M Wen. Murder the Duke?

Wal. My harts wish, my soules desire, my fantasies dream,
 My blouds longing, the only haight of my hopes, how?
 O God how? O how my vnited spirits throng together,
 So strengthen my resolute.

Men. The Duke is now a hunting.

Mal. Excellent, admirable, as the diuell would haue it,
 lend me, lend me, Rapier. Pistol, Crossebow: so, so, ile do it.

Wen. Then we agree. *(for me?)*

Wal. As Lent and Fishmongers, come a cape a pe, how in

Men. Know that this weake braind duke, who only stands
 on *Florence* stilts, hath out of witleffe zeale made me his
 heire, and secretly confirmed the wreathe to me after his
 lifes full point.

Mal. Vpon what merit?

Men. Merit? by heauen I horne him, onely *Ferneziis*
 death gaue me states life: tut we are politique, he must not
 liue now.

Mal. No reason marry: but how must he dye now.

Men. My utmost proiect is to murder the Duke, that I
 might haue his state, because he makes me his heire: to ba-
 nish the Duches, that I might be rid of a cūning *Lacedemo-
 nian*, because I know *Florence* will forsake her, & then to ma-
 rie *Maria* the banished duke *Altofrontis* wife, that her friends
 might strengthen me and my faction, this is all lawe.

M A L E C O N T E N T.

Mal. Doe you loue *Maria*.

Mend. Faith noe great affection, but as wise men do loue great women to innoble their bloud and augment their reuenew: to accomplish this now, thus now. The Duke is in the forest next the Sea, single him, kill him, hurle him i'the maine, and proclaime thou sawst Woolues eate him.

Mal. Vn, not so good, me thinkes when he is slayne to get some Ipocrite, some daungerous wretch thats muffled, or with fayned holines to sweare he hard the Duke on some steepe cliffe lament his wifes dishonor, and in an agony of his hearts torture hurled his groning sides into the swolne sea, this circumstance well made, foundes probable, and hereupon the Dutches.

Men. May well be banished: ô vnpeerable inuention, rare, Thou God of pollicie! it hunnies me. (her.

Mal. Then feare not for the wife of *Altofront*, ile close to

Men. Thou shalt, thou shalt, our excellencie is pleased: why wert not thou an Emperour, when wee are Duke ile make thee some great man sure?

Mal. Nay make me some ritch knaue, and Ile make my selfe some great man.

Mend. In thee be all my spirit, retaine ten soules, vnite thy vertuall powers, resolute, ha, remember greatnesse, hart farewell.

Enter Celso.

„The fate of all my hopes in thee doth dwell.

Mal. *Celso* didst heare? ô heauen didst heare?

Such diuelish mischief, sufferest thou the world

Carowse damnation euen with greedie swallow,

And still doost winke, still duz thy vengeance slumbet,

„If now thy browes are cleare; whē will they thunder. *Exit.*

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Pietro, Ferrard, Prespasso and three Pages.

Ferr. The Dogges are at a fault. *Cornets like hornes.*

Piet. Would God nothing but the dogs were at it? let the Deare persue safely, the Dogs follow the game, and do you

you follow the dogges, as for me, tis vnfit one beaft should hunt another; I ha one chafeth me : and please you I would be rid of yee a little.

Ferr. Would your griefe would as soone as wee, leaue you to quietnesse.

Exeunt.

Piet. I thanke you: Boy; what dost thou dreame of now?

Page. Of a drie summer my Lord, for heer's a hote world towards : but my Lord I had a strange dreame last night.

Piet. What strange dreame?

Page. Why me thought I pleased you with singing, and then I dreamt you gaue me that short sword.

Piet. Prettily begd : hold thee , ile prooue thy dreame true, tak't.

Page. My dutie : But stiil I dreamt on my Lord, and me thought and shall please your excellencie, you would needs out of your royall bountie giue me that ieuell in your Hat.

Piet. O thou didst but dreame boye, doe not beleue it, dreames prooue not alwayes true, they may hold in a shorte sworde, but not in a Ieuell . But now fir you dreamt you had pleas'd me with singing , make that true as I ha made the other.

Page. Faith my Lorde I did but dreame , and dreames you say prooue not alwayes true : they may hold in a good sworde, but not in a good song : the truth is, I ha lost my voyce.

Piet. Lost thy voyce, how?

Page. With dreaming faith, but here's a couple of Syrenicall rascals shall inchaunt yee : What shall they singe my good Lorde?

Piet. Sing of the nature of women , and then the song shall be surely full of varietie, olde crochets and most sweet closes ; it shall be humerous, graue, fantastick, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

Page. All in one?

Piet. Bir Lady too many sing, my speech growes culpable of vnchristie idlencsse, sing.

MALECONTENT.

The Song.

SCENA QUINTA.

Enter Maleuole with Crosbowe and Pistoll.

A, so, so, sing, I am heauie, walke of, I shall talke in my sleepe walke of.

Exeunt Pages.

Mal. Brieft, brieft, who? the Duke? good heauen that fooles should stumple vpon greatnesse? do not sleepe duke, giue yee good morrow: mu't be brieft Duke. I am feed to murder thee, start no: *Mendoza*, *Mendoza* hired me, her's his gold, his Pistoll, Crosbowe, Sword, tis all as firme as earth: O foole, foole, choakt with the common maze of easie Ideots, credulity make him thine heire, what thy sworne murderer?

Pietro. O can it be?

Mal. Can?

Pietro. Discouered he not *Ferneze*?

Mal. Yes, but why? but why? for loue to thee, much, much, to be reueng'd vpon his riuall, who had thrust his iawes awrye, who being slaine supposed by thine owne hands; defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome, him most gracious with thy loose Princes, thou closely yeelding egressse and regresse to hir, madest him heire, whose hot vnquiet lust straight towzd thy sheetes, and now would seaze thy state, polittician, wise man, death to be led to the stake, like a Bull by the hornes to make euen kindnes cut a gentle throate, life, why art thou numb'd: Thou foggie dulnesse speake? liues not more faith in a home thrusting tongue, then in these fencing up tap Courtiers.

Enter Celso with a Hermits gowne and beard.

Cel. Lord *Maleuole*, if this be true

Mal. If? come shade thee with this disguise, if? thou shalt handle it, he shall thanke thee for killing thy selfe, come follow my directions, and thou shalt see strange sleights.

Pietro.

Pietro World whither wilt thou?

Mal. Why to the diuell: come, the morne growes late;
A steady quicknes is the soule of state. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVARTVS,
 SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Maquarelle knocking at the Ladies doore.

Maq. Medam, Medam, are you stirring Medam? if you
 be stirring Medam, if I thought I should disturbe yee.

Page My Lady is vp forsooth.

Maq. A pretty boy, faith, how old art thou?

Page I thinke foureteene.

Maq. Nay, and yee be in the teenes: are yee a gentleman
 borne? doe you know mee? my name is Medam *Maquarelle*,
 I lie in the old Cunny Court.

Enter Beancha and Emilia.

See here the Ladies.

Bean. A faire day to yee *Maquarelle*.

Emil. Is the Dutchesse vp yet *Centinel*?

Maq. O Ladies, the most abhominable mischance, O
 deare Ladies, the most piteous disaster, *Farneze* was taken
 last night in the Dutches chamber: alas the Duke catcht him
 and kild him.

Bean. Was he found in bed?

Maq. O no, but the villanous certainty is, the doore was
 not bolted, the tongue-tyed hatch held his peace, so the na-
 ked troth is, he was found in his shirt, whilest I like an arrand
 beast lay in the outward Chamber, heard nothing, and yet
 they came by me in the darke, and yet I felt them not, like a
 fencelesse creature as I was. O beauties, looke to your busk-
 points, if not chastely, yet charily: be sure the dore be bolted:
 is your Lord gone to *Florence*?

Bean. Yes *Maquarelle*.

Maq. I hope, youle finde the discretion to purchase a
 fresh gowne fore his returne: Now by my troth beauties,

I would ha ye once wife: he loues ye, piſh: he is witty, bubble: faire proportioned, meaw: nobly borne, winde; let this be ſtill your fixt poſition, eſteeme mee euery man according to his good gifts, and ſo ye ſhal euer remaine moſt deare, and moſt worthy to be moſt deare Ladies.

Emilia Is the Duke return'd from hunting yet?

Maq. They ſay not yet.

Bean. T'is now in miſt of day.

Em. How beares the Dutcheſſe with this blemish now?

Maq. Faith boldly, ſtrongly defies defame, as one that haz a Duke to her father. And there's a note to you, be ſure of a ſtownt friend in a corner, that may alwayes awe your husband Marke the hauior of the Dutcheſſe now, ſhee dares defame, cries, Duke, do what thou canſt, Ile quite mine honour: nay, as one confirmed in her owne vertue againſt ten thousand mouthes that mutter her diſgrace, ſhee's preſently for daunces.

Enter Ferrard

Bean. For daunces?

Maq. Moſt true.

Emil. Moſt ſtrange: ſee, heere's my ſeruant yong *Ferrard*: How many ſeruants thinkeſt thou I haue, *Maquarelle*?

Maq. The more the merrier: t'was well ſaide, vſe your ſeruants as you doe your ſmockes, haue many, vſe one, and change often, for that's moſt ſweete and courtlike.

Ferrar. Saue ye faire Ladies, is the Duke returned?

Bean. Sweet ſir, no voice of him as yet in Court.

Fer. T'is very ſtrange.

Bean. And how like you my ſeruant, *Maquarelle*?

Maq. I thinke hee coulde hardely drawe *Ulyſſes* bowe, but by my fidelity, were his noſe narrower, his eyes broader, his handes thinner, his lippes thicker, his legges bigger, his feete leſſer, his haire blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tollerable ſweete youth yfaith. And hee will come to my Chamber, I will reade him the fortune of his beard.

Cornets ſound.

Fer.

Fer. Not yet returnde I feare, but
The Dutcheffe approacheth.

*Enter Mendoza supporting the Dutcheffe: Guerrino:
the Ladies that are on the stage rise: Ferrard
Vshers in the Dutcheffe, and then takes a
Lady to treade a measure.*

SCENA SECVNDA.

Aur. We will daunce, musicke, we will daunce.

Guer. *Les quanto (Ladie) penfes bien, passa regis*, or *Beanchaes* brawle.

Aur. We haue forgot the brawle,

Fer. So soone? t'is wonder?

Guer. Why, t'is but two singles on the left, two on the right, three doubles forward, a trauerse of fixe round: do this twice, three singles side, galliard tricke of twenty, curranto pace; a figure of eight, three singles broken downe, come vp, meete two doubles, fall backe, and then honor.

Aur. O *Dedalus*! thy maze, I haue quite forgot it.

Maq. Trust me so haue I, sauing the falling backe, and then honor.

Enter Prepasso.

Aur. Musicke, musicke.

Prep. Who saw the Duke? the Duke? *Enter Equato.*

Aur. Musicke.

The Duke, is the Duke returned?

Aur. Musicke.

Enter Celfo.

Celf. The Duke is either quite inuisible, or else is not.

Aur. We are not pleasde with your intrusion vpon our priuate retirement: we are not pleasde: you haue forgot your selues.

Enter a Page.

Celfo. Boy, thy Maister: where's the Duke?

Page. Alas, I left him burying the earth with his spread ioylesse limbes: he told me, he was heauy, would sleepe, bade

me walke off, for that the strength of fantasie oft made him
talke in his dreames : I strait obeyed, nor euer saw him since:
but, where so ere he is, hee's sad.

Aur. Musicke, sound high, as is our heart, sound high.

SCENA TERTIA

Enter Maleuole, and Pietro disguised like an Hermit.

Mal. The Duke, peace, the Duke is dead.

Aur. Musicke.

Mal. Is't Musicke?

Men. Giue prooffe.

Fer. How?

Cel. Where?

Pre. When?

Mal. Rest in peace, as the Duke doz, quietly sitte : for
my owne part, I beheld him but dead, thats all: marry here's
one can giue you a more particular account of him.

Men. Speake holy father, nor let any brow within this
presence fright thee from the truth : speake confidently and
freely.

Aur. We attend.

Pietro. Now had the mounting Suns al-ripening wings
Swept the cold sweat of night from earths danke breast,
When I (whom men call *Hermit* of the *Rocke*)
Forsooke my Cell, and clamberd vp a cliffe,
Against whose Base, the heady *Neptune* dasht
His high curl'd browes, there t'was I easde my limbes,
When loe, my entrailes melted with the moane
Some one, who farre boue me was climbde, did make:
I shall offend.

Men. Not.

Aur. On.

Pietro. Me thinks I heare him yet, O female faith?
Goe sow the ingratefull sand, and loue a woman :
And doe I liue to be the skoffe of men,
To be their wittall cuckold, euen to hugge my poyson?

Thou

Thou knowest O truth!
 Sooner hard Steele will melt with Southerne winds;
 A Seamans whistle calme the Ocean;
 A towne on fire be extinct with teares,
 Then women vow'd to blushlesse impudence,
 With sweete behaviour and soft minioning,
 Will turne from that where appetite is fixt.
 O powrefull bloud! how thou dost slaue their soule?
 I washt an Ethiop, who for recompence
 Sullyde my name. And must I then be forc'd
 To walke, to liue thus blacke: must, must, fie,
He that can beare with must, he cannot die.
 With that he sigh'd too passionately deepe,
 That the dull ayre even groand? at last he cries:
 Sinke shame in seas, sinke deepe enough, so dies.
 For then I viewd his body fall and fowse
 Into the fomy maine, O then I saw
 That which me thinks I see, it was the Duke,
 Whome straight the nicer stomackt sea
 Belcht vp: but then.

Mal. Then came I in, but las all was too late,
 For euen straight he sunke.

Pietro Such was the Dukes sad fate.

Cel. A better fortune to our Duke *Mendoza.*

Omnes, Mendoza: Cornets flourish.

Enter a guard.

Men. A guard, a guard, we full of hartie teares,
 For our good fathers losse,
 For so we well may call him:
 Who did beseech your loues, for our succession,
 Cannot so lightly ouer-iump his deat h
 As leaue his woes revenglesse: *woman of shame,
 We banish thee for euer to the place,
 From whence this good man comes,
 Nor permit on death vnto the body any ornaments:
 But base as was thy life, depart away.

* To Aurelia.

MALECONTENT.

Ass. Vngratefull.

Men. Away.

Aur. Villaine heare me.

Prepasso and Guerinno leade away the Dutches.

Men. Be gone, my Lordes addressse to publike counsell,
Tis most fit,

The traine of Fortune is borne vp by wit.

Away, our presence shall be sudden, haste.

All depart sauing Mendoza, Maleuole, and Pietro.

Mal. Now you egregious deuill, Ha ye murdering Po-
lition, how dost Duke? how dost looke now? braue Duke
yfaith.

Men. How did you kill him?

Mal. Slatted his braines out, then sowst him in the bri-
nie sea.

Men. Braind him and drownd him too?

Mal. O twas best, sure worke:

*For, he that strikes a great man, let him strike home, or else ware,
hee le proue no man: shoulder not a huge fellow, unlesse you may
be sure to lay him in the kennell.*

Men. A most sound braine pan:

Ile make you both Emperours.

Mal. Make vs christians, make vs christians.

Men. Ile hoist ye, ye shall mount.

Mal. To the gallows say ye? Come: *Premium incertum
petit certum scelus.* How stands the Progresse?

Men. Heere, take my ring vnto the Citadell,

Haue entrance to *Maria* the graue Dutches

Of banisht *Altosfront*. Tell her we loue her:

Omit no circumstance to grace our person (doo't)

Mal. Iste make an excellent pander: Duke farewell, due
adue Duke. *Exit Maleuole.*

Men. Take *Maquarelle* with thee; for t'is found,

None cuts a Diamon, but a Diamound.

Hermit, thou art a man for me, my confessor,

O thou selected spirit, borne for my good,

Sure thou wouldst make an excellent elder in a deformed
Church.

Church.

Come, we must be inward, thou and I all one.

Pietro I am glad I was ordained for yee.

Men. Go to then, thou must know, that *Maleuole* is a strange villaine: dangerous, verie dangerous: you see how broade a speakes, a grose-jawde rogue, I would haue thee poison him: hees like a korne vpon my great toe, I cannot goe for him: hee must be kored out: hee must, wilt doo't ha?

Pietro Any thing, any thing.

Men. Heart of my life, thus then to the Citadell,
Thou shalt consort with this *Maleuole*,
There beeing at supper, poison him,
It shall be laid vpon *Maria*, who yeeldes loue, or dies:
Skud quicke.

Like lightning good deedes crawl, bnt mischiefe flies.

Enter Maleuole.

Exit Pietro.

Mal. Your diuelships ring haz no vertue, the buffe-captaine, the fallo-westfalian gamon-faced zaza, cries stand out, must haue a stiffer warrant, or no passe into the castle of comfort.

Men: Commaund our sodaine Letter: not enter? that, what place is there in *Genoa*, but thou shalt into my heart, into my very heart: come, lets loue, we must loue, we two, soule and body.

Mal. How didst like the Hermite? A strange Hermite firrah.

Men. A dangerous fellow, very perilous: he must die.

Mal. I, he must die.

Men. Thoust kill him: we are wise, we must be wise,

Mal. And prouident.

Men. Yea prouident; beware an hypocrite.

A Church man once corrupted, oh auoyde

A fellow that makes Religion his stauking horse, (shootes under his belly)
He breedes a plague: thou shalt poison him.

Mal. Ho, tis wondrous necessary: how?

Men.

Men. You both go ioyntly to the Citadell,
There sup, there poison him: and Maria,
Because she is our opposite, shall beare
The sad suspect, on which she dies, or loues vs.

Mal. I runne.

Exit Maleuole

Men. We that are great, our sole selfe good still moues vs.
They shall die both, for their deserts craues more
Than we can recompence, their presence still
Imbraides our fortunes with beholdingnesse,
Which we abhorre, like deede, not doer: then conclude,
They liue not to cry out ingratitude.

One sticke burnes tother, Steele cuts Steele alone:

Tis good trust few: but O, tis best trust none.

Exit Mendoza

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Maleuole and Pietro still disguised, at severall doores.

Mal. How do you? how doost duke?

Pietro O let the last day fall, drop, drop in our cursed
Let heauen vnclasp it selfe, vomit forth flames: (heads!

Mal. O do not rand, do not turne player, theres more of
them, than can well live one by another already.

What, art an infidell still?

Pietro I am amaze, strucke in a swowne with wonder?
I am commanded to poison thee.

Mal. I am commanded to poison thee, at supper.

Pietro At supper?

Mal. In the Citadell.

Pietro In the Citadell?

Mal. Crosse capers, trickes? truth, a heauen he would dis-
charge vs as boyes do elderne guns, one pellet to strike out
another: of what faith art now?

Pietro All is damnation, wickednes extreame, there is no
faith in man,

Mal. Men. In none but vsurers and brokers, they deceiue no
man, men take vm for bloud-suckers, and so they are: now
God deluer me from my friends.

Pietro

Pietro Thy friends?

Mal. Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies Ile deliuer my selfe. O, cut-throate friendshippe is the ranckest villanie, marke this *Mendoza*, marke him for a villaine: but heauen will send a plague vpon him for a rogue.

Pietro O world!

Mal. World? Tis the onely region of Death, the greatest shop of the Diuell, the cruelst prison of men, out of the which none passe without paying their dearest breath for a fee, theres nothing perfect in it, but extreame extreame calamitie, such as comes yonder.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Aurelia, two Holberts before, and two after, supported by Celso and Ferrard, Aurelia in base mourning attire.

Aur. To banishment, led on to banishment.

Pietro. Lady, the blessednesse of repentance to you.

Au. Why? why? I can desire nothing but death, nor deserue any thing but hell.

If heauen should giue sufficiencie of grace
To cleere my soule, it would make heauen gracelesse:
My sinnes would make the stocke of mercie poore,
Oh they would tyer heauens goodnesse to reclaime them:
Iudgement is iust yet from that vast villaine:
But sure he shall not misse sad punishment,
Fore he shall rule. On to my Cell of shame.

Pietro My Cell tis Lady, where instead of Maskes,
Musique, Tilts, Tournies, and such courtlike shewes,
The hollow murmure of the checklesse windes
Shall groane againe, whilst the vnquiet sea
Shakes the whole rocke with foamy battery:
There Vsherlesse the ayre comes in and out:
The reumy vault will force your eyes to weepe,
Whilst you behold true desolation:
A rocky barrenesse shall pierce your eyes,

Where all at once one reaches, where he stands,
With browes the rooffe, both walles with both his hands.

Aur. It is too good, blessed spirit of my Lord,
O in what orbe so ere thy soule is thron'd,
Behold me worthily most miserable:
O let the anguish of my contrite spirit,
Intreate some reconciliation:
If not, O ioy! triumph in my iust griefe,
Death is the end of woes, and teares reliefe.

Pietro Belike your Lord not lou'd you, was vnkinde.

Aur. O heauen!
As the soule lou'd the body, so lou'd he,
Twas death to him to part my presence,
Heauen to see me pleased:
Yet I like to a wretch given ore to hell,
Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,
To clippe a base vngentle faithlesse villaine:
O God, a very Pagan reprobate!
What should I say, vngratefull, throwes me out,
For whom I lost soule, body, fame, and honor:
But tis most fit: why should a better fate
Attend on any, who forsake chaste sheetes,
Fly the imbrace of a deuoted heart,
Ioynd by a solemne vow fore God and man,
To taste the brackish bloud of beastly lust,
In an adulterous touch? Oh rauening immodesty,
Insatiate impudence of appetit:
*Looke, heere's your end, for marke what sap in dust,
What sinne in good, even so much loue in lust:*
Ioy to thy ghost, sweete Lord, pardon to me.

Cel. It is the Dukes pleasure this night you rest in court.

Aur. Soule lurke in shades, run shame from brightsome
In night the blind man misseth not his eyes. exit. (skies,

Mal. Do not weepe kind cuckold, take comfort man, thy
betters haue beene *Beccoes*: *Agamemnon* Emperour of all
the merry Greekes, that tickled all the true Troyans, was a
Coranto,

Cornuto: Prince *Arthur* that cut off twelue Kings bearded,
was a *Cornuto*: *Hercules*, whose backe bore vp heauen, and
got forty wenches with child in one night,

Pietro Nay, t'was fifty.

Mal. Faith fortie's enow a conscience, yet was a *Cornuto*:
patience, mischief growes prowde, be wise,

Pietr. Thou pinchest too deepe, art too keene vpon me,

Mal. Tut, a pittifull Surgeon makes a dangerous fore,
He tent thee to the ground. Thinkst He sustaine my selfe by
flattering thee, because thou art a Prince? I had rather follow
a drunkard, and liue by licking vp his vomite, than by ser-
uile flatterie.

Pietr. Yet great men ha don't.

* *Mal.* Great slaues feare better than loue, borne natu-
rally for a coale-basket, though the common vsuer of prin-
ces presence fortune ha blindely giuen them better place, I
am vow'd to be thy affliction.

Pietro Prethee be, I loue much misery, and be thou sonne
to me.

Enter Bilioso.

Mal. Because you are an vsurping Duke.

* Your Lordship's well returnde from *Florence*.

* *To Bilioso.*

Bil. Well returnde, I prayse my hoise.

Mal. What newes from the Florentines?

Bil. I will conceale the great Dukes pleasure, onely this
was his charge, his pleasure is, that his daughter die, Duke
Pietro bee banished, for banishing his bloods dishonor, and
that Duke *Altofront* bee re-accepted: this is all, but I heare
Duke *Pietro* is dead.

Mal. I, and *Mendoza* is Duke, what will you doe?

Bil. Is *Mendoza* strongest?

Mal. Yet he is.

Bil. Then yet He hold with him.

Mal. But if that *Altofront* should turne strait againe?

Bilios. Why then I would turne strait againe.

Tis good runne still with him that haz most might:
I had rather stand with wrong, then fall with right.

MALECONTENT.

Mal. Of what religion will you be of now?

Bili. Of the Dukes religion, when I know what it is.

Mal. O Hercules!

Bili. Hercules? Hercules was the sonne of *Iupiter* and *Alcmæna*.

Mal. Your Lordship is a very wittall.

Bil. Wittall?

Mal. I, all-wit.

I had rather stand with wrong, then fall with right.

Bili. *Amphitruo* was a cuckold.

Mal. Your Lordship sweats, your yong Lady will get you a cloth for your old worships browes. *Exit Biliofa*
heeres a fellow to be damnd, this is his inuiolable *Maxime*.
(flatter the greatest, and oppresse the least:) a whorson
flesh fly, that still gnawes vpon the leane gauld backs.

Pie. Why doost then salute him?

Mal. Faith as baudes go to Church, for fashion sake:
come, be not confounded, th'art but in danger to loose a
Dukedome, thinke this: this earth is the only graue and *Golgotha*
wherein all thinges that liue must rotte: tis but the
draught wherein the heauenly bodies discharge their cor-
ruption, the verie muckhill on which the sublunarie orbes
cast their excrements: man is the slime of this dongue-pit,
and Princes are the gouernours of these men: for, for our
soules, they are as free as Emperoures, all of one peece, there
goes but a paire of sheeres betwixt an Emperoure and the
sonne of a bagpiper: only the dying, dressing, pressing, glos-
sing makes the difference: now what art thou like to lose?

*A iaylers office to keepe men in bonds,
Whilst toyle and treason, all lifes good confounds.*

Pie. I heere renounce for euer Regency:

O *Altofront*, I wrong thee to supplant thy right:

To trip thy heeles vp with a diuelish flight. (abiure,

For which I now from Throane am throwne, world tricks

For vengeance tho't comes slow, yet it comes sure.

O I am chang'd, for heerefore the dread power,

MALECONTENT.

In true contrition I doe dedicate,
My breath to solitary holinesse,
My lips to prayer, and my breasts care shall be,
Restoring *Altofront* to regency.

Mal. Thy vowes are heard, and we accept thy faith.

Enter Ferneze and Celso.

undisguiseth himselfe.

Altofront, Ferneze, Celso, Pietro.

Bannish amazement: come, we foure must stand full shock
of Fortune, be not so wonder stricken.

Pietro. Doth *Ferneze* liue?

Farn. For your pardon.

Pietro. Pardon and loue, giue leaue to recollect
My thoughts disperst in wilde astonishment:
My vowes stand fixt in heauen, and from hence
I craue all love and pardon.

Mal. Who doubts of prouidence,
That sees this change, a heartie faith to all:
He needes must rise, who can no lower fall,
For still impetuous Vicissitude
Towzeth the world, then let no maze intrude
Vpon your spirits: wonder not I rise,
For who can sincke, that close can temporize?
The time growes ripe for action, Ile detect
My priuat' st plot; lest ignorance feare suspect:
Let's cloase to counsell, leaue the rest to fate,
Mature discretion is the life of state.

Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

*Enter Maleuole and Maquarelle, at severall
doores opposite, singing.*

Mal. The Dutchman for a drunkard,

Maq. The Dane for golden lockes:

Mal. The Irishman for vsquebath,

Mal. The Frenchman for the ()

MALECONTENT.

Mal: O thou art a blessed creature, had I a modest woman to conceale, I would put her to thy custodie, for no reasonable creature would euer suspect her to bee in thy company: ha, thou art a melodious Maquarelle, thou picture of a woman, and substance of a beast, and how doost thou thinke a this transformation of state now?

Maq: Verily very well, for wee women alwayes note, the falling of the one, is the rising of the other: some must be fat, some must be leane, some must be fooles, and some must be Lords: some must be knaues, and some must be officers: some must be beggars, some must be knights: some must be cuckoldes, and some must be cittizens: as for example, I haue two court dogges, the most fawning curres, the one called Watch, th'other Catch: now I, like lady Fortune, sometimes loue this dog, sometimes raise that dog, sometimes fauour Watch, most commonly fancie Catch: now that dog which I fauour, I feede, and hee's so rauenous, that what I giue, he neuer chawes it, gulpes it downe whole, without any relish of what he haz, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall haue: the other dog, now:

Mal: No more dog, sweete Maquarelle, no more dogs: and what hope hast thou of the dutchesse Maria, will shee stoope to the Dukes lewre, will she come thinkst?

Maq: Let me see, where's the signe now? ha ye ere a calsender, where's the signe trow you?

Mal: Signel why is there any moment in that?

Maq: O! beleeue me a most secret power, looke yee a Chaldean or an Assyrian, I am sure t'was a most sweete Iew tolde me, court any woman in the right signe, you shall not misse: but you must take her in the right veine then: as when the signe is in Pisces, a Fishmongers wife is very sociable: in Cancer, a Precisians wife is very flexible: Capricorne, a Merchants wife hardly holdes out: in Libra, a Lawyers wife is very tractable, especially, if her husband bee at the terme: onely in Scorpio t'is very dangerous meddling: haz the Duke sent any jewel, any rich stones?

Enter

Enter Captaine.

Mal. I, I thinke those are the best signes to take a lady in. By your fauour signeor, I must discourse with the Ladie *Maria*, *Altofronts* dutchesse: I must enter for the Duke.

Cap. Shee heere shall giue you enterview: I, receiued the guardship of this Citadell from the good *Altofront*, and for his vse hee keep't, till I am of no vse.

Mal. Wilt thou? O heauens, that a christian should be found in a buffe jerkin! captaine Conscience: I loue thee Captaine.

Exit Captaine.

We attend, and what hope hast thou of this Dutchesse easinesse?

Maq. T'will goe harde, shee was a colde creature euer, she hated monkees, fooles, iesters, and gentlemen-vshers extremely: shee had the vilde trick on't, not onely to be truely modestly honourable in her owne conscience, but shee would auoyde the least wanton carriage that might incurre suspect, as God blesse me, shee had almost brought bed pressing out of fashion: I could scarce get a fine for the lease of a Ladies fauour once in a fortnight.

Mal. Now in the name of immodesty, how many maiden-heads hast thou brought to the blocke?

Maq. Let me see: heauen forgiue vs our misdeedes: Heere's the Dutchesse.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Maria and Captaine.

Mal. God blesse thee Lady.

Mar. Out of thy company.

Mal. We haue brought thee tender of a husband.

Mar. I hope I haue one already.

Maq. Nay, by mine honour Madam, as good ha nere a husband, as a banisht husband, hee's in an other world now. He tel yce Lady, I haue heard of a sect that maintained, when
the

the husband was asleepe, the wife might lawfully entertaine another man: for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banished.

Mar. Vnhonest creature!

Maq. Pish, honesty is but an art to seeme so: pray yee whats honesty? whats constancy? but fables fained, odde old fooles chat, deuise by ieaious fooles, to wrong our liberty.

Mal. *Mully*, he that loues thee, is a Duke, *Mendoza*, he will maintaine thee royally, loue thee ardently, defend thee powerfully, marrie thee sumptuously, and keepe thee in despite of *Rosciclere*, or *Donzel del Phæbo*: theres jewelles, if thou wilt, so; if not, so.

Mar. Captaine, for Gods loue saue poore wretchednes
From tyranny of lustfull insolence:

Inforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell

Rather than heere, heere round about is hell.

O my dear'st *Altofront*, where ere thou breathe,

Let my soule sincke into the shades beneathe,

Before I staine thine honor, 'tis thou hast;

And long as I can die, I will liue chaste.

Mal. Gainst him that can inforce, how vaine is strife?

Mar. Shee that can be enforc'd haz nere a knife.

She that through force her limbes with lust enroules,

Wants Cleopatraes aspes and Portiaes coales.

God amend you.

Exit with Captaine.

Mal. Now the feare of the diuell for euer goe with thee.

Maquerelle, I tell thee, I haue found an honest woman, faith I perceiue when all is done, there is of women, as of all other things: some good, most bad: some saintes, some sinners: for as now adaies, no Courtier but haz his mistris, no Captaine but haz his cockatrice, no Cuckold but haz his hornes, and no foole but haz his feather: euen so, no woman but haz her weaknesse and feather too, no sex but haz his: I can hunt the letter no furdur: O God, how loathsome this toyng is to mee, that a Duke should bee forc'd to foole it: well, *Stultorum plena sunt omnia*, better play the foole Lord,
then

then be the foole Lord: now, where's your flightes Madam *Maquarelle*?

Maq. Why, are yee ignorant that tis sed, a squemish affected nicenes is naturall to women, and that the excuse of their yeelding, is onely (forsooth) the difficult obtaining. You must put her too't: women are flaxe, and will fire in a moment.

Mal. Why, was the flax put into thy mouth, and yet thou? thou set fire? thou enflame her?

Maq. Marry, but Ile tell yee now, you were too hot,

Mal. The fitter to haue enflamed the flaxwoman.

Maq. You were too boisterous, spleeny, for indeede.

Mal. Go, go, thou art a weake pandresse, now I see.

Sooner earths fire heauen is selfe shall waste,

Then all with heate can melt a minde that's chaste.

Go thou the Dukes lime-twigge, Ile make the Duke turne thee out of thine office. What, not get one touch of hope, & had her at such advantage.

Maq. Now a my conscience, now I thinke in my discretion, we did not take her in the right signe, the bloud was not in the true veine, sure.

Exit.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Prepasso and Ferrard, two pages with lightes, Celso and Equato, Mendozo in Dukes robes, Bilioso and Guerrino.

Exeunt all sauing Malcuole.

Men. On on, leaue vs, leaue vs: stay, where is the hermit?

Mal. With Duke *Pietro*, with Duke *Pietro*.

Men. Is he dead? is he poysoned?

Mal. Dead as the Duke is.

Men. Good, excellent, he will not blabbe, securenes liues in secrecy, come hether, come hether.

Mal. Thou hast a certaine strong villanous sent about thee, my nature cannot indure.

(our sute?)

Men. Sent man? what returnes *Maria*? what answer to

H

Mal.

Mal. Colde, frostie, she is obstinate.

Men. Then slices but dead, tis resolute, she dies.

Blacke deede onely through blacke deedes safely flies.

Mal. Pew, per scelera semper sceleribus tutum est iter.

Men. What art a scholler? art a polititian? sure thou art an arrand knaue.

Mal. Who I? I ha bene twice an vnder sberife, man.

Men. Canst thou impoyson? canst thou impoyson?

Mal. Excellently, no Iew, Potecary, or Polititian better: looke ye, here's a box, whom wouldst thou impoyson? here's a box, which opened, and the fume tane vp in condites, thorrow which the braine purges it selfe, doth instantly for 12. houres space, bind vp all shew of life in a deepe sensles sleep: heres another, which being opened vnder the sleepers nose, choaks all the power of life, kills him sodainely. *Enter Celso.*

Seems to poi-
son Maleuole. *Men.* Ile try experiments, tis good not to be deceiued: so, *Celso.*

Who would feare that may destroy, death hath no teeth, nor tong,

And he thats great, to him are slaues Shame,

Murder, fame and wrong. *Enter Celso.* *Celso?*

Cel. My honored Lord.

Men. The good *Maleuole*, that plain-tongued man, alas, is dead on sodaine wondrous strangely, hee held in our e-
Celso. See him buried, see him buried. (steem good place,

Cel. I shall obserue yee.

Men. And *Celso*, prethee let it be thy care to night

To haue some pretty shew, to solemnize

Our high instalement, some musicke maskerie:

Weele giue faire entertaine vnto *Maria*

The Duchesse to the banisht *Altofront*:

Thou shalt conduct her from the Citadell

Vnto the Pallace, thinke on some maskery.

Cel. Of what shape, sweete Lord?

Men. Why shape? why any quicke done fiction,

As some braue spirits of the *Genoan* Dukes,

To come out of *Elizium* forsooth,

Led in by Mercury, to gratulate
Our happy fortune, some such any thing, some far fet trickes,
good for Ladies, some stale toy or other, no matter so't be of
our deuising.

Do thou prepar't, tis but for a fashion sake,
Feare not, it shall be grac'd man, it shall take.

Cel. All seruice.

Men. All thanks, our hand shall not be close to thee:

Now is my trechery secure, nor can we fall: (farewel.

*Mischiefe that prospers men do vertue call,
He trust no man, he that by trickes gets wreathes,
Keepes them both steels, no man securely breathes,
Out of deserued ranckes the crowde will mutter, foole:
Who cannot beare with spite, he cannot rule:*

*The chiefeft secret for a man of state,
Is, to liue sensles of a strenghtlesse hate.*

Exit Mendoza.

Mal: Death of the damn'd thiefe: Ile make one i'the
maske, thou shalt ha some
Braue spirits of the antique Dukes.

*Starts vp and
speakes.*

Cel: My Lord, what strange dilusion?

Mal: Most happy, deere *Celso*, poisond with an empty
box? Ile giue thee all anone: my Ladie comes to court, there
is a whurle of fate comes tumbling on, the Castles captaine
stands for me, the people pray for me, and the great leader
of the iust stands for me: then courage *Celso*.

*For no disastrous chance can euer moue him,
That leaueth nothing but a God aboue him.*

Enter Prepasso and Biliolo, two pages before them

Maquar: Beancha and Emilia.

Bil: Make room there, room: for the Ladies: why gen-
tlemen, will not ye suffer the Ladies to be entred in the great
chamber? why gallants? and you sir, to droppe your Torch
where the beauties must sit too.

Pre. And there's a great fellow playes the knaue, why
dost not strike him?

Bil. Let him play the knaue a Gods name, thinkst thou

I haue no more wit then to strike a great fellow : the musike, more lights, reueling, scaffolds : do you heare ? let there bee othes enow readie at the doore, sweare out the diuell himself. Lets leaue the Ladies, and go see if the Lords bee readie for them.

All saue the Ladies depart.

Maq. And by my troth Beauties, why do you not put you into the fashion, this is a stale cut, you must come in fashion : looke ye, you must be all felt, fealt and feather, a fealt vpon your bare haire: looke ye, these tiring things are iustly out of request now: and do ye heare? you must weare falling bands, you must come into the falling fashion: there is such a deale a pinning these ruffes, when the fine cleane fall is worth all: and agen, if you should chance to take a nap in the afternoone, your falling band requires no poting sticke to recouer his forme: belieue me, no fashion to the falling I say.

Bean. And is not sinnior S. *Andrew* a gallant fellowe now?

Maq. By my maiden-head la, honour and he agrees as well together, as a fatten sute and wollen stockings.

Emil. But is not Marshall Make-roomme my seruant in reversion, a proper gentleman?

Maq. Yes in reversion as he did his office, as in truth he hath all things in reversion: hee haz his Mistris in reversion, his cloathes in reversion, his wit in reversion: & indeede, isa suter to me, for my dogge in reversion: but in good veritie la, he is as proper a gentleman in reversion as: and indeede, as fine a man as may be, hauing a red beard and a paire of warpt legges.

Bean. But I faith I am most monstrously in loue with count Quidlibet in Quodlibet, is he not a pretty dapper vn-ydle gallant?

Maq. He is even one of the most busy fingerd lords, he will put the beauties to the squeake most hiddeously.

Bil: Roomme, make a lane there, the Duke is entring: stand handsomely for beauties sake, take vp the Ladies there.

So, cornets, cornets.

SCE-

MALECONTENT.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Prepasso *ioynes* to Biliolo, *two pages with lightes*, Ferrard, *Mendoza, at the other doore two pages with lightes, and the Captaine leading in Maria, the Duke meetes Maria, and closeth with her, the rest fall backe.*

Men. Madam, with gentle care receiue my sute,
A Kingdomes safetic should o're paize slight rites,
Marriage is meere Natures policy:
Then, since vnlesse our royall beds be ioynd,
Danger and ciuill tumult frights the state,
Be wise as you are faire, giue way to fate.

Mar. What wouldst thou, thou affliction to our house?
Thou euer diuell, twas thou that banishedst
my truly noble Lord. *Men:* I?

Mar. I, by thy plottes, by thy blacke stratagems,
Twelue Moones haue suffred change since I beheld
The loued presence of my deerest Lord.
O thou far worse than death, he partes but soule
From a weake body: but thou, soule from soule
Disseuerst, that which Gods owne hand did knit.
Thou scant of honor, full of diuelish wit.

Men. Weele checke your too intemperate lauishnes, I
I can and will. *Mar.* What canst?

Men. Go to, in banishment thy husband dies.

Mar. He euer is at home that's euer wise.

Men. Youst neuer meete more, reason should loue con-

Mar. Not meete? (troule,

See that deere loues, her loue's stick in her soule.

Men. You are but a woman Lady, you must yeeld.

Mar. O saue me thou innated bashfulnes,

Thou onely ornament of womens modestie.

Men. Modestie? Death Ile torment thee,

Mar. Do, vrge all torments, all afflictions trie,
Ile die, my Lords, as long as I can die.

Men. Thou obstinate, thou shalt die. *Captaine, that Ladies*

MALECONTENT.

dies life is forfeited to Iustice, we haue examined her,
And we do finde, she hath impoysoned
The reuerend Hermit: therefore we commaund
Seuereft custodie. Nay, if youle dooes no good,
Youst dooes no harme, a tyrants peace is bloud.

Mar. O thou art mercifull, O gracious diuell,
Rather by much let me condemned be
For seeming murder than be damn'd for thee.
Ile mourne no more, come girt my browes with floures,
Reuell and daunce; soule, now thy wish thou hast,
Die like a Bride, poore heart thou shalt die chaste.

Enter Aurelia in mourning habit.

Aur. Life is a frost of colde felicitie,
And death the thaw of all our vanitie.

Wast not an honest Priest that wrote so?

Men: Who? let her in.

Bili: Forbear.

Pre. Forbear.

Aur: Alas calamitie is euerie where.

Sad miserie dispight your double doores,
Will enter euen in court.

Bili. Peace.

Aur: I ha done; one word, take heede, I ha done.

Enter Mercurie with lowde musicke.

Mer. Cillenian Mercurie, the God of ghosts,
From gloomie shades that spread the lower coasts,
Calls foure high famed *Genoan* Dukes to come
And make this presence their *Elizium*:
To passe away this high triumphall night,
With song and daunces, courts more soft delight.

Aur. Are you god of ghosts, I haue a sute depending in
hell betwixt me and my conscience, I would faine haue thee
helpe me to an aduocate,

Bil. Mercurie shall be your lawyer, Lady.

Aur. Nay faith, Mercurie haz too good a face, to be a
right lawyer.

Pre. Peace, forbear: Mercurie presents the maske.

Cornets: The Song to the Cornets, which playing, the maske enters. Maleuole, Pietro, Ferneze, and Celso in white robes, with Dukes Crownes upon lawrell, wreathes, pistolets and short swordes under their robes.

Men. Celso, Celso, court Marin for our loue; Lady, be gracious, yet grace.

** Mar. With me Sir?*

Maleuole takes his wife to daunce.

Mal. Yes, more loued then my breath: With you Ile dance.

Mar. Why then you dance with death, But come Sir, I was nere more apt for mirth.

Death giues eternitie a glorious breath:

O, to die honourd, who would feare to die.

Mal. They die in feare, who liue in villanie.

Men. Yes, belecue him Lady, and be rulde by him.

** Pietro. Madam, with me?*

Pietro takes his wife Aurelia to dance

Aur. Wouldst then be miserable?

Pietro. I neede not wish.

Aur. O, yet forbear my hand, away, fly, fly, O seeke not her, that onely seekes to die.

Pietro Poore loued soule.

Aur. What, wouldst court miserie?

Pietro Yes.

Aur. Sheele come too soone, O my grieu'd heart!

Pietro Lady, ha done, ha done.

Come, lets dance, be once from sorrow free.

Aur. Art a sad man?

Pietro Yes sweet.

Aur. Then weele agree.

Ferneze takes Maquerelle, and Celso Beancha: then the Cornets sound the measure, one change and rest.

Fer. Belecue it Lady, shall I sweare, let mee inioy you in priuate, and Ile marrie you by my soule.

To Beancha.

Bean. I had rather you would sweare by your body: I thinke

thinke that would proue the more regarded othe with you.

Fer. Ile swear by them both, to please you.

Bean. O, dam them not both to please me, for Gods sake.

Fer. Faith, sweete creature, let me inioy you to night, and Ile marry you to morrow fortnight, by my troth la.

Maq. On his troth la, belecue him not, that kinde of cun-
nicatching is as stale as fir Oliuer Anchoues perfumde ier-
kin: promise of matrimony by a yong gallant, to bring a vir-
gin Lady into a fooles paradise: make her a great woman,
and then cast her off: tis as common as naturall to a Courti-
er, as jelosie to a Citizen, gluttony to a Puritan, wisdom to
an Alderman, pride to a Tayler, or an empty handbasket to
one of these sixpenny damnations: of his troth la, belecue
him not, traps to catch polecats.

To Maria.

Mal Keepe your face constant, let no suddaine passion
speake in your eies.

Mar. O my *Altofront.*

Pietro A tyrants jelosies
are very nimble, you receiue it all.

Aurelia to
Pietro.

Aur. My heart, though not my knees, doth vmbly fall,
Lowe as the earth to thee.

Pietro Peace, next change, no words.

Mar. Speech to such, ay, O what will affords?

*Cornets sound the measure ouer againe: which danced
they unmaske.*

Men. Malenole?

They enuiron Mendoza, ben-

Mal. No,

ding their Pistolles on him.

Men. *Altofront,* Duke *Pietro,* *Ferneze,* hah?

All. Duke *Altofront,* Duke *Altofront.* *Cornets a flourish.*

Men. Are we surprizd? what strange delusions mocke
Our senses, do I dreame? or haue I dreamt

This two daies space? where am I?

They seize upon

Mal. Where an arch-vilaine is.

(Mendoza.)

Men. O lend me breath, til I am fit to die.

For peace with heauen, for your owne soules sake,

Vouchsafe me life.

Pietro

Pietro. Ignoble villaine, whom neither heauen nor hell,
goodnesse of God or man, could once make good.

Mal. Base treacherous wretch, what grace canst thou
That hast growne impudent in gracelesse. (expect,

Mend. O life!

Mal. Slaue, take thy life.

Wert thou defenced through blood and woundes,

The sternest horror of a ciuell fight

Would I atcheeue thee: but prostrat at my feete

I scorne to hurt thee: tis the heart of slaues

That daines to triumph ouer peasants graues.

For such thou art, since birth doth neere inrole

A man mong monarches, but a glorious soule.

To Pietro § You ore-ioy'd spirits wipe your long wet eies,
Aurelia. Hence with this man: an Eagle takes not flies, *kicks out M^r.*

To Pietro You to your vowes: And thou vnto the suburbs. *to Mag.*

Aurelia. You to my worst friend I would hardly giue: *To Biliofo.*

Thou art a perfect olde knaue, all pleased liue.

To Celso & *You two vnto my breast; thou to my hart. *To Maria.*
the Captain.

The rest of idle actors idly part,

And as for me I here assume my right,

To which I hope all's pleas'd: to all goodnight.

Cornets a flourish.

Exeunt omnes.

F F N F S.

I

Epilo-

Epilogus.

Your modest scilence, full of heedie stillnesse,
Makes me thus speake: A voluntary illnesse
Is meere scusles, but unwilling error,
Such as proceeds from too rash youthfull feruor,
May well be cald a fault but not a sinne,
Riuers take names from Founts where they begin.

Then let not too seuerer an eye peruse,
The slighter brakes of our reformed Muse,
Who could her selfe, hir selfe of faultes detect,
But that she knowes tis easie to correct.
Though some mens labour: troth to erre is fit,
As long as wisdom's not professd, but wit.
Then till an others happier Muse appeares,
Till his Thalia feast your learned eares,
To whose desertfull Lampes pleasd fates impart,
Art about Nature, Iudgement about Art,
Receiue this peece which hope, nor feare yet daunteth,
He that knows most, knows most how much he
(wanteth.

FINIS.





