

Accessions

151.642

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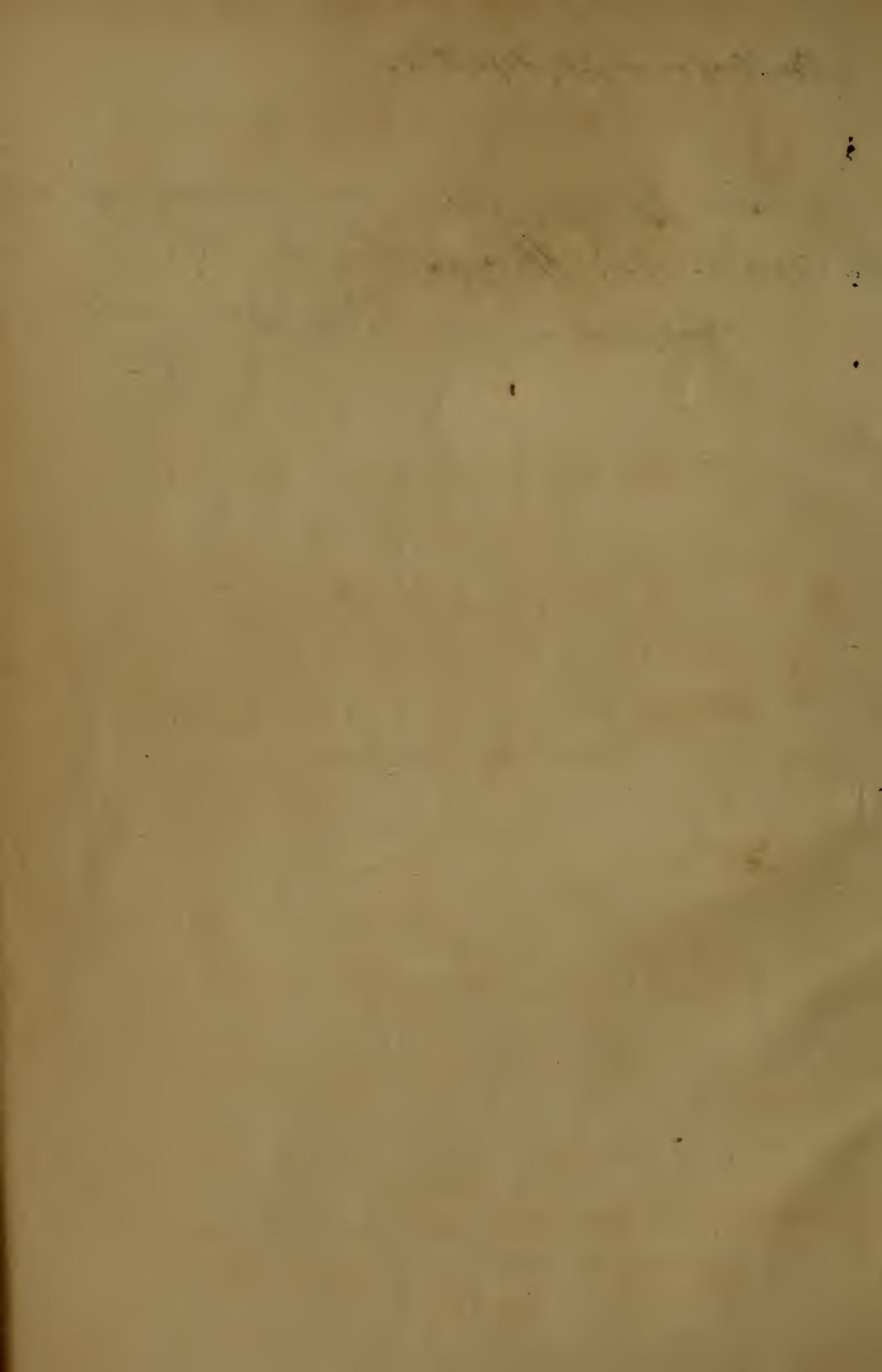




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"The Epilogue does not appear in all the copies. Mr. Heber's has it - Not."

Grifford, See his Edit. vol. 1. p. 121.  
B. -



THE  
LOVERS  
Melancholy.

John (Ford)

---

ACTED  
AT THE PRIVATE  
HOUSE IN THE BLACKE  
Friars, and publikely at the Globe  
by the Kings Maiesties Ser-  
uants.

5.3971-39

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LONDON,  
Printed for H. Seile, and are to be sold at the Ty-  
gers head in Saint Pauls Church-yard.

3607

(1629.)



*The Sceane  
Famagosta in Cyprus.*

151.642

May 1878

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The names of such as acted.

JOHN LOWIN.

JOSEPH TAYLOR.

ROBERT BENFIELD.

JOHN SHANCK.

EYLYARDT SWANSTON.

ANTHONY SMITH.

RICHARD SHARPE.

THOMAS POLLARD.

WILLIAM PENN.

CYRTEISE CRIVILL.

GEORGE VERNON.

RICHARD BAXTER.

JOHN TOMSON.

JOHN HONYMAN.

JAMES HORNE.

WILLIAM TRIGG.

ALEXANDER GOUGH.





## The Epistle Dedicatory.

*courted Reader; and it is very possible, that the like complement with Me, may soone grow out of fashion. A practice of which that I may avoid now, I commend to the continuance of your Loues, the memory of H I S, who without the protestation of a seruice, is readily your Friend,*

JOHN FORD.

---

---





*To my Honour'd Friend, Master Iohn  
Ford, on his Louers Melancholy.*

**I**F that thou think'st these lines thy worth can raise,  
Thou do'st mistake : *my* liking is no prayse :  
Nor can I thinke thy Iudgement is so ill,  
To seeke for Bayes from such a barraine Quill :  
Let your *true Critick*, that can iudge and mend,  
Allow thy Sceanes and Stile : I, as a friend  
That knowes thy worth, doe onely sticke my Name,  
To shew *my Love*, not to aduance *thy Fame*.

*George Donne.*



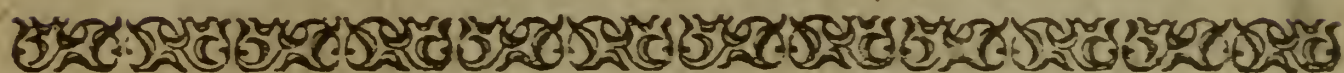
*To his worthy Friend, the Author, Ma-  
ster Iohn Ford.*

**I** Write not to thy Play : Ile not begin  
To throw a censure vpon what hath been  
By th' *Best* approu'd ; It can nor feare, nor want  
The *Rage*, or *Liking* of the Ignorant.  
Nor seeke I Fame for Thee, when thine owne Pen  
Hath forc'd a praise long since, from knowing Men.  
I speake my thoughts, and wish vnto the Stage  
A glory from thy studies ; that the Age



May be indebted to Thee, for Reprieue  
Of purer language, and that *Spight* may grieve  
To see *It selfe* out-done. When Thou art read,  
The Theater may hope Arts are not dead,  
Though long conceal'd; that *Poet-Apes* may feare  
To vent their weaknesse, mend, or quite forbear.  
This I dare promise; and keepe this in store;  
As thou hast done enough, Thou canst doe more.

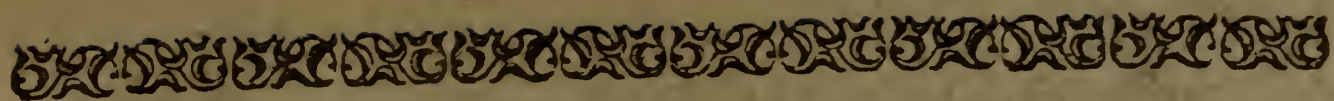
*William Singleton.*



*To the Author, Master Iohn Ford.*

**B** *Lacke choler*, Reasons ouer-flowing Spring,  
Where thirsty Louers drinke, or any Thing,  
Passion, the restlesse current of dull plaints  
Affords their thoughts, who deeme lost beauties, Saints:  
Here their *best Lectures* read, collect, and see  
Various conditions of Humanitie  
Highly enlighten'd by thy Muses rage;  
Yet all so coucht, that they adorn'd the Stage.  
Shun *Phocions blushes* thou; for sure to please  
It is no sinne, then what is thy disease?  
Iudgements applause? effeminated smiles?  
Studie's delight? thy wit mistrust beguiles:  
Establisht Fame will thy Physicion be,  
(Write but againe) to cure thy Iealousie.

*Hum. Howorth.*



*Of the Louers Melancholy.*

**T**Is not the Language, nor the fore-plac'd Rimes  
Of Friends, that shall commend to after-times  
The *Louers Melancholy* : Its owne worth  
Without a borrowed prayse, shall set it forth.

'O Philoe.

---

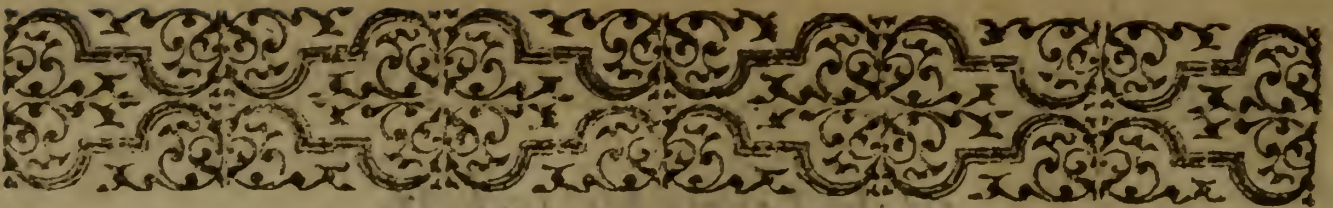
*Jacke for these youngsters shew  
(me) himselfe at soke  
for commending the Lovers Melancholy.  
so they is L: M. M. M.*

---

*it e,*

THE





## THE PROLOGVE.

**T**O tell yee (Gentlemen) in what true sense  
The Writer, Actors, or the audience  
Should mold their Iudgements for a Play, might draw  
Truth into Rules, but we haue no such law.  
Our Writer, for himselfe would haue yee know,  
That in his following Sceanes, he doth not owe  
To others Fancies, nor haib layne in wait  
For any stolne Inuention, from whose height  
He might commend his owne, more then the right  
A Scholer claimes, may warrant for delight.  
It is Arts scorne, that some of late haue made  
The Noble vse of Poetry a Trade.  
For your parts (Gentlemen) to quite his paines,  
Yet you will please, that as you meet with straines  
Of lighier mixtures, but to cast your eye  
Rather vpon the mine, then on the bye.  
His hopes stand firme, and we shall find it true,  
The Louers Melancholy cur'd by you.

THE





# THE LOVERS MELANCHOLY.

---

Actus I. Scena I.

*Enter Menaphon and Pellas.*

*Menaphon.*



Angers? How meane you dangers? that  
so courtly  
You gratulate my safe returne from dan-  
gers?

*Pel.* From Trauailes (noble Sir.)

*Men.* These are delights,  
If my experience hath not Trewant-like  
Mis-spent the time, which I haue stroue to vse,  
For bettering my mind with obseruation.

*Pel.* As I am modest, I protest 'tis strange:  
But is it possible?

*Men.* What?

*Pel.* To bestride  
The frothy fomes of *Neptunes* surging waues,  
When blustering *Boreas* tosseth vp the deepe,  
And thumps a thunder bounce?

B

*Men.*



*Men.* Sweet Sir, 'tis nothing,  
Straight comes a Dolphin playing neere your ship,  
Heaving his crooked backe vp, and presents  
A Feather-bed, to waite 'ee to the shoare,  
As easily as if you slept i'th' Court.

*Pl.* Indeed, is't true, I pray?

*Men.* I will not stretch  
Your Faith vpon the Teinters, prethee *Pelias*,  
Where didst thou learne this language?

*Pel.* I this language?

Alas, Sir, we that study words and formes  
Of complement, must fashion all discourse,  
According to the nature of the subiect. *Enter Ame-*  
But I am silent, now appeares a Sunne, *thus, Sophro-*  
Whose shadow I adore. *nos, and Attendants.*

*Men.* My honour'd Father.

*Soph.* From mine eyes, son, son of my care, my loue,  
The ioyes that bid thee welcome, doe too much  
speake me a child.

*Men.* O Princely Sir, your hand.

*Amet.* Performe your duties where you owe them  
I dare not be so sudden in the pleasures, (first,  
Thy presence hath brought home.

*Soph.* Here thou still findest  
A Friend as noble (*Menaphon*) as when  
Thou left'st at thy departure.

*Men.* Yes, I know it,  
To him I owe more seruice.——

*Amet.* Pray giue leaue,  
He shall attend your intertainements soone,  
Next day, and next day, for an houre or two,  
I would engrosse him onely.

*Soph.* Noble Lord.

*Ame.*



*Ame.* Y'are both disinist.

*Pel.* Your creature, and your Seruant.

*Exeunt all but Ameth. Menap.*

*Ame.* Giue me thy hand, I will not say, 'Th'art wel-  
That is the common roade of cōmon friends, (come,  
I am glad I haue thee here— O, I want words  
To let thee know my heart.

*Men.* 'Tis pecc'd to mine.

*Ame.* Yes, 'tis, as firmly, as that holy thing  
Call'd Friendship can vnite it. *Menaphon,*  
My *Menaphon*: now all the goodly blessings,  
That can create a Heauen on earth, dwell with thee.  
Twelue monthes we haue been sundred, but henceforth  
We neuer more will part, till that sad houre,  
In which death leaues the one of vs behind,  
To see the others funerals perform'd.  
Let's now a while be free. How haue thy trauailes  
Disburth'ned thee abroad of discontents?

*Men.* Such cure as sicke men find in changing beds,  
I found in change of Ayres; the fancy flatter'd  
My hopes with ease, as theirs doe, but the griefe  
Is still the same.

*Ame.* Such is my case at home.  
*Cleophyla*, thy Kinswoman, that Maide  
Of sweetnesse and humility, more pities  
Her Fathers poore afflictions, then the tide  
Of my complaints.

*Men.* *Thamasta*, my great Mistris,  
Your Princely Sister, hath, I hope ere this,  
Confirm'd affection on some worthy choice.

*Ame.* Not any, *Menaphon*. Her bosome yet  
Is intermur'd with Ice, though by the truth.  
Of loue, no day hath euer past, wherein



I haue not mention'd thy deserts, thy constancy  
 Thy— Come, in troth I dare not tell thee what,  
 Lest thou mightst thinke I fawnd vpon a sinne  
 Friendship was neuer guilty of; for flattery  
 Is monstrous in a true friend.

*Men.* Does the Court  
 Weare the old lookcs too?

*Ame.* If thou mean'st the Prince,  
 It does, hee's the same melancholy man,  
 He was at's Fathers death, sometimes speakes sence,  
 But seldome mirth; will smile, but seldome laugh;  
 Will lend an eare to businesse, deale in none;  
 Gaze vpon Reuels, Anticke Fopperies,  
 But is not mou'd; will sparingly discourse,  
 Heare musicke; but what most he takes delight in,  
 Are handsome pictures; one so young, and goodly,  
 So sweet in his owne nature, any Story  
 Hath seldome mentioned.

*Men.* Why should such as I am,  
 Groane vnder the light burthens of small sorrowes,  
 When as a Prince, so potent, cannot shun  
 Motions of passion? To be man (my Lord)  
 Is to be but the exercise of cares  
 In seuerall shapes; as miseries doe grow,  
 They alter as mens formes; but how, none know.

*Ame.* This little Ile of Cyprus sure abounds  
 In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,  
 Then any you haue seene abroad.

*Men.* Then any  
 I haue obseru'd abroad: all Countries else  
 To a free eye and mind yeeld something rare;  
 And I for my part, haue brought home one Iewell  
 Of admirable value.



*Ame.* Iewell, *Menaphon*?

*Men.* A Iewell, my *Amethus*, a faire Youth;  
A Youth, whom if I were but superstitious,  
I should repute an Excellence more high,  
Then meere creations are, to adde delight.  
I'll tell yee how I found him.

*Ame.* Prethee doe.

*Men.* Passing from Italy to Greece, the Tales  
Which Poets of an elder time haue fain'd  
To glorifie their *Tempe*, bred in me  
Desire of visiting that Paradise.  
To Theffaly I came, and living priuate,  
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,  
Then the old In-mates to my loue, my thoughts;  
I day by day frequented silent Groues;  
And solitarie Walkes. One morning early  
This accident incountred me: I heard  
The sweetest and most rauishing contention,  
That Art or Nature euer were at strife in.

*Vide Fam.  
Bradam. lib.  
Prolus. 6. A.  
2. Imitat. Cl.  
dian.*

*Ame.* I cannot yet conceiue, what you inferre  
By Art and Nature.

*Men.* I shall soone resolue yee:  
A sound of musicke toucht mine eares, or rather  
Indeed intranc'd my soule: as I stole neerer,  
Inuited by the melody, I saw  
This Youth, this faire-fac'd Youth, vpon his Lute  
With straines of strange variety and harmony,  
Proclaiming (as it seem'd) so bold a challenge  
To the cleare *Quiristers* of the Woods, the Birds,  
That as they flockt about him, all stood silent,  
Wondring at what they heard. I wondred too.

*Ame.* And so doe I, good,—on.

*Men.* A Nightingale.



Natures best skill'd Musicion vndertakes  
 The challenge, and for euery seuerall straine  
 The wel-shapt Youth could touch, she sung her down;  
 He coo'd not run Diuision with more Art  
 Vpon his quaking Instrument, then she,  
 The Nightingale did with her various notes  
 Reply too, for a voyce, and for a sound,  
*Amethus*, tis much easier to beleecue  
 That such they were, then hope to heare againe.

*Amet.* How did the Riuals part?

*Mena.* You terme them rightly,  
 For they were Riuals, and their Mistris *harmony*.  
 Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last  
 Into a pretty anger, that a bird  
 Whom Art had neuer taught Cliffs, Moods, or Notes,  
 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study  
 Had busied many houres to perfit practise:  
 To end the controuersie, in a rapture,  
 Vpon his Instrument he playes so swiftly,  
 So many voluntaries, and so quicke,  
 That there was curiositie and cunning,  
 Concord in discord, lines of differing method  
 Meeting in one full Center of delight.

*Amet.* Now for the bird.

*Mena.* The bird ordain'd to be  
 Musicks first Martyr, strove to imitate  
 These seuerall sounds which, when her warbling throat  
 Fail'd in, for grieve, downe dropt she on his Lute,  
 And brake her heart; it was the quaintest sadnesse,  
 To see the Conquerour vpon her Hearse,  
 To weepe a funerall Elegy of teares,  
 That trust me (my *Amethus*) I coo'd chide  
 Mine owne vnmanly weakenesse, that made me



A fellow-mourner with him. *Amet.* I beleeeue thee.

*Mena.* He lookes vpon the trophies of his Art,  
Then sigh'd, then wip'd his eyes, then sigh'd, and cride,  
Alas poore creature : I will soone reuenge  
This cruelty vpon the Author of it ;  
Henceforth this Lute guilty of innocent blood,  
Shall neuer more betray a harmelesse peace  
To an vntimely end : and in that sorrow,  
As he was pashing it against a tree,  
I suddenly stept in.

*Amet.* Thou hast discourst  
A truth of mirth and pitie.

*Mena.* I reprieu'd  
Th'intended execution with intreaties,  
And interruption : but (my Princely friend)  
It was not strange, the musicke of his hand  
Did ouer-match *birds*, when his voyce and beauty,  
Youth, carriage and discretion, must, from men  
Indu'd with reason, rauish admiration :  
From me they did.

*Amet.* But is this miracle  
Not to be seene ?

*Men.* I won him by degrees  
To chule me his Companion ; whence he is,  
Or who, as I durst modestly inquire,  
So gently hee would woo not to make knowne :  
Onely for reasons to himselfe reseru'd,  
He told me, that some remnant of his life  
Was to be spent in Trauaile ; for his fortunes,  
They were nor meane, nor riotous, his friends  
Nor publisht to the world, though not obscure :  
His Countrey, Athens ; and his name, *Parthenophil.*

*Amet.* Came he with you to Cyprus ?

Willingly,



*Men.* Willingly.

The fame of our young melancholy Prince,  
*Meleanders* rare distractions, the obedience  
 Of young *Cleophila*, *Thamasta's* glory,  
 Your matchlesse friendship, and my desperate loue  
 Preuail'd with him, and I haue lodg'd him priuately  
 In *Famagosta*.

*Amet.* Now th'art doubly welcome:  
 I will not lose the sight of such a rarity  
 For one part of my hopes. When d'ce intend  
 To visit my great-spirited Sister.

*Mena.* May I  
 Without offence?

*Amet.* Without offence? *Parthenophil*  
 Shall find a worthy intertainment too.  
 Thou art not still a coward.

*Mena.* Shee's too excellent,  
 And I too low in merit.

*Amet.* Ile prepare  
 A noble welcome. And (friend) ere we part,  
 Vnloade to thee an ouer-charged heart. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Rhetius carelessly attyr'd.*

*Rhet.* I will not court the madnesse of the times,  
 Nor fawne vpon the Riots that embalme  
 Our wanton Gentry, to preserue the dust  
 Of their affected vanities, in coffins  
 Of memorable shame; when Common-wealths  
 Totter and reele from that nobilitie  
 And ancient vertue, which renownes the great,  
 Who steere the Helme of gouernment, while Mush-  
 Grow vp, & make new lawes to licence folly: (rooms  
 Why should not I, a *May-game*, scorne the weight  
 Of my sunke fortunes? snarle at the vices

VVhich



Which rot the Land, and without feare or wit  
Be mine owne Anticke? Tis a sport to liue  
When life is irkesome, if we will not hug  
Prosperity in others, and contemne  
Affliction in our selues. This Rule is certaine,  
“ He that pursues his safety from the Schoole  
“ Of State, must learne to be mad man, or foole.  
Ambition, wealth, ease, I renounce the diuell  
That damns yee here on earth, or I will be—  
Mine owne mirth, or mine owne tormentor,—So,

*Enter Pelius.*

Here comes intelligence, a Buz o'the Court.

*Pel. Rhetias*, I sought thee out to tell thee newes,  
New, excellent new newes. *Cucolus*, Sirra,  
That Gull, that young old Gull, is comming this way.

*Rhet.* And thou art his forerunner?

*Pel.* Prethee heare me:

In stead of a fine guarded Page,  
We haue got him  
A Boy, trickt vp in neat and handsome  
Fashion;  
Perswaded him, that tis indeed a Wench;  
And he has entertain'd him, he does follow him,  
Carries his sword and buckler, waits on his trencher,  
Filles him his Wine, Tobacco, whets his knife,  
Lackeyes his letters, does what seruice else  
He would imploy his man in: being askt,  
Why he is so irregular in Courtship?  
His answer is, that since great Ladies vse  
Gentlemen Vshers to goe bare before them,  
He knowes no reason, but he may reduce  
The Courtiers to haue women waite on them,  
And he begins the fashion; he is laught at



Most complementally. Thou'rt burst to see him.

*Rhet.* *Agelastus*, so surnamed for his gravity,  
Was a very wise fellow, kept his countenance  
All dayes of his life as demurely, as a Iudge that  
Pronounceth sentence of death, on a poore Roague,  
For stealing as much bacon, as would serue at a meale  
With a Calues head. Yet he smil'd once,  
And neuer but once : Thou art no Scholler ?

*Pel.* I haue read Pamphlets dedicated to me :  
Dost call him *Agelastus* ? why did he laugh ?

*Rhet.* To see an Ass eate Thistles.  
Puppy, go study to be a singular Coxcomb. *Cuculus* is an  
Ordinary Ape, but thou art an Ape of an Ape.

*Enter Cuculus and Grilla.*

*Pel.* Thou hast a Patent to abuse thy friends :  
Looke, looke, he comes, obserue him seriously.

*Cucul.* Reach me my sword and buckler.

*Grill.* They are here, forsooth.

*Cucul.* How now (*Minkes*) how now ? Where is your  
duty, your distance ?

Let me haue seruice methodically tendred; you are now  
One of vs. Your cursey ; good : remember that you are  
To practise Courtship: was thy father a Piper, laist thou ?

*Grill.* A sounder of some such wind instrumēt forsooth.

*Cucul.* Was he so? hold vp thy head ; be thou musicall  
To me, and I will marry thee to a dancer : one  
That shall ryde on his Foot-cloth, and maintaine thee  
In thy Muffe and Hood.

*Grill.* That will be fine indeed.

*Cucul.* Thou art yet but simple.

*Grill.* Dee thinke so ?

*Cucul.* I haue a braine ; I haue a head-piece ;  
O my conscience, if I take paines with thee, I shood

Raise



Raise thy vnderstanding (Girle) to the height of a nurse,  
Or a Court-midwife at least, I will make thee big  
In time, wench.

*Grill.* E'en doe your pleasure with me, Sir.

*Pel.* Noble accomplisht *Cuculus*.

*Rhet.* Giue me thy fist, Innocent.

*Cucul.* Would'twere in thy belly, there tis. (blunt.

*Pel.* That's well, hee's an honest blade, though he be

*Cucul.* Who cares? we can be as blunt as he for's life.

*Rhet.* *Cuculus*, there is within a mile or two, a Sow-pig  
Hath suckt a Brach, and now hunts the Decree, the Hare,  
Nay, most vnnaturally the wilde Bore,  
Aswell as any Hound in Cyprus.

*Cucul.* Monstrous Sow-pig! ist true? (her.

*Pel.* Ile be at charge of a banket on thee for a sight of

*Rhet.* Euery thing takes after the dam that gaue it suck:  
Where hadst thou thy milke?

*Cucul.* I? Why, my nurses husband was a most ex-  
Of Shittle-cocks. (cellent maker

*Pel.* My nurse was a woman-surgeon.

*Rhet.* And who gaue thee pap, Mouse?

*Gril.* I neuer suckt that I remember.

*Rhet.* La now, a Shittle-cock-maker, all thy braines  
are stucke with corke and feather. *Cuculus*, this lear-  
ned Courtier takes after the nurse too, a she-surgeon,  
which is in effect a meere matcher of colours. Goe,  
learne to paint and dawbe complements, tis the next  
step to run into a new suit; my Lady *Periwinckle* here  
neuer suckt; suck thy Master, and bring forth Moone-  
calues, Fop, doe; This is good Philosophy, Sirs, make  
vse on't.

*Grill.* Blesse vs, what a strange Creature this is?

*Cucul.* A Gull, an arrant Gull by Proclamation.



*Enter Corax passing ouer.*

*Pel.* *Corax*, the Princes chiefe Phyficion;  
What businesse speeds his haste—  
Are all things well, Sir?

*Cor.* Yes, yes, yes.

*Rhet.* Phew, you may wheele about, man, wee know  
y<sup>e</sup> are proud of your flouenry and practice, tis your ver-  
tue; the Princes melancholy fit I presume holds still.

*Cora.* So doe thy knauery and desperate beggery.

*Cucul.* A ha: here's one will tickle the ban-dog.

*Rhet.* You must not goe yet.

*Cora.* Ile stay in spight of thy teeth. There lyes my  
grauity:

*Casts off his gowne.*

Doe what thou darest, I stand thee.

*Rhet.* Mountebanck, Empricks, Quacksaluers, Mi-  
neralists, Wizards, Alchimists, cast-Apothecaries, old  
Wiues and Barbers, are all suppositors to the right  
Worshipfull Doctor, as I take it.

Some of yee are the head of your Art, & the hornes too,  
but they come by nature; thou liuest single for no other  
end, but that thou fearest to be a Cuckold.

*Cora.* Haue at thee; thou affect'st railing onely for  
thy health, thy miseries are so thicke and so lasting, that  
thou hast not one poore denier to bestow on opening a  
veine. Wherefore to auoide a Plurisie, thou't be sure  
to prate thy selfe once a month into a whipping, and  
bleed in the breech in stead of the arme.

*Rhet.* Haue at thee agen.

*Cora.* Come.

*Cucul.* There, there, there; O braue Doctor.

*Pel.*



*Pel.* Let'em alone.

*Rhet.* Thou art in thy Religion an Atheist, in thy condition a Curre, in thy dyet an Epicure, in thy lust a Goate, in thy sleepe a Hogge; thou tak'st vpon thee the habit of a graue Phisition, but art indeed an impostrous Emperike. Physicions are the bodies Coblers, rather the Botchers of mens bodies; as the one patches our tattered clothes, so the other folders our diseased flesh. Come on.

*Cuc.* Tot, tot, hold him tot, hold him root, tot, tot, tot.

*Cora.* The best worth in thee, is the corruption of thy minde, for that onely intitles thee to the dignity of a lowse: a thing bred out of the filth and superfluity of ill humours: Thou byt'st any where; and any man who defends not himselfe with the cleane linnen of secure honesty; him thou darest not comeneere. Thou art Fortunes Ideot, Vertues Bankrupt, Times Dunghil, Manhoods Scandall, and thine owne scourge. Thou wouldst hang thy selfe, so wretchedly miserable thou art; but that no man will trust thee with as much money as will buy a halter: and all thy stocke to be sold, is not worth halfe as much as may procure it.

*Rhet.* Ha, ha, ha; this is flattery, grosse flattery.

*Cora.* I haue employment for thee, and for yee all, Tut, these are but good morrowes betweene vs.

*Rhet.* Are thy bottles full?

*Cor.* Of rich wine, lets all sucke together.

*Rhet.* Like so many Swine in a trough.

*Cora.* Ile shape yee all for a deuise before the Prince, Wee'll trie how that can moue him.

*Rhet.* He shall fret or laugh.

*Cucul.* Must I make one?

*Cora.* Yes, and your feminine Page too.



*Gril.* Thankes most egregiously.

*Pel.* I will not slacke my part.

*Cucul.* Wench, take my buckler.

*Cora.* Come all vnto my chamber, the proiect is cast,  
The time onely we must attend.

*Rhet.* The melody must agree well, and yeeld sport,  
When such as these are, Knaues and Fooles consort.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Amethus, Thamasta and Kala.*

*Amet.* Does this shew well?

*Tham.* What would you haue me doe?

*Amet.* Not like a Lady of the trim, new crept  
Out of the shell of fluttish sweat and labour,  
Into the glittering pompe of ease and wantonnesse,  
Imbroideries, and all these antike fashions,  
That shape a woman monstrous; to transforme  
Your education, and a Noble birth  
Into contempt and laughter. Sister, Sister,  
She who deriues her blood from Princes, ought  
To glorifie her greatnesse by humility.

*Tham.* Then you conclude me proud.

*Amet.* Young *Menaphon*,  
My worthy friend, has lou'd you long, and truly,  
To witnesse his obedience to your scorne,  
Twelue moneths (wrong'd Gentleman) he vndertooke  
A voluntary exile. Wherefore (Sister)  
In this time of his absence, haue you not  
Dispos'd of your affections on some Monarch?  
Or sent Embaissadors to some neighbouring King  
With fawning protestations of your graces?  
Your rare perfections, admirable beauty?

*This*



This had been a new piece of modesty,  
Would haue deseru'd a Chronicle!

*Tham.* You are bitter:

And brother, by your leaue, not kindly wise.  
My freedome is my births, I am not bound  
To fancy your approuements, but my owne.  
Indeed you are an humble youth, I heare of  
Your visits, and your louing cominendation  
To your hearts Saint, *Cleophila*, a Virgin  
Of a rare excellence: what though she want  
A portion to maintaine a portly greatnesse?  
Yet tis your gracious sweetnesse to descend  
So low, the meeknesse of your pity leades yee.  
She is your deare friends Sister, a good soule,  
An Innocent.

*Amet.* *Thamasta.*

*Tham.* I haue giuen  
Your *Menaphon* a welcome home as fits me;  
For his sake entertain'd *Parthenophill*,  
The handsome Stranger, more familiarly  
Then (I may feare) becomes me; yet for his part,  
I not repent my courtesies, but you—

*Amet.* No more, no more; be affable to both:  
Time may reclaime your cruelty.

*Tham.* I pittie

The youth, and trust me (brother) loue his sadnesse:  
He talkes the prettiest stories, he deliuers  
His tales so gracefully, that I coo'd sit  
And listen, nay forget my meales and sleepe,  
To heare his neat discourses. *Menaphon*  
Was well aduis'd in chusing such a friend,  
For pleading his true loue.

*Amet.* Now I commend thee,

Thou't



Thou't change at last, I hope.

*Enter Menaphon and Eroclea in mans attire.*

*Tham.* I feare I shall.

*Amet.* Haue ye suruaid the Garden?

*Men.* Tis a curious,  
A pleasantly contriu'd delight.

*Tham.* Your eye (Sir)  
Hath in your trauailes, often met contents  
Of more variety.

*Eroc.* Not any (Lady.)

*Men.* It were impossible, since your faire presence  
Makes euery place where it vouchsafes to shine,  
More louely then all other helps of Art  
Can equall.

*Tham.* What you meane by helps of Art,  
You know your selfe best, be they as they are:  
You need none I am sure to set me forth.

*Men.* 'Twould argue want of manners, more then skill,  
Not to praise *praise it selfe.*

*Tham.* For your reward,  
Henceforth Ile call you Seruant.

*Amet.* Excellent Sister.

*Men.* 'Tis my first step to honour: May I fall  
Lower then shame, when I neglect all seruice  
That may confirme this fauour.

*Tham.* Are you well, Sir?

*Eroc.* Great Princeesse, I am well, to see a League  
Betweene an humble loue, such as my Friends is,  
And a commanding vertue, such as yours is,  
Are sure restoratiues.

*Tham.* You speake ingeniously.  
Brother, be pleas'd to shew the Gallery  
To this young stranger, vse the time a while,

And



And we will altogether to the Court.

I will present yee (Sir) vnto the Prince.

*Erec.* Y'are all compos'd of fairenesse, and true bounty.

*Amet.* Come, come, wee'l wait thee, Sister: this begin-  
Doth rellish happy processe. (ning

*Mena.* You haue blest me.

*Exeant all but Thama-*

*Tham.* Kala, O Kala,

*maſta and Kala.*

*Kala.* Lady.

*Tham.* We are priuate, thou art my Cloſet.

*Kala.* Locke your ſecrets cloſe then :

I am not to be forc'd.

*Tham.* Neuer till now,

Coo'd I be ſenſible of being traytor

To honour and to ſhame.

*Kala.* You are in loue.

*Tham.* I am growne baſe ——— *Parthenophill* —

*Kala.* Hee's handſome,  
Richly indow'd ; he hath a louely face,  
A winning tongue.

*Tham.* If euer I muſt fall,  
In him my greatneſſe ſinkes. Loue is a Tyrant  
Reſiſted ; whiſper in his eare, how gladly  
I would ſteale time, to talke with him one houre ;  
But doe it honourably ; preth'ee *Kala*  
Doe not betray me.

*Kala.* Madame, I will make it  
Mine owne caſe ; he ſhall thinke I am in loue with him.

*Tham.* I hope thou art not *Kala*.

*Kala.* Tis for your ſake :

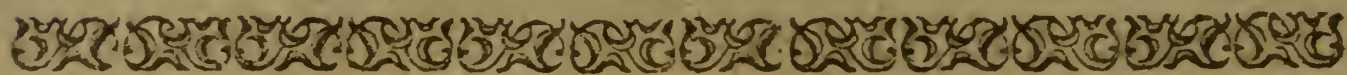
Ile tell him ſo ; but Faith I am not, Lady.

*Tham.* Pray uſe me kindly ; let me not too ſoone  
Be loſt in my new follies. Tis a Fate  
That ouer-rules our wiſdomes, whiſt we ſtrive



To live most free, wee'r caught in our owne toyles.  
 Diamonds cut Diamonds: they who will proue  
 To thrive in cunning, must cure loue with loue. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus Primi.*



Actus II. Scena I.

*Enter Sophronos and Aretus.*

*Sophronos.*

**O** Vr Common-wealth is sick; tis more then time  
 That wee should wake the Head thereof, who  
 In the dull Lethargy of lost security. (sleepes  
 The Commons murmur, and the Nobles griue,  
 The Court is now turn'd Anticke, and growes wilde,  
 Whiles all the neighb'ring Nations stand at gaze,  
 And watch fit opportunity, to wreake  
 Their iust conceiued fury, on such iniuries,  
 As the late Prince, our liuing Masters Father,  
 Committed against Lawes of truth or honour.  
 Intelligence comes flying in on all sides,  
 Whilest the vnsteady multitude presume,  
 How that you, *Aretus*, and I, ingrosse  
 (Out of particular Ambition)  
 Th'affaires of gouernment, which I for my part,  
 Groane vnder, and am weary of.

*Aret. Sophronos,*

I am as zealous too of shaking of  
 My gay State fetters, that I haue bethought  
 Of speedy remedy; and to that end

*As*



As I haue told yee, haue concluded with  
*Corax*, the Princes chiefe Physician.

*Soph.* You should haue done this sooner, *Aretas*;  
You were his Tutor, and could best discerne  
His dispositions to informe them rightly.

*Aret.* Passions of violent nature, by degrees  
Are easili'st reclaim'd. There's something hid  
Of his distemper, which wee'l now find out.

*Enter Corax, Rhetias, Pelias, Cuculus and Grilla.*  
You come on iust appointment: welcome, Gentlemen,  
Haue you won *Rhetias* (*Corax*?)

*Cora.* Most sincerely.

*Cucul.* Saue yee, Nobilities: doe your Lordships  
take notice of my Page? Tis a fashion of the newest  
edition, spick and span new, without example. Doe your  
honour, Housewife.

*Grill.* There's a cursey for you, and a cursey for you.

*Soph.* Tis excellent: we must all follow fashion, and  
entertaine Shee-waiters.

*Aret.* 'Twill be Courtly.

*Cucul.* I thinke so; I hope the Chronicles will reare  
me one day for a head-piece—

*Rhet.* Of Woodcocke without braines in't; Barbers  
shall weare thee on their Citternes, and Hucksters set  
thee out in Ginger-bread.

*Cucul.* Deuill take thee: I say nothing to thee now;  
canst let me be quiet?

*Gril.* Y'are too perstreperous, Sauce box.

*Cucul.* Good Girle, if we begin to puffle once.

*Pel.* Prethee hold thy tongue, the Lords are in the  
presence.

*Rhet.* Mum, Butterflye.

*Pel.* O the Prince: stand and keepe silence.



*Cucul.* O the Prince : Wench, thou shalt see the  
Prince now. *Soft Musicke.*

*Enter Pallador, the Prince, with a Booke in his hand.*

*Soph. Aret.* Sir ; Gracious Sir.

*Prince.* Why all this Company ?

*Cora.* A Booke ! is this the early exercise  
I did prescribe ? in stead of following health,  
Which all mē couet, you pursue your diseale. (Tennis,  
Where's your great Horse, your Hounds, your set at  
Your Balloone ball, the practice of your dancing,  
Your casting of the sledge, or learning how  
To toss a Pike ; all chang'd into a Sonnet ?  
Pray Sir grant me free liberty to leaue  
The Court, it do's infect me with the sloth  
Of sleepe and surfet : In the Vniuersity  
I haue imployments, which to my profession  
Adde profit and report : Here I am lost,  
And in your wilfull dulnesse held a man  
Of neither Art nor honesty : you may  
Command my head ; pray take it, doe ; 'twere better  
For me to lose it, then to lose my wits,  
And liue in Bedlam : you will force me too't,  
I am almost mad already.

*Prince.* I beleeeue it.

*Soph.* Letters are come from Creete, which do require  
A speedy restitution of such ships,  
As by your Father were long since detain'd ;  
If not ; defiance threatned.

*Aret.* These neere parts  
Of Syria that adioyne, muster their friends :  
And by intelligence we learne for certaine,



The Syrian will pretend an ancient interest  
Of tribute intermitted.

*Soph.* Through your Land  
Your subiects mutter strangely, and imagine  
More then they dare speake publikely.

*Cora.* And yet  
They talke but odly of you.

*Cucul.* Hang 'em Mungrels.

*Prince.* Of me? my subiects talke of me?

*Cora.* Yes, scurvily,  
And thinke worse (Prince.)

*Prince.* Ile borrow patience  
A little time to listen to these wrongs,  
And from the few of you which are here present,  
Conceiue the generall voyce.

*Cora.* So, now he is nettled.

*Prince.* By all your loues I charge ye, without feare  
Or flattery, to let me know your thoughts,  
And how I am interpreted: Speake boldly.

*Soph.* For my part (Sir) I will be plaine, and brieve:  
I thinke you are of Nature milde and easie,  
Not willingly prouokt, but withall head-strong  
In any passion that misleades your Iudgement.  
I thinke you too indulgent to such motions,  
As spring out of your owne affections,  
Too old to be reform'd, and yet too young  
To take fit councell from your selfe, of what  
Is most amisse.

*Prince.* So—— Tutor, your conceit?

*Aret.* I think you doate (with pardon let me speak it)  
Too much vpon your pleasures, and these pleasures  
Are so wrapt vp in selfe-loue, that you couet  
No other change of fortune: would be still.



What your birth makes you, but are loth to toyle  
In such affaires of State as breake your sleepes.

*Cora.* I thinke you would be by the world, reputed  
A man in euery point compleat, but are  
In manners and effect indeed a childe,  
A boy, a very boy.

*Pel.* May it please your Grace,  
I thinke you doe containe within your selfe  
The great *Elixer*, soule and quintessence  
Of all diuine perfections : are the glory  
Of mankind, and the onely strict example  
For earthly Monarchies to square out their liues by :  
Times miracle, Fames pride, in Knowledge, Wit,  
Sweetnesse, Discourse, Armes, Arts—

*Prince.* You are a Courtier.

*Cucul.* But not of the ancient fashion, an't like your  
Highnesse. Tis I ; I, that am the credit of the Court,  
Noble Prince: and if thou would'st by Proclamation or  
Patent, create me Ouerleer of all the Taylers in thy Do-  
minions ; then, then the golden dayes should appeare  
again ; bread should be cheaper ; fooles should haue  
more wit ; knaues more honesty ; and beggers more  
money.

*Gril.* I thinke now—

*Cucul.* Peace you Squall.

*Prince.* You haue not spoken yet.

*Cucul.* Hang him, hee'l nothing but raile.

*Gril.* Most abominable : out vpon him.

*Cora.* Away *Cuculus* ; follow the Lords.

*Cucul.* Close Page, close.

*They all fall backe, and steale out.*

*Manet Prince and Rhetias.*

*Prince.* You are somewhat long a thinking.

*Rhet.*



*Rhet.* I doe not thinke at all.

*Prince.* Am I not worthy of your thought?

*Rhet.* My pittie you are——

But not my reprehension.

*Prince.* Pittie?

*Rhet.* Yes, for I pittie such to whom I owe seruice,  
who exchange their happinesse for a misery.

*Prince.* Is it a misery to be a Prince?

*Rhet.* Princes who forget their soueraignty, and  
yeeld to affected passion, are weary of command. You  
had a Father, Sir.

*Prince.* Your Soueraigne whiles he liu'd. But what of  
him?

*Rhet.* Nothing. I onely dar'd to name him; that's  
all.

*Prince.* I charge thee by the duty that thou ow'st vs,  
be plaine in what thou meanest to speake: there's some-  
thing that we must know: be free, our eares are open.

*Rhet.* O Sir, I had rather hold a Wolfe by the eares,  
then stroake a Lyon, the greatest danger is the last.

*Prince.* This is meere trifling—— Ha? are all stollen  
We are alone: Thou hast an honest looke, (hence?  
Thou hast a tongue, I hope, that is not oyld  
With flattery. Be open, though tis true,  
That in my younger dayes I oft haue heard  
*Agénors* name, my Father, more traduc'd,  
Then I could then obserue; yet I protest,  
I neuer had a friend, a certaine friend,  
That would informe me throughly of such errors,  
As oftentimes are incident to Princes.

*Rhet.* All this may be. I haue seene a man so curious  
in feeling of the edge of a keene knife, that he has cut his  
fingers. My flesh is not of prooffe against the metall I



am to handle ; the one is tenderer then the other.

*Prince.* I see then I must court thee. Take the word  
Of a iust Prince for any thing thou speakest.  
I haue more then a Pardon, thanks and loue.

*Rhet.* I will remember you of an old Tale that something  
concernes you. *Meleander*, the great (but vnfortunate)  
Statesman, was by your Father treated with for a Match  
betweene you and his eldest daughter, the Lady *Eroclea*.  
You were both neere of an age. I presume you remem-  
ber a Contract, and cannot forget *Her*.

*Prince.* She was a louely beauty : Prethee forward.

*Rhet.* To Court was *Eroclea* brought, was courted by  
your Father, not for Prince *Palador*, as it followed, but  
to be made a prey to some lesse noble designe.—  
With your fauour I haue forgot the rest.

*Prince.* Good call it backe agen into thy memory,  
Else losing the remainder, I am lost too.

*Rhet.* You charme me. In brieft, a Rape, by some  
bad Agents, was attempted ; by the Lord *Meleander*  
her father rescude, she conuay'd away. *Meleander* accus'd  
of treason, his Land seized, he himselfe distracted and  
confined to the Castle where he yet liues. What had  
ensuede was doubtfull. But your Father shortly after

*Prince.* But what became of faire *Eroclea* ? (dyed.

*Rhet.* She neuer since was heard of.

*Prince.* No hope liues then  
Of euer, euer seeing her againe.

*Rhet.* Sir, I feare I should anger yee. There was, as I  
said, an old Tale : I haue now a new one, which may per-  
haps season the first with a more delightfull rellish.

*Prince.* I am prepar'd to heare, say what you please.

*Rhet.* My Lord *Meleander* falling, on whole fauour  
my fortunes relyde, I furnisht my selfe for trauaile, and  
bent



bent my course to Athens, where a pretty accident after a while came to my knowledge.

*Prince.* My care is open to thee.

*Rhet.* A young Lady contracted to a noble Gentleman, as the Lady we last mentioned, and your Highnes were, being hindred by their iarring Parents, stole from her home, and was conueyed like a Ship-boy in a Merchant, from the Countrey where she liu'd, into Corinth first, and afterwards to Athens; where in much solitarie she liu'd like a Youth almost two yecres, courted by all for acquaintance, but friend to none by familiaritie.

*Prince.* In habit of a man?

*Rhet.* A handsome young man, till within these three moneths, or lesse, her sweet hearty Father dying some yeere before, or more, shee had notice of it, and with much ioy returned home, and as report voyced it, at Athens enioyed her happinesse: she was long an exile: For now Noble Sir, if you did loue the Lady *Eroclea*, why may not such safety and fate direct her, as directed the other? tis not impossible.

*Prince.* If I did loue her, *Rhetias*: yes I did.  
Giue me thy hand: As thou didst serue *Mileander*,  
And art still true to these, henceforth serue me.

*Rhet.* My duty and my obedience are my suretie,  
But I haue been too bold.

*Prince.* Forget the sadder story of my Father,  
And onely *Rhetias*, learne to reade me well,  
For I must euer thanke thee; th'ast vnlockt  
A tongue was vow'd to silence, for requitall  
Open my bosome, *Rhetias*.

*Rhet.* What's your meaning?

*Prince.* To tye thee to an oath of secrecy—



Vnloose the buttons, man, thou dost it faintly,  
What findst thou there?

*Rhet.* A picture in a Tablet.

*Prince.* Looke well vpon't.

*Rhet.* I doe——yes——let me obserue it——  
Tishers, the Ladies.

*Prince.* Whose!

*Rhet.* *Erocleas.*

*Prince.* Hers that was once *Eroclea*: for her sake  
Haue I aduans't *Sophronos* to the Helme  
Of gouernment; for her sake will restore  
*Meleanders* Honours to him; will for her sake  
Beg friendship from thee, *Rhetias*. O be faithfull,  
And let no politicke Lord worke from thy bosome  
My griefes: I know thou wert put on to sift me:  
But be not too secure.

*Rhet.* I am your Creature.

*Prince.* Continue still thy discontented fashion:  
Humour the Lords, as they would humour me;  
Ile not liue in thy debt.——We are discover'd.

*Enter Amethus, Menaphon, Thamastra, Kala,  
Eroclea, as before.*

*Amet.* Honour and health still wait vpon the Prince.  
Sir, I am bold with fauour to present  
Vnto your Highnes, *Menaphon* my friend,  
Return'd from trauaile.

*Mena.* Humbly on my knees  
I kisse your gracious hand.

*Prince.* It is our duty  
To loue the vertuous.

*Mena.* If my prayers or seruice

Hold



Hold——any value, they are vow'd yours euer.

*Rhet.* I haue a fist for thee too (Strippling) th'art started vp prettily since I saw thee. Hast learned any wit abroad? Canst tell newes, and sweare lyes with a grace like a true Traueller? What new Owzle's this?

*Tham.* Your Highnesse shall doe right to your owne In taking more then common notice of (iudgement, This stranger, an Athenian, nam'd *Parthenophill*. One, (whom if mine opinion doe not sooth me Too grossely) for the fashion of his minde, Deserues a deare respect.

*Prince.* Your commendations, Sweet Cousin, speakes him Nobly.

*Eroc.* All the powers That centinell iust Thrones, double these guards About your sacred Excellence.

*Prince.* What fortune led him to Cyprus!

*Men.* My perswasions won him. (trance

*Amet.* And if your Highnesse please to heare the en- Into their first acquaintance, you will say——

*Tham.* It was the newest, sweetest, prettiest accident, That ere delighted your attention. I can discourle it, Sir.

*Prince.* Some other time. How is a cald?

*Tham.* *Parthenophill*.

*Prince.* *Parthenophill*?

Wee shall sort time to take more notice of him.

*Exit. Prince.*

*Men.* His wonted melancholy still pursues him.

*Amet.* I told you so.

*Tham.* You must not wonder at it.

*Eroc.* I doe not, Lady.



*Amet.* Shall we to the Castle?

*Men.* Wee will attend yee both.

*Rhet.* All three——Ile goe too. Hark in thine care,  
Gallant: Ile keep the old mad man in chat, whilest thou  
gabblest to the girle: my thumb's vpon my lips, not a  
word.

*Amet.* I neede not feare thee, *Rhetias.* —— Sister, soone  
Expect vs: this day wee will range the City.

*Tham.* Well, soone I shall expect yee. —— *Kala?*

*Kala.* Trust mee.

*Rhet.* Troope on——Loue, Loue, what a wonder thou  
art? *Exeunt.*

*Kala and Eroclea stayes.*

*Kala.* May I not be offensive, Sir?

*Ero.* Your pleasure; yet pray be briefer.

*Kala.* Then briefly, good, resolute mee:  
Haue you a Mistris, or a Wife?

*Ero.* I haue neither.

*Kala.* Nor did you euer loue in earnest any  
Faيرة Lady, whom you wisht to make your owne?

*Ero.* Not any truly.

*Kala.* What your friends or meanes are  
I will not be inquisitiue to know,  
Nor doe I care to hope for. But admit  
A dowre were throwne downe before your choyce,  
Of Beauty, Noble birth, and sincere affection,  
How gladly would you intertaine it? (Young man)  
I doe not tempt you idly.

*Ero.* I shall thanke you,  
When my vnsettled thoughts can make me sensible  
Of what tis to be happy: for the present  
I am your debtor: and faيرة Gentlewoman,  
Pray giue me leaue as yet to study ignorance,



*The Melancholy Loue*

For my weake braines conceiue not *what concerns me.*

———Another time.———

*Enter Thamasta.*

*Tham.* Doe I breake off your Parley  
That you are parting? Sure my woman loues you.  
Can she speake well, *Parthenophill*?

*Ero.* Yes, Madame:

Discreetly chaste she can: she hath much won  
On my beliefe, and in few words, but pithy,  
Much mou'd my thankfulnesse. You are her Lady,  
Your goodnesse aimes (I know) at her preferment:  
Therefore I may be bold to make confession  
Of truth, if euer I desire to thrive  
In womans fauour. *Kala* is the first  
Whom my ambition shall bend to.

*Tham.* Indeed.

But say a Nobler Loue should interpose?

*Eroc.* Where reall worth, and constancy first settle  
A hearty truth, there greatnesse cannot shake it,  
Nor shall it mine: yet I am but an Infant  
In that construction, which must giue cleare light  
To *Kala's* merit: riper houres hereafter  
Must learne me how to grow rich in deserts.  
Madame, my duty waits on you.

*Exit Eroclea.*

*Tham.* Come hither.

If euer henceforth I desire to thrive  
In womans fauours, *Kala* is the first  
Whom my ambition shall bend to———'twas so.

*Kal.* These very words he spake.

*Tham.* These very words  
Curse thee, vnfaithfull creature, to thy graue:  
Thou wood'st him for thy selfe?



*ic Louers Melancholy.*

*Kala.* You said I should.

*Tham.* My name was neuer mentioned!

*Kala.* Madame, no:

We were not come to that.

*Tham.* Not come to that?

Art thou a Riual fit to crosse my Fate?

Now pouerty and a dishonest fame,

The waiting-womans wages, be thy payment.

False, faithlesse, wanton beast, Ile spoile your carriage:

There's not a Page, a Groome, nay, not a Citizen

That shall be cast vpon yee. *Kala,*

Ile keepe thee in my seruice all thy life time,

Without hope of a husband or a suter.

*Kala.* I haue not verily deseru'd this cruelty.

*Tham.* *Partbenophill* shall know, if he respect  
My birth, the danger of a fond neglect. *Exit Tham.*

*Kala.* Are you so quick? Well, I may chance to crosse  
Your peeuishnesse. Now though I neuer meant  
The young man for my selfe; yer if he loue me,  
Ile haue him, or Ile run away with him,  
And let her doe her worst then: what, we are all  
But flesh and blood; the same thing that will doe  
My Lady good, will please her woman too. *Exit.*

*Enter Cleophila and Trollio.*

*Cleo.* Tread softly (*Trollio*) my Father sleepest still.

*Troll.* I forsooth: but he sleepest like a Hare with his  
eyes open, and that's no good signe.

*Cleo.* Sure thou art weary of this fullen liuing,  
But I am not; for I take more content  
In my obedience here, then all delights  
The time presents elsewhere.

*Menander*



*Menander within.* Oh!

*Cleo.* Do'st heare that groane?

*Troll.* Heare it? I shudder, it was a strong blast, young Mistris, able to roote vp heart, liuer, lungs and all.

*Cleo.* My much-wrong'd Father: let me view his face.

*Drawes the Arras, Meleander discovered in a chaire sleeping.*

*Troll.* Lady Mistris, shall I fetch a Barbour to steale away his rough beard, whiles he sleepest in's naps? He neuer lookes in a glasse, and tis high time on conscience for him to bee triind, has not been vnder the Shauers hand almost these foure yeeres.

*Cleo.* Peace, foole.

*Trol.* I could clip the old Russian, there's haire enough to stufte all the great Codpieces in Switzerland. A begins to stirre, a stirres. Blesse vs how his eyes rowle. A good yeere keepe your Lordship in your right wits, I beseech yee.

*Mel.* *Cleophila?*

*Cleo.* Sir, I am here, how d'ee Sir?

*Troll.* Sir, is your stomacke vp yet? get some warme porredge in your belly, 'tis a very good settle-braine.

*Mel.* The Rauen croakt, and hollow shrieks of Owles Sung Dirges at her funerall; I laugh'd  
The whiles: for twas no boot to weepe. The Girle  
Was fresh and full of youth: but, O the cunning  
Of Tyrants that looke bigge, their very frownes  
Dooe poore soules guilty, ere their cause be heard.  
Good. What art thou, and thou?

*Cleo.* I am *Cleophila*,  
Your wofull daughter.

*Troll.* I am *Trollia* your honest implement.

*Mel.* I know yee both. 'las, why d'ee vse me thus!

Thy



Thy Sister, my *Eroclea*, was so gentle,  
 That Turtles in their Downe doe feed more gall,  
 Then her spleene mixt with: yet when winds and storme  
 Drive dirt and dust on banks of spotlesse snow,  
 The purest whitenesse is no such defence  
 Against the sullyng foulennesse of that fury.  
 So rau'd *Agenor*, that great man, mischiefe  
 Against the Girle — 'twas a politick tricke,  
 We were too old in Honour. — I am leane  
 And falne away extremely; most assuredly  
 I haue not dyn'd these three dayes.

*Cleo.* Will you now, Sir?

*Troll.* I beseech yee heartily Sir. I feele a horrible  
 puking my selfe.

*Mel.* Am I starke mad?

*Troll.* No, no, you are but a little staring — there's  
 difference betweene staring and starke mad. You are  
 but whymf'd, yet crotchett'd, conundroun'd, or so.

*Mel.* Here's all my care: and I doe often sigh  
 For thee, *Cleophyla*: we are seclused  
 From all good people. But take heed, *Amethus*  
 Was sonne to *Doryla*, *Agenors* Sister.  
 There's some ill blood about him, if the Surgeon  
 Haue not been very skilfull to let all out.

*Cleo.* I am (alas) too grieu'd to thinke of loue,  
 That must concerne me least.

*Mel.* Sirra, be wise, be wise.

*Enter Amethus, Menaphon, Eroclea (as before)  
 and Rhetias.*

*Troll.* Who I? I will be monstrous and wise immedi-  
 ately. Welcome, Gentlemen, the more the merrier, Ile  
 lay the cloth, and set the stooles in a readinesse, for I see  
 here is some hope of dinner now.

*Exit Trollio.*

*Amet.*



*Amet.* My Lord Meleander, Menaphon your Kinsman  
Newly return'd from trauaile, comes to tender  
His duty t'ee: to you his loue, faire Mistris.

*Men.* I would I could as easily remoue  
Sadnesse from your remembrance, Sir, as study  
To doe you faithfull seruice—my deare Cousin,  
All best of comforts blesse your sweet obedience.

*Clo.* One chiefe of 'em (worthy Cousin) liues  
In you, and your well-doing.

*Men.* This young stranger  
Will well deserue your knowledge.

*Amet.* For my friends sake,  
Lady pray giue him welcome.

*Cleo.* He has met it, if sorrowes can looke kindly.

*Eroc.* You much honour me.

*Rhet.* How a eyes the company: sure my passion will  
betray my weakenesse——O my Master, my Noble  
Master, doe not forget me, I am still the humblest, and  
the most faithfull in heart of thole that serue you.

*Mel.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Rhet.* There's wormewood in that laughter, tis the  
vsheer to a violent extremity.

*Mel.* I am a weake old man. All these are come  
To ieere my ripe calamities. *Mena.* Good Vncle!

*Mel.* But Ile out-stare 'ee all, fooles, desperate fooles,  
You are cheated, grossely cheated, range, range on,  
And rowle about the world to gather mosse,  
The mosse of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,  
Gay wiues, huge empty buildings, whose proud roofes,  
Shall with their pinacles, even reach the starres.  
Ye worke and worke like Moles, blind in the paths,  
That are bor'd through the crannies of the earth,  
To charge your hungry soules with such full surfets,



As being gorg'd once, make 'ee leane with plenty.  
 And when ye haue skind the vomit of your riots,  
 Y'are fat in no felicity but folly,  
 Then your last sleepes seize on 'ee. Then the troopes  
 Of wormes crawle round, & feast, good cheare, rich fare,  
 Dainty delicious— here's *Cleophyla*:

All the poore stocke of my remaining thrift;  
 You, you, the Princes Cousin: how d'ee like her?

(*Ametus*) how d'ee like her?

*Amet.* My intents are iust and honourable.

*Men.* Sir, belecue him.

*Mel.* Take her.—we two must part, go to him, doe.

*Ero.* This sight is full of horror.

*Rhet.* This is sence yet in this distraction.

*Mel.* In this Iewell I haue giuen away,

All what I can call mine. When I am dead,  
 Saue charge; let me be buried in a nooke.

No guns, no pompous whining: these are fooleries.

If whiles we liue, we stalke about the streets,

Iustled by Carmen, Foot-poasts, and fine Apes,

In silken coates, vnminided, and scarce thought on;

It is not comely to be hal'd to the earth,

Like high fed lades vpon a Tilting-day,

In antique trappings: scorne to vse-lesse teares.

*Erocles* was not coffin'd so: she perisht,

And no eye dropt saue mine, and I am childish.

I talke like one that doates; laugh at me, *Rhetias*,

Or raile at me: they will not giue me meate:

They haue staru'd me: but Ile henceforth be mine owne

Good morrow: tis too early for my cares. (Cook.

To reuell. I will breake my heart a little,

And tell yee more hereafter. Pray be merry.

*Exit Meleander.*

*Rhet.*



*Rhet.* Ile follow him. My Lord *Amethus*, vse your time  
Respectiue. Few words to purpose soon't preuaile:  
Study no long Orations; be plaine and short,  
Ile follow him. *Exit Rhetias.*

*Amet.* *Cleophyla*, although these blacker clouds  
Of sadnes, thicken and make darke the sky  
Of thy faire eyes, yet giue me leaue to follow  
The streame of my affections: they are pure,  
Without all mixture of vnnoble thoughts.  
Can you be euer mine?

*Cleo.* I am so low  
In mine owne fortunes, and my Fathers woes,  
That I want words to tell yee, you deserue  
A worthier choice.

*Amet.* But giue me leaue to hope.

*Men.* My friend is serious.

*Cleo.* Sir, this for answer: If I euer thrive  
In an earthly happinesse, the next  
To my good Fathers wisht recovery,  
Must be my thankfulnessse to your great merit;  
Which I dare promise for the present time:  
You cannot vrge more from me.

*Mel.* Ho, *Cleophyla*?

*Cleo.* This Gentleman is mou'd.

*Ame.* Your eyes, *Parthenophill*,  
Are guilty of some passion.

*Men.* Friend, what ailes thee?

*Eroc.* All is not well within me, Sir.

*Meleander within.* *Cleophyla*?

*Ame.* Sweet Maid, forget me not; we now must part.

*Cleo.* Still you shall haue my prayer.

*Ame.* Still you my truth.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Finis Actus secundi.*





### Actus III. Scena I.

*Enter Cuculus and Grilla, Cuculus in a blacke velvet Cap, and a white Feather, with a paper in his hand.*

*Cuculus.*

**D**O not I looke freshly, and like a Youth of the Trim?

*Gril.* As rare an old Youth as euer walkt crosse-gartered.

*Cucul.* Here are my Mistrisses mustred in white and blacke. *Kala* the Waiting-woman. I will first begin at the foote: stand thou for *Kala*.

*Gril.* I stand for *Kala*, doe your best and your worst.

*Cucul.* I must looke bigge, and care little or nothing for her, because shee is a creature that stands at liuery. Thus I talke wisely, and to no purpose. Wench, as it is not fit that thou should'st be either faire or honest; so considering thy seruice, thou art as thou art, and so are thy betters, let them bee what they can bee. Thus in despite and defiance of all thy good parts, if I cannot indure thy basenesse, tis more out of thy courtesie, then my deseruing, and so I expect thy answer.

*Grill.* I must confesse—

*Cucul.* Well said.

*Gril.* You are—

*Cucul.* That's true too.

*Gril.* To speake you right, a very scuruy fellow.—

*Cucul.* Away, away, do'st thinke so?

*Grill.*



*Grill.* A very foule-mouth'd, and misshapen Cock-combe.

*Cucul.* Ile neuer beleeeue it by this hand.

*Grill.* A Magot, most vnworthy to creepe in——  
——To the least wrinckle of a Gentlewomans  
(What d'ee call) good conceit, or so, or what  
You will else.——Were you not refin'd by Courtship  
And education, which in my bleare eyes  
Makes you appeare as sweet as any nosegay,  
Or sauiory cod of Muske new fall'n from th' Cat.

*Cucul.* This shall serue well enough for the Waiting-woman. My next Mistris is *Cleophyla*, the old mad-mans daughter: I must come to her in whining tune, sigh, wipe mine eyes, fold my Armes, and blubber out my speech as thus: Euen as a Kennell of Hounds (sweet Lady) cannot catch a Hare, when they are full pauncht on the Carrion of a dead Horse: so, euen so the gorge of my affections being full cramm'd with the garboyles of your condolences, doth tickle me with the prick (as it were) about mee, and fellow-feeling of howling outright.

*Grill.* This will doo't, if we will heare.

*Cucul.* Thou seest I am crying ripe, I am such another tender-hearted foole.

*Grill.* Euen as the snuffe of a candle that is burnt in the socket, goes out, and leaues a strong perfume behind it; or as a piece of toasted cheese next the heart in a morning is a restorative for a sweet breath: so, euen so the odoriferous sauiour of your loue doth perfume my heart, (Hay ho) with the pure sent of an intolerable content, and not to be indur'd.

*Cucul.* By this hand tis excellent. Haue at thee last of all: for the Princessse *Thamasta*, she that is my Mistris  
F 3 indeed,



indeed, she is abominably proud. A Lady of a damnable, high, turbulent, and generous spirit. But I have a loud-mouth'd Cannon of mine owne to batter her, and a pen'd speech of purpose ; obserue it.

*Grill.* Thus I walke by, heare and minde you not.

*Cucul.* Though haughty as the Diuell or his Dam,  
Thou dost appeare, great Mistris : yet I am  
Like to an vgly fire-worke, and can mount  
Aboue the Region of thy sweet Ac—count.  
Wert thou the Moone her selfe, yet hauing seene thee,  
Behold the man ordain'd to mooue within thee.

——— Looke to your selfe, Houswife ; answer me  
In strong Lines y'are best. (thee blinde :

*Gril.* Keepe off, poore foole, my beames will strike  
Else if thou touch me, touch me but behind.

In Palaces, such as passe in before,  
Must be great Princes ; for at the backe dore  
Tatter-demallians waite, who know not how  
To get admittance : such a one ——— art Thou.

*Cucul.* S'foot, this is downe-right roaring.

*Grill.* I know how to present a big Lady in her owne  
cue. But pray in earnest, are you in loue with all these ?

*Cucul.* Pish, I haue not a ragge of loue about me. Tis  
only a foolish humour I am possesst with, to be surnam'd  
the Conquerour. I will court any thing ; be in loue  
with nothing, nor no———thing.

*Grill.* A rare man you are, I protest.

*Cucul.* Yes, I know I am a rare man, and I euer held  
my selfe so.

*Enter Pelias and Corax.*

*Pel.* In amorous contemplation on my life ;  
Courting his Page by *Hel.con.*

*Cucul.*



*Cucul.* Tis false.

*Grill.* A grosse vntruth; Ile iustifie it, Sir,  
At any time, place, weapon.

*Cucul.* Marry shall she.

*Cora.* No quarrels, good'ee *Whiske*. Lay by your  
Trumperies, and fall to your practice. Instructions are  
ready for you all. *Pelias* is your Leader, follow him. Get  
credit now or neuer. Vanish, Doodles, vanish.

*Cucul.* For the Deuice.

*Cora.* The same, get'ee gone, and make no bawling.

*Exeunt.*

To waste my time thus *Droane*-like in the Court,  
And lose so many houres, as my studies  
Haue horded vp, is to be like a man  
That creepes both on his hands and knees, to climbe  
A mountaines top, where when he is ascended,  
One carelesse slip downe, tumbles him againe  
Into the bottome whence a first began.  
I need no Princes fauour: Princes need  
My Art. Then *Corax*, be no more a Gull,  
The best of'em cannot foole thee, nay, they shall not.

*Enter Sophronos and Aretus.*

*Soph.* We find him timely now: let's learne the cause.

*Aret.* Tis fit we should——Sir, we approue you learn'd,  
And since your skill can best discerne the humours  
That are predominant, in bodies subiect  
To alteration: tell vs (pray) what diuelt  
This *Melancholy* is, which can transforme  
Men into Monsters.

*Cora.* Y'ar your selfe a Scholer,  
And quicke of apprehension: *Melancholy*  
Is not as you conceiue. Indisposition.



Of body, but the mindes disease. So Extasie,  
 Fantastick Dotage, Madnesse, Phrenzey, Rupture,  
 Of meere imagination differ partly  
 From *Melancholy*, which is briefly this,  
 A meere commotion of the minde, o're-charg'd  
 With feare and sorrow; first begot i'th' braine,  
 The Seate of Reason, and from thence deriu'd  
 As suddenly into the Heart, the Seate  
 Of our Affection.

*Aret.* There are sundry kinds  
 Of this disturbance.

*Cora.* Infinite, it were  
 More easie to coniecture euery houre  
 We haue to liue, then reckon vp the kinds,  
 Or causes of this anguish of the minde.

*Soph.* Thus you conclude, that as the cause is doubt-  
 The cure must be impossible; and then (full,  
 Our Prince (poore Gentleman) is lost for euer,  
 As well vnto himselfe, as to his subiects.

*Cora.* My Lord, you are too quick thus much I dare  
 Promise, and doe, ere many minutes passe,  
 I will discouer whence his sadnesse is,  
 Or vndergoe the censure of my ignorance.

*Aret.* You are a Noble Scholer.

*Soph.* For reward,  
 You shall make your owne demand.

*Cora.* May I be sure?

*Aret.* We both will pledge our truth.

*Cora.* Tis soone perform'd,  
 That I may be discharg'd from my attendance  
 At Court, and neuer more be sent for after:  
 Or if I be, may Rats gnaw all my bookes,  
 If I get home once, and come here againe,

Though



Though my necke stretch a halter for't, I care not.

*Soph.* Come, come, you shall not feare it.

*Cora.* Ile acquaint yee

With what is to be done, and you shall fashion it.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Kala and Eroclea, as before.*

*Kala.* My Lady do's expect'ee, thinks all time  
Too slow till you come to her : wherefore young man,  
If you intend to loue me, and me onely,  
Before we part, without more circumstance  
Let vs betroth our selues.

*Eroc.* I dare not wrong'ee ;  
You are too violent.

*Kala.* Wrong me no more  
Then I wrong you : be mine, and I am yours :  
I cannot stand on points.

*Eroc.* Then to resolute  
All further hopes, you neuer can be mine,  
Must not, (and pardon though I say) you shall not.

*Kala.* The thing is sure a Gelding — Shal not? well,  
Y'are best to prate vnto my Lady now,  
What proffer I haue made.

*Eroc.* Neuer, I vow.

*Kala.* Doe, doc, tis but a kind heart of mine owne,  
And ill lucke can vndoe me. — Be refus'd ?  
O sciruy. — Pray walke on, Ile ouertake'ee.  
What a greene-sicknesse-liuer'd Boy is this ! *Exit Ero.*  
My Maiden-head will shortly grow so stale,  
That'twill be mouldy : but Ile marre her market.

*Enter Menaphon.*

*Men.* *Parthenophill* past the way ; prethee *Kala*



Direct me to him.

*Kala.* Yes, I can direct 'ee :

But you (Sir) must forbear.

*Men.* Forbear !

*Kala.* I said so.

Your bounty h'as ingag'd my truth ; receiue

A secret, that will, as you are a man,

Startle your Reason : tis but meere respect

(Of what I owe to thankfulnesse. (Deare Sir)

The Stranger whom your courtesie receiued

For Friend, is made your Riual.

*Men.* Riual, *Kala.*

Take heed, thou art too credulous.

*Kala.* My Lady

Doates on him : I will place you in a roome,

Where, though you cannot heare, yet you shall see

Such passages as will confirme the truth

Of my intelligence.

*Men.* Twill make me mad.

*Kala.* Yes, yes : it makes me mad too, that a Gentle-  
So excellently sweet, so liberall, (man

So kind, so proper, should be so betray'd

By a young smooth-chind straggler: but for loues sake

Beare all with manly courage. ——— Not a word,

I am vndone then.

*Mena.* That were too much pity :

Honest, most honest *Kala*; tis thy care,

Thy seruiceable care.

*Kal.* You haue euen spoken all can be said or thought.

*Men.* I will reward thee :

But as for him, vngentle Boy, Ile whip

His falshood with a vengeance. ———

*Kala.* O speake little.



Walke vp these staires, and take this key, it opens  
A Chamber doore, where at that window yonder,  
You may see all their courtship.

*Men.* I am silent.

*Exit Menap.*

*Kala.* As little noyse as may be, I beseech yee;  
There is a backe-staire to conuey yee forth  
Vnseene or vnsuspected. — He that cheates  
A Waiting-woman of a free good turne  
She longs for, must expect a shrewd reuenge.  
Sheepe-spirited Boy, although he had not married me,  
He might haue proferd kindnesse in a corner,  
And ne'er haue been the worse for't. They are come;  
On goes my set of Faces most demurely.

*Enter Thamastra and Eroclea.*

*Tham.* Forbeare the roome.

*Kala.* Yes, Madame.

*Tham.* Whosoever requires accessse to me, deny him  
entrance till I call thee, and wait without.

*Kala.* I shall. Sweet *Venus*, turne his courage to a  
Snow-ball, I heartily beseech it.

*Exit.*

*Tham.* I expose  
The Honour of my Birth, my Fame, my Youth,  
To hazard of much hard construction,  
In seeking an aduventure of a parley  
So priuate with a Stranger; if your thoughts  
Censure me not with mercy, you may soone  
Conceiue, I haue laid by that modesty,  
Which should preferue a vertuous name vnstain'd.

*Eroc.* Lady, to shorten long excuses; time  
And safe experience haue so thoroughly arm'd  
My apprehension, with a reall taste  
Of your most Noble nature, that to question  
The least part of your bounties, or that freedome



Which Heauen hath with a plenty made you rich in,  
 Would argue me vnciuill, which is more,  
 Base-bred, and which is most of all, vnthankfull.

*Tham.* The constant Loadstone, and the Steele are  
 In seuerall Mines: yet is there such a league (found  
 Betweene these *Minerals*, as if one Veine  
 Of earth had nourisht both. The gentle Mirtle  
 Is not ingraft vpon an Oliues stocke:  
 Yet nature hath betweene them lockt a secret  
 Of Sympathy, that being planted neere,  
 They will both in their branches, and their rootes  
 Imbrace each other; twines of Iuie round  
 The well-growne Oake; the Vine doth court the Elme;  
 Yet these are different Plants. *Parthenophill*,  
 Consider this aright, then these sleight creatures,  
 Will fortifie the reasons I should frame  
 For that vngrounded (as thou think'st) affection,  
 Which is submitted to a strangers pitie.  
 True loue may blush, when shame repents too late,  
 But in all actions, Nature yeelds to Fate.

*Eroc.* Great Lady, 'twere a dulnesse must exceed  
 The grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance,  
 Not to be sensible of your intents:  
 I clearely vnderstand them. Yet so much  
 The difference betweene that height and lownesse,  
 Which doth distinguish our vnequall fortunes,  
 Disswades me from ambition; that I am  
 Humbler in my desires, then Loues owne power  
 Can any way raise vp.

*Tham.* I am a Princeesse,  
 And know no law of slavery, to sue,  
 Yet be denied?

*Ero.* I am so much a subiect



To euery law of Noble honesty,  
That to transgresse the vowes of perfect friendship,  
I hold a sacriledge as foule, and curs'd,  
As if some holy Temple had bin robd,  
And I the thiefe.

*Tham.* Thou art vnwise, young man,  
To inrage a Lyonesse.

*Eroc.* It were vniust  
To falsifie a faith, and euer after  
Disroab'd of that faire ornament, liue naked,  
A scorne to time and truth.

*Tham.* Remember well who I am, and what thou art.

*Ero.* That remembrance  
Prompts me to worthy duty, O great Lady.  
If some few dayes haue tempted your free heart,  
To cast away affection on a stranger:  
If that affection haue so ouerway'd  
Your Iudgement, that it in a manner hath  
Declyn'd your soueraignty of birth and spirit:  
How can yee turne your eyes off from that glasse,  
Wherein you may new Trim, and settle right  
A memorable name?

*Tham.* The Youth is idle.

*Ero.* Dayes, months and yeeres are past, since *Mena-*  
Hath lou'd and seru'd you truly: *Menaphon*; (*phon*)  
A man of no large distance in his bloud,  
From yours; in qualities desertfull, grac't  
With Youth, Experience; euery happy gift  
That can by nature, or by Education  
Improue a Gentleman: for him (great Lady)  
Let me preuaile, that you will yet at last,  
Vnlocke the bounty, which your loue and care  
Haue wisely treasur'd vp, t' enrich his life.



*Tha.* Thou hast a moouing eloquence; *Parthenophill*,  
*Parthenophill*, in vaine we strue to crosse  
 The destiny that guides vs. My great heart  
 Is stoopt so much beneath that wonted pride  
 That first disguiz'd it, that I now preferre  
 A miserable life with thee, before  
 All other earthly comforts.

*Eroc.* *Menaphon*, by me, repeates the selfe-same words  
 You are too cruell, if you can distrust (to you:  
 His truth, or my report.

*Tham.* Goe where thou wilt,  
 Ile be an exile with thee, I will learne  
 To beare all change of fortunes.

*Ero.* For my friend, I pleade with grounds of reason.

*Tham.* For thy loue,  
 Hard-hearted youth, I here renounce all thoughts  
 Of other hopes, of other intertainements,——

*Eroc.* Stay, as you honour Vertue.

*Tham.* When the proffers of other greatnesse——

*Eroc.* Lady.

*Tham.* When intreats of friends;——

*Eroc.* Ile ease your griefe.

*Tham.* Respect of kindred;

*Eroc.* Pray giue me hearing.

*Tham.* Losse of Fame;

*Eroc.* I craue but some few minutes.

*Tham.* Shall infringe my vowes, let Heauen——

*Eroc.* My loue speake t'ee; heare then, goe on.

*Tham.* Thy loue, why, tis a Charme to stop a vow  
 In its most violent course.

*Eroc.* *Cupid* has broke  
 His Arrowes here; and like a child vnarm'd,  
 Comes to make sport betweene vs with no weapon,

But



But feathers stolne from his mothers Doues.

*Tham.* This is meere trifling.

*Eroc.* Lady, take a secret.

I am as you are, in a lower ranke

Else of the selfe same sexe, a maide, a virgine.

And now to vse your owne words, if your thoughts

Censure me not with mercy, you may soone

Conceiue, I haue laid by that modesty,

Which should preferue a vertuous name vnstain'd.

*Tham.* Are you not mankind then?

*Eroc.* When you shall reade

The story of my sorrowes, with the change

Of my misfortunes, in a letter printed

From my vnforg'd relation; I belecue

You will not thinke the sheading of one teare,

A prodigality that misbecomes

Your pitie and my fortune.

*Tham.* Pray conceale the errors of my passions.

*Eroc.* Would I had

Much more of honour (as for life I value't not)

To venture on your secrecy.

*Tham.* It will be

A hard taske for my Reason, to relinquish

The affection which was once deuoted thine,

I shall a while repute thee still the youth

I lou'd so dearely.

*Eroc.* You shall find mee euer, your ready faithfull

*Tham.* O the powers (seruant.

Who doe direct our hearts, laugh at our follies!

We must not part yet.

*Ero.* Let not my vnworthines alter your good opinion.

*Tham.* I shall henceforth

Be iealous of thy company with any;

My



My feares are strong and many.

*Kala enters.*

*Kala.* Did your Ladiship call me?

*Tham.* For what?

*Kala.* Your seruant *Menaphon* desires admittance.

*Enter Menaphon.*

*Men.* With your leaue, great Mistris! I come——  
So priuate: is this well, *Parthenophill*?

*Eroc.* Sir, Noble Sir.

*Men.* You are vnkind and treacherous.  
This tis to trust a straggler.

*Tham.* Prethee seruant.

*Men.* I dare not question you, you are my Mistris;  
My Princes neereſt Kinſwoman, but he——

*Tham.* Come, you are angry.

*Mena.* Henceforth I will bury  
Vnmanly paſſion in perpetuall ſilence.  
He court mine owne diſtraction, dote on folly,  
Creepe to the mirth and madneſſe of the age,  
Rather then be ſo ſlau'd againe to woman,  
Which in her beſt of conſtancy is ſteddiſt  
In change and ſcorne.

*Tham.* How dare ye talke to me thus?

*Men.* Dare? Were you not owne Siſter to my friend,  
Siſter to my *Amethus*; I would hurle ye  
As farre off from mine eyes, as from my heart;  
For I would neuer more looke on yee. Take  
Your Iewell r'ee. And Youth, keepe vnder wing,  
Or——Boy——Boy.

*Tham.* If commands be of no force,  
Let me intreat thee, *Menaphon*.

*Men.* Tis naught, fye, fye, *Parthenophill*, haue I deſeru'd  
To be thus vs'd?

*Eroc.* I doe proteſt——

*Men.*



*Men.* You shall not,  
Henceforth I will be free, and hate my bondage.

*Enter Amethus.*

*Amet.* Away, away to Court, the Prince is pleas'd  
To see a Maske to night, we must attend him:  
Tis neere vpon the time. — How thrives your suit?

*Men.* The Iudge, your Sister, will decide it shortly.

*Tham.* *Parthenophill*, I will not trust you from me.

*Enter Prince, Aretas, Corax (with a Paper-plot)*  
*servants with torches.*

*Cor.* Lights and attendance, I will shew your highnes,  
A trifle of mine owne braine. If you can,  
Imagine you were now in the Vniuersity,  
You'll take it well enough, a Schollers fancy,  
A quab. Tis nothing else a very quab.

*Prince.* We will obserue it.

*Soph.* Yes, and grace it too Sir.

For *Corax* else is humorous and testy.

*Aret.* By any meanes, men singular in Art,  
Haue alwayes some odde whimsy more then vsuall.

*Prince.* The name of this conceit.

*Cor.* Sir, it is called the Maske of Melancholy.

*Aret.* We must looke for nothing but sadnesse, here

*Cor.* Madnesse rather (then.

In seuerall changes: *Melancholy* is  
The Roote aswell of euery Apish Prenssey,  
Laughter and mirth, as dulnesse. Pray my Lord  
Hold and obserue the plot, tis there exprest  
In kind, what shall be now exprest in action.

*Enter Amethus, Menaphor, Thamasta, Ericlea.*

No interruption, take your places quickly.

H

Nay,



Nay, nay, leaue ceremony: sound to the entrance.

*Florish.*

*Enter Rhetias, his face whited, blacke shag haire, long nailes,  
a piece of raw meate.*

*Rhet.* Bow, Bow, wow, wow; the Moone's eclipsed,  
Ile to the Church-yard and sup: Since I turn'd Wolfe,  
I bark and howle, and digge vp graues, I will neuer haue  
the Sunne shine againe, tis midnight, deepe darke mid-  
night, get a prey, and fall too, I haue catcht thee now.

*Arre.*

*Cora.* This kind is called, *Lycanthropia*, Sir,  
When men conceiue themselves Woules.

*Prince.* Here I finde it.

*Enter Pelias. A Crowne of feathers on, Antick-  
ly rich.*

*Pel.* I will hang 'em all, and burne my wife: was I not an  
Emperour; my hand was kist, and Ladies lay downe be-  
fore me. In triumph did I ride with my Nobles about  
me, till the mad-dog bit mee, I fell, and I fell, and I fell.  
It shall be treason by Statute for any man to name wa-  
ter, or wash his hands throughout all my Dominions;  
breake all the looking-glasses, I will not see my hornes;  
my wife Cuckolds me, she is a whore, a whore, a whore,  
a whore.

*Prince.* *Hydrophobia* terme you this?

*Cora.* And men posselt so, shun all sight of water:  
Sometimes, if mixt with iealousie, it renders them  
Incurable, and oftentimes brings death.

*Enter*



*Enter Philosopher in blacke rags, a copper chaine on, an old Gowne halfe off, and Booke.*

*Phi.* Philosophers dwel in the Moone Speculation and Theory girdle the world about like a wall. Ignorance like an Atheist, must bee damn'd in the pit. I am very, very poore, and poverty is the phisicke for the soule: my opinions are pure and perfect. Enuy is a monster, and I defie the beast.

*Cora.* *Delirium* this is call'd, which is meere dotage, Sprung from Ambition first, and singularity, Selfe loue, and blind opinion of true merit.

*Prince.* I not dislike the course.

*Enter Grilla in a rich Gowne, great Vardingale, great Ruffe, Muffe, Fan, and Coxcombe on her head.*

*Grill.* Yes forsooth, and no forsooth, is not this fine, I pray your blessing Gaffer, here, here, here did hee giue me a shough, and cut offs taile: busse, busse Nuncle, and ther's a pum for Daddec.

*Cora.* You find this noted there, *Phrenitis*.

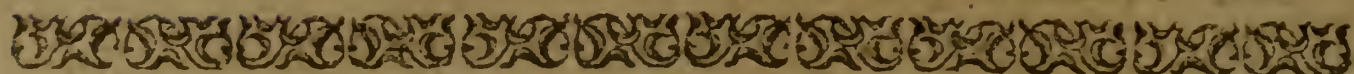
*Prince.* True.

*Cora.* Pride is the ground on't;  
It raignes most in women.

*Enter Cuculus like a Bedlam singing.*

*Cucul.* They that will learne to drinke a health in Hell,  
Must learne on earth to take Tobacco well,  
To take Tobacco well, to take Tobacco well:  
For in Hell they drink nor Wine, nor Ale, nor Beere,  
But fire, and smoke, and stench, as we do heere.





## Actus IIII. Scena I.

*Enter Amethus and Menaphon.*

*Amethus:*

**D**Oate on a stranger?

*Mena.* Court him, plead, and sue to him,

*Amet.* Affectionately?

*Mena.* Seruilely; and pardon me, if I say basely.

*Amet.* Women in their passions,

Like false fiers flash, to fright our trembling fences;

Yet in themselves containe nor light nor heat.

My Sister doe this? Shee, whose pride did scorne

All thoughts that were not busied on a Crowne?

To fall so farre beneath her fortunes now?

You are my friend.

*Mena.* What I confirme, is truth.

*Amet.* Truth, *Menaphon*?

*Mena.* If I conceiu'd you were

Jealous of my sincerity and plainnesse,

Then Sir——

*Amet.* What then, Sir?

*Mena.* I would then resolute,

You were as changeable in vowes of friendship,

As is *Thamasta* in her choice of loue.

That sinne is double, running in a blood,

Which iustifies another being worse.

*Amet.* My *Menaphon*, excuse me, I grow wilde,

And would not willingly beleue the truth

Of my dishonour: She shall know how much

I am



I am a debtor to thy noble goodnesse,  
By checking the contempt, her poore desires  
Haue sunke her fame in. Prethee tell me (friend)  
How did the Youth receiue her ?

*Mena.* With a coldnesse,  
As modest and as hopelesse, as the trust  
I did repose in him, coo'd with, or merit.

*Enter Thamasta and Kala.*

*Ame.* I will esteeme him dearely.

*Men.* Sir, your Sister.

*Tha.* Seruant, I haue imployment for yee.

*Amet.* Harke yee:

The maske of your ambition is fallen off,  
Your pride hath stoop't to such an abiect lownesse,  
That you haue now discouer'd to report  
Your nakednesse in vertue, honors, shame——

*Tham.* You are turn'd Satyre.

*Ame.* All the flatteries  
Of greatnesse haue expos'd yee to contempt.

*Tham.* This is meere rayling.

*Amet.* You haue sold your birth, for lust.

*Tham.* Lust?

*Amet.* Yes, and at a deare expence  
Purchast the onely glories of a Wanton.

*Tham.* A Wanton?

*Amet.* Let repentance stop your mouth.  
Learne to redeeme your fault.

*Kal.* I hope your tongue ha's not betrayd my honesty.

*Men.* Feare nothing.

*Tham.* If (*Menaphon*,) I hitherto haue stroue;  
To keepe a wary guard about my fame;  
If I haue vsed a womans skill to sift



The constancy of your protested loue ;  
 You cannot in the Iustice of your iudgment,  
 Impute that to a Coyneffe, or neglect,  
 Which my discretion and your seruice aym'd  
 For noble purposes.

*Mena.* Great Mistris, no :  
 I rather quarrell with mine owne ambition,  
 That durst to soare so high, as to feed hope  
 Of any least desert, that might intitle  
 My duty, to a pension from your fauours.

*Ame.* And therefore Lady (pray obserue him well)  
 He henceforth couets playne equality ;  
 Indeuouring to rancke his fortunes low,  
 With some fit partner, whom without presumption,  
 Without offence or danger, he may cherish ;  
 Yes and command too, as a Wife ; a Wife ;  
 A Wife, my most great Lady

*Kala* all will out.

*Tham.* Now I perceiue the league of Amitye,  
 Which you haue long betweene yee, vow'd and kept,  
 I t cred and inuiolable, secrets  
 Of eery nature are in common t'ee :  
 I haue trespals'd, and I haue been faulty :  
 Let not too rude a Censure doome me guilty,  
 Or iudge my errour willfull without pardon.

*Men.* Gracious and vertuous Mistris.

*Ame.* Tis a tricke,  
 There is no trust in female cunning (friend)  
 Let her first purge her follies past, and cleere  
 The wrongs done to her honor, by some sure  
 Apparant testimony of her constancy :  
 Or wee will not belecue these childish plots ;  
 As you respect my friendship, lend no eare



To a reply. Thinke on't.

*Men.* Pray loue your fame.

*Exeunt Men. Amet.*

*Tham.* Gon ! I am sure awakt. *Kala* I finde,  
You haue not been so trusty as the duty  
You ow'd, requir'd.

*Kala* Not I ? I doe protest, I haue been, Madam.

*Tham.* Bee no matter what.

I'me pay'd in mine owne Coyne ; something I must,  
And speedily——so,——seeke out *Cuculus*  
Bid him attend me instantly.

*Kala* That Anticke !

The trim old Youth shall wait yee.

(indeed :

*Tham.* Wounds may be mortall, which are wounds  
“ But no wounds deadly, till our Honors bleed. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Rhetias and Corax.*

*Rhet.* Thar't an excellent fellow. *Diabolo.* O this lousie  
close-stoole Empricks, that will vndertake all Cures, yet  
know not the causes of any disease. Dog-leaches. By the  
foure Elements I honor thee, coo'd finde in my heart to  
turne knaue, and bee thy flatterer.

*Cora.* Sirra, tis pittty th'ast not been a Scholer ;  
Th'art honest, blunt, and rude enough. O Conscience !  
But for thy Lord now, I haue put him too't.

*Rhet.* He chafes hugely, fumes like a stew-pot ; Is he  
not monstrously ouergone in frenzy ?

*Cora.* *Rhetias*, tis not a madnesse, but his sorrow's  
Close griping grieve, and anguish of the soule  
That torture him : he carries Hell on earth  
Within his bosome, 'twas a Princes tyranny  
Caus'd his distraction, and a Princes sweetnes  
Must qualifie that tempest of his minde.

*Rhet.* *Corax*, to prayse thy Art, were to assure  
The misbelccuing world, that the Sunne shines,



When tis in th'full Meridian of his beauty.  
 No cloud of blacke detraction can eclipse  
 The light of thy rare knowledge; henceforth casting  
 All poore disguises off, that play in rudenesse,  
 Call me your seruant: onely for the present,  
 I with a happy blessing to your Labours;  
 Heauen crowne your vndertakings; and belecue me,  
 Ere many houres can passe, at our next meeting,  
 The bonds my duty owes, shall be full cancelled. *Exit.*

*Cora.* Farwell—a shrewd-braine Whorson, there's  
 In his vntoward plainenesse.— (pith

*Enter Trollio with a Murrion on.*

Now, the newes!

*Troll.* Worshipfull Master Doctor, I haue a great  
 deale of I cannot tell what, to say t'ee: My Lord thun-  
 ders: euery word that comes out of his mouth, roares  
 like a Cannon: the house shooke once, my young Lady  
 dares not be seene.

*Cora.* We will roare with him, *Trollio*, if he roare.

*Trol.* He has got a great Poll-axe in his hand, and  
 fences it vp and downe the house, as it he were to make  
 roome for the Pageants. I haue prouided me a Murrion  
 for feare of a clap on the Coxcombe.

*Cora.* No matter for the Murrion, here's my Cap:  
 Thus I will pull it downe; and thus out-stare him.

*Trol.* The Physicion is got as mad as my Lord.—  
 O braue, a man of Worship.

*Cor.* Let him come, *Trollio*, I will firke his Trangdido,  
 And bounce, and bounce in metall, honest *Trollio*.

*Trol.* Hee vapours like a Tinker, and struts like a  
 Iuggler. *Menander within.* So ho. So ho.

*Tr. ll.* There, there, there; looke to your Right Wor-  
 shipfull, looke to your selfe.

*Enter*



*Enter Meleander with a poll-axe.*

*Mel.* Show me the Dog, whose triple throated noyse,  
Hath rowzd a Lyon from his vncoth den,  
To teare the Curre in pieces.

*Cor.* Sray thy pawes,  
Couragious beast, else lo, the gorgeous skull,  
That shall transforme thee, to that restlesse stone,  
Which *Syphis* roules vp against the hill;  
Whence tumbling downe againe, it, with his waight  
Shall crush thy bones, and pufte thee into Ayre.

*Mel.* Hold, hold thy conqu'ring breath, tis stronger far  
Then Gun-powder and Garlike. If the Fates  
Haue spun my thred, and my spent-clue of life  
Be now vntwisted, let vs part like friends.  
Lay vp my weapon, *Trollio*, and be gone.

*Trol.* Yes Sir, with all my heart. ——— *Exit. Trollio*

*Mel.* This friend and I will walke, and gabble wisely.

*Cor.* I allow the motion: On.

*Mel.* So Polititians thriue,  
That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks  
Legerdemayne, ducks, cringes, formall beards,  
Crisp'd haires, and punctuall cheats, do wriggle in  
Their heads first, like a Foxe, to roomes of State,  
Then the whole body followes.

*Cor.* Then they fill Lordships, steale womens hearts:  
with them and their's the world runnes round, yet these  
are square men still.

*Mel.* There are none poore, but such as ingrosse offices.

*Cor.* None wise; but vnthrifs, bankrupts, beggers,

*Mel.* The hangman is a rare Phisician. (Rascals.

*Cor.* Thats not so good, it shalbe granted.

*Mel.* All the buz of Drugs, and Myneralls and Simples,



Bloud-lettings, Vomits, Purges, or what else  
 Is coniur'd vp by men of Art, to gull  
 Liege-people, and reare golden piles, are trash  
 To a well-strong-wrought halter; there the Goute,  
 The stone, yes and the *Melancholy* deuill,  
 Are cur'd in lesse time then a paire of minutes.  
 Build me a Gallows in this very plot,  
 And Ile dispatch your businesse.

*Cora.* Fix the knot right vnder the left eare.

*Mel.* Sirra, make ready.

*Cora.* Yet doe not be too fudden, grant me leaue,  
 To giue a farewell to a creature long  
 Absented from me, tis a daughter (Sir).  
 Snatcht from me in her youth, a handsome girle,  
 Shee comes to aske a blessing.

*Mel.* Pray where is shee? I cannot see her yet.

*Cora.* Shee makes more haste  
 In her quicke prayers then her trembling steppes,  
 Which many griefes haue weakened.

*Mel.* Cruell man!

How canst thou rip a heart, that's cleft already  
 With iniuries of time? whilst I am franticke,  
 Whilst throngs of rude diuisions huddle on,  
 And doe disranke my braines from peace, and sleepe;  
 So long I am insensible of cares.  
 As balls of wild-fire may be safely toucht,  
 Not violently fundred, and throwne vp;  
 So my distemper'd thoughts rest in their rage,  
 Not hurried in the Ayre of repetition,  
 Or memory of my misfortunes past.  
 Then are my griefes strooke home,  
 When they are reclaym'd,  
 To their owne pittie of themselues—Proceed;

What



What of your daughter now ?

*Cor.* I cannot tell yce,  
Tis now out of my head againe; my braines  
Are crazie; I haue scarce slept one sound sleepe  
These twelue moneths.

*Mel.* 'las poore man; canst thou imagine  
To prosper in the taske thou tak'st in hand,  
By practising a cure vpon my weakenesse,  
And yet be no Physician for thy selfe?  
Goe, goe, turne ouer all thy bookes once more,  
And learne to thriue in modesty; for impudence  
Does least become a Scholer. Thou art a foole,  
A kind of learned foole.

*Cor.* I doe confesse it.

*Mel.* If thou canst wake with me, forget to eate,  
Renounce the thought of Greatnesse; tread on Fate;  
Sigh out a lamentable tale of things  
Done long agoe, and ill done; and when sighes  
Are wearied, piece vp what remains behind,  
With weeping eyes, and hearts that bleed to death:  
Thou shalt be a companion fit for me,  
And we will sit together like true friends,  
And neuer be deuided. With what greedinesse  
Doe I hug my afflictions? there's no mirth  
Which is not truly season'd with some madnesse.  
As for example. —————

*Exit.*

*Cor.* What new Crochet next?  
There is so much sence in this wilde distraction,  
That I am almost out of my wits roo,  
To see and heare him: some few houres more  
Spent here, would turne me Apish, if not frantick.

*Enter Melander and Cleophyla.*

In all the volumes thou hast turn'd, thou Man



Of knowledge, hast thou met with any rarity,  
 Worthy thy contemplation like to this?  
 The modell of the Heauens, the Earth, the Waters,  
 The harmony, and sweet consent of times,  
 Are not of such an excellence, in forme  
 Of their Creation, as the infinite wonder  
 That dwelles within the compasse of this face:  
 And yet I tell thee, Scholer, vnder this  
 Well-ord' red signe, is lodg'd such an obedience,  
 As will hereafter in another age,  
 Strike all comparison into a silence.  
 She had a Sister too: but as for her,  
 If I were giuen to talke, I coo'd describe  
 A pretty peece of goodnesse: let that passe——  
 We must be wise somtimes: What would you with her?

*Cor.* I with her! nothing by your leaue, Sir, I:  
 It is not my profession.

*Mel.* You are sawcy,  
 And as I take it, scuruy in your sawcinesse,  
 To vse no more respect —— good sou'le, be patient:  
 We are a paire of things the world doth laugh at:  
 Yet be content, *Cleophila*; those clouds  
 Which barre the Sunne from shining on our miseries,  
 Will neuer be chac'd off till I am dead;  
 And then some charitable soule will take thee  
 Into protection. I am hasting on,  
 The time cannot be long.

*Cleo.* I doe beseech yee,  
 Sir, as you loue your health, as you respect  
 My safety, let not passion ouerrule you.

*Mel.* It shall not, I am friends with all the world.  
 Get me some wine, to witnesse that I will be  
 An absolute good fellow, I will drinke with thee.



*Cora.* Haue you prepar'd his Cup?

*Cleo.* Tis in readinesse.

*Enter Cuculus and Grilla.*

*Cucul.* By your leaue, Gallants, I come to speake with a young Lady, as they say, the old *Troianes* daughter of the house.

*Mel.* Your businesse with my Lady daughter, Toffe-

*Gril.* Toffe-pot? O base! Toffe-pot? (pot?)

*Cucul.* Peace, do'st not see in what case he is? I would doe my owne commendations to her; that's all.

*Mel.* Doe, come my *Genius*, we will quasse in wine Till we grow wise.

*Cora.* True Nectar is diuine. *Exit Mel. & Cora.*

*Cucul.* So, I am glad he is gone. Page, walke aside. Sweet Beauty, I am sent Embassadour from the Mistris of my thoughts, to you, the Mistris of my desires.

*Cleo.* So Sir, I pray be briefer.

*Cucul.* That you may know, I am not as they say, an Animall; which is as they say, a kinde of Cokes, which is as the learned terme, an Asse, a Puppy, a Widgin, a Dolt, a Noddy, a——

*Cleo.* As you please.

*Cucul.* Pardon me for that, it shall be as you please indeed. Forsooth I loue to be courtly, and in fashion.

*Cleo.* Well, to your Embasie; what, or from whom?

*Cucul.* Marry *what* is more then I knowe for to know *what's what*, is to know *what's what*, and for *what's what*: but these are foolish figures, and to little purpose.

*Cleo.* From whom then are you sent?

*Cucul.* There you come to me agen: O, to bee in the fauour of great Ladies, is asmuch to say, as to be great in Ladies fauours.

*Cleo.* Good time a day t'ce; I can stay no longer.

*Cucul.*



*Cucul.* By this light but you must, for now I come too. The most excellent, most wise, most dainty, precious, loving, kinde, sweet, intolerably faire Lady *Thamasta* commends to your little hands, this letter of importance. By your leaue, let me first kisse and then deliuer it in fashion, to your owne proper beauty.

*Cleo.* To me from her? Tis strange; I dare peruse it.

*Cucul.* Good, O that I had not resolu'd to liue a single life! Heer's temptation able to coniure vp a spirit with a witnesse. So so: she has read it.

*Cleo.* Is't possible? Heauen, thou art great and bountifull. Sir, I much thanke your paines: and to the Princeesse, Let my loue, duty, seruice, be remembred.

*Cucul.* They shall Mad-dame.

*Cleo.* When we of hopes, or helpes, are quite bereaued, Our humble pray'rs haue entrance into heau'n.

*Cucul.* Thats my opinion cleerely and without doubt.

*Exit.*

*Enter Aretas and Sophronos.*

*Aret.* The Prince is thoroughly mou'd.

*Sophron.* I neuer saw him so much distemp'ed.

*Aret.* What should this young man bee, Or whither can he be conuay'd?

*Sophr.* Tis to me a mystery, I vnderstand it not.

*Aret.* Nor I.

*Enter Prince Amethus and Pelias.*

*Prince* Yee haue consented all to worke vpon The softnesse of my nature; but take heede: Though I can sleepe in silence, and looke on The mockery yee make of my dull patience; Yet'ee shall know, the best of yee, that in mee There is a masculin, a stirring spirit;

Which



Which prouokt, shall like a bearded Comet  
Set yee at gaze, and threaten horreur.

*Pel.* Good Sir.

*Prin.* Good Sir. Tis not your active wit or language,  
Nor your graue politicke wisdomes (Lords) shall dare  
To check-mate and controle my iust commands.

*Enter Menaphon.*

Where is the Youth your friend? is he found yet?

*Men.* Not to be heard of.

*Prince.* Flye then to the desert,  
Where thou didst first encounter this Fantasticke,  
This airie apparition; come no more  
In sight: Get yee all from me; he that stayes,  
Is not my friend.

*Amet.* Tis strange.

*Aret. Soph.* We must obey. *Exeunt all but the Prince.*

*Prince.* Some angry power, cheates with rare delusions,  
My credulous sense: the very soule of Reason  
Is troubled in me—the Physician  
Presented a strange Maske, the view of it  
Puzzl'd my vnderstanding: but the Boy——

*Enter Rhetias.*

*Rhetias,* thou art acquainted with my griefes,  
*Parthenophill* is lost, and I would see him;  
For he is like to some thing I remember  
A great while since, a long, long time agoe.

*Rhet.* I haue been diligent (Sir) to pry into euery corner for discouery, but cannot meet with him:  
There is some tricke I am confident.

*Prin.* There is, there is some practice, sleight or plot.

*Rhet.* I haue apprehended a faire Wench, in an odde  
Priuate lodging in the Citie, as like the Youth  
In face, as can by possibility be discern'd.



*Prince.* How *Rhetias*!

*Rhet.* If it be not *Parthenophill* in long coates,  
Tis a spirit in his likenesse; answer  
I can get none from her; you shall see her.

*Prince.* The young man in disguise vpon my life,  
To steale out of the Land.

*Rhet.* Ile send him t'ee.

*Exit Rhet.*

*Enter Eroclea in womans attire, and listens.*

*Prince.* Doe, doe my *Rhetias*. As there is by nature  
In euery thing created contrarietie:  
So likewise is there vnity and league  
Betweene them in their kind; but *Man*, the abstract  
Of all perfection, which the workmanship  
Of Heauen hath model'd, in himselfe contains  
Passions of seuerall qualitie, the musicke  
Of mans faire composition best accords,  
When tis in consort, not in single straines.  
My heart has been vntun'd these many moneths,  
Wanting her presence, in whose equall loue  
True harmony consisted; living here  
We are Heau'ns bounty all, but Fortunes exercise.

*Eroc.* Minutes are numbred by the fall of Sands;  
As by an houre-glasse, the span of time  
Doth waste vs to our graues, and we looke on it.  
An age of pleasures reuel'd out, comes home  
At last, and ends in sorrow, but the life  
Weary of ryot, numbers euery Sand,  
Wayling in sighes, vntill the last drop downe,  
So to conclude calamity in rest.

*Prince.* What Eccho yeelds a voyce to my complaints?  
Can I be no where priuate?

*Eroc.* Let the substance  
As suddenly be hurried from your eyes,

As



As the vaine sound can passe your eare,  
If no impression of a troth vow'd yours, *Kneeles.*  
Retaine a constant memory. *(cheekes,*

*Prince.* Stand vp; tis not the figure stamp't vpon thy  
The coozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,  
Can draw from me a secret, that hath been  
The onely Iewell of my speechlesse thoughts.

*Erec.* I am so worne away with feares and sorrowes,  
So wintred with the tempests of affliction,  
That the bright Sunne of your life-quickning presence  
Hath scarce one beame of force, to warme againe  
That spring of chearefull comfort, which youth once  
Apparel'd in fresh lookes.

*Prince.* Cunning Impostor,  
Vntruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade:  
If any neighbouring *Greatnesse* hath seduc'd  
A free-borne resolution, to attempt  
Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting  
My weary dayes off. Wherefore (*Cruell-mercy*)  
Hast thou assum'd a shape, that would make treason  
A piety, guilt pardonable, blood-shed  
As holy as the sacrifice of peace?

*Erec.* The Incense of my loue-desires, are flam'd  
Vpon an Altar of more constant prooffe.  
Sir, O Sir, turne me backe into the world,  
Command me to forget my name, my birth,  
My Fathers sadnesse, and my death aliue,  
If all remembrance of my Faith hath found  
A buriall, without pitie in your scorne. *(weaue*

*Prince.* My scorne (*disdainefull Boy*) shall soone vn-  
The web thy Art hath twisted: cast thy shape off,  
Disroabe the mantle of a fained Sex,  
And so I may be gentle; as thou art,



There's witch-craft in thy language, in thy face,  
 In thy demeanors; turne, turne from me (prethee)  
 For my beliefe is arm'd else. Yet (*faire subtilty*)  
 Before we part (for part we must) be true,  
 Tell me thy Countrey.

*Eroc. Cyprus.*

*Prince. Ha: thy Father.*

*Eroc. Meleander.*

*Prince. Hast a name?*

*Eroc. A name of misery, the vnfortunate Eroclea.*

*Prince. There is danger*

In this seducing counterfeit, great goodnesse!  
 Hath honesty and vertue left the time?  
 Are we become so impious, that to tread  
 The path of impudence, is Law and Iustice?  
 Thou vizard of a beauty euer sacred,  
 Giue me thy name.

*Eroc. Whil'st I was lost to memory,  
 Parthenophill did shrowd my shame in change  
 Of sundry rare misfortunes: but since now  
 I am, before I dye, return'd to claime  
 A Conuoy to my graue, I must not blush  
 To let Prince Pallador (if I offend,)  
 Know when he doomes me, that he doomes Eroclea.  
 I am that wofull Maid.*

*Prince. Ioyne not too fast  
 Thy penance, with the story of my sufferings.  
 So dwelt simplicity with virgin truth;  
 So Martyrdome and holinesse are twins,  
 As innocence and sweetnesse on thy tongue.  
 But let me by degrees collect my senses,  
 I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what ayre  
 Hast thou persum'd, since Tyranny first rauisht*



The contract of our hearts ?

*Eroc.* Deare Sir, in *Athens* haue I been buried.

*Prince.* Buried ! Right, as I  
In *Cyprus*.—Come to triall, if thou beest  
*Eroclea*, in my bosome I can finde thee.

*Eroc.* As I, *Prince Palador*, in mine: This gift

*She shewes him a Tablet.*

His bounty blest me with, the onely phyficke  
My solitary cares haue houely tooke,  
To keepe me from despaire.

*Prince.* We are but Fooles  
To trifle in disputes, or vainely struggle  
With that eternall *mercy* which protects vs.  
Come home, home to my heart, thou *banisht-peace*,  
My extasie of ioyes would speake in passion,  
But that I would not lose that part of man,  
Which is reseru'd to intertaine content.

*Eroclea*, I am thine ; O let me seize thee  
As my inheritance. *Hymen* shall now  
Set all his Torches burning, to giue light  
Throughout this Land, new settled in thy welcome.

*Eroc.* You are still gracious. Sir, how I haue liu'd,  
By what meanes been conuey'd, by what preferu'd,  
By what return'd ; *Rhetias*, my trusty seruant,  
Directed by the wisdom of my Vncle,  
The good *Sophronos*, can informe at large.

*Prince.* Enough, in stead of Musicke, euery night  
To make our sleepes delightfull, thou shalt cloze  
Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.

*Eroc.* O but my Father!

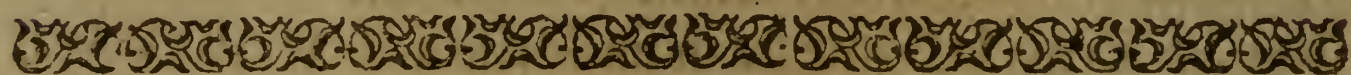
*Prince.* Feare not : to behold  
*Eroclea* safe, will make him young againe ;  
It shall be our first taske. Blush sensuall follies,



Which are not guarded with thoughts chastly pure.

“ There is no faith in lust, but baytes of Artes ;

“ Tis vertuous loue keepes cleare contracted hearts.



## Actus V. Scena I.

*Enter Corax and Cleophila.*

*Corax.*

**T**Is well, tis well, the houre is at hand,  
Which must conclude the busines, that no Art  
Coo'd al this while make ripe for wisht content.

O Lady, in the turmoyles of our liues,  
Men are like politike States, or troubled Seas,  
Tost vp and downe with seuerall stormes and tempests,  
Change, and varietie of wracks, and fortunes,  
Till labouring to the Hauens of our homes,  
We struggle for the Calme that crownes our ends.

*Cleo.* A happy end Heauen blesse vs with.

*Cora.* Tis well said, the old man sleepes still soundly?

*Cleo.* May soft dreames  
Play in his fancy, that when he awakes,  
With comfort, he may by degrees, digest  
The present blessings in a moderate Ioy.

*Cora.* I drencht his cup to purpose ; he ne're stir'd  
At Barber or at Taylor : a will laugh  
At his owne Metamorphosis, and wonder.  
We must be watchfull. Does the Coach stand ready ?

*Enter Trollio.*

*Cleo.* All as you commanded. What's your haste for ?

*Trol.* A brace of bigge women, vs her'd by the young  
old



old Ape, with his shee-clog at his bum, are enterd the Castle; Shall they come on?

*Cora.* By any meanes, the time is precious now;  
Lady, be quick and carefull, follow, *Trollio.*

*Trol.* I owe all Sir-Reuerence to your Right Worshipfulnesse.

*Cleo.* So many feares, so many ioyes, encounter  
My doubtfull expectations, that I wauer  
Betweene the resolution of my hopes  
And my obedience; tis not (O my Fate)  
The apprehension of a timely blessing  
In pleasures, shakes my weakenesse; but the danger  
Of a mistaken duty, that confines  
The limits of my reason; let me liue,  
*Vertue*, to thee as chaste, as *Truth* to time.

*Enter Thamaſta.*

*Tham.* Attend me till I call.—My sweet *Cleophila.*

*Cleo.* Great Princeſſe——

*Tham.* I bring peace, to ſue a Pardon  
For my neglect, of all thoſe noble vertues  
Thy minde and duty are apparel'd with.  
I haue deſeru'd ill from thee, and muſt ſay,  
Thou art too gentle, if thou canſt forget it.

*Cleo.* Alas, you haue not wrong'd me: for indeed,  
Acquaintance with my ſorrowes, and my fortune,  
Were growne to ſuch familiarity,  
That twas an impudence, more then preſumption,  
To wiſh ſo great a Lady as you are,  
Should loſe affection on my Vncles Sonne,  
But that your Brother, equall in your blood,  
Should ſtoope to ſuch a lowneſſe, as to loue:



A Cast-away, a poore despised Maid,  
 Onely for me to hope was almost sinne,  
 Yet troth I neuer tempted him. (Sweetnes)

*I ha.* Chide not the grossenes of my trespassse (louely  
 In such an humble language, I haue smarted  
 Already in the wounds, my pride hath made  
 Vpon thy sufferings. Henceforth tis in you  
 To worke my happinesse.

*Cleo.* Call any seruice  
 Of mine a debt, for such it is; the Letter  
 You lately sent me, in the blest contents  
 It made me priuy to, hath largely quitted  
 Euery suspition of your Grace or goodnesse.

*Tham.* Let me imbrace thee with a Sisters loue,  
 A Sisters loue, *Cleophila*: for should  
 My Brother henceforth study to forget  
 The vowes that he hath made thee, I would euer  
 Sollicite thy deserts.

*Enter Amethus and Menaphon.*

*Ame.* We must haue entrance.

*Tham.* Must? Who are they say, must? you are vn-  
 Brother is't you, and you too, Sir? (mannerly.

*Ame.* Your Ladiship has had a time of  
 Scolding to your humour:  
 Does the storme hold still?

*Cleo.* Neuer fell a showre  
 More seasonably gentle on the barren  
 Parcht thirsty earth, then showres of courtesie  
 Haue from this Princesse been distilled on me,  
 To make my growth in quiet of my mind  
 Secure and lasting.

*Tham.* You may both belecue that I was not vnciuill.

*Ame.* Pish, I know her spirit, and her enuy.

*Cleo.*



*Cleo.* Now in troth, Sir,  
Pray credit me, I doe not vse to sweare ;  
The vertuous Princeesse hath in words and carriage  
Been kind, so ouer-kind, that I doe blush :  
I am not rich enough in thanks sufficient  
For her vnequall'd bounty.——My good Cousin,  
I haue a suite to you.

*Men.* It shall be granted.

*Cleo.* That no time, no perswasion, no respects  
Of Iealousies past, present, or hereafter  
By possibilitie to be conceiued,  
Draw you from that sincerity and purenesse  
Of loue, which you haue oftentimes protested  
To this great worthy Lady: she deserues  
A duty more, then what the tyes of Marriage  
Can claime, or warrant : be for euer hers,  
As she is yours, and Heauen increase your comforts.

*Ame.* *Cleophila* hath play'd the Church-mans part,  
He not forbid the Banes.

*Men.* Are you consented ?

*Tha.* I haue one taske in charge first, which concernes  
Brother, be not more cruell then this Lady, (me,  
She hath forgiuen my follies, so may you:  
Her youth, her beauty, innocence, discretion,  
Without additions of estate or birth,  
Are dower for a Prince indeed. You lou'd her ;  
For sure you swore you did : else if you did not  
Here fixe your heart, and thus resolute, if now  
You misse this Heauen on earth, you cannot find  
In any other choice ought but a hell. (somely

*Ame.* The Ladies are turn'd Lawyers, and pleade hand-  
Their Clients cases. I am an easie Iudge,  
And so shalt thou be, *Menaphon.* I giue thee



My Sister for a wife; a good one, friend.

*Men.* Lady, will you confirme the gift?

*Tham.* The errors of my mistaken iudgement being  
To your remembrance, I shall euer striue (lost,  
In my obedience to deserue your pity.

*Men.* My loue, my care, my all.

*Amet.* What rests for me?

I'm still a Batchelor: Sweet Maid, resolue me,  
May I yet call you mine?

*Cleo.* My Lord *Amethus*,  
Blame not my plainenesse, I am young and simple,  
And haue not any power to dispose  
Mine owne will without warrant from my father:  
That purchast, I am yours.

*Amet.* It shall suffice me.

*Enter Cuculus, Pelias, Trollio and Grilla pluckt  
in by 'em.*

*Cucul.* Reuenge, I must haue reuenge; I will haue re-  
uenge, bitter and abominable reuenge; I will haue re-  
uenge. This vnfashionable Mungrill, this Linsey-wool-  
sey of mortality, by this hand, Mistris, this shee-Roague  
is drunke, and clapper-clawd me without any reuerence  
to my person, or good garments, why d'ee not speake,  
Gentlemen.

*Pel.* Some certaine blowes haue past, and't like your  
Highnesse.

*Troll.* Some few knocks of Friendship, some loue-  
toyes, some Cuffes in kindnesse, or so.

*Gril.* Ile turne him away, he shall bee my Master no  
longer.

*Men.* Is this your she-Page, *Cuculus*? tis a Boy, sure.

*Cucul.* A Boy, an arrant Boy in long coates.

*Troll.* He has mumbled his nose, that tis as big as a  
great



great Cod peece.

*Cucul.* Oh thou Cock-vermine of iniquity.

*Tha. Pelias*, take hence the wag, and schoole him for't.  
For your part, seruant, Ile intreate the Prince  
To grant you some fit place about his Wardrobe.

*Cucul.* Euer after a bloody nose do I dreame of good  
I horribly thanke your Ladiship. (lucke.

Whil'st I'm in office, the old garbe shall agen  
Grow in request, and Taylors shall be men.

Come *Trollio*, helpe to wash my face, prethee.

*Trol.* Yes, and to scowre it too. —

*Exit Cuculus, Trollio, Pelias, Grill.*

*Enter Rhetias, Corax.*

*Rhet.* The Prince and Princess'e are at hand, giue ouer  
your amorous Dialogues. Most honor'd Lady, hence-  
forth forbear your sadnesse: are you ready to practise  
your instructions?

*Cleo.* I haue studied  
My part with care, and will performe it (*Rhetias*)  
With all the skill I can.

*Cor.* Ile passe my word for her.

*Florish. Enter Prince, Sophronus, Aretius, and  
Eroclea.*

*Prince.* Thus Princes should be circled with a guard  
Of truly noble friends, and watchfull subiects.  
O *Rhetias*, thou art iust; the Youth thou told'st me,  
That liu'd at Athens, is returnd at last  
To her owne fortunes, and contracted Love.

*Rhet.* My knowledge made me sure of my report, Sir.



*Prince. Erolea*, cleare thy feares, when the Sun shines,  
Clouds must not dare to muster in the skie,  
Nor shal they here — Why do they kneele? Stand vp,  
The day and place is priuiledg'd. (a Sanctuary.

*Soph.* Your presence, Great Sir, makes euery roome

*Prince.* Wherefore does this young virgin vse such cir-  
In duty to vs? Rise. (cumstance,

*Erec.* Tis I must raise her.

Forgiue me, Sister, I haue been too priuate,  
In hiding from your knowledge any secret  
That should haue been in common twixt our soules:  
But I was rul'd by councell.

*Cleo.* That I shew my selfe a Girle (Sister) and bewray  
Ioy in too soft a passion'fore all these,  
I hope you cannot blame me.

*Prince.* We must part :

The sudden meeting of these two faire Riuolets  
With th' Iland of our armes, *Cleophila*,  
The custome of thy piety hath built  
Euen to thy younger yeeres a Monument  
Of memorable Fame; some great reward  
Must wait on thy desert.

*Soph.* The Prince speakes t'ee, Necce.

*Cor.* Chat low, I pray; let's about our businesse.  
The good old man awakes: my Lord, with-draw;  
*Rhetias*, let's settle here the Coach.

*Prince.* Away then.

*Exit.*

*Soft Musicke.* Enter Melander (in a Coach) his haire and  
beard trimd, habit and gowne chang'd. *Rhetias*  
and *Corax*, and Boy that  
sings.



The Song.

Fly hence, shadowes, that doe keep  
 Watchfull sorrowes, charm'd in sleepe;  
 Though the Eyes be overtaken,  
 Yet the Heart doth euer waken  
 Thoughts, chain'd up in busie snares  
 Of continuall woes and cares:  
 Love and griefes are so exprest,  
 As they rather sigh then rest.  
 Fly hence, shadowes, that doe keepe  
 Watchfull sorrowes, charm'd in sleepe.

*Mel.* Where am I? Ha? What sounds are these? Tis  
 Oh, I haue slept belike: tis but the foolery (day, sure.  
 Of some beguiling dreame. So, so, I will not  
 Trouble the play of my delighted Fancy  
 But dreame my dreame out.

*Cor.* Morrow to your Lordship:  
 You tooke a iolly nap, and slept it soundly.

*Mel.* Away, beast, let me alone.

*Cease musicke.*

*Cor.* O, by your leave, Sir.  
 I must be bold to raise yee, else your Phisicke  
 Will turne to further sicknes.

*Mel.* Phisick, Beare-leech?

*Cor.* Yes phisick, you are mad.

*Mel.* Trollio, Cleophila.

*Rhet.* Sir, I am here.

*Mel.* I know thee, *Rhetias*, prethee rid the roome  
 Of this tormenting noyse. He tells me, sirra.  
 I haue tooke phisick, *Rhetias*, phisicke, phisicke.

*Ret.*



*Rhet.* Sir, true, you haue; and this most learned Scho-  
Apply'd t'ee. O you were in dangerous plight (ler  
Before he tooke ye hand.

*Mel.* These things are drunke,  
Directly drunke. Where did you get your liquor?

*Cor.* I neuer saw a body in the wane  
Of age, so ouer-spread with seuerall sorts  
Of such diseases, as the strength of Youth  
Would groane vnder and sinke.

*Rhet.* The more your glory in the miraculous cure.

*Cor.* Bring me the Cordiall  
Prepar'd for him to take after his sleepe,  
Twill doe him good at heart.

*Rhet.* I hope it will, Sir.

*Exit.*

*Mel.* What do'st think I am, that thou should'st fiddle  
So much vpon my patience? Foole, the waight  
Of my disease sits on my heart so heauy,  
That all the hands of Art cannot remoue  
One graine to ease my griefe. If thou cood'st poyson  
My memory, or wrap my senses vp  
Into a dulnesse, hard and cold as Flints?  
If thou cood'st make me walke, speake, cate and laugh  
Without a sense or knowledge of my faculties,  
Why then perhaps at Marts thou might'st make benefit  
Of such an Anticke motion, and get credit  
From credulous gazers, but not profit me.  
Study to gull the wise; I am too simple  
To be wrought on.

*Cor.* Ile burne my bookes (old man)  
But I will doe thee good, and quickly too.

*Enter Arētus with a Patent.*

*Aret.* Most honor'd Lord *Meleander*, our great Master,  
Prince



Prince *Palador* of Cyprus, hath by me  
Sent you this Patent, in which is contain'd  
Not onely confirmation of the Honors  
You formerly enjoy'd, but the addition  
Of the Marshalship of Cyprus, and ere long  
He meanes to visit you. Excuse my haste,  
I must attend the Prince. ——— *Exit.*

*Cor.* There's one Pill workes.

*Mel.* Do'st know that spirit? tis a graue familiar,  
And talkt I know not what.

*Cor.* Hee's like, me thinks, the Prince his Tutor, *Aretus*.

*Mel.* Yes, yes; it may be I haue seene such a formality;  
No matter where, or when.

*Enter Amethus with a Staffe.*

*Amet.* The Prince hath sent ye  
(My Lord) this Staffe of Office, and withall  
Salutes you Grand Commander of the Ports  
Throughout his Principalities. He shortly  
Will visit you himselfe: I must attend him. ——— *Exit.*

*Cor.* D'ee feele your physick stirring yet?

*Mel.* A Diuell is a rare Iuggler, and can cheate the  
But not corrupt the reason in the Throne (eye,  
Of a pure soule. ——— Another? I will stand thee,  
Be what thou canst, I care not.

*Enter Sophronus with a  
Tablet.*

(this rich Relique,  
*Soph.* From the Prince, deare Brother, I present you  
A Jewell he hath long worne in his bosome:  
Henceforth he bade mee say, he does beseech you

To



To call him sonne, for he will call you Father.  
 It is an honor (brother) that a subiect  
 Cannot but intertaine with thankfull pray'rs.  
 Be moderate in your loyes, he will in person  
 Confirme my errand, but commands my seruice. *Exit.*

*Cor.* What hope now of your Cure?

*Mel.* Stay, stay—— What Earthquakes  
 Roule in my flesh? here's Prince, and Prince and Prince;  
 Prince vpon Prince: the dotage of my sorrowes  
 Reuells in magick of ambitious scorne,  
 Be they Inchantments deadly (as the graue)  
 Ile looke vpon'em: Patent, staffe, and Relick  
 To the last first. Round me, ye guarding ministers  
 And euer keepe me waking till the Clifles  
 That ouer hang my sight fall off, and leaue  
 These hollow spaces to be cram'd with dust.

*Cor.* Tis time I see to fetch the Cordiall. Prethee  
 Sit downe: Ile instantly be here againe—— *Exit.*

*Mel.* Good, giue me leave, I will sit downe indeed:  
 Here's Company enough for me to prate to,  
*Eroclea.* Tis the same, the cunning Artfman  
 Faultred not in a line. Coo'd he haue fashen'd  
 A little hollow space here, and blowne breath  
 To haue made it moue, and whisper, 't had bin excellent.  
 But faith, tis well, tis very well as tis.  
 Passing, most passing well.

*Enter Cleophila, Eroclea, Rhetias.*

*Cleo.* The soueraigne Greatnesse,  
 Who, by Commission from the powers of heauen,  
 Swayes both this Land and vs, our gracious Prince,  
 By me presents you (Sir) with this large bounty,



A gift more precious to him then his birth-right.  
Here let your cares take end; now set at liberty  
Your long imprison'd heart, and welcome home  
The solace of your soule, too long kept from you.

*Eroc.* Deare Sir, you know me.

*Mel.* Yes, thou art my Daughter:  
My eldest blessing. Know thee? Why *Eroclea*,  
I neuer did forget thee in thy absence.  
Poore soule, how do'it?

*Eroc.* The best of my well-being consists in yours.

*Mel.* Stand vp: the gods who hitherto  
Haue kept vs both aliuē, preserue thee euer.  
*Cleophila* I thanke thee and the Prince,  
I thanke thee too, *Eroclea*, that thou would'st  
In pitie of my age, take so much paines  
To liue, till I might once more looke vpon thee,  
Before I broke my heart: O twas a piece  
Of piety and duty vnexampled.

*Rhet.* The good-man rellisheth his comforts strangely,  
The sight doth turne me child.

*Eroc.* I haue not words that can expresse my ioyes.

*Cleo.* Nor I.

*Mel.* Nor I: yet let vs gaze on one another freely,  
And surfet with our eyes; let me be plaine,  
If I should speake as much as I should speake,  
I should talke of a thousand things at once,  
And all of thee, of thee (my child) of thee:  
My teares like ruffling winds lockt vp in Caues, —  
Doe bustle for a vent — on t'other side,  
To flye out into mirth were not so comely.  
Come hither, let me kisse thee — with a pride,  
Strength, courage, and fresh blood, which now thy pre-  
Hath stor'd me with, kneele before their Altars; silence



Whose soueraignty kept guard about thy safety.  
Aske, aske thy Sister (prethee) shee'le tell thee  
How I haue been much mad.

*Cleo.* Much discontented,  
Shunning all meanes that might procure him comfort.

*Eroc.* Heauen ha's at last been gracious.

*Mel.* So say I: but wherefore drop thy words in such  
As if thou wert afraid to mingle truth (a sloth,  
With thy misfortunes? Vnderstand me thoroughly,  
I would not haue thee to report at large

From point to point, a Iournall of thy absence:

Twill take vp too much time, I would securely  
Ingrosse the little remnant of my life,

That thou might'st euery day be telling somewhat,  
Which might conuay me to my rest with comfort.

Let me bethinke me, how we parted first:

Puzzles my faint remembrance—— But soft,  
*Cleophila*, thou toldst me, that the Prince  
Sent me this present.

*Cleo.* From his own faire hands I did receiue my Sister.

*Mel.* To requite him, we will not dig his Fathers graue  
Although the mention of him much concernes (anew,  
The businesse we inquire of—— as I said,  
We parted in a hurry at the Court,  
I to this Castle, after made my layle:  
But whither thou, deare heart?

*Rhet.* Now they fall too't, I lookt for this.

*Eroc.* I by my Vneles care (*Sophronos*, my good Vncle)  
suddenly was like a Saylers Boy conuey'd a shipboord  
that very night.

*Mel.* A policie quicke and strange.

*Eroc.* The ship was bound for Corinth, whither first  
Attended onely with your seruant *Rhetias*,

And



And all fit necessities, we arriu'd:  
From thence in habit of a youth we iourney'd  
To Athens, where till our returne of late,  
Haue we liu'd late.

*Mel.* Oh what a thing is man,  
To bandy factions of distemp' red passions,  
Against the sacred providence aboue him?  
Here in the Legend of thy two yeeres exile,  
Rare pity and delight are sweetly mixt,  
And still thou wert a Boy.

*Eroc.* So I obey'd my Vncles wise command.

*Mel.* Twas safely carried, I humbly thanke thy Fate.

*Eroc.* If earthly treasures  
Are powr'd in plenty downe from Heau'n on mortals;  
They reigne amongst those Oracles, that flow  
In Scholes of sacred knowledge; such is *Athens*:  
Yet *Athens* was to me but a faire prison:  
The thoughts of you, my Sister, Country, Fortunes,  
And something of the Prince, barr'd all contents,  
Which else might rauish fence: for had not, *Rhetias*,  
Been alwaies comfortable to me, certainly  
Things had gone worse.

*Mel.* Speake low *Erocles*;  
That something of the Prince beares danger in it:  
Yet thou hast trauayl'd (Wench, for such Indowments,  
As might create a Prince a wife fit for him,  
Had he the World to guide: but touch not there;  
How cam'st thou home?

*Rhet.* Sir, with your Noble fauour,  
Kissing your hand first, that point I can answer.

*Mel.* Honest, right honest *Rhetias*.

*Rhet.* Your graue Brother  
Perceiu'd with what a hopelesse loue his sonne,



Lord *Menaphon*, too eagerly pursu'd  
*Thamasta*, Cousin to our present Prince;  
 And to remoue the violence of affection,  
 Sent him to Athens, where for twelue moneths space  
 Your daughter, my young Lady and her Cousin  
 Enioy'd each others griefes, till by his Father  
 The Lord *Sophonos* we were all call'd home.

*Mel.* Enough, enough, the world shall henceforth  
 My thankfulness to Heauen, and those people. (witness  
 Who haue been pitifull to me and mine.  
 Lend me a Looking-glasse — How now? How came I  
 So courtly in fresh rayments?

*Rhet.* Here's the Glasse, Sir.

*Mel.* I'm in the trim too. — O *Cleophila*,  
 This was the goodnesse of thy care and cunning. —  
 Whence comes this noyse? *Loud Musicke.*

*Rhet.* The Prince my Lord in person.

*Enter Prince, Sophronos, Aretas, Amethus, Menaphon, Thamasta, Corax, Kala.*

*Prince.* Ye shall not kneele to vs; rise all, I charge ye:  
 Father, you wrong your age, henceforth my armes  
 And heart shall be your guard; we haue o're-heard  
 All passages of your vnited loues.  
 Be young againe, *Meleander*, liue to number  
 A happy generation, and dye old  
 In comforts as in yeeres. The Offices  
 And Honours which I late on thee conferr'd,  
 Are not fantasticke bounties, but thy merit;  
 Enioy them liberally.

*Mel.* My teares must thanke ye, for my tongue cannot.

*Cor.* I haue kept my promise, & giuen you a sure cordial.

*Mel.*



*Mel.* O, a rare one. (sadnes :

*Prince.* Good man, wee both haue shar'd enough of  
Though thine ha's tasted deeper of th' extreme ;  
Let vs forget it henceforth. Where's the picture  
I lent yee ? Keepe it, tis a counterfeite,  
And in exchange of that, I ceaze on this,  
The reall substance : with this other hand  
I giue away before her Fathers face  
His younger ioy, *Cleophila*, to thee  
Cousin *Ametbas* : take her, and be to her  
More then a Father, a deseruing husband.  
Thus rob'd of both thy children in a minute,  
Thy cares are taken off.

*Mel.* My braines are dull'd ;  
I am intranc'd, and know not what you meane :  
Great, gracious Sir, alas, why do you mocke me ?  
I am a weake old man, so poore and feeble,  
That my vntoward ioynts can scarcely creepe  
Vnto the graue, where I must seeke my rest.

*Prince.* *Eroclea* was, you know, contracted mine ;  
*Cleophila*, my Cousins by consent  
Of both their hearts : *We both* now claime our owne ;  
It onely rests in you to giue a blessing  
For confirmation.

*Rhetias.* Sir, tis truth and iustice.

*Mel.* The gods that lent ye to me, blesse your vowes :  
O Children, children, pay your prayers to Heauen,  
For they haue shew'd much mercy. But *Sophrones*,  
Thou art my Brother : I can say no more :  
A good, good Brother.

*Prince.* Leane the rest to time.  
Cousin *Thamasta*, I must giue you too :  
She's thy wife, *Menaphon*. *Rhetias*, for thee :



And *Corax*, I haue more then common thanks.  
 On, to the Temple; there all solemne Rites  
 Perform'd, a generall Feast shall be proclaim'd.  
 The *Lovers Melancholy* hath found cure;  
 Sorrowes are chang'd to Bride-songs. So they thriue,  
 Whom Fate in spite of stormes hath kept alie.

*Excunt omnes.*

**FINIS.**





## EPILOGVE.

**T**O be too confident, is as vniust  
In any Worke, as too much to distrust ;  
Who from the lawes of study haue not swe ru'd,  
Know, beg'd applauses neuer were deseru'd.  
We must submit to Censure : so doth He,  
Whose houres begot this issue ; yet being free  
For his part, if He haue not pleas'd you, then  
In this kinde, hee'le not trouble you agen.

FINIS.





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