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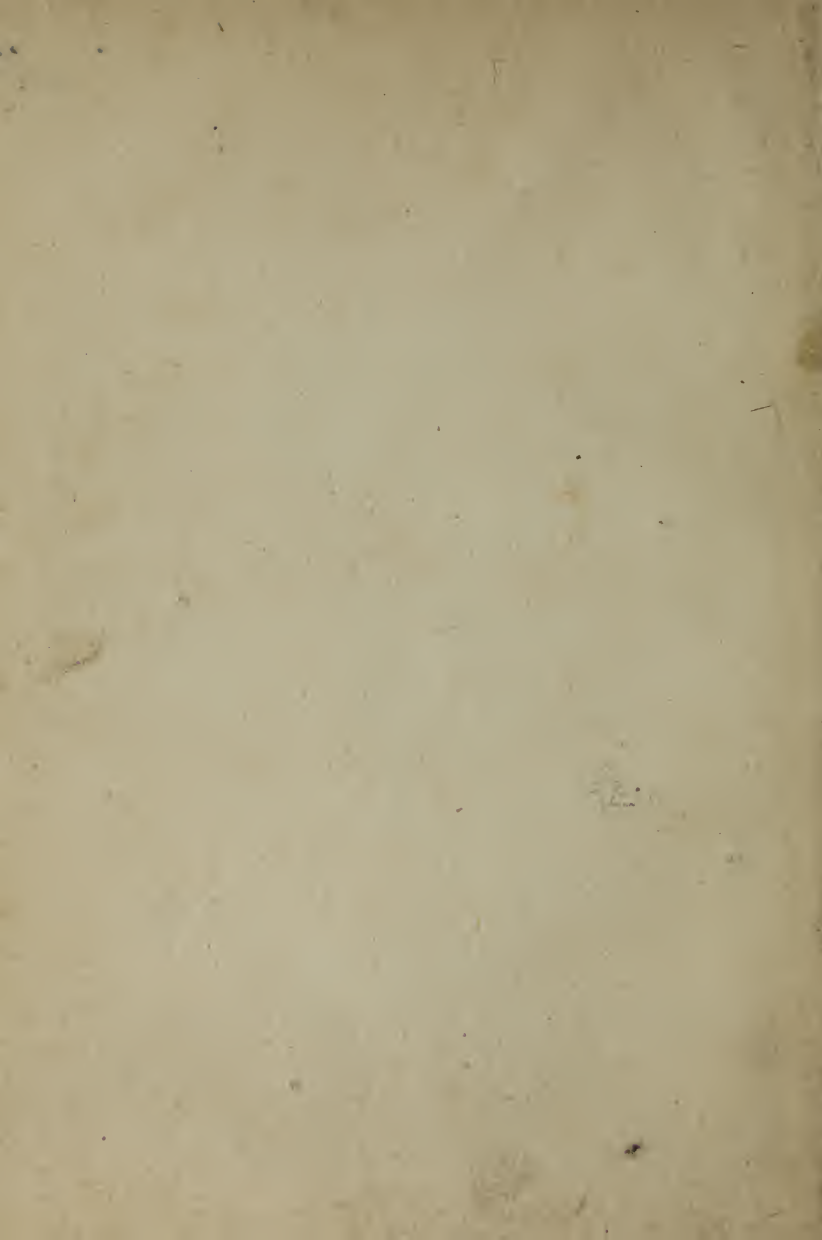
Thomas Pennant Barton.

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The Colley
1816



THE
D V K E S
M I S T R I S,
As

IT WAS PRESENTED
by her *Majesties* Servants,
At the private House in
Drury-Lane.

Written by
JAMES SHIRLY.



1848

LONDON,
Printed by JOHN NORTON, for ANDREW
CROOKE, 1638.

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May, 1873





The Prologue.

So various are the pallates of our Age
That nothing is presented on the Stage,
Though nere so square, and apted to the Lawes
Of poesie, that can winne full applause,
This likes a story, that a cunning plot
This wit, that lines, here one, he know's not what.
But after all this looking severall wayes,
We do obserue the generall guests to Playes,
Meet in opinon of two straines: that please
Satire, and wantonnes, the last of these
Though old, if in new dressing it appeare
Will move a smile from all, but shall not heare.
Our Author hath no guilt of scurrile friends.
For Satire they do know best what it meanes,
That dare apply, and if a Poets Pen,
Ayming at generall errors not the men,
'Tis not his fault, the safest cure is, they
That purge their bosomes, may see any Play.
But here we quit your feare of Satire too,
And with these disadvantages to you
Thus humbly bow, to such helpes tane away
What hope is there many will like the Play,
But good or bad, have patience but two howers,
The Poets credit is at stake with ours.

The Book

Continued from the last page
The first chapter of the book
describes the history of the
book and the author's
intentions. The second
chapter discusses the
methodology used in the
study. The third chapter
presents the results of the
study. The fourth chapter
discusses the implications
of the findings. The fifth
chapter concludes the book
with a summary of the
main findings and a
discussion of the
limitations of the study.



THE
DUKES MISTRIS

Actus Primus.

Enter Silvio, and Valerio.

Si. We are like to have a brave, and jolly time on't.
Va. The Court looks now as't should be, after such
A tempest, what should follow but a calme,
And Sun-beames? wher's the *Dutchesse*?
And yet as the case stands, we can scarce give

That title, all her glory is eclips'd,
Shee's i'th west, poore gentle-woman I can
But pity her, I meane *Euphemia*.

Sil. I dare not speake.

Val. Thou mayst speake any thing
That's Courtly, and in fashion.

Sil. But the *Duke*.

Val. Is *Duke*, and Heaven preserve him, let him have
His humor, and his Mistresses, what are we
The worse, nay lets consider like wise-men
We are the better for't, it gives us liberty,
And matter for our dutifull imitation.

Sil. But she was his *Dutchesse*.

Val. What then?

B. *Sil.*

The Dukes Mistris.

Sil. A Lady of,
A flowing sweetnes, and but in his eyes
Can want no beauty, how her nature may
Thus cruelly affronted, keepe that soft,
And noble temper.

Val. Take heede, and be wise,
We are or should be Courtiers, if it please
The *Duke* for reasons best knowne to himselfe
To have more Wives, I say 'tis fit he have 'em,
I make it my owne case.

Sil. Thou art not married.

Val. No, I dare not for that reason, cause I hold it
Unfit my conscience should be limited,
But we are private men, and though the Lawes
Have power on us, the State, and *Duke* adorne may
Suffer, if he that is the soule of all,
I meane the *Duke*, should wast his life with one,
One melancholy wife, come let me tell thee
Since he has chosen one, that he thinks fayrer
'Tis happy for his first to keepe her head on,

Sil. Coult thou have thought so cruell, as *Euphemis*

Val. No thou art deceiv'd, if I were *Duke*
'Tis ten to one I'de have noe Wife at all,

Sil. How?

Val. Not of mine owne, while any of my subjects
Had those I could affect; whom I wo'd have
Presented by their husbands, they should doe
Themselves that curtesie, none would denie,
Considering what may follow.

Sil. Besides Hornes.

Val. Right, if the toy be gamefome, the husbands made
For ever.

Sil. Cuckold.

Val. And his Wife a great one,
Hornes excuse for all.

Sil. The old mind still!

Val. I know my constitution

Enter Leontio.

His countenance weares some fore of discontent
Do'es he not appeare Cloudy.

Sil.

The Dukes Mistris.

Sil. Lett's speake to him.

Val. My Lord, — my Lord.

Not answer.

Sil. He does not heare.

My noblest Lord.

Val. If I did thinke he were proud now of a suddaine,

I wod not aske him how he does, to save

His life — I'le speake once more, my worthiest Lord.

Leontio. Leo. Ha!

Val. I ha waken'd him.

Leo. Valerio, and Silnio.

I am your servants.

Val. Not that we grudge our duties to your Lordship

Or breath, for without flattery, I dare

Be hoarse with praying, and with praying for you,

But we would willingly have your Lordship take

Notice, when we expresse our hearts to serue you.

Leo. Your pardon gentlemen, I am confident

You have more vertue then to let me suffer in your opinions

Sil. You looke sad.

Leo. Not I.

Val. And talke as you had but started from a dreame.

I dare not be too bold to enquire the cause,

But your face will teach others melancholie.

Sil. Now in this generall mirth it must appeare,

The greater wonder to behold your trouble.

Leo. I shall betray my selfe, keepe in my passions.

Sil. Ther's something in't more then we apprehend.

Val. What should distract the freedome of your sole

Kinsman, and onely favourite to the Duke,

The peoples love too, and these seldome meeets,

The minion of the Souldiers, who honour you

Most infinitely for your valour, and your bounty.

Leo. Flatter not gentlemen.

Val. I'le be your hinde first.

Eclipse not, Sr, the glories of your minde.

with this strange melancholy, I wod not for

My hopes the Duke should see this dulnes, he

May with unhappy jealousie interpret —

The Dukes Mistris.

Leo. What Jealousie?

Val. I know not.

Leo. Is my heart transparent?

Val. Now ioy revels in the Court,
By his command, and his example too;
Doe not affront his pleasure, I am bold,
But 'tis my zeale, that wo'd not have you suffer,
And you may give it pardon.

Leo. I must thanke
Thy love *Valerio*, thy heart does speake
A noble friendship, you shall witnesse Gentlemen.
I will be very pleasant, keepe, keepe in
Yee rebell thoughts, and take some other time
To shew your wildnes.

Sil. Observ'd you that?

Val. Shall I be bold to aske your Lordship a que-

Leo. Any thing. (stion?)

Val. You will pardon the folly on't?

Leo. What is't? be cleare with me.

Val. Are you not in love, my Lord?

Leo. In Love?

Val. I have shrewd coniectures.

Leo. From what?

Val. From these dull Symptomes, if you be—

Leo. What then?

Val. Let me be your Physition, 'tis a woman
I must presume.

Leo. What does a man love else? (clothes)

Val. There be those men are in love with their own
Their wits, their follies, their estates, themselves,
But if you love a woman, let me advise you.

Sil. Heare him my Lord, his practise upon that sex
Has made him learn'd.

Val. Something I have observ'd
After a hundred Mistresses, I had beene dull else,
But to the point.

Leo. How would you advise mee?

Val. I would not counsell you not to love at all,
As some that are all Satyr, gainst the sex,

The Dukes Mistris.

Love me a handsome Lady, but so love her
That still your heart finde roome for a fresh beautie,
For twentie, for a thousand.

Leo. Is inconstancie
So easie, and so pardonable.

Val. Why dee' shift
Your shirt, the linnen's fine, but not so cleane
And sweete after a Journey, 'tis a Justice
To change; and a security a woman
Is Tyrant, when she finds a dotage, Love
But wisely, to delight our hearts, not ruine 'em
With too severe impression.

Leo. Prethee tell me,
What doe most men desire that are in love?

Val. In this wise love I meane? why, my Lord, they
Desire to enjoy their Mistresses, what else
Can be expected? and 'tis necessary
In my opinion.

Leo. Hadst thou beene woman,
Thou wou'dst not have beene so cruell.

Val. Troth, my Lord,
I know not how the sex might have corrupted mee:
But had I beene *Adonis*, without question
My Lady *Venus* should have had no cause
To accuse my bashfullnesse, I should have left
The Forrest to have hunted—

Leo. I beleeve it.

Val. But I must be content.

Sil. Nothing will much trouble thy head *Valerio*.

Val. I do not vex my selfe with much inquirie
What men doe in the *Indies*, or what Trade
The great *Turke's* on, nor what his designe is,
Nor does the State at home much trouble me,
After the warres I enjoy my limbs, and can
Boast some activitie, untill some woman
In kindnesse take me downe, be rul'd by me,
Employ your spring and youth upon those Joyes
They are fit for, beget a new *Elizium*,
Under some pleasing shade lets lie and laugh

The Dukes Mistris.

Our Temples crown'd with Roses, with the choyse,
And richest blood of Grapes, quicken our veines,
Some faire cheek'd boyes skinking our swelling Cups,
And we with Joviall soules shooting them round
At each mans lip a Mistresse.

Sil. I did looke for this before.

Val. They in this Bower
Shall with their Songs, and Musicke charme our eares,
And nimbly dance, their bright haire loofely spread,
Nor shall they more their amorous beauties hide
Then those contended for the golden Ball.

Leo. Thou wod'st imagine many fine devices
But after all these pleasures, as there is
A limit, and a period set, what will
Succeed these raptures, when they are past enjoyings
But leave so many stings upon our thoughts.

Val. We wo'not thinke of that, or if we do,
Wee'le venture upon Fortunes curtesie.

Leo. Thou art resolute *Valerio*, if ere sorrow
Lay seige to me, i'le wish thee my companion.

Val. I am your humble creature, and shall be honor'd
In your commands.

Enter Ascanio.

As. My Lord, the Duke
Ask'd for you.

Leo. I'le attend. Whither in hast? *Ascanio whispers with*

Val. We are commanded to attend *Ardelia.*

Sil. It is his pleasure, we should waite upon her
To his presence.

Leo. *Ardelia,*
It will become you, and but that his highnes
Exacts my person, I should be a part
Of her attendance, but not serve her with
Halfe the devotion, I would pay *Euphemia*
The too much injur'd *Dutchesse*, now a stranger
To the *Dukes* bosome, while another sits,
And rules his heart, but this prepares my happines,
My hopes grow from her misery, which may
Encline *Euphemia* to pity me.

Exeunt.

The Dukes Mistres.

I must use art.

Enter Euphemid, and Macrina.

La. Good Madam have more comfort.

Leo. Is not that she ? her habite like her Fortune
Most blacke, and ominous, heer's a change of State,
Noe noyse of waiters, and officious troopes,
Of Courtiers flutter here, where are the traine
Of Ladies, with more blossome then the Spring,
Ambitious to present their duties to her,
Where be those Jewells, whose proud blaze did use
To vye with Sun-beames, and strike gazers blind ?
All gone behind a Cloud ? how she observes
The Structures, which more soft then *Dionisio*
seeme to incline their marble heads, and sweate
In the compassion of her iniury,
My heart is labouring for breath, and yet
I dare not speake to her, the *Duke* has spies
Upon her, and his anger carries ruine.

Enter Courtiers, who passe by neglectfully.

Eup. Sure I should know this place.

La. Tis the Court Madam.

Eup. And those were Courtiers that past by ?

La. They were.

Eup. Some of them serv'd me once, but now the *Duke*
Has discharg'd all, why dost not thou forsake me.

La. I serv'd you Madam, for your selfe, and cannot
Thinke on you with lesse reverence, for your change
Of Fortune.

Eup. Is not that *Leontio* ?

La. It is Madam.

Eup. Does he decline me too ? though I am miserable,
My grieffe wo'd not infect him, but he must
Compose himselfe to please, the *Duke*, whose creature
He has beene alwayes.

Leo. I will speake to her,
Though death in the *Dukes* eye threatens to kill me,
Great Mistresse.

Eup. You doe not well *Leontio* to insult
Upon my misery, *Dionisio* frowne

The Dukes Mistris.

May make your feild as barren.

Leo. By all vertue,
And by your selfe the Mistris, I have not
One thought so irreligious in my soule
I weepe for your misfortune, and shall Study
All humble wayes to serue you.

Eup. You have beene noble.

Leo. Your titles are all sacred still with me,
The *Dukes* neglect cannot unprince you here ;
Oh let not hasty sorrow boast a triumph
Over so great a mind, let not that beauty
Wither with apprehension of your wrong
That may be soone repented, and the Storme
That cowardly would shake that comliest building
Make for your happines, some lament your fate.

Enter Strozzi.

Whose lookes speake mirth, be confident, the *Duke*
Will chide the unlawfull flame, that like rude
And wandring meteor, led him from your vertues
With so much danger to embrace *Ardelia*.

Str. The *Duke* shall know your complements.

Exit.

Eup. Noe more, least for your charity to me,
For I must call it so, you ruine not
Your favour with the *Duke*, farewell *Leontio*
Yet I would pray one favour from you.

Leo. Me ?

My life's your servant.

Eup. If you heare the *Duke*
Speake of me, as I feare he never will
But in displeasure, tell him I will thinke it
Noe cruelty to take this poore life from me,
Rather then let me draw a wretched breath
With generall scorne, let him command me dead,
And I forgive him, otherwise farewell.

Exeunt.

Leo. That close shew'd something, like a will to be
Reueng'd, her brest heav'd up, and fell againe,
While both her eyes shot a contention upward,
As they would seeme to put just Heaven in mind
How much she suffers.

Enter

The Dukes Misiris.

Enter Pallante.

If griefe thus become her,
What magicke will not love put on? I must
Stifle my passion. *Pallante*, welcome,
You are well met in Court;
Where dost thou live *Pallante*?

Pall. Every where,
Yet no where to any purpose, we are out
Of use, and like our Engines are laid by
To gather dust, the Court I ha' not skill in,
I want the tricke of flatterie, my Lord,
I cannot bow to Scarlet, and Gold-lace,
Embroiderie is not an *Idoll* for my worship,
Give me the warres agen.

Leo. But yet remember we fight for peace,
The end of warre.

Pall. I never did, my Lord.

Leo. What?

Pall. Fight for peace, I fought for pay, and honour,
Peace will undoe us.

Leo. Tis the corruption of our peace, that men
Glorious in Spirit, and desert, are not
Encourag'd.

Pall. The faults somewhere.

Leo. I presume

Thou art not of so tyrannous a nature,
But thou couldst be content to weare rich cloathes,
Feed high, and want no fortune without venturing
To buy them at the price of blood.

Pall. I could.

Leo. And ile engage thou sha't, be this the Prologue.

Pall. Not I, keepe, keepe your money.

Leo. You doe not scorne my bounty.

Pall. You may gesse

That fortune has not doted much upon mee,
And yet I must refuse it.

Leo. Your reason pray?

Pall. Why ten to one I shall spend it.

Leo. So tis meant.

The Dukes Mistress.

Pall. I will make me gay a while, but I shall pawn
My Robes, and put on these agen,

Leo. Thou shalt not
While I have Fortune to preserve thee otherwise,

Pall. I say out of my love to you I must not,
I never yet tooke money upon charity,
I earn'd it in the Warre, and i'le deserve't
In peace, of you I cannot, tis my misery
To be unserviceable.

Leo. Is that your Scruple?
But that I know thy humor, I should thinke
This cunning, but you shall not, S^r, despaire,
I shall find wayes to have mention'd
In your accounts for merrits, doubt not, I
Will give you occasion to deserve more.

Pall. On those conditions i'le take more, and thinke the
Of my owne life, honour'd by your imployments. (better)

Leo. The Duke.

Enter Duke, Strozzi, Ascanio.

Du. Ha? *Leontio.*

Str. If I have any braynes, he shew'd a passion
Did not become him to your Dutches, S^r.

Du. Presumes he on his blood, above our favour?
Dares he but in a thought controule our pleasure,
No more, wee'le take noe knowledge, oh my Lord
You absent your selfe too much, though we confesse
Our State must owe much to your care, we would not
Your offices should wast you with imployments
Preserve your health I pray—

Leo. I never did
Enioy it more then when I studied service,
And duties to your grace.

Du. Musicke, the minuits
Are sad i'th absence of *Ardelia*,
And moove too slow, quicken their pace with Luts,
And voices.

A Song.

Du. No more; we will be Musicke of our selves,
And spare your Arts, thought of *Ardelia*,

Should

Should strike a harmony through every heart,
What brow looks sad, when we command delight?
We shall account that man a Traytor to us,
That weares one fullen Cloud upon his face,
I'le read his soule in't, and by our bright Mistresse,
Then which the World contains noe richer beauty,
Punish his daring sinne.

Leo. He will deserve it
Great Sir, that shall offend with the least sadness,
Or were it so posselt, yet your command
That stretches to the soule, would make it smile,
And force a bravery, severe old age
Shall lay aside his fullen gravity,
And revell like a youth, the froward Matrons
For this day, shall repent their yeares, and coldnes
Of blood, and wish agen their tempting beauties
To dance like wanton Lovers.

Du. My *Leontio*,
In this then thou dost present our bosome to thee,
What's he?

Leo. A Gentleman that has deserv'd
For service in your late warres, Sir, a Captaine.

Du. He may turne Courtier now, we have no use
Of noyse, we can march here without a Drumme,
I hope we are not in arreares to him,
He haunts us for noe pay?

Leo. Your bounty beside that, hath wonne their hearts.

Du. Why has he noe better cloathes? this is a day
Of Triumph.

Pall. I beseech your highnes pardon,
I ha' drunke your health in better cloathes, dispise
My Christian Buffe; this is the fruits of peace,
I'le waite on you agen.

Exit.

Du. Wher's my *Ardelia*?
How at the name my spirits leape within me,
And the amorous winds doe catch it from my lips
To sweeten the Ayre— heaven at the sound
Lookes cleare, and lovely, and the earth put's on
A spring to welcome it, speake *Leontio*

The Dukes Mistris.

Strozzi, Gentlemen, but she appears,

Enter Ardelia, Valerio, Silvio.

For whom the World shall weare eternall shine,
Brightest *Ardelia*, Queene of love, and me,

Ar. The onely honor, my ambition climes too,
Is to be held your highnes humblest hand-maid.

Du. Call me thy servant, what
New charmes her lookes does throw upon my soule.

Sil How the *Duke* gazes?

Du. There is some strange divinity within her,
Is there not *Valerio*?

Val. I am not read so farre yet as divinity,
Mine is but humane learning.

Du. Speake agen,
And at thy lipps the quires shall hang to learne
New tunes, and the dull spheres but coldly imitate,
I am transform'd with my excesse of rapture,
Frowne, frowne *Ardelia* I shall forget
I am mortall else, and when thou hast throwne downe
Thy servant, with one smile exalt agen
His heart to heaven, and with a kisse breath in me
Another soule fit for thy love, but all
My language is too cold, and we wast time,
Lead on, ther's something of more ceremony
Expects our presence, *Italy* is barren
Of what we wish to entertaine *Ardelia*.

Leo. May all the pleasures thought can reach attend you.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Bentrivolio, Horatio.

Hor. **B**E counsell'd yet without being too ambitious
To buy a deere repentance.

Ben. Now we are

Arriv'd at Court, shame to our resolution,
I prethee do'nt tempt me to such cowardise,

Horatio I must see her, sheele not blast us,
She was lovely when our eyes saluted last,
And at my fare-well many innocent teares
Wittness'd her sorrow, cleere as *Aprill* weepes
Into the bosome of the Spring, not see

Ardelia?

Hor. You have travel'd since, and she
Wanting noe beauty, was not over willing
To languish in your absence, how I pity thee,
But that I woud not too much vexe your folly,
Do st thinke ther's faith in any womans eyes,
She wept at parting, a strong obligation
When they can thread their teares, and make a chaine
Of water, let me weare one o' their bracelets;
I will convince thy madnes in six words,
Admit she said she lov'd you, and to your thinking
Vow'd it, for you say you were contracted,
All this is nothing. Ben. No.

Hor. Not this; although
You had beene married, and i'th Sheets together,
And chaffer'd earnest for a boy, 'tis nothing
It binds not.

Ben. How?

Hor. Not with a thousand witnesses.

Ben. How not bind her?

Hor. Nor any woman living, that's posselt.

With a wandring spirit, clap her in a dungeon,
Pile three Castles on her, yet she shall
Breake prison when she has but the least minde too t ;
She le worke through a Steele mine, to meete a friend
That she likes better, with more ease throw up
A quarrie of Marble, than a Mole shall dust,
They worke with spirits, man, and can doe wonders,
Especially a hanfome woman, from whose false
And sly temptations, all my wits defend me.
There were some dealing with an Elvish female,
That had but a course face, or say but halfe a one,
Emnaticke eyes, with no more sight than could
Distinguish well, man from a horse, or beare,
To keepe her from mistake in procreation,
A nose of many fashions, and as many
Water-workes in 'em, lips of honest hide,
And made to last, teeth of a Moores complexion,
A chinne, without all controversie, good
To goe a fishing with, a witches beard on't,
With twentie other commendations, such a thing
Were no mischiefe, and a man might trust
Her with no scruple in his Conscience.

Ben. This is plaine madnesse.

Hor. You may call it so,
But Ile be bound to travell further with
This Night-mare, than the finest flesh and blood
You court. and call your mistresse, why the Devill
With all his art, and malice will nere cuckold me,
And I should leave her in hell, and goe a journey,
I should be sure at my returne to find her
Safe, and untouch'd, found of her winde, and limbs;
A faire, and hanfome woman would not scape so;
You have my opinion now, and 'twere lesse evill
To practise it, you mind not my instructions.

Ben. Not I.

Hor. These Lectures have I read toth' City
With the same successe, that Gentlemen might live honest,
And men have lucke to father their owne children,
But 'twill not be, you are resolv'd to try it?

Ben.

The Dukes Mistris.

Ben. Am I engag'd thus farre to fall backe now?

Hor. Remember where you are yet.

Ben. I am i'th Court.

Hor. Where you expect to complement with the *Dukes*—

Ben. What?

Hor. What doe you thinke? the *Dukes* married,
They say, although he love *Ardelia*,
And without question, in these parts may want
No intelligence of your purpose, and your person,
And theres no doubt, but if he find you quail-catching,
He has power enough to coole your blood, and hers,
Should she remember what has past betweene you,
In that respect be caution'd, doe not worke
A double ruine, to sooth one vaine humour;
Eyes will beget an appetite of more neerensse,
And how that may succed, 'tis better feare, than prove.

Ben. I prethee fright me not with shadowes.

Hor. You are then for her substance— Ile not leave you.

Ben. Ile see her did the Duke proclaime it death.

Hor. I Had rather see the Cow, with her five legges,
And all the Monsters in the market, then
Be troubled with the spectacle, but on,
Stay, yet will you but see her? will her face content you,
A farre off, without multiplying twinckles,
Ridiculous sighes, or crost armes pinion'd thus,
As the Kinght-Templers leggs are, whollie buried,
Like Taylors, no djected lookes, as yad
Your father alive agen, to send you out
To sea, with pention to maintaine you in bisket,
Poore John, and halfe a livery, which should be
Part of your governor, to read morrall vertue
And lenton Lectures to you, or if she frowne
As much as say my friend, I am not for you,
The *Dukes* the better Gentleman, and shall pay for't
Will you retume then with a handsome patience,
And wisely love where no man els will rivall you,
A Witch or some old woman,

Ben. I prethee leave
Thy phrenzy, thou shal't witnes ile be temperate.

Enter

The Dukes Mistris.

Enter Valerio.

Who's this? Signior Valerio.

Val. Bentivolio, welcome to Pavie, and the Court.

Ben. My friend, Sir.

Val. You both divide me.

Ben. Then I am no stranger,
In confidence of that friendship we both seal'd
In Travell.

Val. What affaires brought you to Pavie?

Ben. Being at large, I had curiositie
To observe what might improve my knowledge here
With some taste of your Court.

Val. And I am happie
I have some power to serve your wish, nor could you
Arrive to see it shine with more delight,
It is compos'd of revells, now all ayre,
Let me present you to the Duke.

Ben. I shall be honour'd to kisse his hand.

Val. Sha't see his Mistresse,
The faire *Ardelia*, the Dukes no faint,
I may tell thee.

Hor. Pray Sir, with your favour,
Cannot the Court furnish a Gentleman,
And need be, with an ugly face or two,
Such as would turne your stomacke, would content
My fancie best.

Val. What means your friend?

Ben. A humour he playes withall.

Val. He would not play with such a woman, wo'd he?

Hor. Yes, and if the place be not
Too barren to afford me one ill-favoured
Enough.

Val. Nere feare it, they are common here
As Crowes, and something of a hue by moone-shine;
Promise to keepe your wits, and ile present you.

Hor. I have a lease Sir, of my b'aines, and dare

The Dukes Misiris.

Enconnter with an armie out of *Lapland.*

Exeunt.

Musicke, and Song in Dialogue.

*Enter the Duke, Ardelia, Fiametta, Leontio,
Strozzi, Ascanio, Silvio, Ladies.*

Duk. How likes *Ardelia* this?

Ard. If it affect

Your highnesse eare, dutie hath so compos'd
My will to obedience, I must praise the musicke,
And wish no other object to that sence,
Unlessse you please to expresse more harmonic
By some commands from your owne voice, that will
Challenge my more religious attention.

Du. What charme is in her language? cease all other
(But discord to her accents) what a sweet,
And winning soule she has, is it not pity
She should be lesse than Dutchesse, farre above
Euphemia in beautie, and rare softnesse
Of nature, I could wonder, gaze for ever;
But I expose my passion too much
To censure, yet who dares dispute our will?

Leontio looke upon *Ardelia*,
And tell me.

Leo. What Sir?

Duk. Canst see nothing there?

Leo. I see a spacious field of beautie Sir.

Duk. Tis poore, and short of her perfection,
Bears her this other Jewell, I will have her
Shine like a volumn of bright constellations,
Till all the world turne her Idolater:
When did *Euphemia* looke thus?

Leo. Never sir.

Duk. Be Judge thy selfe *Leontio*, if my Dutches,
Lov'd me, could she denie her *Diomsio*
This happinesse, but she has a stubborne soule,
She has, and shall repent it.

Leo. Sir, remember

The Dukes Mistris.

Shee is a princeſſe.

Du. You were beſt remember her,
Perhaps ſheele take it kindlie.

Leo. Sir, I hope
You have more aſſurance of my faith to you
Then to intepret—

Du. Nothing, come, all's well,
Name her noe more, how ere ſhe has displeas'd
Us, you can violate noe duty ſtill
To love her.

Leo. I ſir ?

Du. This infects delight,
Let's dance my ſweete *Ardelia*.

Leo. The *Dukes* jealous
Or i'me batraid.

Du. *Leontio, Silvio, Strozzi,*
The Ladies bluſh for you, they have breath'd too much.

While the Dance is

Enter Valerio, Bentivolio, Horatio.

Val. Sir, here are gentlemen deſire the grace
To kiſſe your highneſſe hand.

Du. *Ardelia* ſupply our Dutcheſſe abſence,

Val. It is the *Dukes* deſire by his example, you extend your
Faire hand to a payre of ſtrangers, ambitions of the
Honour.

Ard. *Bentivolio?*

Tis he, how my heart trembles as my frame
Would fall to peeces, doe you know that gentleman ?

Va. Yes, Madam.

Ar. Let him attend me in my lodgings
It will be worth your friend-ſhip to conduct him.

Val. I ſhall.

Du. Your countenance changes, I obſerv'd
Your eyes upon that Stranger.

Ar. He reviews
The memory of a brother, I lov'd dearely,

That

The Dukes Mistres.

That died at Sea: I ne're saw two so like.

Du. For representing one so neare *Ardelia*,
Receive another welcome, and what favours
Your thoughts can study from our Court, possess'e 'em.

Ben. You oblige my humblest services— how now, how

Ho. Why scruily, you flatter (do'st like this?)

Your selfe into distruction, I see

The Arrow will pierce thy heart, decline it yet.

Ben. Still frantickely opposing.

Ho. I ha' done

Be mad, i'le give my braine to somewhat els,
Sir, I wou'd see a phisnomy, though it looke
As big as the fower winds, I ha' court-ship for it,
And wo't not beblowne off with an Hericano,
Yet trust me i'le be honest.

Va. I beleve you.

Ho. Onely to please my eye.

Va. What thinke you of

That Divells lans-schape, you observ'd not her,
Notwithstanding her complexion, she is a Lady
Usefull at Court. to set of other faces,
Especially the *Dukes* Mistres, whom for that,
And some thing else his grace has recommended
To be her companion, will she serve turne?
Did you ever see a more excellent wall-eye

Ho. I marry, Sir.

Va. Nay let me prepare you,

Madam dee observe that Gentleman,
The staring Stranger, he has busines to you,
And you will bid it welcome.

Fia. Does he know me?

Va. He inquir'd for you

By all discriptions— and I guesse he may
Be worth your favour.

Fia. Mine?

Val If ever man

Were an Idolater, he is yours, i'le bring him
To your lodgings Madam, if you please.

Fia. You'le honour me.

The Dukes Mistris.

Du. Agen to our revells, ther's noe life without being
Val. Not now? you shall have opportunity, (active,
And I have comission to informe you something,
Away here's like to be a Storme.

Enter Euphemia.

Ben. What's shee?

Va. *Euphemia.*

Str. Your *Dutches*, Sir.

Du. How dares shee interrupt us?

Leo. A guard about my heart, I am undone e'ls
Each looke, and motion in her greife present
Such a commanding sweetnes, if I observe
With the same eyes I shall betray my selfe.

Eup. I come not Sir, with rudenes of my language,
Or person to offend your mirth, although
the nature of my sorrow is so wild
It may infect weake minds, and such as have not
Some prooffe in their owne bosomes, but to make
One, and my last suite, which when you have heard
It may appeare so reasonable, and proportion'd
To what your thoughts allow me, that you will
Find easily a consent to make it fortunate,
And me in the prevailing.

Ardelia offers to depart.

Du. Doe not moove

Ardelia, I am full protection here.

Eup. Ther's something sir in my request to make her happy

Ard. I dare not heare the *Dutchesse*, (too.
Her lookes wound me.

Du. Speake your promising wishes.

Eup. Although I know not for what guilt in me
Of more then my obedience, and some lesse
Beauty then dwells upon *Ardelias* cheeke,
You have exild me from your love, and bosome,
And worse then one condemn'd by force of lawes,
For sinne against your bed have sentenc'd me
To wander with disgrace, carv'd in my brow
The Fable of a *Dutchesse*, and your anger;
My desires are you would have so much charity.

Though

Though you have made me an out-law by your doome,
Not to compell me after all my shames
To be a murderer.

Du. Treason, our Guard.

Eup. You shall not trouble Sir your feares I bring
the least blacke thought against your person, heaven
Avert so foule a sinne, the danger all
Doth threaten me, and my life, which I thus
Most humbly beg may not be forc'd through blood
By my owne hands :urgd by your heavy wrongs
To such a desperate mutiny, which you may
Prevent by your revenge of Law upon me.
To which, and your displeasure I would yeild
My life your welcome sacrifice, i'le praise
Your mercy for my death, and blesse the stroake
Devids my sad soule from me.

Du. This your project ?

Leo. Did you heare the *Dutches* suite ?

Ard. Noe, but i'le beg

It may be granted, doe not sir deny
Your *Dutches* her desires so just, and reasonable ;

Leo. How's this ? shee'le pray to be rid on her,
Audacious woman

Eup. Let me rise with horror.

Du. *Ardelia* knowes not what *Euphemia* ask'd.

Leo. She'le appeare cunning.

Ard. I am confident

She hath propounded nothing ill becoming.

Leo. Nothing, a very trifle, wearied with
Her injuries she onely begs the *Duke*
Would be so kind to order with as much
Conveniency as he please, her head to be
Chop'd of, that all, and you were charitable
To joyne so modestly in the advancement
Of her desires.

Ard. Defend it heaven,
Madam your pardon, I imagin'd not
You ayin'd such cruelty upou your selfe.

Eup. Proud, and dissembling woman, at such impudence

The Dukes Mistris.

I take my spirit to me, and no more
Will put my breath to the expence of prayer
To be short-liv'd, I will desire to live
To see heaven drop downe justice, with such loud,
And publicke noyse of my revenge on thee,
And thy adulterate arts, as the world naming
But once *Ardelia*, shall be palsey-strucke.
I feele a new, and fiery soule within me,
Apt to disperse my rage, which feare and my
Religion would ha' stifled. Oh my fate!

Du. She raves, to prison with her, we are not safe
While she enjoys the freedome of our ayre :
Stay (my good Genius) she carries yet
The title of our Dutches ; tis our pleasure
Leontio, she be your prisoner,
But see her narrowlic confind, till we
Determine what shall follow, in what we
Limit, you not make your owne reason guide,
But on your life secure her.

Leo. Your commands
In all things I obey, most blest occasion !

Du. Foole, thou dost entertain what must undo thee,
And make you both ripe for eternall absence ;
Hug *Juno* in the clouds, and court her smiles,
Though she consent not, tis enough you stand
Suspected, and expos'd to equall danger.
You sha' not lose your ayre to plead for death,
Thus wele secure *Ardelia*.

Eup. I heare,
And with all chearefullnesse resigne my will
To imprisonment, or death ; forgive the wildnesse,
And furie of my language, I repent
My wish upon *Ardelia*, may she live
To doe so too, and you to be posselt
Of all joyes, Earth and Heaven can blesse your heart
May danger never in a dreame affright you, (with.
And if you thinke I live too long, tis possible,
Before you send death to conclude my sufferings,
Some thoughts of you may wither my poore heart,

The Dukes Mistris.

And make your path smooth, to what most you joy in
Be not a tyrant when i'me dead, upon
My fame, although you wish me not alive,
Yet say I was *Euphemia*, let that sticke
Upon my Tombe, if you will grace my shade
With so much cost, in that name is supplied
Enough to tell the world for whom I died.

Du. We heare too much, away with her.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Bentivolio, Valerio, Horatio.

Ben. I Have given a treasure to your bosome Sir.

Val. I You shannot friend repent it, and this act
Of so much confidence, new binds my faith to you;
Contracted to *Ardelia*? I may chance make use of this.
Your pilgrimage ends here—

Exit Valerio

Hor. Doe you know

What you have done?

Ben. I have told him what
Concern'd *Ardelia*, and my selfe; thou woud'st
Suspect, and chide my credulous nature, come,
He trust him with my life.

Hor. That's done already,
He has a secret, much good doe him wo't,
Should ha' burnt a passage through my heart, and left
It ashes, ere thad wandred from me thus,
And if you never did before, pray now
He may be honest to you, tis too late
To finde compunction for it, pray, and heartily
He may be dumbe.

Enter Valerio and Ardelia.

Val.

The Dukes Mistris.

Val. Signior *Bentivolio*?

Exit Ardelia, and Bentivolio.

So, so, thats over, now ile conduct you
To your pretious Saint, unlesse your blood turne
Coward. *Ho.* Oh, never feare it, Sir.

Val. But would you did
First tell me and discharge me of some wonder,
You have an humor of the newest fashion
I ere yet saw, and how the Court may follow't
I know not, how long have you beene posselt Sir?

Ho. Posselt? what Divell doe you meane? (sure?)

Val. With these ilfavour'd, deform'd women, y'are bewitchd

Ho. Thou dost not know the fiends I have convers'd with.

Val. I have no ambition to be acquainted
With any Goblins, further then their knowledge
Might make me understand the ground of your
Inchantment.

Ho. Oh a world, Legions, Legions.

Val. Of what?

Ho. Of handsome women.

Val. They the cause of this? (with

Ho. Their false, and perjur'd natures, I nere met
One handsome Face that made a conscience of me.

Val. And dee' thinke to finde
More Faith in those that looke all ore like Devills?

Ho. Tis possible they may have soules, who knowes?
How're in my revenge, ile love, and doate on 'em,
And iustitie thy are the Sexes glorie.

Val. I have enough.

Enter Ardelia, and Bentivolio.

They are return'd, this way Sir, to your Fayrie.

Exeunt.

Ar. My dearest *Bentivolio*, why dost stand
At so much gaze, and distance, as thou wod't
Teach love unkindnesse, can these outward formes
Disguise me from thy knowledge, lets salute,
My lips retaine their softnesse, and unles

Thy

The Dukes Mistress.

Thy love be chang'd, our breath may meet, and we
Convey the heartie meaning of our soules,
As we once did.

Ben. Y'are very brave *Ardelia*,

Ar. But have no pride without you, these are no
Glories compar'd to what I weare within,
To see thee safe, whom my feares gave up lost,
And after so much absence, doe I live
To embrace my *Bentivolio*?

Ben. You would have me

Beleeve I am welcome hither, faire *Ardelia*,
Pardon, I know not yet what other name
To call you by, and if I wrong your titles,
Be gentle to my ignorance; this hand
You gave me once, when no ambition frighted
The troth we vow'd, our chaste simplicity
Durst kisse without a shame, or feare to be
Divorc'd by greatnes, tell me, sweet *Ardelia*,
When I did court thy Virgin faith, and paid
An innocent tribute to thy most chaste lip,
When we had spent the day with our discourse,
And night came rudely in to part us, what
Were then thy usuall dreames? how many visions
Were let into thy sleepe, thou shouldst be great,
Torne from my bosome, to enrich thy selfe,
And a Dukes armes? and that a time should come,
When I, the promis'd Master of this wealth,
Should thus present my selfe a beggar to thee,
And count thy smiles a charitic?

Ar. What meanes

My *Bentivolio* by this passionate language?

Ben. I doe confesse I was compell'd to be
An exile from thee, in obedience to
My father, who would trust me to the Seas,
Or any land, ere leave me to this shipwracke,
For so his anger sinn'd against thy beautie,
Whilst the Idoll Gold grac'd not thy fairer Temple,
Yet when we plighted hearts, *Ardelia*,
I tied with mine an everlasting contract,

The Dukes Mistress.

And did expect at my returne to have found
Thine spoties.

Ard. Tis the same.

Ben. The same to me ?

What makes you here then ? doe not, doe not flatter
Thy guilt so much. Is not this *Pavias* Court ?

Ard. *Court* indeed, for she rules here,
The Lady *Paramount*, whilst the *Duke* himselfe
Bowes like a subject !

Ar. Be not, Sir too credulous,
And with too apprehensive thoughts doe injury—
To that which you should cherish, the *Duke* is—

Ben. Youle say none of your subject,
He is a prince,
Prince of your Province, writs *Ardelia* his,
Tis ravish'd all from me, and I am become
A stranger to my owne, nay stand, and see
My treasure rifed, all my wealth tane from me,
And dare not question the injurious power
That revells in my glory, but canst thinke
I will be cold for ever, that all seeds
Of man lie dead within me, and my soule
Sunke in my phlegme, will never rise to forme
Some iust revenge ? thinke there are then noe furies.

Ard. You come to threaten not to love, and having
Already by long absence made a fault,
To quit your selfe would lay a staine on me,
Tis not well done.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The *Duke*.

Exit.

Ben. The *Duke* ?

Ard. Tis possible
He may not feare your anger.

Ben. I'll squat then
Behind this Hedge, this Garden hath quient shades,
I hope youle not betray me.

Ard. This the forme
Of your revenge.

Enter

Enter Duke.

Du. My faire *Ardelia*,
Excuse me if I presse upon thy private
Walkes, love gives a bouldnes to meane spirits,
But in a Princes brest: tis much more active,
And feares noe imputation, what doth fright
Thy countenance? I hope *Ardelia*
My presence brings noe horror.

Ard. Sir, much comfo rt,
Whether it were my fancie or a truth
I know not.

Du. What's the matter?

Ard. You have noe satires
Within this ground, doe any haunte this Garden?

Du. Satiers?

Ard. As I have read 'em character'd,
So one appear'd, or I imagin'd so,
And as you entred hid himselfe, they are
Halfe men——

Du. Halfe beasts.

Ard. With Goats hornes in their fore-head,
The thought on't troubles me.

Du. The effect onely of melancholie thoughts,
Noe such things are
In nature, yet i'le search, and——strange apprehension.

Ar. 'Twas more then shape, sure it did talke to me,
And threaten me for your sake.

Du. How? for mine?
I'le have the Trees, and Arbors all torne up,
Divels lurke here? the earth shall not secure 'em,

Ard. He laid he lov'd me, and accus'd my heart
Of periury, as we had beene contracted.

Du. More strange! my guard!

Ard. Stay sir, before you goe
Let me beseech your lustice in defence
Of my much injur'd honour, as you are
A Prince, I doe beseech you speake all truth,
For let him be the Divell, I'le not have

The Dukes Mistris.

My innocence abus'd, I know not from
What fame, or fond opinion voic'd of me,
By some that had more thought to serve your will
Then vertue, I was made believe you lov'd me,
Which though my force resisted by some practises,
You gaind my person hither, and in Court
Command my stay.

Du. Entreat, my best *Ardelia*.

Ar. You may Sir, smoothe your cause, but I can fetch
A witness from my bosome to convince
The truth I urge, yet let me not be lost
To gratitude, my soule bids me acknowledge
Never was subiect to a Prince more bound
For free, and beauteous graces, then *Ardelia*
To your highnes, and with many lives to waist
In service for them, I were still in debt to you.

Du. Tis in thy power to satisfie for all,
And leave me ten times more oblig'd to thee.

Ar. Let me for this time beg on answer from you,
Although I am not ignorant, what price
Your wild bloud would exact, speake in the eare
Of silent heaven, have you obteyn'd so much
As one stoope to your wanton avarice,
One bend to please your inflam'd appetite

Du. Not any yet, the more unkind *Ardelia*.

Ar. Speake clearly by the honour of a Prince.

Du. By better hopes I swear, and by thy selfe.

Ar. You doe me Sir, but Justice, I will study
To pay my humblest duty, and i'll tell
When next I see the Satire——

Du. To discharge those feares, i'll presently destroy,
This Garden, and not leave shelter,
For a Bird.

Ar. Your pardon,
To what wo'd my immagination lead me?
I see all was but melancholic, here was nothing.

Du. Fruits of a troubled fancie, come be pleasant,
And tell me when you will redeeme your cruelty,

The Dukes Mistris.

It may incline you somewhat to remember
By what soft wayes I have persued your love,
How nobly I would serue you.

Ar. Love, your grace knowes, never was compelld.

Du. But love should find
Compassion to the wound it makes, I bleed,
And court thy gentle pity to my sufferings,
All Princes are not of so calme a temper,
Thinke of it my *Ardelia*, and reward
The modest expectations of a heart,
That in thy absence withers, but i'll have thee
To chide thy cruell thoughts, and till our lipps
Salute agen, flatter my selfe with hope
Thy nature will be wise, and kind to love,
Where tis so fairely courted.

Exit.

Ben. Is he gone?

With what acknowledgment of my fault *Ardelia*
Shall I beseech thy pardon, I am lost
In wonder of thy innocence; 'twere just
I should suspect the truth of my owne bosome,
Thou hast too rich a goodnes.

Ar. Now you flatter.

I knew noe way o'th suddaine to convince you,
But by the *Dukes* confession, I am yet
Preferu'd my *Bentivolio*, but with what
Danger of being lost to thee, and honour
I shall remaine here, may concerne our sealousie,

Ben. Together with the knowledge of thy vertue
Like balsome powr'd into my eare, I tooke
A poyson from the *Duke*, I find he loves thee
With a blacke purpose, and within his language
Was something worth our feare-indeede, it will
Require our study, and much art, *Ardelia*.

Ar. Let's retire into my chamber, and inattre
Some course for both our safeties.

Ben. I attend you.

Exeunt.

The Dukes Mistris.

Enter Valerio, Horatio, Fiametta.

Val. I wo't stay three minutes, ile but step aside for distillation, I leave you the pleasure of your eyes. *Exit*

Ho. Well, goe thy waies.

Fia. Doe you not mocke me Sir, shall I beleieve
A Gentleman of your neate, and elegant making,
Can stoope to such a creature as I am.

Ho. Will you have me sweare?

Fia. By no meanes.

Ho. Then I wo't not,
But I will give it thee under my hand,
Read that.

Fia. What's this?

Ho. Something to shew I hate all hanfome women.

Fia. Is't a song?

Ho. It may be, with a voice, and tune put too't,
Ile reade it. *He reads.*

*Enter Valerio, with Aurelia, and
Macrina veild.*

Val. I am come agen Sir, and choose, rather then
To afflict you with expectation,
To bring my company along, you may
Salute 'em if you please.

Ho. They are not welcome.

Val. Will you beleieve me now?

Aur. If we may trust our eies.

Ho. Ladies you must excuse me, I affect
No vulgar beauties, give me a complexion
Cannot be match'd agen in twenty kingdomes,
You have eies, and nose, and lips, and other parts
Proportion'd.

Aur. Sure the Gentlemans distracted.

Ho. No, I am recover'd, I thanke my starres,
To know, and heartily abhorre such faces,
What come they hither for? dee' know 'em Madam?

Fia.

The Dukes Mistris.

Fia. I had no purpose they should be my guests
At this time, th'are court Ladies, I confesse,
Signior *Valerio* this was your plot.

Val. My pure intention, Madam, to doe you
Service, I knew they were not for his pallate,
These will inflame his appetite to you,
And set you off, meere foiles to you. doe they
Looke as they were ambitious to be
Compar'd with you.

Fia. Noble sir, although
I have not beautie like these Ladies.

Ho. How? you ha' not beautie, take heed doe not
Your selfe unthankfull to wise nature, do not (shew
They ha' not wealth enough in all their bodies
To purchase such a nose.

Mac. Ha, ha.

Ho. Ha, ha, good Madam Kickshaw,
That laugh to shew how many teeth you have.

Val. Be not uncivill Sir.

Ho. Why does that Fayrie grin then?
I'll justifie there is more worth, and beautie,
Consider d wisely, and as it preserves
Man in his wits, and sence, than can be read
I'th volumne of their flattering Generations.
Good Madam looke a squint, a little more,
So, keepe but that cast with your eies, and tell me
Whose sight is best, hers that can see at once
More severall waies then there are points i'th Com-
Or theirs that looks but point-blancke. (passe,

Mac. A new way
To commend the eies.

Ho. You thinke your fore-head pleases.
Whose top with frizled, and curld haire beset,
Appeares like a white cliffe, with reeds upon t;
Your nose, which like an *Isthmus* parts two Seas.

Aur. Seas? you meane eies agen.

Val. What of their nose?

Ho. Will be in danger, with continuall beating
Of waves, to wash the paint off, and in time

The Dukes Mistris.

May fall, and put you to the charge of building
A silver bridge for praises to passe over.

Mac. We'l barre your commendations.

Ho. It sha' not need,

I doe not melt my wits to verse upon
Such subject, here's an instrument to smell with,
Tough as an Elephants trunke, and will hold water.

Val. It has a comely length, and is well studded
With gems of price, the gold-smith wo'd bid money

Aur. Is he not mad? (fort.

Ho. I can assure you no,
And by this token I would rather be
Condemn'd to'th Gallies, then be once in love
With either of your phisnomies.

Mac. Ist possible?

Ho. You may put your whole faith upon't.

Val. Dee' beleve him?

Madam.

Aur. Methinkes this is the prettiest mirth,
You have a mighty wit, could you be angry
I love you for't.

Mac. His humor takes me infinitely.

Ho. It does, and you doe love me for't?

Mac. Most strangely.

Ho. I would you did, and heartily.

Mac. What?

Ho. Love me.

Mac. So well, I could be happy in thy wife.

Ho. Could Fate make me so miserable if I did not
In lesse than a fennight breake thy heart, shu'dst
Cuck old me at my owne perill.

Val. This Lady has
A mightie estate.

Ho. Tis all the fault she has,
Would she had none, had she no house, nor clothes,
Nor meanes to feed, yet I would sooner marry,
Observe, this naked salvage, then embrace
The fairest woman of the earth, with power
To make me Lord of *Italy*, I should alwayes

Enjoy my health.

Val. Her very face would keepe
Your bodie soluble.

Ho. No feares compell me
To be a prisoner to my dining-roome,
I might hawke, hunt, and travell to both *Indies*.

Aur. Give any Doctor leave to give her Phisicke.

Mac. Or change of Ayre.

Val. Save much in your owne diet,
Which else would call for Amber-greece, and rootes,
And stirring cullices.

Aur. You might allow her
To visit Maskes and Playes.

Val. And the Bordellos,
I thinke she would be honest.

Ho. And thats more
Then any Christian conscience dare assure
By oath on your behalfe — to be short Ladies,
Howe're you may interpret it my humour,
Mine's a *Platonicke* love, give me the soule,
I care not what course flesh, and blood inshrine it ;
Preserve your beauties, this will feare no blasting :
I beg you call me servant.

Aur. Did you heare him ?

Fia. You must acknowledge then I am your Mistresse.

Ho. Ile weare your Perriwig for my Plume, and boast
More honour int, than to be minion
To all the Ladies of the Court, deere Mistresse
If you can love a man, jeere 'em a little.

Fia. Faire Ladies will you in, and taste a banquet,
Be not discountenanc'd that this Gentleman
Is merrie with your beauties, the Spring lasts
Not all the yeare, when nature that commands
Our regiment will say, faces about,
We may bee in fashion, no controwling destiny.
Passion, who curld your haire ? here wanteth powder,
Who is your Mercer, Madam ? I would know
What your cheeke stands you in a weeke in Tassata ?
Your face at distance shewes like spotted Ermine.

The Dukes Mistris.

Ho. Or like a dish of white-broth strew'd with Currains,

Fia. Right servant, that was a more proper simily,
Discretion should ha put more ceruse here,
Your fucus was ill made, d'ee you not lie
In a maske all night, Madam.

Va. Thou dost in a vizard
I will be sworne how the rude Gipsie triumphs.

Ho. Enough, they now begin to swell, and sweate,
Let s leave 'em.

Exeunt.

Va. What a *Hecate* was this?
Will you not be reveng'd?

Aur. Yes, if we knew
By what convenient stratagem.

Va I have it,
There is another creature of my acquaintance,
If you have faith more monstrous then this beldam,
I will possesse her with this gentlemans humor,
And skrew her up to be this witches rivall, what thinke you

An. Will it not make her mad? (of that?)

Ma. I wo'd goe a pilgrimage to see't, 'twill be
A mirth beyond the Beares.

An. Loose no time then.

Val. I'll fit him with a female fury, such
As the Divell with a pitch-forker will not touch.
Come Madam.

Exit.

Enter Leonatio, Euphemis.

Leo. Have comfort Madam,
I prophecy your sufferings are short-liv'd.

Eup. You meane I shall die shortly.

Leo. We shall find
Lesse want of all the Starres, the aged World
May spare their light, while 'tis posselt of yours,
Which once extinguish'd, let those golden fires
Quite burne themselves to ashes, in whose heape
Day may be lost, and frighted heaven weare blacke
Before the generall doome, have bolder thoughts,
And bid us all live in your onely safety.

Eup.

The Dukes Mistress.

Eup. Let not your fancy mocke the lost *Euphemia*?

Leo. Let not the apprehension of your sorrow
Destroy your hope, should the *Duke* never wake
His senses steep'd in his adulterate lethargy,
You cannot want protection, nor your will
To be reveng'd, an arme to punish his
Contempt of so much beauty.

Eup. How my Lord?

Leo. What *Scythian* can behold an outrage done
Upon these eyes, and not melt his rough nature
In soft compassion to attend your teares?

Eup. My Lord I know not with what words to thanke
Your feeling of my sufferings. I will now
Beleeve I am not lost to all the World;
You are noble, and I must be confident
These streames flow from your charity.

Leo. Do not injure

The unvalued wealth of your owne honour Madam,
Let poore deserts be worth our charity,
All sacrifice of greife for you is Justice,
And duty to the Alter of your merrit,
These drops are pale, and poorely speake my heart,
Which should dissolve into a purple flood,
And drowne this little Iland in your service,
Name some imployment that you may beleeve
With what true soule I honour you, oh Madam
If you could read the Volume of my heart,
You would find such a story of you there.

Eup. Of me?

Leo. Tis that keepes me alive, I have noe use
Of memory, or reason, but in both
To exercise devotion to your excellence.

Eup. My Lord I understand you not.

Leo. You are

More apprehensive if you woud but thinke so,
In vaine I still suppress my darke thoughts Madam,
Which in their mutiny to be reveal'd
Have left a heape of ruines worth your pity.
Oh doe not hide that beauty should repaire

The Dukes Mistris.

What my love to it hath decay'd within me,
For I must say I love, although you kill
My ambition with a frowne, and with one angry
Lightning, shot from your eye, turne me to ashes.

Exp. Good heaven!

Leo. I know what you will urge against me,
You shannot need to arme your passion,
I will accuse my selfe, how much I have
Forgot the distance of one place beneath you,
And wounded my obedience, that I am
False to the *Duke*, the trust impos'd upon me,
And to his fayor which have made me shine
A Starre, on whom the other emulous lights
Looke pale, and wast their envies, I confesse
I have not in the stocke of my desert
Enough to call one bounteous smile upon me,
My whole life is not worth your liberall patience.
Of one, one minute spent in prayer to serue it,
Yet after all wish'd destiny commands
The poore *Leontio* to love *Euphemia*.

Exp. What doe I heare? consider sir, againe.

Le. I have had contentions with my blood, & forc'd
Nature retire, and tremble with the guilt
Of her proud thoughts, seeking to make escape
Through some ungentle breach made by our conflict,
But noe prevailing against love, and fate,
Which both decree, me lost without your mercie.
Oh bid me live, who but in your acceptance
Shall grone away my breath, and whither till
I turne my owne sad monument.

Exp. Noe more,

Is't possible new miseries should oretake
Euphemia? Oh my Lord! with what offence
Have I deserv'd, after my weight of sorrow,
Your wounds upon my honour? call agen
Your noble thoughts, and let me not reply
To your vnjust desires, if I must answer them,
Take my most fixt resolve, er'e I consent
To wrong *Dionisio*.

The Dukes Mistris.

Leo. Stay.

Eup. May I be blasted,
Though with contempt he looke upon me now,
His blood may cleare, and he returne to challenge
Euphemias piety, our vow was made
For life my Lord, and heaven shall sooner fall,
And mixing with the elements make new *Chaos*,
Then all mans violence, and wrath upon me.
Betray one thought to breake it.

Leo. Loose not all

Your peace at once, vouchsafe I may waite on you.

Eup. I know my prison.

Leo. Let me hope in this,

Enter Pallante.

My pardon seal'd *Pallante*?

Pall. My good Lord.

Leo. Your humble creature Madam, though the Duke
Confine your person, thinke upon your prisoner.

Exeunt Euphemias, and Pall.

Our vow was made for life, 'twas so how swift
An apprehension love has, but hee's Duke;
Conscience be waking, I shall lanch into
A Sea of blood els, steere my desperate soule
Diviner goodnes.

Enter Pallante agen.

How I start at shaddowes?

Love take me to thy charmes, and prosper me

Pallante thou art faithfull.

Pall. To you my Lord,

May I be ever els condemn'd to an Hospitall.

Leo. And darst assilt to make me happy.

Pall. Yes,

Though with the hazard of my throat-cutting,
I hope Sir, you suspect not, name an action
Though it looke n ere so gastly, see how much
I'll tremble at it.

The Dukes Mistris.

Leo. In thy care.

Pall. Once more —

Tough service i th beginning, may I not thinke on't?

Leo. Yes.

Pall. And aske my selfe a question ere I answere.

Leo. You may.

Pal. At first dash kill the Duke, no lesse.

To begin withall, how now *Leontio*?

Was there no other life but this, for saving

Of mine so often? he has trusted me,

To whom shall I turne traitor? pray my Lord,

Are you in earnest? would you have this done?

Leo. Aske one, whom tyrannie hath chain'd to th oare,

For ever forfeited to slaverie,

Whether he would not file off' his owne bondage,

And in the blood of him that ownes the Gally

Swimme to his freedome.

Pall. Doe you apprehend it

So necessary? why ile doe my poore endeavour,

Nay, tis but modest, if t concerne your Lordship

In that degree, ile doot, you will have some

Convenient care of me, when tis dispatchd,

He scorn'd my valiant Buffe, I thought upon't,

You are the next in blood, when *Dioniso*

Visits the wormes.

Leo. Thou giv' st me a new life,

With the same care ile cherish thee *Pallante*.

Pall. And you doe not,

It is not the first conscience, hath been cast

Away in a great mans service, cheere your heart Sir.

Leo. It is not mine *Pallante*, I have lost

The use and sway, tis to anothers growne,

And I have but the ruines of my owne.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Horatio, and Fiametta, dancing a
Coranto.

Ho. SO, so, now let's releev our lungs a while,
They'l tire, I nere met with such a dancing Divell,
My Destinies take me to your charge, 'twill give
Us breath, if the Musicians exercise
Their voice upon the song I made, come sit.

Fia. You shall command me servant, now, the song.

Song.

Enter Servant.

Ser. The Lady Aurelia, Madam, and Macrina
Are come agen to visit you.

Fia. I am not

In tune for their discourse, say, I am busie.

Ho. By no meanes, she has a plot upon me.

Fia. Then ile meet em.

Ho. Do not feare but I am fortified;
Here were a purchase now, and pension with
A Mistresse, many a proper mans profession,
Nature meant she should pay for't, and maintaine
A man in filders, fooles, and running-horfes,
Here were no feare of any Lords returne
From Tennis, no suspition at home,
To force her to a politicke pilgrimage
To trie the vertue of some well, no kinsmen,
With lookes to keepe the flesh in awe, no children
To cry, and fright the house, their mothers smother'd.

Enter Fiametta, Aurelia, Macrina.

They are here.

Mac.

The Dukes Mistris.

Mac. I wonder at *Valerios* stay.

Aur. He wo'not be long absent, never feare madam.

Ho. Ladies, I have no power to bid you welcome,
Or if I had you woud scarce thanke me for t,
You know my mind already.

Enter Scolopendra led by Valerio.

Aur. See hee's come,
And his *Beare* with him.

Val. Signior,
You see what care I have to provide for you,
There is not such another dapple-mare ith Dukedome,
Unlessse this face content you, you may stay
Till the *Cretan* Lady goe to Bull againe,
Or *Africke* have more choice of Monsters for you.

Ho. I am ravish'd.

Fia. How's that servant, ha? a rivall.

Ho. Pray whats her name?

Val. Her name is *Scolopendra*.

Ho. *Scolopendra*? I have read of her, what kinne is she
To the Serpent with a hundred legges?

Val. I know not
But she is Cosen-germane to the *Salamander*
She was a Cooke-maide once, so inur'd to fire,
And tough, the flames of hell will hardly scortch her.

Ho. An admirable Dragon, can she speake?
Will she not spit fire if I should salute her?
Ile venter.

Val. He has preservative
Against the odor of her lungs.

Aur. He had need
Of fortification for his eyes.

Ho. Not all
The spices in *Arabia* are like
Her breath.

Val. Oh Sir, beleev't, right *Stix*, most pure *Avernus*.

Sco. Sir, I did never see a Gentleman
Whom I did wish more heartily my husband.

Val. To beget Scorpions on her.

Ho.

The Dukes Misiris.

Ho. Thanke thee my pretious *Scolopendra*, but
I have a kind of feare thou wot be unconstant,
Shall noe man get thee from me, here's a face
Is worth my jealousie, and who lookes upon't,
But with my eyes will be as mad as I am.

See. The needles not more constant to the North.

Ho. But for all that, the needles wavering
I would be certaine.

Fia. They conspir'd to wrong me,
I feare hee s taken with her more deformity,
Will you forsake me servant?

Ho. Hum stand off,
And give my eyes play further yet, your shadowes
Are yet to neare — my judgment is confounded,
Consider one thing with another, they are both
Such matchles toads, I know not which to choose:
You have an excellent eye, but there's a pearle
In hers, noe Gold-smith knowes the value on't.

Fia. Observe the colours in my eye.

Ho. Y'are right Madam,
As many, and more bright then those i'th raine-bow
Delightfull as the Parrats plume, but then
Her for-head —————

Va. So like a promontory or —

Ho. A Feild of Hony-suckles, and Poppy-flowers
Embroider'd with Dazies, and emboss'd
With Yellow-warts which like to Mole-hills swell,

Va. Where many Emmets hunt, and sport themselve
I'th Sunne, till to her haire a quickset hedge
I'th evening they retire.

Ho. But twixt her eyes
You may discern a Forrest, some higher timber
Is so well growne, that fashion'd on the top
With scissers, and cut poynted like a pyramide,
The World will take her for an **Unicorne**:

Ans. Good beetle-crowes.

See. Sir, you must be my champion.

Va. Examine but this nose.

See. I have a toter.

The Dukes Mistris.

Va. Which plac'd with symmetry is like a Fountaine
I'th middle of her face—distilling Rhewme,
And at two spouts doth water all her Garden.

Ho. But here's one soft as 'twere compos'd of wax.

Aur. A nose of wax.

Mac. It will melt presently.

Ho. Not stubborne, but submits to any shape,
Sheele put upon't round, flat when she is pleas'd
She can extend, and hang it with such art
Over her mouth, that when she gapes into
The Sunne, and shewes her Teeth, you will imagine
You see a perfect Dyall in her Chaps,
To tell you what a clocke tis, then her Lips.

Va. I see not so much red there, as will make
A Dominicall Letter, looke upon these Cheekes—

Sco. I never painted, Sir.

Va. Here's red enough.

Ho. Which hideously dispos'd, and mixt with blacke,
The ground of her complexion will mortefie
The most unnaturall concupiscence,
While her cheekes represent in curious Land-schape,
Gomorrhah, and her sister *Sodome* burning.

Va. That comparison was home.

Ho. But she has a breath,
A more preservative then *Methridate*

Va. But with one kisse she will preserve you from
The infection, and with stronger force repell
The poyson of the Ayre.

Sco. I thanke you sir,
I have a strong breath 'indeed

Va. When she is moov'd
Sheele kill you with her phlegme, fowerscore point blancke,
The innocent part of it will staine a Marble,
Let me alone to commend thee.

Fia. She carries not destruction like my tongue
Employd uponthy enemies *Horatio*.
The Bells rung backwards, or the Mandrakes cry,
Wolves howling at the Moone, the Scritch-owles dirge,
The Hicus voice, the groanes of parting soules,

Added to these, what is in nature killing,
To the care is not more fatall then my tongue
When it is bent on mischeife, shall I blast
This Witch to begin withall ?

Sc. Blast me ?

Va. Belch back-wards,
And then shee's a dead woman.

Sc. I'll reare your Snakes.

Fia. Mine Hecate.

Va. Well said *Scolopendra.*

Ho. They wonot skirmish.

Va. The Divells will runne at tilt,

Au. Madam suffer this ?

Fia. Compare with me ?

Va. Sa,sa,sa,now found a point of Warre.

Enter a servant.

Ser. Madam the Duke.

Va. His grace has spoild the duell,
And we must found retreat.

All goe forth but Fiam. *Enter Duke, Silvia, Ascanto,*
Valerio returns, and falls in with the rest.

Du. We trusted to your art about *Ardelia,*
She makes noe hast to our delight.

Fia. And please

Your highnes I have had a strange hand with her,
And I must tell you she was prety conning
Untill the stranger came.

Du. What stranger.

Fia. Signior *Bentivolio*

Nay I know nothing by 'em, but he has
A most prevailing tongue upon a gentle-woman.

Du. My feares ! have I advanc'd him to supplant me ?

Va. *Bentivolio* so gracious with the Duke ?

Sil. Hee's courted next *Ardelia.*

Asc. Tis for her

We may imagine the Duke graces him.

Va. Oh there is noe such instrument, believe it
As a Court-Lady to advance a gentleman,
Or any masculine busnes, they are Sticklers

The Dukes Mistris.

Enter *Bentivolio*.

Du. No more. Signior *Bentivolio*.

Fia. Where's *Horatio*.

Va. He was a fraid you might kill one another,
And so hee's gon to hang himselfe.

Fia. Better all

Thy generation were executed, but I must to my charge.

Ben. Your highnes powers
Such infinite graces on me I shall want
Life to expresse my pious duties, though
Time should assure me ages.

Du. Thanke *Ardelia*,
Or if you would expresse your gratitude
To me.

employ your wit, and tongue, to gaine
That Lady to our close embrace, you have
A powerfull language, be it your first service
We do not place this confidence on all.

Ben. You meane *Ardelia*.

Enter *Strozzi*.

Du. That faire one, *Strozzi*.

Va. Well Signior *Bentivolio*, my quondam
Friend, and fellow traveller, you owe
To me a part of your Court exaltation,
And least you should forget, as few great men
Are guilty of good memories, I meane
To pay my selfe.

Ben. I must not appeare troubled.

Va. I congratulate your favor with the *Duke*,
And thinke it, not the least of my owne happines,
That I was a poore instrument—

Ben. You honour'd me,
And shall command my services; how sped
My friend *Horatio*?

Va. He gave me thanks
I ha fitted him, you mist excellent sport?

Ben.

The Dukes Mistris.

Ben. I shall have time to enquire, and thanke you for
The Storie, you know how to excuse me friend,
If some engagements force me hence? *Exit.*

Va. Why so.

He has the tricke already, full of busines,
Court agitations, he is yet scarce warme,
How will he use us when his pride boyles over?
A nod will be a grace, while we stand bare,
And thanke him for the rufing of his countenance,
And discomposing his Court face, that's bound
Upon some State affaires, tis very well.

Du. Give him access, thou hast shew'd diligence,
And trust me to reward it.

Str. Tis my duty sir.

Exit Strozzi.

Va. I have some intelligence will be worth your hearing too.

Du. Speake Signior *Valerio.*

Va. Doe you know the gentleman

Whom you have grac'd so lately.

Du. Signior *Bentivolio.*

Va. That's his name, but doe you know his nature?

Or his busines in these parts.

Du. Prethee instruct me.

Va. You doe but warme a Serpent in your bosome,
In short he loves your Mistris.

Du. Ho's?

Va. More is contracted,

And they both practise cunning, I ha' search'd

His heart — your care —

Sil. The Duke seemes moov'd,

Asc. Most strangely!

Enter Strozzi, Pallante.

Du. Expect a while.

Str. Humbly your graces pleasure.

Va. Your highnes shall not wast a passion,
I am of counsell with his thoughts, and will
Present him ripe to your just anger, trust me
To manage things a while.

The Dukes Mistris.

Du. Honest *Valerio*.

Val. Keepe your face smooth, least he interpret Sir,
I ha' betraid him, ere his head be readie
For the execution, it were necessary
I should examine her pulse too.

Duk. *Ardelia's*?

Val. Ile creepe into her soule to bring you all
The best intelligence.

Duk. Precious *Valerio*!

Endeare me by this service, thou hast my heart.

Val. My dutie shall preserve it.

Duk. *Strozzi*.

Str. This is the gentleman, an't please
Your highnesse, can discover most strange things.

Pall. To your private care.

Enter Ardelia.

Duk. *Ardelia*? my best health,
Deare as my soule, I cannot be long absent. *Exit.*

Val. So, how shall I begin now?
Madam, I have a fuit to you.

Ard. To me
Noble *Valerio*, be confident
For your owne worth, if any power of mine
Can serue your wish, you shall not finde me slow
To exercise it.

Val. Yes, tis in your power.

Ard. Presume tis finishd then.

Val. In your free power,
Without the Duke, or other to confirme it.
Y'are flesh, and blood.

Ard. What meane you?

Val. No other than I say, nor wish it other,
A woman is a partner in the frailty
Of humane nature, and knowes how to excuse
The errors of our blood, and yet you shall
Have cause to give me thanks, when you consider
My sence, and your owne state, what dee' thinke

Of me?

Ar. For what?

Val. For what you please to call it,
My persons not contemptible, though I be
No Duke, I can behave my selfe to please
Where I am accepted.

Ar. Whats your purpose Signior?

Val. You cannot sure be ignorant of my meaning,
Theres not a girle of seaven yeares old, but will
Expound it readily, here we sucke this language
And our milke together, I could have us'd
More circumstance, have prais'd you into folly,
And when I had put out both your eies with Metaphors,
Lead you to my desires, and to your pillow:
But 'twas about, I could have said I lov'd you,
Lookd sad, and squeez'd my eies, have sigh'd perhaps,
And sworne my selfe quite over breath, that I
Thought you a Saint, and my heart suffer'd more
Than the ten persecutions; hang't, time's precious,
I take the neereft way, which your discretion
Will like me for, yet I can love you too,
And would for thy embrace forget as much
Goodnesse, and tempt as many mischiefes as,
Another man, I hope you understand me.

Ar. I am lost, and see a blacke conspiracie.

Val. You shall see me naked. I ha' no conspiracies,
Carrie no private engines more then nature
Arm'd me withall, be wise and doe not tremble.

Ar. How dare you be thus insolent? though my per-
Move you to no regard, you shall finde one (son
Will teach you manners.

Val. You would meane the Duke now.

Ar. Has that name no more reverence owing to it?

Val. Yes, I desire no better judge, he'l heare
Us both, and equally determine all;
Let's to his highnesse streight.

Ar. What meanes this rudenesse?

Val. You are the Dukes game-royall, or els should
Be the mistris of his thoughts, whose nod does make

Us tremble, and in time may be the *Dutchesse*,
Unless your sweete heart *Bentivolio*
Snap you before him.

Ar. Ha ?

Va. What fine netts you walke in,
You are noe Jugler, there has past noe contract
Betwixt you, and the gallant, no ? and while,
The honest easie *Duke*, whose spirit raise not,
Doates on that face, humbled beneath a subject,
You have noe private meetings, change no kisses,
Nor hot carrecrs, alas hee's but a Stranger
Whom you respect but for the bare resemblance
Of a dead brother, there's noe flame in you
But what lights you to charity; I wast breath,
The *Duke* is yet that tame thing, you ha' left him,
His soule in a dreame, let not your folly,
And peevisish opposition to receive
Me to your armes, wake him into a tempest,
The lightning cannot moove more nimbly, then
His rage to both your deaths, your *Ganimede*
Will find the *Dukes* revenge in his hot blood,
When his heart weeping the last drope shall have
Noe pity waite upon 'em, that durst feed
The rivall to a Prince, though common men
For want of power, and courage to revenge
Neglect their shame, wild Princes that know all things,
Beneath their fecte but heaven, obey noe fate,
And but to be reveng'd will hazard that.

Ar. I am undone for ever.

Va. Not so Madam,
You shall lead destiny in cords of Silke,
And it shall follow tame, and to your pleasure,
The *Duke* knowes nothing yet, you shall seale up
My lip to eternall silence of your love,
If I may but enjoy you, you shall rule
With the same sway his bosome, and possesse
Your wealth in *Bentivolio* too, I'me but
A friend or rather servant, that shall be
Proud of your smile, and now, and then admitted

To kilse you when the Curtaines drawne, and so forth.

Ar. Who plac'd me on this precipice? *Ar.* heare me,
Tis vaine to aske how you deriv'd the knowledge
Of what I thought conceal'd, you are a gentleman.

Va. That does appeare by my desires.

Ar. Have yet some mercy
On a distressed maid.

Va. Maid? thanke you for that, I wou'd you were
Indeed, virginity is wiser then
Men take it for, and therefore we distinguish,
There is one virginity in the wedge, or bullion
As we may say, and this we call lunor maiden-head,
And there's another in the coine, the gold
Is not lesse gold for the impression,
Your maiden-head is currant in this sence.
And in this maiden-sence you may give Milke.

Ar. By all the goodnes that I wish were in you,
Not *Benvolio*, whom you thinke I most
Affect, hath more of me then virgin knowledge,
Nor hath the *Duke* with all his flatteries
Wrong'd my first State, although I must confesse
He every day expects my fall from vertue,
Doe not you more sir, then the divell could,
Taking advantage of my wretched fortune,
Betray me to a shame will kill us both,
In fame, and soule.

Va. In fame? who shall reveale it?
And tother may repent.

Ar. Sir, can you kill me?

Va. No, no I sha' not hurt thee, women are not kil'd
That way, I meane to skirmish, come you may
Save all with little study, and lesse hazard.
What is the toy we talke of? eyther resolve
Or the *Duke* knowes all, and perhaps more.

Ar. Stay sir.

Va. Yes, yes Madam I can stay, and be till
To morrow for the sport, I am not so hot
But I can bath, and coole my selfe.

Ar. Can you

The Dukes Mistress.

Be just hereafter if to buy my owne,
And my friends safety at so deare a value.

Va. I'le cut my tongue out e're reveale my tongue,
All my concupiscence, and the cause, I will
Submit to thy owne carving; feare not me,
I hate a blab worse then an honest woman,
Why so? this wisdom is becoming thee,
Noc blubbering, kisse me, and be confident,
A prety rogue, to morrow shall we meete

Ar. Woe is me to morrow.

Va. No, thou shalt laugh to morrow,
I'le come to thy owne lodgings, that's but reason,
Far-well, another kisse, be comforted,
And safe, the *Duke* knowes nothing, all shall live,
And wee'le be very loving, mighty merry.

Ar. I must doe something to prevent this Divell.

Exit Ardelia.

Va. Why so, this bargaine was well made, and timely.

Enter Leonato.

Leo. I have noc peace within me, till I heare
Howould *Pallante* thrives, oh love upon
What desperate actions dost thou engage us?
With scorne of opposition, like a fire
Which till it turne all that his flame can meete with
Into it selfe, expires not; faire *Euphemial*
Bright in thy forrowes, on whom every teare
Sits like a wealthy Diamond, and inherits
A Starry lustre from the eye that shed it,
The *Duke* must die — have I betray'd my selfe.

Va. Hold, my Lord you know me.

Leo. For *Valerio*,
But must hand-backe that secret, 'twas not ment
So early for thy knowledge, from thy bosome
I'le teare or drowne it in thy blood, past search
Of dangerous intelligence.

Va. Hold my Lord,
You shall not neede,

Thinke

The Dukes Mistris.

Thinke my Lord I know
The World, and how to keepe a secret too,
Though treason be contain'd in't, I am not
So holy as you take me, my good Lord
For some ends of my owne, I wish the *Duke*
In another VVorld as heartely as your Lordship,
And will assist to his conveyance thither,
Though I be quarter'd for't, that's faire, and friendly,
You love *Euphemia*, why tis not amisse,
I love *Ardelia*, (I trust you my Lord)
You for the wife, I for the concubine,
How could the *Duke* being in heaven, hurt me now?
You are his kinsman, were his favourite.

Leo. How's that?

Va. Oh sir, there is a gentleman my rivall,
One *Bemivolio* got a round above you
In favour _____

Leo. He shall die.

Va. No, let him live

A litle while, to kill his highnes first,
And take your owne time then to turne the ladder.

Enter Bemivolio.

Leo. Thou talkst a mystery.

Va. It shall be cleare,

Be advis'd, and second me my honor'd friend,
You, and my Lord be more familiar.

Leo. Sir, I shall serve you.

Ben. Make me happy

My Lord, by your commands.

Va. *Ardelia*

Your Mistris is in health— may be not stir'd,
I have done you a curtesie by acquainting
My Lord how things stand, and introth he pities you,
We have had a counsell meerely concern'd you,
And the poore gentlewoman, whom the *Duke* has not
Yet lur'd to fist.

Ben. I know not how to thanke you.

The Dukes Mistress.

Va. Hee's next heire to'th Dukedome, and has power
When his grace dies. — imagine, a sweet soule
May I perish in my hopes, if his eyes did not
Melt when I told thy story, and how much
The innocent Lady suffered.

Ben. I am bound
Much to his goodnes.

Leo. Sir I would doe more
Then pity your iust cause.

Va. Nay we ha' cast it,
And so much above blood, and state, has vertue
Impression in his heart, he can forget,
And thinke the *Duke* a dead man.

Ben. Excellent Lord !

Leo. I am ashamed, and trust me have applied
What my poore learning could affect, to coole
His riotous blood, but hee's incorrigible,
And now more desperately bent then ever.

Ben. To Violate her ?

Leo. I blush to sayt, nor will
Your person be long safe.

Va. Well interpos'd.

Ben. He shines on me with bounteous smiles.

Leo. They are dangerous,
And but engage you to a greater ruine.
You stand discover'd.

Va. That's my wonder sir,
Deetlinke your friend *Horatio* has not wrong'd you
In's drinke perhaps — some men are such spongies,
A child may squeeze their soule out.

Ben. You fright my fences,
I doe now suspect, the *Dukes* command toward *Ardelia*

Va. Wisdome must prevent. (confirms it.

I know thou hast a daring spirit, we
Are friends, tis clearly our opinion
You should by Steele or Poyson — you conceive me
For your owne safety, and your wives, I call her fo
Whose life, and honour lies a bleeding, tis
Nothing to me, my Lord I told you, is

The Dukes Mistris.

Next heire, and cannot but in conscience pardon you.

Leo. I were pity thou shouldst suffer more.

Ben. But dare

Your Lordship meane this.

Leo. Be confirm'd.

Ben. Your counsell

Have met a spirit, apt in my revenge

To flie upon the world, I hope I shall

Be constru'd in his death, to have done your Lordship

Noe great discourtesie, being next heire,

Va. Tis to be understood.

Leo. The Dukedome made

Mine by his death, is nothing to the Crowne

Of faire *Ardelias* love, in whose free bosome

My pardon, and best wishes shall soone plant thee

Past the divorce of tirants.

Ben. I am new

Create, and build my hopes upon your honour. *Exit.*

Leo. They are secur'd dost thinke hee's firme, and daring.

Va. If he kill not the *Duke*—i'le cut his throate,

He sha'not scape howere, if I have braines

I must have all his venison to my selfe,

I'le spare nor hanuch nor humbles, oh my Lord

Be confident if he meete the *Duke*, and time

Though it cost him a dayes Journey, hee'le goe thorough him

Tis his owne cause; he was wound up discretely,

You doe not by this time repent your secret.

I can be wicked upon good occasion,

The divell sha'not part us now.

Leo. Be constant,

And meete the truest friend,

Va. Meete at a wench

Till then your humble feryant.

Leo. My fate smiles

Conscience steeres not ambition by what's good,

Who lookes at crownes or lust, must smile at blood. *Exit.*

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus Quintus.

Enter *Ardelia*, *Fiametta*.

Fia. HE will no longer be put off with ceremony,
You must consent this night to his embrace,
Or take what followes Madam:

Ar. I am lost,
And every minutes filld with new despaires,
It is in your power to perswade him yet.

Fia. I have said too much already.

Ar. Say I am not
In health, poore refuge!

Fia. Not in health, the *Duke*
Shall give you physicke—there be Ladies no
Dispraise to your beauty, wo'd be sicke a purpose
To have the *Duke* their Doctor.

Ar. What can cure
My sicke fate? oh my heart, poore *Bentivolio*,
On what high going waves do we two faile,
Without a Starre or Pilot to direct
Our reeling barke? *Valerio* too expects
A blacke reward for silence, he is here,

Enter *Valerio*.

Already? doe not leave me *Fiametta*,
I charge thee by thy duty to his highnes.

Fia. Why what's the matter?

Va. Let me pay a duty
To her white hand, whom the *Duke* onely honors,
You looke not with a cheareful countenance Madam.

Ar. I am not well my Lord.

Va. I am exelent at

The Dukes Mistris.

Restoring health, send of *Tosiphone*

I wo'd not have her Picture i'th roome

When we are at generation.

Ar. Shee's commanded

To stay here.

Va. How? commanded? Madam I have
Commission to impart some private meanings
From his highnes to this Lady.

Fia. And I have
Order, this my Lady have no such conference,
But I must be a witness.

Va. You will not
Contest I hope, and dispute my authority,
VWhat an officious fury tis? how shall I
Be rid on her? Madam you see this Ring,
A friend of yours signior *Horatio*,

Desires another meeting by this token.

*Whispers with
Fiametta.*

Fia. VWhere is my noble servant?

Va. But you must
Expresse your love in making hast, I knew
Although for mirth I flatter'd *Scolopendra*,
That you would carry him, but loose no time.

Fia. Lend me thy wings: sweet love to flie to him. *Exit.*

Va. Flie to the Divell, he wants a companion,
I'll shut the dore after your beldamship,
And trust my selfe with key.

Ar. You doe not meane
To play the ravisher my Lord.

Va. As if

You mean't to put me too't, I have your promise
And where consents meete in the act of love,
The pleasures multiply to infinite.

Ar. Infinite horror! yet my Lord, be a man.

Va. You shall not doubt that Madam, if you will
Apply your selfe discreetly, we loose time,
Although I be no *Duke*, I can present thee
VWith all the pleasures, appetite can wish for
VWithin Loves empire, when you know me Madam,
You will repent this tedious ignorance,

And

The Dukes Mistris.

And not exchange my person, to claspe with
The greatest Prince alive, Christian or intidell,
Though I commend my selfe, I ha' those wayes
To please a Lady.

Ar. Wayes to please the Divell?

Va. You wo' not be coy now.

Ar. My Lord I know,

At least I hope, howere you speake a language
Rather to fright then court a womans thoughts,
(Not yet acquainted with her owne dishonor)
You have some love within your heart.

Va. Canst thou

Suspect it? wo't thou see my heart?

Give me a fort-nights warning, and let me

But all that while possesse thy love, and those

Delights i'le prompt thee too, i'le wish to live

No longer, get what surgeon thou wo't

To cut me to a *Skeleton*, not love thee?

Ar. Then by that love my Lord, I must desire you

At this time to deferre your expectation,

And leave my Chamber.

Va. Quit the Chamber Madam?

Ar. If not for love of me, for your owne safety,

There is danger in your stay, for every minute

I do expect a visite from the *Duke*.

Va. This is some tricke, you sha' not fright me Lady,

I must have that I came for.

Ar. Meete it here *Shewes a Pistoll.*

Licentious divell, I shall do a benefit

To the world, in thus removing such a traytor,

To man, and womans honor, you shall carry

No tales to his highnes, if thou hast a soule,

Pray, tis my charity to let thee live

Two minutes longer.

Va. Madam, *Ardelia*,

You wo' not use me thus,

Ar. Will you pray sir?

Va. Alas I have forgot, I ha' not pray'd

This tweny yeares at least, I am willing Madam

The Dukes Mistress.

To obey, and quit the Chamber, pardon me,
My ghost may in revenge els, do you a mischeife,
And betray *Bentivolio* to the *Duke*,
But if you let me live, I will be dumbe,
Madam consider a wild flesh, and blood,
And give me leave to spend my rest of life,
Onely in thinking out some fit repentance,
I or I will never speake, if you suspect me.

One knocks.

The *Duke* is come already, I am undone
Mercy, and some concealment. *Goes behinde the hangings.*

Bentivolio opens the dore.

Ben. Ardelia

Alone, I heard another voyce, with whom
Were you in Dialogue, and the dore so fast?

Ar. It is but your suspicion.

Ben. This dissembling

I like not.

Ar. If he know who tis, I shall

Infame his Jealousie — deere heart appeare

Lesse troubled, do not throw such busie eyes

About the roome, i'le whisper't in thy eare,

The *Duke* —————

Ben. Where?

Ar. There, obscur'd behind the hangings

Upon thy entrance.

Ben. Guilt has made him fearefull,

Oh I am lost, and thou art now not worth

My glorious rescue.

Ar. Softly, by all goodnes

He has not injurd me, and if you durst

But trust our private conference, i'le die

Rather then bring thee ruines of my honor.

Ben. If thou beest yet white, my owne arme secure's thee

From all his lust hereafter.

Va Oh

I am murder'd.

*He wounds Valerio behind
the hangings.*

Ar. What have you done?

The Dukes Misfris.

Ben. Nothing but kild the Duke,
You shall with me?

Ar. Whither?

Ben. No matter where.

So we escape the infection of this Ayre. *Exeunt.*

Valerio falls into the Stage.

Va. I am caught in my owne toyles, by the same Engine
I raif'd to the *Dukes* death, I fall my selfe,
The mystery of fate, I am rewarded,
And that which was the ranke part of my life,
My blood, is met withall, and tis my wonder
My veines should run so cleere a red, wherein
so much blacke sinne was wont to bath it selfe,
I wo'd looke up, and beg with my best strength
Of voyce, and heart forgiveness, but heaven's just,
Thus death payes treason, and blood quencheth lust. *Moritur*

*Enter Leontio, melancholy. Some cry
treason within.*

Leo. Although I love, and wish the act of treason
The noise yet comes to neare me.

Enter Strozzi.

Str. Oh my Lord!
The *Duke* is kil'd.

Leo. The *Duke*! by what blacke murderer?

Str. That gives the State another wound, we cannot
Suspect who was the traytor, to revenge it,
But whosoever was guilty of this paracide,
Is still within the Court, the deeds so fresh
He cannot be farre off.

Leo. Shut up the gates,
And plant a strong guard round about the pallace,
Let none goe forth in paine of death, the divell
Sha'not obscure him here with his blacke wings,
Though he rob Hell to cover us with darknes,
Wee'le find him under twenty foggs, and drag him
To his just torment.

Str. Y'are his pious successor.

Exit.

Leo.

The Dukes Mistress.

Leo. Tis done, and my ambition's satisfied,
Containe my heart, but to which bold assassinate
Pallante or *Bentivolio* must I owe
This bloody service.

Enter Pallante

Pall I ha' don't my Lord.

Leo. Softly, thou art my brave, and glorious villaine.

Pall. There have beene better titles sir, bestow'd
On men of my desert, the killing of
My lawfull Prince, hath beene esteem'd an act
'Bove the reward of villaine, though I know
I am one, and a monstrous villaine too,
I wo'd not be cal'd so.

Leo. Thou sha't devide
Titles with me, dost thinke i'le not reward it?
Thou art sad.

Pall. I am a litle melancholy
After my worke.

Leo. Dost thou repent thy service?

Pall. Were he alive, i'de kill him agen for you.
Tis not his death that hants my conscience,
But the condition, and State he died in,
That troubles me.

Leo. What State, or what condition?

Pall. When I had taught him to beleeve he was not
Long liv'd, and that your Lordship had by me.
Sent him a writ of ease, for i'le make short.

Leo. Didst thou discover me?

Pall. Why not? I was
To take an order he should n'ere reveale it,
Upon the mention of your name my Lord.
He fetch'd a sigh, I thought would have prevented
My execution on his heart, as if
That were a greater wound then death upon him,
But I, whose resolute soule was deafe to his prayer,
Bath'd in as many teares, as would have wrought
A Marble to compassion, bid him choose
The humor he would die in, and collect
Some thoughts to waite upon him to eternity,

The Dukes Mistris.

And what doe you thinke he made his choice ?

Leo. I know not.

Pall. To die an honest man, no wish to part
The world with faire *Ardelia* in his armes, and give his ghost
But with a thousand groanes, calling upon (up in a wan-
Euphemia to forgive him, to whose vertue (ton kisse.
His soule was going forth, to meete, and seale
To it, a new, and everlasting marriage,
Nay he had so much charity to forgive
You sir, and me, and would have pray'd for us,
But that I sent the message to his bosome
That made him quiet, and so left his highnes
Had he died obstinate in his sinnes, the wanton
Lascivious *Duke* he liv'd, I wo'd not blush for't.

Leo. Why, dost relent for this ?

Pall. I find some mutiny

In my conscience, pray my Lord tell me
Do not you wish it were undone.

Leo. Thou hast

The tremblings of an infant, it exalts
My thoughts to another heaven, *Pallante* thou
Must not leave here, but make *Leontio* owe
His perfect blessing to thy act, goe to
Euphemia, and with thy best art drop
This newes into her eare.

Within. Away with 'em. *Leo.* What tumults that ?

Enter Bentivolio, and Ardelia with officers

Off. My Lord we have found the traytor
He does confesse he kil'd the *Duke*.

Pall. Howes that ?

Leo. He kil'd the *Duke* ? tis *Bentivolio*.

Ben I did my Lord, you shannot trouble much
Examination, with this hand I sacrific'd
Ferneze, and you ought to call my act
Pious, and thanke me for removing such
A tyrant, whose perfidious breath had heaven
Beene longer patient wo'd have blasted *Parma*.

Leo. And in the confidence of this service done,
You present your selfe to be rewarded.

Ben. I meant not to have troubled you for that

The Dukes Mistris.

Had not their force compeld us backe.

Leo. Come neerer.

Ar. I wonder at this noyse of the *Dukes* death,
Valerios tragedy is all that we
Are guilty of, which yet I have conceal'd
From *Bentivolio*.

Leo. Had you no ayde
To this great execution, did you doo't alone?

Ben. Alone, and tis my glory that
Noe hand can boast his fatall wound but mine,
And if you dare be just my Lord.

Leo. Be confident,
There is some mistery in this *Pallante*
Both could not kill the *Duke*, he does accuse,
himselſe. *Pall.* I am all wonder my good Lord.

Leo. You are sure tis done. *Ben.* Now you dishonor me,
Dec know blood royall, when you see't, you may
Beleeve that crimson evidence, I hope
Your Lordship will remember. *Leo.* Feare it not,
But for a time you must be prisoner
To satisfie a litle forme upon
My life, no danger shall approach thee, trust
My honor, though I frowne, and call thee traitor
I will study thy preserving next my owne,
Is not this strange *Pallante* that heele take
The guilt upon himselſe, if both have kild him
Noe feare but hee's dead, this foole *Pallante*
Shall quickly by his death secure thy Fate.
Put on a cunning face meane time, and narrowly
Observe the full behaviour of the Court,
But 'specially insinuate with the greatest,
And as they talke of me, declare my passion,
And with what horror, I receav'd the death
Of our good *Duke*, my pious zeale to appease
That blessed spirit with his murderers blood,
In care to their owne heads, they will proclaime
Me *Duke*, i'le to *Euphemia*, and by some
Strong art make her my owne. *Pall.* Your grace is prudent.
Leo. Away to th prison with 'em. *Ar.* Let me beare
Him company my Lord.

The Dukes Mistris.

Leo. You sha' not doubt it
Good Madam mischiefe, and repent together,
As you are like to bleed, and with full torture,
Howle out your wretched lives for the Dukes murder.

Ar. You are deceav'd my Lord, we wo' not dye
For that offence.

Leo. You wo' not, glorious strumpet.

Ar. Y' are a most
Uncivill Lord, thy birth had not more innocence
To justifie thy mother.

Ben. Ile be modest,
And say, this is not honourable.

Leo. So Sir,
You will have time to talke at your arraignment,
Away with 'em, now to *Euphemia*.

Exit.

Enter Horatio, and Fiametta.

Fia. Did you not send for me, and by this token?

Ho. Follow me not, unlesse thou wo't sweare to imitate
What I shall lead thee too by my example,
For rather then not be rid of thee, at next
Convenient river I will drowne my selfe,
And thinke I goe a Martyrdome by water.
Cannot a Gentleman be merry w'ee,
But you will make him mad?

Fia. Ile never leave thee,
I will petition to the Duke, and plead
A contract.

Ho. Thou't be dam'd then.

Fia. What care I.

Ho. So, I shu'd have a blessing in this fiend,
This child of darkenesse once remov'd, I send for thee,
And by a token? I wo'd sooner send
For the hang-man, and pay him double fees
To strangle me, what I endur'd before,
Thinke twas a pennance for some mighty sinnes
I had committed, and be quiet now.

Fia. Did you not love me then?

Ho. Love thee? consider
What thou hast said, and hang thy selfe immediatly,

The Dukes Mistris.

Ile sooner dote upon a mare, dost heare me,
A mare with fourescore, and ninteene diseases,
And she the greatest to make up a hundred,
Then harbour one such monstrous thought, thou art
A thing, no Cat that comes of a good kind,
Will keepe thee company, and yet thou lookst
So like a miserable ore-growne vermine,
Now I thinke better on't, it is my wonder
Th'art not devour'd quicke, leave me yet.

Fia. Not I Sir,
I know you love me still, all this is but
To try my constancy.

Ho. Art thou so ignorant,
Or impudent, or both? let me intreat thee
But to have something of a beast about thee,
Thy fences in some measure, looke but how
I frowne upon thee, for thy safety therefore,
If thou hast no desire to save my credit
Abroad, tame thy concupiscence, we draw
All the spectatours but to laugh, and wonder at's,
And I shall be the greater prodegy
For talking so long with thee, wo't be rul'd,
And trudge from whence thou camst, good honest bruite,
My humours out of breath, and I ha' done,
But all that's ugly in thy face, or what's
Unseene deformity, I am now in earnest,
And therefore doe not tempt me.

Fia. My decre Signior.
To what?

Ho. Why, after all to beate thee, if
Thou leav'st me not the sooner.

Fia. Are not you
My Servant?

Ho. But in passion I forget things,
And if my Mistresse want discretion,
I shall, in my pure zeale to have her wife,
Beate some into her, most abhominably
Beate her, and make deformity to swell,
She sha' not get in to her chamber doore.

Ile bruise, and make thee up into a ball,
And boyes shall kick thee home, dost thou not feare me ?

Fia. Ile endure any thing from thee, my love
Shall thinke no paine a suffering, come, kisse me
But once, and I will die thy patient martyr.

Ho. She wo'd be kild, to have me hang for her,
Was ever such an impudence in woman ?
You that are handsome Ladies, I doe aske
Forgivnesse, and beleve it possible
You may be lesse vexations to men.
Dost heare ? to tell thee truth, for it will out
By some, or other, you must here discharge
Your dotage, for it is but two howers since
I was married.

Fia. Married ? to whom ?

Ho. Toth' tother

Wild beare that courted me, to *Scolopendra*,
She met i'th nicke, and wee clapt up.
And you know tis not conscience to abuse
Our honest wedlocke.

Fia. I shall runne mad.

Ho. Wo'd thou wo'dst runne into the Sea, and see
If I wo'd goe a fishing for thee.

Fia. Furies,

Rise in my braine, and helpe me to revenge.

Ho. I am afraid she'l beate me now.

Fia. False man,

I have not breath enough to raile, and curse
Thy apostacy, how couldst thou use me thus ?
But seeke some sudden way to be divorc'd,
Or one shall dye.

Ho. Wo'd thou wert buried quicke.

Fia. But are

You married, tell me sweet *Horatio*,
And must I weare a willow garland for thee ?

Ho. Weare a halter.

Fia. It is not possible, thou canst be so
Unkind to me.

Ho. You may beleve it Madam.

The Dukes Mistris.

Fia. Yet I must love thee till I die, and you
May keepe me alive, with now, and then some favour,
It want's no president, we may kisse I hope,
And thus walke arme in arme, I wo'd deny
Thee nothing.

Ho. Do not vanish me good Madam.

A noise within.

The people hooote already, none to reskue me.

Enter Bentivolio, and Ardelia guarded.

Is not this *Bentivolio*, under guard,
And his faire Mistresse pinnia'd? how now friend,
Wither are you bound with such a convoy.

1. To prison, they are traitors.

Ho. Traitors.

Ar. Do not beleeeve 'em.

1. They have kil'd the *Duke*.

Fia. How's that?

1. Doe you know him sir?

Fia. Deere Madam are you prisoner too.

Ho. Take me along,

Better be hang'd then hanted with that goblin.

1. Another of the conspiracy disarm'd him.

Ho. Let me but speake a word to this oid Damsell.

1. Shee's of the plot too.

Fia. I? I defie him,

I know him not.

Ho. I hope you wo'not leave me in distresse

Love, Mistresse lady-bird.

Fia. I defie all traitors

Away with 'em, the *Duke* kil'd! out upon 'em,

That Fellow alwayes had a hanging countenance

Blesse me, defend me.

Exit.

Ho. 'Tis well treason will

Make her forsake me yet.

Ben. Dost know on what

Danger thou dost ingage thy selfe?

Ho. Although

I die for company 'tis worth it gentlemen

The Dukes Mistris.

You know not how you have releev'd me Madam,
I did expect you'd bring him into mischeife,
I am perfect in your sex now, come to prison.

Ar. You may repent your malice sir.

Ho. And you

May be a Saint, away with us, come friend,
Women have made me weary of the World,
And hanging is a helpe, we might ha' liv'd
If you had tane my counsell, nay i'le share w'ed
I ha' not lost all my good fellow ship.

Enter Duke disguis'd, with Euphemia.

Exeunt.

Eup. My sorrowes, I forgive you all, this blessing
Has overpaid my heart, and though it cracke
With weight of this so unexpected happinesse,
I shall die more then satisfied.

Du. Euphemia.

Thou art too mercifull, and my repentance
Is yet too feeble, and too short a wonder,
Sure thou dost flatter me, if not heaven suffred,
My fall with holy cunning to let thee
Shine the Worlds great example of forgivenes.

Eup. But wherefore does your grace come hither thus
Disguis'd, being your selfe, and mine agen, what needs
This cloude upon your person, truth did never
Shame the professor.

Du. Though I live to thee,
The World doe thinke me dead *Euphemia,*
Leonato whom I lov'd, and trusted most,
Design'd my everlasting far-well from thee,
But he that should have been my executioner,
Without disordering this poore heape of nature,
Gave me another life, and growth to vertue,
Pallante, blest good man *Eup. Leonates* creature.

Du. That honest Soldier after by his counsell,
I put this shape on, while to my false kinf-man
He gives relation of my death, this key
He lent for my accessse to thy sad chamber,

The Dukes Mistress.

I hope he is return'd.

Leonato opens the dore.

Tis Leonato.

My heart o'th suddaine trembles with the feare
Of a nere danger, I am unarm'd too,
For our defence — Madam you are not wise,
And merit not this providence to dote
Upon a shadow, your dead husband, when
Leonato lives, with more ambition to
Succeed him in your love, then this faire Duke-dome.

Leo. What fellowes this that pleads my cause, tis some
Pallante has appointed to prepare her,

Du. With pardon, you deserve him not, and were
I *Leonato* ——— my good Lord.

Leo. Spare your
Dull Retorick sir.

Du. That I could snatch
His sword, I dare not call for helpe, or leave 'em
She may be lost within a paire of minutes,
My heart, my braine !

Leo. Madam you said your vow
Was made for life, *Fernizes* death hath cancel'd
That obligation, and in midst of teares
Fate smiles upon you, if you dare looke up,
And meete it with a will to be made happy
He courts you now, has power to kill all sorrow,
From these faire eyes, be just to your kind fortune,
And dresse your face with your first beauty, Madam,
It may become the change, why weepe you still.

Exp. I weepe for you my Lord.

Leo. For me.

Exp. Because
You cannot for your selfe, pray tell me sir,
Is the *Duke* dead in earnest, you have not
A mourning face, but great heires seldome dy
With sudden greife, or weeping for thier Father,
Or Kins-mens Funerall, I pray how dy'd he ?
Although he were not kind to take his leave,
I woud pay my obsequie of teares upon,

The Dukes Mistris.

His Hearse, and weepe a prayer to his cold dust.

Leo. That may be time enough.

Eup. How I desire

To kisse his lip agen, oh shew me yet
Where's the pale ruines of my dead Lord? stay
He shall have halfe my soule, where's a soft,
And silent breath I will convey to warine,
And quicken his stiffe bosome.

Leo. Madam, what's

All this to my reward?

Eup. Reward for what.

Leo. My love which for your sake, and let me tell you
Not without some encouragment from you,
To give your heart more freedome to meet ruine,
Hath sent the *Duke* to heaven.

Eup. Thou art a murderer,

Treason?

Du. Treason.

Leo. Who was that.

Du. Some eccho

Within the Chamber, nothing else my Lord.

Leo. Is not the *Dukes* ghost hovering hereabout,
It has a clamour like his voyce, ha, but
I can take order for your silence, use
That tongue againe, with the least accent to
Affright the aire, and i'le dismisse thy soule,
To waite upon thy husbands angry shade.

Du. Horror? what can preserve us but a miracle?

Leo. Yet i'le not so much favour you, 'tis death
Perhaps you have ambition too.

Du. One word

My gracious Lord, it has been my trade to deale
With women, with your pardon you do practise
Too tame a court-ship for her nature, use
The opportunity, and force her, to your
Pleasures, away with Sword, and buckle with her,
Leave me to keepe the doore, I ha been us'd to too't
Shee'le thanke you when' done, loose no time in talke.

Leo. Ha? do thy office.

The Dukes Misiris.

Du. Wod your Lordship know me ?
You shall — what thinke you of this officer ?
False to thy blood, thy honour, and thy Prince,
Y'are caught my precious kinf-man, and I live
With my owne hand to be reveng'd upon thee.

Leo. Ha then thorrow her, I will receive my mends,
I did suspect that voyce, had not my confidence
Of thy most certaine death betraid me thus,
I wod have made sure worke, some Fate direct
His Sword thorrow both our hearts.

Du. No Treason, Treason.

*Enter Pallante, Strozzi, Silvio, Ascanio, with a
guard, they wound Leonato.*

Leo. So let me employ the short breath that remaines
To tell you I engag'd *Pallante*, to
The *Dukes* death with a full hope to satisfie
Lust, and ambition, but he jugged with me,
And so has *Bentivolio*, though he be
With his *Ardelia* in prison, for
Acknowledging himselfe your murderer,
To which *Vallerio*, and my selfe inflam'd him.

Du. *Valerio* traitor too.

Sil. Sir he is slaine,

His wounded body found in *Ardelias* chamber.

Du. *Ardelia* !

This darke mischeife shall be cleer'd
Strozzi, command *Bentivolo*,
And *Ardelia* be instantly brought hither ?

Str. I shall sir.

Du. Most ingratefull *Leonato*.

Leo. I know I am not worth your charity,
And yet my Lord your cruelty upon
Euphemia, and some licence I tooke from
The example of your wanton blood, was ground
Of these misfortunes, 't seemes Y'are reconcil'd,
Be worth her love hereafter, thou wert just,
Pallante, be still faithfull to thy Prince,
I beg your generall pardon.

The Dukes Mistris.

Du. We forgive thee.

Leo. Heaven is a great way of, and I shall be
Ten thousand yeeres in travell, yet twere happy
If I may find a lodging thereat last,
Though my poore soule get thither upon crutches
It cannot stay, far-well, agen forgive me.

Pall. He is dead.

Eup. I pity him.

Enter Strozzi.

Str. The prisoners waite.

Du. Admit em.

Enter Bentivolio, Ardelia, Horatio.

Was your life so great a burthen
That you upon the rumour of our murder,
Would take the act upon you, though you had
Promisd to be the traitor, or did you
Envy another man should owne the glory,
And title of our bloody executioner.

Ben. I, but confest the guilt I then beleev'd.

Du. This is a mistery.

Ar. I can best cleere it.

Sil. Tis my wonder how?

Valerio was slaine.

Ben. That I must answer,
Although my Sword then promisd to another
Revenge, yet in the wound he met a Justice,
I now repent not.

Eup. What's that gentleman.

Ho. I am one Madam that do court my friend here,
So well that though he be in faire election
To loose his Head, or to be Strangled—
Had rather take such as I find with him,
Then live to be tormented with a woman.

Eup. What woman.

Ho. Any woman, without difference,
I have heard your grace has a good fame, and though
It does become your subjects to beleeve it,
I was not borne here Madam, and i've had
Such ill luck with your sex, it does not bind

The Dukes Mistris.

My faith, tis possible there may be good
Both faire, and honest women, but they were never
Under my acquaintance, no noe yet ilfavoured,
In whom I onely look'd to find a soule,
But best my labour. This is all truth Madam:

Eup. His humour makes me smile.

Du. Enough, not onely
Our pardon for *Valerios* death, I give
Thee back *Arælia*, she was my Mistresse
But I returne her pure as thy owne wishes.

Ben. This grace is mighty sir.

Du. Weele see you married,
And what our person, and *Euphemias*
Can adde to grace you.

Ar. Y'ave already blest us,
And heaven shower joyes upon you.

Du. The next thing is to honor thee *Pallante*,
Thou savest my life, and didst now marrie me,
Thy faith is not rewarded.

Pall. 'Was my duty.

Ho. What, is all well agen? and is she honest.

Ben. Most innocent.

Ho. Then shee's too good for thee,
Come the truth is, and now i'le speake my conscience
If there be few good women in the World,
The fault rise first from one of our owne sex,
By flattery, in false-hood to deceave 'em,
And so the punishment does but descend
To us in justice.

Ar. That's some charity.

Du. Come my *Euphemia*, this second knot
Shall be as firme as destiny, nor shall
What ever was to our chaste vow a shame,
In my lives after Story have a name.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.



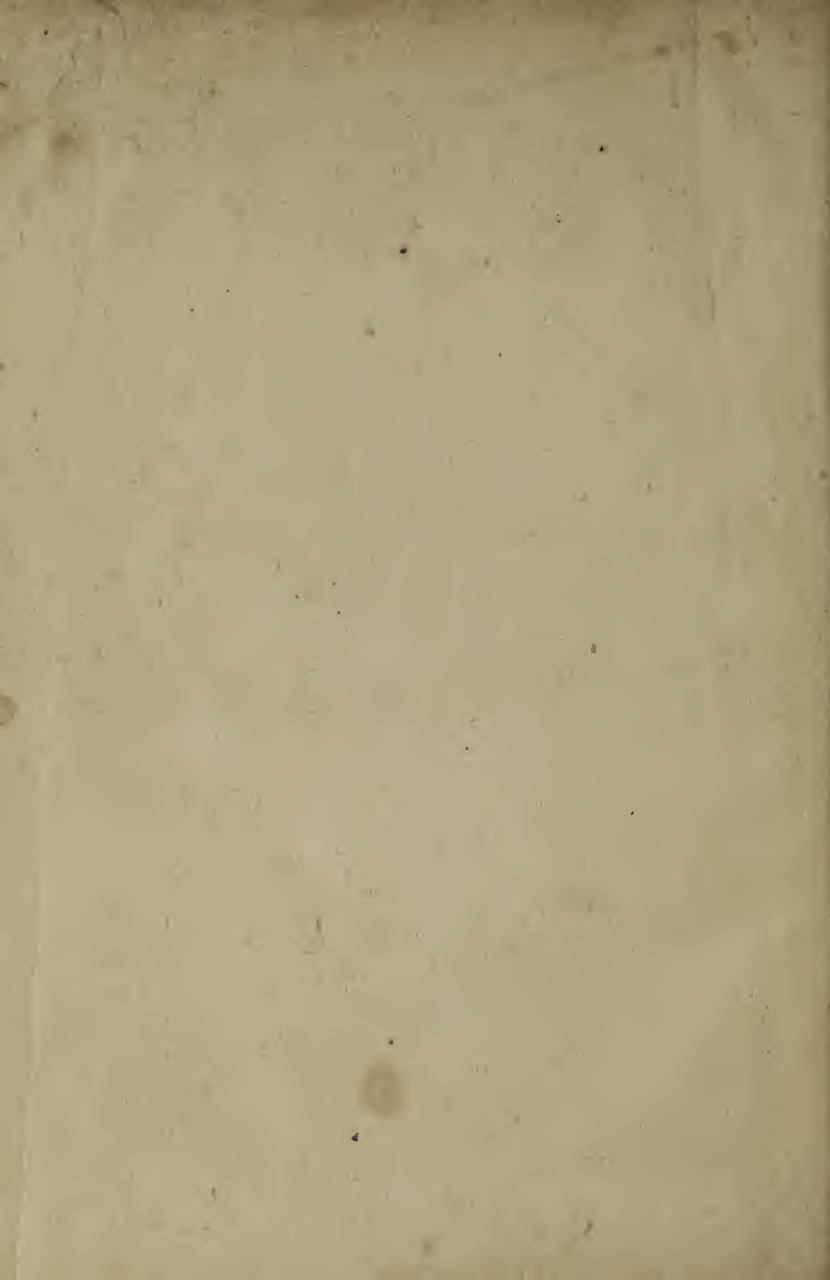
Epil. for Horatio.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,
If I have transgress't in any language
Against handsome faces, I hope you will forgive
Me, and imagine, I have but plaid the part, which
Was most against my Genius, of any that ever I
Acted in my life, to speake truth,
Who is so simple to dote upon Witches, and hel-Cats.
Venus deliver us, the Poet stands listning behind the arras
To heare what will become on's Play, under the
Rose if you will seeme to like it I'll put
A tricke upon him.

For though he keare when you applaud, I'll say
Your hands did seale my pardon, not the Play.

FINIS.





1/12/37

