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The Malcontent,

1604.

By Webster & Marston.

1506

1974

~~3272~~

2nd Edit.

THE MALCONTENT.

Augmented by *Marston*.

With the Additions played by the Kings
Maiesties servants.

Written by *Ihon Webster*.



1 6 0 4.

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



BENIAMINI IONSONIO

POETÆ

ELEGANTISSIMO

GRAVISSIMO

160.229
AMICO

May 1873

SVO CANDIDO ET CORDATO,

IOHANNES MARSTON

MVSARVM ALVMNVS

ASPERAM HANC SVAM THALIAM

D. D.





THE
INDVCTION TO
THE MALECONTENT, AND
the additions acted by the Kings Ma-
iesties servants.

Written by *John Webster.*

Enter W. Sly, a Tyre-man following him with a stoole.

Tyer-man.



IR, the Gentlemen will be angry if you
sit heare.

Sly Why? we may sit vpon the stage
at the private house: thou doest not take
me for a country gentleman, doest: doest
thinke I feare hissing? He holde my life
thou took'st me for one of the plaiers.

Tyre: No sir.

Sly By gods slid if you had, I would have given you but six
pence for your stoole: Let them that have stale suites, sit in the
galleries, hisse at mee: he that will be laught out of a Taverne
or an Ordinarie, shall seldome feede well: be drunke in good
company. Where's Harry Cundale, D: Burbidge, and W: Sly,
let me speake with some of them.

Tyre: An't please you to go in sir, you may.

Sly: I tell you no; I am one that hath seene this play often, & can
give them intelligence for their action: I have most of the ieafts
heere in my table-booke.

Enter

MALECONTENT.

Enter Sinkclow.

Sink: Save you Coofe.

Sly: O Coofin, come you shall sit betweene my legges heare.

Sink: No indeede coofin, the audiece then will take me for a viol de gambo, and thinke that you play vpon me.

Sly: Nay, rather that *I* worke vpon you coofe.

Sink: We staid for you at supper last night at my coofin Hony-moones the woollen Draper: After supper we drew cuttes for a score of Apricoks, the longest cut stil to draw an Apricoke: by this light t'was Mistris Franke Hony-moones fortuné, still to have the longest cut: I did measure for the women. What be these coofe?

Enter D: Burbidge, H: Cundale, I: Lewin.

Sly: The Plaiers. God save you.

Bur: You are verie welcome.

Sly: I pray you know this Gentleman my coofin, t'is Master Doomesdaies sonne the vserer.

Cun: I beseech you sir be coverd.

Sly: No in good faith for mine ease, looke you my hat's the handle to this fanne: Gods so, what a beast was I, I did not leave my father at home. Well, but Ile take an order with you.

Put's his feather in his pocket.

Bur: Why do you conceale your feather sir?

Sly: Why? do you thinke Ile have ieasts broken vpon me in the play to be laught at: this play hath beaten all your gallants out of the feathers: Blacke friars hath almost spoild blacke friars for feathers.

Sink: Gods so, *I* thought t'was for somewhat our gentlewo-men at home counfeld me to weare my feather to the play, yet *I* am loth to spoile it.

Sly: Why coofe?

Sink: Because *I* got it in the tilt-yard: there was a *Harralde* broke my pate for taking it vp: but *I* have worne it vp & downe the strand, and met him fortie times since, and yet hee dares not challenge it.

Sly: Do you heare sir, this play is a bitter play.

Cun: Why sir, tis neither Satyre nor Morall, but the meane passage of a historie: Yet there are a sort of discontented creatures that beare a stingelesse envie to great ones, and these
will

To the Reader,



Am an ill Oratour; and in truth, use to indite more honestly then eloquently, for it is my custome to speake as I thinke, and write as I speake.

In plainnesse therefore understand, that in some things I have willingly erred, as in supposing a Duke of Genoa, and in taking names different from that Cutties families: for which some may wittily accuse me; but my defence shall be as honest, as many reprooves unto me have beene most malicious. Since (I hartly protest) it was my care to write so farre from reasonable offence, that even strangers, in whose state I laid my Scene, should not from thence draw any disgrace to any, dead or living. Yet in dispiight of my endeavors, I understand, some have beene most unadvisedly over-cunning in mis-interpreting me, and with subtiltie (as deepe as hell) have maliciously spread ill rumors, which springing from themselves, might to themselves have heavily returned. Surely I desire to satisfie every firme spirit, who in all his actions, proposeth to himselfe no more ends then God and vertue do, whose intentions are alwaies simple: to such I protest, that with my free understanding, I have not glanced at disgrace of any, but of those, whose unquiet studies labor innovation, contempt of holy policie, reverent comely superioritie, and establisht unity: for the rest of my supposed tartnesse, I feare not, but unto every worthy minde it will be approved so generall and honest, as may modestly passe with the freedome of a Satyre. I would faine leaue the paper; one-ly one thing afflicts me, to thinke that Scenes invented, meerely to be spoken, should be inforcibly published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive, is to do my selfe the wrong. But since others otherwise would doe me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have my selfe therefore set forth this Comedie; but so, that my inforced absence must much relye upon the Printers discretion: but I shall inreate, slight errors in orthographie may bee as slightly over-passed; and that the unkansome shape which this trifle in reading presents, may be pardoned, for the pleasure it once afforded you, when it was presented with the soule of lively action.

Sine aliqua dementia nullus Phœbus.

Dramatis personæ.

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

will wrest the doings of any man to their base malicious appli-
ment: but should their interpretation come to the teste, like your
marmasite, they presently turne their teeth to their taile & eate it.

Sly: I will not go so farre with you, but I say, any man that
hath wit, may censure (if he sit in the twelve-penny roomer:) and
I say againe, the play is bitter.

Bar: Sir you are like a Patron that presenting a poore schol-
ler to a benefice, inioynes him not to raile against any thing that
standes within compasse of his Patrons follie: Why should not
we inioy the antient freedome of poesie? Shall we protest to the
Ladies that their painting makes them Angells, or to my yong
gallant, that his expence in the brothell shall gaine him reputa-
tion? No sir, such vices as stand not accountable to law, should be
cured as men heale tetter, by casting inke vpon them. Would
you be satisfied in any thing else sir?

Sly: I marry woud I.

I would know how you came by this play?

Cun: Faith sir the booke was lost, and because twas pittie so
good a play should be lost, we found it and play it.

Sly: I wonder you would play it, another company having
interest in it?

Cun: Why not Maleuole in folio with vs, as Ieronimo in De-
cimo sexto with them. They taught vs a name for our play, wee
call it *One for another*.

Sly: What are your additions?

Bar: Sooth not greatly needefull, only as your faller to your
greate feast, to entertaine a little more time, and to abridge the
not received custome of musicke in our Theater. I must leave
you sir.

Exit Burbidge.

Sink: Doth he play the Malecontent?

Cun: Yes sir.

Sink: I durst lay foure of mine eares, the play is not so well
acted as it hath beene.

Cun: O no sir, nothing *Ad Parminonis Suem*.

Lew: Have you lost your eares sir, that you are so prodigall of
laying them?

Sink: Why did you aske that friend?

Lew: Marry sir because I have heard of a fellow would offer
to lay a hundred pound wager, that was not worth five bau-bees:
and

MALECONTENT.

and in this kinde you might venter foure of your elbowes: yet God defende your coate should have so many.

Sink: Nay truly, I am no great censurer, and yet I might have beene one of the Colledge of Crittickes once: my coosin heere hath an excellent memory indeede sir.

Sly: Who I? He tell you a strange thing of my selfe, and I can tell you for one that never studied the art of memory, tis very strange too.

Cun: Whats that sir?

Sly: Why He lay a hundred pound He walke but once downe by the gold-smiths row in Cheape, take notice of the signes, and tell you them with a breath instantly.

Lew: Tis verie strange.

Sly: They beginne as the world did, with Adam and Eue. Theres in all iust five and fiftie. I do vse to meditate much when I come to plaies too. What do you thinke might come into a mans head now, seeing all this company?

Cun: I know not sir.

Sly: I have an excellent thought: if some fiftie of the Grecians that were cramd in the horse belly had eaten garlike, do you not thinke the Troians might have smelt out their knavery.

Cun: Very likely.

Sly: By God I would he had, for I love Hector horribly.

Sink: O but coose coose.

Great Alexander when he came to the toombe of Achilles Spake with a big loude voice, O thou thrice blessed & happy.

Sly: Alexander was an asse to speake so well of a filthy cullion.

Lew: Good sir will you leave the stage, He helpe you to a private roome.

Sly: Come coose, lets take some Tobacco. Have you never a prologue?

Lew: Not any sir.

Sly: Let me see, I will make one extempore. Come to them and fencing of a congey with armes and legges. Be round with them.

Gentlemen, I could wish for the womens sakes you had all soft cushions: and Gentlewomen, I could wish that for the mens sakes you had all more easie standings. What would they wish more but the play now, and that they shall have instantly.

THE MALECONTENT.

*Peccat censura
columbar.*

ACTVS PRIMVS. SCE. PRIMA.

The vilest out of tune Musicke being heard.

Enter Bilioso and Prepaffo.

Bilioso.



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

Fra: Are ye building *Babilon* there?

Bili: Heere's a noife in Court, you thinke you
are in a *Tauerne*, do you not?

Fra: You thinke you are in a brothell house,
do you not? This roome is ill fented.

Enter one with a perfume.

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

SCENA SECVNDA.

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

Pie: Where breath's that musique?

Bilios: The discord rather then the Musique is heard from the
Malecontent *Maleuoles* chamber.

Ferrar: *Maleuole.*

Male: * Yaugh, godaman what dost thou there: Dukes *Cani-
med Iuno*s iecalous of thy long stockings: shadowe of a woman, *Out of his
chamber.
what wouldst Weefell? thou lambe a Court: what doost thou
bleat for? a you smooth chind *Catamite!*

Pie: Come downe thou ragged cur, and snarle heere, I giue
thy dogged fullennes free libertie: trot about and be-spurtle
whom thou pleasest.

MALECONTENT.

Mal: Ile come among you, you gotish blooded Toderers, as Gum into Taffata, to fret, to fret: Ile fall like a sponge into water to sucke vp; to sucke vp. Howle againe. Ile go to church and come to you.

Pie: This *Maleuole* is one of the most prodigious affections that euer conuerst with nature; A man, or rather a monster; more discontent then Lucifer when he was thrust out of the presence, his appetite is vn-satiabie as the Grave; as farre from any content, as from heauen: his highest delight is to procure others vexation, and therein he thinkes he truly serues heauen; for t'is his position, whosoeuer in this earth can bee contented, is a slaue and damn'd; therefore do's he afflict al in that to which they are most affected; th' Elements struggle within him; his own soule is at variance within her selfe: his speech is halter-worthy at all houres: I like him; faith, he giues good intelligence to my spirit, makes me vnderstand those weakenesses which others flattery palliates: harke, they sing;

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Maleuole after the Song.

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

Mal: From the publike place of much dissimulation, (the

Pie: What didst there?

Mal: Talke with a Vsurer: take vp at interest.

Pie: I wonder what religion thou art of.

Mal: Of a souldiers religion.

Pie: And what doost thinke makes most infidells now?

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

Pie: O! a religious pollicie.

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

Pie: But what's the common newes abroad *Maleuole*, thou dogst rumor still?

Mals

Mal: Lightning and thunder!

Piet: Vengeance and torture!

Mal: Cutzo!

Piet: O revengel

Mal: Nay, to select among ten thousand faires,

A Lady farre inferior to the most,
 In faire proportion both of limbe and soule:
 To take her from austerer check of parents,
 To make her his by most deuoutfull rightes,
 Make her commandresse of a better essence
 Then is the gorgious world even of a man.
 To hug her with as rais'd an appetite,
 As vsurers do their delv'd vp treasury,
 (Thinking none tells it but his private selfe,)
 To meete her spirit in a nimble kisse,
 Distilling panting ardor to her hart.
 True to her sheetes, nay diets strong his blood,
 To giue her height of *Hymeneall* sweetes.

Pie: O God!

Mal: Whilst she lispes, & gives him some court *quelquechose*
 Made onely to provoke, not satiate:
 And yet euen then, the thaw of her delight
 Flowes from lewde heate of apprehension,
 Onely from strange imaginations rankenes,
 That formes the adulterers presence in her soule,
 And makes her thinke she clips the foule knaues loines.

Piet: Affliction to my bloods roote.

Mal: Nay thinke, but thinke what may proceede of this,
 Adultery is often the mother of incest.

Piet: Incest.

Mal: Yes incest: marke, *Mendoza* of his wife begets per-
 chance a daughter. *Mendoza* dies. His son marries this daughter.
 Say you? Nay tis frequent, not onely probable, but no question
 often acted, whilst ignorance, fearelesse ignorance claipes his
 owne seede.

Piet: Hydeous imagination!

Mal: Adultery? why next to the sinne of Symony, tis the most
 horride transgression vnder the cope of saluation.]

Piet: Next to Symony?

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Mal: I, next to Symony, in which our men in next age shall not sinne.

Piet: Not sinne? Why?

Mal: Because (thanks to some church-men) our age will leaue them nothing to sinne with. But adultery! O dulnes! shue, should exemplary punishment, that intemperate bloods may freeze, but to thinke it. I would dam him and all his generation, my owne hands should do it; ha, I would not trust heauen with my vengeance any thing.

Piet: Any thing, any thing *Maleuole* thou shalt see instantly what temper my spirit holdes; farewell, remember I forget thee not, farewell.

Exit Pietro.

Mal: Farewell.

Leane thoughtfulness, a fallow meditation,
Sucke thy veines drie, distemperance rob thy sleepe,
The hearts disquiet is revenge most deepe.
He that gets blood, the life of flesh but spilles,
But he that breakes hearts peace, the deare soule kills.

Well, this disguise doth yet afford me that
Which kings do seldome heare, or great men vse,
Free speech: and though my stat's vsurpt,
Yet this affected straine giues me a tongue,
As fetterlesse as is an Emperours.
I may speake foolishly, I knauishly,
Alwaies carelesly, yet no one thinkes it fashion
To poize my breath, ,, for he that laughs and strikes,
,, Is lightly felt, or seldome stricke againe.
Duke, Ile torment thee: now my iust reuenge,
From thee than crowne a richer jemme shall part.
Beneath God naught's so deare as a calme heart.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Celso.

Celso: My honor'd Lord.

Mal: Peace, speake low; peace, O *Celso*, constant Lord,
(Thou to whose faith I onely rest discovered,
Thou, one of full ten millions of men,

That

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

Ferrar: I studie languages: who doost thinke to be the best linguist of our age?

Mal: Phew, the Diuell, let him possesse thee, hee'le teach thee to speake all languages, most readily and strangely, and great reason many, hees travel'd greatly in the world; & is every where.

Ferrar: Saue ith Court.

Mal: I, saue ith Court: and how do's my olde muckhill ouerspread with fresh snow: thou halfe a man, halfe a goate, al a beast: *To Bilioso.*

Bilio: Out you improudent rascal.

Mal: Doe, kicke thou hugely hornd old Dukes Oxe, good Master make-peece.

Piet: How doost thou liue now a daies *Maleuole*?

Mal: Why like the Knight S. *Patrik Penolians*, with killing a spiders for my Ladies Munkey.

Pie: How doost spend the night, I heare thou neuer sleep'st?

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

Piet: Dreame, what dreamst?

Mal: Why me thinkes I see that *Signior* pawn his foot-cloth: that *Metrez* a her Plate: this madam takes phisicke: that tother *Mounseur* may minister to her: heere is a Pander jeweld: there is a fellow in shift of Satten this day, that could not shift a shirt tother night: heere a *Paris* supports that *Hellen*: there's a Lady *Guineuer* beares vp that sir *Lancelot*. Dreames, dreames, visions, fantasies, *Chimeraes*, imaginations, trickes, conceits, * Sir *Trisfram* **To Prepasso.* *Trimtram* come a lost Jacke a napes with a whim wham, heere's a Knight of the land of *Catito* shall play at trap with any page in Europe; Do the sword-dance, with any Morris dancer in Christendome; ride at the Ring till the finne of his eyes looke as blew as the welkin, and runne the wilde-geose chase euen with

Pompey the huge.

Pie: You runne.

Mal: To the diuell: now *Signor Guerbino*; that thou from a most pittied prisoner shouldst grow a most loathd flatterer: Alas poore *Celso*, thy starr's opprest, thou art an honest Lord, tis pity.

Equa: Ist pitty?

Mal: I marry ist philosophical *Equato*, & t'is pitty that thou being so excellent a scholler by art, shouldst be so ridiculous a foole by nature: I have a thing to tell you Duke; bid ym auant, bid ym auant.

Pietro: Leauē vs, leauē vs, now sir what ist?

Exeunt all sauing Pietro and Maleuole.

Mal: Duke thou art a *Beco*, a *Cornuto*.

Piet: How?

Mal: Thou art a Cuckold.

Piet: Speake; ynshale him quicke.

Mal: With most tumbler-like nimblenes.

Piet: Who? by whom? I burst with desire.

Mal: *Mendoza* is the man makes thee a hornd beaft;
Duke t'is *Mendoza* cornutes thee.

Piet: What conformance; relate, short, short.

Mal: As a Lawyers beard,

There is an old Crone in the Court, her name is Maquerelle,

She is my mistris sooth to say, and she doth ever tell me,

Blirt a rime; blirt a rime; *Maquerelle* is a cunning bawde, I am an honest villaine, thy wife is a close drab, and thou art a notorious cuckold, farewell Duke.

Piet: Stay, stay.

Mal: Dull, dull Duke, can lazy patience make lame reuenge?
O God for a woman to make a man that which God neuer created, neuer made!

Piet: What did God never make?

Mal: A cuckold: To bee made a thing that's hud-winkt with kindenesse, whilst euery rascall philips his browes; to have a coxcombe with egregious hornes, pind to a Lords backe, every page sporting himselve with delightfull laughter, whilst hee must be the last must know it; Pistols and Poniards, Pistols and Poniards.

Piet: Death and damnation!

Mal:

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That louest vertue onely for it selfe,
Thou in whose hands old *OPS* may put her soule:)
Behold for euer banisht *Altofront*

This *Genoas* last yeares Duke, O truly noble,
I wanted those old instruments of state,
Dissemblance, and Suspect: I could not time it *Celso*,
My throne stood like a point in middest of a circle,
To all of equall neerenes, bore with none:
Raignd all alike, so slept in fearelesse vertue,
Suspectlesse, too suspectlesse: till the croude:
(Still liquorous of vntried nouelties.)
Impatient with feuerer government:
Made strong with *Florence*: banisht *Altofront*.

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

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

Cel: Ile still adhere, lets mutiny and die.

Mal: O no, clime not a falling towre *Celso*,
Tis well held, desperation, no zeale:
Hopelesse to striue with fate (peace) Temporize.
Hope, hope, that neuer forsak' st the wretchedst man,
Yet bidst me liue, and lurke in this disguise.

What? play I well the free breath'd discontent?
Why man we are all Philosophical Monarkes or naturall fooles,
Celso, the Courts asiar, the Dutches sheetes will smoke for't ere it
be long: Impure *Mendoza* that sharpe nosde Lord, that made
the curfed match linkt *Genoa* with *Florence* now brode hornes
the Duke, which he now knowes: Discord to Malecontents is
very *Manna*, when the rankes are burst, then scuffle *Altofront*.

Celso: I but durst.

Mal: Tis gone, tis swallowed like a minerall, some way t'will
worke, phewt Ile not shrinke, „ *Hees resolute who can no lower
sinke*.

Biliofo Entring, *Maleuole* shifsteth his speech.

Mal: O the father of May-poles, did you neuer see a fellow
whose

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whose strength consisted in his breath, respect in his office, religion on his Lord, and loue in himselfe: why then behold.

Bilio: Senior.

Mal: My right worshipfull Lerd,
Your court night-cap makes you haue a passing high fore-head.

Bil: I can tell you strange newes, but I am sure you know them already. The Duke speakes much good of you.

Mal: Go to then, and shall you and I now enter into a strict friendship?

Bil: Second one another.

Mal: Yes.

Bil: Do one another good offices.

Mal: Iust, what though I cal'd thee old Oxe, egregious Wit-tall, Broken-bellied Coward, Rotten Mummy,
Yet since I am in favor:

Bil: Words of course, tearmes of disport.

His grace presents you by me a chaine, as his gratefull remembrance for—I am ignorant for what, marry yee may impart: Yet howsoeuer—come—deare friend:

Dooft know my sonne?

Mal: Your sonne?

Bil: He shall eate wood-cocks, dance jigges, make possets, and play at shuttle-cocke with any yong Lord about the Court: he haz as sweete a Lady too: dooft know her little bitch?

Mal: Tis a dogge man.

Bil: Beleue me, a shee bitch? O tis a good creature, thou shalt be her seruant, Ile make thee acquainted with my yong wife too: what, I keepe her not at Court for nothing: Tis growne to supper time, come to my table, that any thing I haue standes open to thee.

Mal: How smooth to him that is in state of grace, —*To Col.*
How ser vile is the ruggedst Courtiers face.

What Profit, nay what Nature would keepe downe,

Ave hea' d to them, are minions to a crowne.

Enuious ambition neuer sates his thirst,

Till sucking all, he swells, and swells, and burstes.

Bil. I shall now leaue you with my alwaies best wishes, onely let's hold betwixt vs a firme correspondance, a mutuall-frendly-reciprocall-kinde of steddie-vnanimous hartily leagued.—

Mal.

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Mal: Did your sinniorship ne're see a pigeon house that was smooth, round, and white without, and full of holes and stinke within, ha ye not old Courtier?

Bil: O yes, tis the forme the fa shion of them all.

Mal: Aduce my true Court-friend, farewell my deare *Castilio*.

Cel: Yonders *Mendoza*.

Exit Bilioso.

Mal: True, the priuie key.

Describes Mendoza,

Cel: I take my leaue, sweete Lord.

Exit Celso.

Mal. Tis fit, away.

SCENA QVINTA.

Enter Mendoza with three or foure suters.

Men: Leaue your suites with me, I can and will: attend my Secretary, leaue me.

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

Men: Out you base borne rascall.

Mal: We are all the sonnes of heauen, though a Tripe wife were our mother; a you whore-sonne hot rainde he *Marmoset*, *Egistus* didst euer heare of one *Egistus*?

Men. *Gistus*?

Mal: I *Egistus*, he was a filthy incontinent Flesh-monger, such a one as thou art.

Men: Out grumbling rogue.

Mal: *Orestes*, beware *Orestes*.

Men: Out beggar.

Mal. I on e shall rise.

Men. Thou rise?

Mal. I at the resurrection.

"No vulgar seede, but once may rise, and shall,

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

Exit.

Men. Now good *Elizum*, what a delicious heauen is it for a man to be in a Princes fauour: O sweete God! O pleasure! O fortune! O all thou- best of life! what should I thinke: what say? what do? to be a fauorite? a minion? to haue a generall timerous respect, obserue a man, a statefull silence in his presence, solitarinesse in his absence, a confused hum, and busie murmure of obsequious suters training him; the cloth held vp, and way proclaimed before him: Petitionary vassalls licking the pauement

with their slavish knees, whilst some odde pallace *Lampreel's* that ingender with snakes, and are full of eyes on both sides; with a kinde of insinuated humbleness, fixe all their delights vpon his brow: O blessed state, what a rauishing prospect doth the *Olympus* of fauour yeeld! Death, I cornute the Duke: sweete women, most sweete Ladies, nay Angels; by heaven he is more accursed then a diuell that hates you, or is hated by you, and happier then a God that loues you, or is beloued by you; you preferuers of mankinde, life blood of society, who would liue, nay who can liue without you? O Paradiſe, how maiesticall is your austerer presence? how imperiously chaste is your more modest face? but O! how full of rauishing attraction is your prettie, petulant, languishing, laciuiously-composed countenance: these amorous smiles, those soule-warming sparkling glances, ardent as those flames that sing'd the world by heedelesse *Phaeton*; in body how delicate, in soule how wittie, in discourse how pregnant, in life how warie, in fauours how iudicious, in day how sociable, and in night how? O pleasure vnutterable, indeede it is most certaine, one man cannot deserue onely to inioy a beauteous woman: but a Dutcheſſe? in despight of *Phaebus* Ile write a sonnet instantly in praise of her.

Exit.

SCENA SEXTA.

Enter Ferneze ushering Aurelia, Emilia and Maquerelle bearing up her traine, Beancha attending: all go out. but Aurelia, Maquerelle and Ferneze.

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

Fer. Possible? what can be strange in him that's drunke with *Growes* insolent with grace? speake *Maquerelle*, speake.

Maq: To speake feelingly, more, more richly in solide sence then worthelesse wordes, giue me those jewells of your eares to receiue my inforced dutie, as for my part tis well * knowne I can put any thing; can'beare patiently with any man: But when I heard he wronged your pretious sweetenes, I was inforced to take deepe offence; Tis most certaine he loues *Emilia* with high appetite; and as she told me (as you know we women impart our secrets one to another,) when she repulſed his suite, in that hee was possessed with your indeered grace: *Mendoza* most ingratefully renounced all faith to you.

Fer.

* *Ferneze* privately feeds *Maquerelle's* hands with jewells during this speech.

MALECONTENT.

Fer. Nay, cal'd you, speake *Maquerells*, speake.

Maq. By heauen witch : dride bisque, and contested blash-
lessly he lou'd you but for a spurt, or so.

Fer. For maintenance.

Maq. Aduancement and regard.

Aur. O villaine! O impudent *Mendoza*.

Maq. Nay he is the rustiest jade, the fowlest mouthd knaue
in railing against our sex: he will raile against women.

Aur. How? how?

Maq. I am asham'd to speak't, I.

Aur. I loue to hate him, speake.

Maq. Why when *Emilia* scornde his base vnsteddines the
blacke throated rascall scoulded, and sayde.

Aur. What?

Maq. Troth t'is too shamelesse.

Aur. What said hee?

Maq. Why that at foure women were fooles, at foureteene
drabbes, at fortie baudes, at fourescore witches, and a hundred

Aur. O vnlimitable impudencie! (cattes.

Fer. But as for poore *Fernezes* fixed heart,
Was neuer shadelesse meadow drier parcht,
Vnder the scortching heate of heauens dog,
Then is my heart with your inforcing eyes.

Maq. A hote simile. (hell,

Fer. Your smiles haue beene my heauen, your frownes my
O pittie then; Grace should with beautie dwell.

Maq. Reasonable perfect bir-lady.

Aur. I will loue thee, be it but in despight
Of that *Mendoza*: witch! *Ferneze*: witch!
Ferneze thou art the Dutches fauorite,
Be faithfull, priuate, but tis dangerous.

Fer. "His loue is linelesse, that for loue feares breath,

"The worst that's due to sinne, O would't were death.

Aur. Enioy my fauour, I will be sicke instantly & take phisick,
Therefore in deapth of night visite.

Maq. Visite her chamber, but conditionally, you shall not
offend her bed: By this diamond,

Fer. By this diamond ——— Gines it to *Maquerelle*.

Maq. Nor tarry longer than you please: By this ruby.

MALECONTENT.

Fer. By this ru by. — *Gives againe.*

Maq. And that the doore shall not creake .

Fer. And that the doore shall not creak e.

Mal: Nay but sweare.

Fer. By this purse. — *Gives her his purse.*

Maq. Go to, Ile keepe your oathes for you: remember, visit.

Enter Mendoza reading a sonnet.

Aur. Dri'd bisquet! looke where the base wretch comes.

Men: Beauties life, heauens modell, lones *Queene.*

Maq: That's his *Emilia.*

Men. Natures triumph, best on earth.

Maq: Meaning *Emilia.*

Men: Thou onely wonder that the world hath scene.

Maq. That's *Emilia.*

Aur: Must I then heare her praise *Mendoza?*

Men: Madam, your excellency is gratioosly incountred;

I haue beene writing passionate flashes in honor of. — *Exit Fer.*

Aur: Out villaine, villaine: O iudgement, where haue beene my eyes? what bewitched election made me dote on thee? what forcery made me loue thee? but be gone, bury thy head: O that I could do more then loathe thee: hence worst of ill: *No reason aske, our reason is our will.* *Exit with Maquerelle.*

Men: Women? nay furies, nay worse, for they torment onely the bad, but women good and bad.

Damnation of mankinde: breath, hast thou praise them for this? And ist you *Ferneze* are wrigled into smocke grace? sit sure, O that I could raile against these monsters in nature, modells of hell, curse of the earth, women that dare attempt any thing, and what they attempt, they care not how they accomplish, without all premeditation or prevention, rash in asking, desperate in working, impatient in suffering, extreame in desiring, slaues vnto appetite, mistresses in dissembling, onely constant in vnconstancie, onely perfect in counterfaying: their wordes are fained, their eyes forged, their sights dissembled, their lookes counterfait, their haire false, their giuen hopes deceitfull, their very breath artificiall. *Their blood is their onely God: Bad clothes, and old age, are onely the duells t'bey tremble at.*

That I could raile now!

SCENA SEPTIMA.

Enter Pietro, his sword drawne.

Pie: A mischief fill thy throate, thou fowle iaw'd slaue:
Say thy prayers.

Men: I ha forgot vm,

Pie: Thou shalt die.

Men: So shalt thou, I am heart mad.

Pie: I am horne mad. *Men:* Extreame mad.

Pie: Monstrously mad. *Men:* Why?

Pie: Why? thou, thou hast dishonoured my bed.

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

Pie: Yes slaue by thee.

Men: Do not, do not with tart and spleenefull breath,
Loose him can loose thee; I offend my Duke.
Beare record O ye dumbe and raw-ayrde nights,
How vigilant my sleepelesse eyes haue beene,
To watch the traitour; record thou spirit of truth,
With what debasement I ha throwne my selfe,
To vnder offices, onely to learne
The truth, the party, time, the meanes, the place,
By whom, and when, and where thou wert disgrac'd.
And am I paid with slaue? hath my intrusion
To places priuate, and prohibited,
Onely to obserue the closer passages,
Heauen knowes with vowes of reuelation,
Made me suspected, made me deemd a villaine?
What rogue hath wronged vs?

Pie: *Mendoza*, I may erre.

Men: Erre? tis too milde a name, but erre and erre,
Runne-giddy with suspect, for through me thou know
That which most creatures saue thy selfe do know:
Nay since my seruice hath so loath'd reiect,
Fore Ile reueale, shalt finde them clipt together.

Pie: *Mendoza*, Thou know'st I am a most plaine breasted man,

Men: The fitter to make a cuckold: would your browes
were most plaine too.

MALECONTENT.

Pic. Tell me,indeede I heard thee raile.

Men. At women, true, why what cold fleame could choose,
Knowing a Lord so honest,vertuous,
So boundlesse loving,bounteous,faire-shapt,sweete,
To be contem'd,abus'de,defam'de,made cuckold:
Hart,I hate all women for't,sweete sheetes, waxe lightes, antique
bed-postes,cambricke sinocks,villanous curtaines,atras pictures,
oylde hinges,and all the tongue-tide lasciuious witnesses of great
creatures wantonneffe: what saluation can you expect?

Pic: Wilt thou tell me?

Men. Why you may find it your selfe,observe,observe.

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

Men. Tak't,why *Ferneze* is the man,*Ferneze*,He proou't,this
night you shall take him in your sheetes,wilt serue?

Pic. It will,my bozom's in some peace,till night.

Men. What?

Pic: Farewell.

Men. God!how weake a Lord are you,
Why do you thinke there is no more but so?

Pic. Why?

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

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

Pie. It is too well, my bozome, and my heart,

"When nothing helps, cut off the rotten part. Exit.

Men. *"Who cannot faine friendship, can nere produce the effects of hatred: Honest foole Duke, subtilc lasciuious Dutches, seely nouice Ferneze; I do laugh at yee, my braine is in labour till it produce mischiefe, and I feele sudden throws, proofes sensible, the issue is at hand,*

"As Beares shape yong, so Ile forme my deuise,

"Which growne prooues horride: vengeance makes men wise.

Enter Maleuole and Passarello.

Mal. Foole, most happily incountred, canst sing foole?

Passar. Yes I can sing foole, if youle beare the burden, and I can play vpon instruments, scruily, as gentlemen do; O that I had beene gelded, I should then haue beene a fatte foole for a chamber, a squeaking foole for a taverne, and a priuate foole for all the Ladies.

Maleuole You are in good case since you came to court foole; what garded, garded!

Passar. Yes faith, euen as footemen and bawdes weare veluet, not for an ornament of Honour, but for a badge of drudgery: for now the Duke is discontented I am faine to foole him asleepe euery night.

Mal. What are his griefes?

Passar. He hath sore eies.

Mal. I neuer observed so much.

Passar. Horrible sore eyes; and so hath euery Cuckold, for the rootes of the hornes spring in the eye-balles, and thats the reason the horne of a cuckolde is as tender as his eie; or as that growing in the womans forehead twelue yeeres since, that could not endure to be toucht. The Duke hangs downe his head like a columbine.

Mal. *Passarello,* why doe great men begge fooles?

Passar. As the Welchman stole rushes, when there was nothing else to filch; onely to keepe begging in fashion.

Mal. Pue, thou giuest no good reason, Thou speakest like a foole.

Passar. Faith I vter small fragments as your knight courtes your Citty widow with something of his guilt: some aduancing his high colored beard, and taking Tabacco. This is all the mir-

rouer of their knightly complements: Nay I shall talke when my toong is a going once; tis like a Citizen on horsebacke, euer more in a false gallop.

Mal. And how dooth Maquerelle fare nowadayes?

Passar. Faith I was wont to salute her as our English women are at their first landing in *Flushing*; I would call her whoore; but now that antiquitie leaues her as an old peece of plasticket work by, I onely aske hir how her rotten teeth fare euery morning, and so leaue her; she was the first that euer inuented perfumd smocks for the gentlewomen, and woollen shooes for feare of creaking: for the visitant, she were an excellent Lady; but that hir face pee- leth like Muscouie glasse.

Mal. And how dooth thy olde Lord that hath wit enough to be a flatterer, and conscience enough to be a knaue?

Passar. O excellent, he keepes beside me fiftene jeasters, to instruct him in the Art of fooling, and vters their jeastes in priuate to the Duke and Dutchesse; heele lie like to your Switzer, or Lawyer; heele be of any side for most mony.

Mal. I am in haste, be brieue.

Passar. As your Fidler when he is payd, Heele thriue I warrant you, while your yong courtier stands like Good-friday in Lent, men long to see it, because more fatting dayes come after it, else hees the leanest and pittifullst actor in the whole Pageant; Adew Maleuole.

Mal. O world most vilde, when thy loose vanities Taught by this foole, do make the foole seeme wise!

Passar. Youle know me againe Maleuole.

Mal. O I, by that veluet.

Passar. I, as a petti-fogger by his buckram bagge, I am as common in the Court as an hostlesse lippes in the coun- trey; knights, and clownes, and kraues, and all share mee: the Court cannot possibly be without me. Adue Maleuole.

ACT V S: II: SCENA I:

Enter Mendoza with a sconce, to observe Fernezes entrance, who whilest the Act is playing: Enter vnbraced two pages before him with lights, is met by Maquerelle and conuayed in. The pages are sent away.

Men. Hees caught, the woodcockes head is ith noose,

Now

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

Now treads *Ferneze* in dangerous path of lust,
 Swearing his sence is meereley deified.
 The foole graspes clouds, and shall beget Centaures;
 And now in strength of panting faint delight,
 The Goate bids heauen enuie him; good Goose,
 I can affoorde thee nothing but the poore comfort of calamity,
 " *Lust's like the plummers hanging ow clocke lines,* (Pitty
 " *Wil nere ha done til all is quite vndone.*
 Such is the course salt sal'ow lust dooth runne,
 Which thou shalt trie, Ile be reuengde. Duke thy suspect,
 Dutcheffe thy disgrace, *Ferneze* thy riuallship
 Shall haue swift vengeance; nothing so holy,
 No band of nature so strong,
 No law of friendship so sacred,
 But Ile profane, burst, violate,
 Fore Ile indure disgrace, contempt and pouertie:
 Shall I, whose very humme strooke all heads bares;
 Whose face made silence, creaking of whose thooe
 Forede the most priuate passages flie ope,
 Scrape like a seruile dogge at some latched doore?
 Learne now to make a leg? and crie, beseech yee,
 Pray yee, is such a Lord within? be awde
 At some odde *Vthers* scofft formalitie?
 First feare my braines; *Vnde cadis non quo refert;*
 My heart cries, perish all: how! how! *What fate*
 " *Can once annoyde reuenge, thats desperate,*
 Ile to the Duke; if all should ope, ist! tush;
 " *Fortune still dotes on those who cannot blussh.*

S C E N A S E C V N D A .

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

Mal. Blesse yee cast a Ladies: ha *Dipsas*, howe doost thou

Mag. Olde Cole? (olde Cole?

Mal. I olde Cole; mee thinkes thou liest like a brand vnder
 billets of greene wood. Hee that will inflame a yong wenchs
 hart, let him lay close to her: an old cole that hath first bin fired,
 a pandresse, my halfe burnt lint, who though thou canst not
 flame thy selfe, yet arte able to set a thousand virgins tapers afire:

MALECONTENT.

and how dooth Ianiuere thy husband, my little periwinkle, is hee troubled with the cough of the lungs still? doos he hawke a nights still, he will not bite.

Bean. No by my troth, I tooke him with his mouth emptie of olde teeth.

Mal. And hee tooke thee with thy belly full of yoong bones: Maie hee tooke his maim by the stroke of his enemy.

Bean. And I mine by the stroke of my friend.

Mal. The close stocke! ô mortall wench: Lady, ha ye now no restoratiues for your decayed *Iasons*? Looke yee, crabs guts bak'd, distild oxe-pith, the puluerized haire of a lions vpper lip, gellie of cocke-sparrowes, he monkies marrow, or powlder of foxe-stones. And whither are you ambling now?

Beancha To bed, to bed.

Mal. Doe your husbands lie with yee?

Beancha That were country fashion yfaith.

Mal. Ha yee no foregoers about you: come, whither in good deed law now?

Beancha In good indeed law now, to eat the most miraculously, admirably, astonishable composd posset with three curds, without anie drinke: wil yee helpe mee with a hee foxe? heeres the Duke.

The Ladies goe out.

Mal. Fride frogs are very good & French-like too: —to *Bean*.

SCENA TERTIA.

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

Pietro The night grows deepe and fowle, what houre ist?

Celso Vpon the stroake of twelue.

Mal. Saue yee Duke.

Pietro From thee: be gone, I doe not loue thee, let mee see thee no more, we are displeas'd.

Mal. Why God be with thee, heauen heare my curse, May thy wife and thee lue long together.

Pietro Be gone sirra.

Mal. When *Arthur* first in Court beganne, — *Agamemnon*: *Menelaus* — was euer any Duke a *Cornuto*?

Pietro Be gone hence.

Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?

Mend.

Mend. Out with him.

Mal. With most seruite patience time will come,
 When wonder of thy error will strike dumbe,
Thy bezeld sence, slaues I fauour, I mary shall he, rise,
 " Good God! how subtil bell dooth flatter vice,
 " Mounts him aloft, and makes him seeme to flie,
 " As Foule the Toriois mockt, who to the skie,
 " Th' ambitious shell-fish rais'de; th' end of all,
 " Is onely, that from height he might dead fall.

Biliofo Why when? out yee rogue, be gone ye rascal.

Mal. I shall now leaue yee with all my best wishes.

Biliofo Out ye curre.

Mal. Onely lets hold together a firme correspondence.

Biliofo Out.

Mal. A mutual friendly reciprocall perpetuall kind of steddie vnanimous heartily leagued.

Biliofo Hence yee grosse jaw'd pesantly, out, go.

Mal. A due pigeon house: thou Burre that onely stickest to nappy fortunes, the Sarpego, the Strangury, an eternall vneffectuall Priapifine seife thee.

Biliofo Out rogue.

Mal. Maieft thou be a notorious wittally pander to thine owne wife, and yet get no office but liue to be the vntmost miserie of mankinde, a beggarly cuckold.

Exit.

Pietro It shall be so.

Mend. It must be so, for where great states reuenge;

" Tis requisite the partes with pietie,
 " And lost respect forbearcs, be closely dogd,
 " Lay one into his breast shall sleepe with him,
 " Feede in the same dish, runne in selfe faction,
 " Who may discover any shape of dangers;
 " For once disgracde, displayed in offence,
 " It makes man blusshesse, and man is (all confesse)
 " More prone to vengeance than to gratefulnesse.
 " Favourites are writ in dust, but stripes we feele,
 " Deprauced nature stamps in lasting steele.

Pietro You shall be leagued with the Dutchesse.

Equato The plot is very good.

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

MALECONTENT.

Ferrard. A most fine braine tricke.

Celso Of a most cunning knaue . *tacitè:*

Pietro My Lordes, the heavy action we intend,
Is death and shame, two of the vglieft shapes
That can confound a soule; thinke, thinke of it:
I strike, but yet like him that gainst stone walles
Directs his shafts, rebounds in his owne face,
My Ladies shame is mine; ô God tis mine.
Therefore I doe coniure all secrecie,
Let it be as very little as may be; pray yee, as may be.
Make frightlesse entrance, salute her with soft eyes,
Staine nought with blood, onely *Ferneze* dies,
But not before her browes: O Gentlemen,
God knowes I loue her; nothing else, but this,
I am not well. If griefe that suckes veines drie,
Riuels the skinne, casts ashes in mens faces,
Be-dulls the eye, vnstrengthens all the blood:
Chance to remooue me to another world,
As sure I once must die: let him succede:
I haue no childe; all that my youth begot,
Hath bin your loues, which shall inherite me:
Which as it euer shall, I doe coniure it.
Mendoza may succede, hee's noble borne,
With me of much desert.

Celso Much. *tacitè:*

Pietro Your silence answers I,
I thanke you, come on now: ô that I might die
Before her shame's displayd! would I were forc'd
To burne my fathers Tombe, vneheale his bones,
And dash them in the dirt, rather than this:
This both the liuing and the dead offends:
“*Sharpe Surgery where nought but death amends.*

Exit with the others.

SCENA QVARTA.

*Enter Maquerelle, Emilia, and Beaucha
with the posset.*

Maq. Euen heere it is, three curdes in three regions indiuidually distinct.

Most methodicall according to art compos'd without any drink.

Bean: Without any drinke?

Maq: Vpon my honour, will you sit and eate?

Emil: Good, the composition, the receipt, how ist?

Maq: Tis a prettie pearle, by this pearle, (how doost with me,) thus it is, seauen and thirtie yelkes of *Barbarie* hennes egges, eightene spoonefulles and a halfe of the iuyce of cockesparrow bones, one ounce, three drammes, foure scruples, and one quarter of the sirrop of *Ethiopian* dates, sweetned with three quarters of a pound of pure candid *Indian Eringos*, strewed ouer with the powder of pearle of *America*, amber of *Cataia*, and lambe stones of *Musconia*.

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

Maq. I know not what you meane by restauration, but this it doth, it purifieth the blood, smootheth the skinne, inlifeneth the eye, strengthneth the vaines, mundesieth the teeth, comforteth the stomacke, fortifieth the backe, and quickneth the wits thats all.

Emil: By my troth I haue eaten but two spoonefulls, and me thinkes I could discourse most swiftly and wittily alreadie.

Maq: Haue you the art to seeme honest?

Bean: I thanke aduise and practise.

Maq. Why then eate me of this posset, quicken your blood, and preserue your beautie. Do you know doctor Plaster-face, by this curde, hee is the most exquisite in forging of veines, sorighting of eyes, dying of haire, sleeking of skinnes, blushing of cheekes, surphleing of breastes, blanching and bleaching of teeth that euer made an old Lady gracious by torch-light: by this curd law.

Be: We, we are resolu'd, what god haz giuen vs weel cherish.

Maq. Cherish any thing sauing your husband, keepe him not too high, lest he leape the pale: but for your beautie, let it be your saint, be queath two houres to it euery morning in your closet: I ha beene yong and yet in my conscience I am not aboute fiewe and twentie, but beleeue me, preserue and vse your beautie; for youth and beautie once gone, we are like bee-hiues without hony: out a fashion apparell that no man will weare, therefore vse me your beautie.

MALECONTENT.

Emil. I but men say.

Maq. Men say? let men say what they wil, life a woman, they are ignorant of your wants, the more in yeares, the more in perfection they grow: if they loose youth & beauty, they gaine wisdom & discretion: But when our beautie fades, goodnight with vs: there cannot be an vglie thing to see, then an olde woman, from which, O pruning, pinching, & painting, deliuer all sweete beauties.

Bea. Harke, musicke.

Maq. Peace, tis in the Dutches bed-chamber, good rest most prosperously grac'd Ladies,

Emil: Good-night centinell.

Bea: Night decre *Maquerelle.*

Exeunt all but Maq.

Maq. May my possets operation send you my wit & honesty,
And me your youth & beauty: the pleasingst rest. *Exit Maq.*

SCENA QVINTA.

A song.

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

All Strike, strike.

Aur. Saue my *Ferneze*, O saue my *Ferneze*.

Enter Ferneze in his shirt, and is receiued upon Mendozas sword.

All Follow, pursue.

Aur. O saue *Ferneze*.

Men. Pierce, pierce, thou shallow foole drop there.

"He that attempts a Princes lawlesse loue,

"Must haue broad hands, close heart, with *Argos* eyes,

"And backe of *Hercules*, or else he dies. *Thrustes his rapier in*

Enter Aurelia, Duke Pietro, Ferrard, Biliolo, Celfo, and Equato. (*Fer.*)

All Follow, follow.

Men: Stand off, forbear, yee most vnciuill Lords.

Pie: Strike.

Men. Do not; tempt not a man resolved,
Would you inhumane murtherers more then death?

Aur. O poore *Ferneze*.

Men: Alas, now all defence too late.

Aur. Hee's dead.

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

Aur. What weepe for thee? my soule no teares shall finde.

Pie: Alas, alas, that womens soules are blinde.

Men: Betray such beautie, murder such youth, contemne
civilitie.

He loues him not that railes not at him.

Pie: Thou canst not moou vs: we haue blood ynough.
And please you Lady we haue quite forgot
All your defects: if not, why then.

Aur. Not.

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

Aur: Despight go with thee.

Courtiers.

Men: Madam, you ha done me foule disgrace.
You haue wrongd him much, loues you too much.
Go to; your soule knowes you haue.

Aur. I thinke I haue.

Men. Do you but thinke so?

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

Men. Why tell me faire cheekt Lady, who euen in teares,
Art powerfully beauteous, what vnaduised passion
Strooke ye into such a violent heate against me?
Speake, what mischief wrongd vs? what diuell iniur'd vs?
Speake.

Aur. That thing nere worthy of the name of man; *Fernex,*
Fernex swore thou lou'st *Emilia,*
Which to aduance with most reproachfull breath,
Thou both didst blemish and denounce my loue.

Men. Ignoble villaine, did I for this bestride
Thy wounded limbes; for this? O God! for this?
Sunke all my hopes, and with my hopes my life,
Ript bare my throte vnto the hangmans axe.
Thou most dishonour'd trunke ——— *Emillia.*

By life I know her not ——— *Emillia.*
Did you beleue him?

Aur. Pardon me, I did.

Men. Did you? and thereupon you graced him.

MALECONTENT.

Aur. I did.

Men: Tooke him to fauour, nay euen clasp'd with him?

Aur: Alas I did.

Men: This night?

Aur: This night.]

Men: And in your lustfull twines the Duke tooke you?

Aur: A most sad truth.

Men: O God! O God! how we dull honest soules,

Heaue brainde men are swallowed in the bogs

Of a deceitfull ground, whilest nimble bloods,

Light ioynted spirits spent, cut good mens throates,

And scape; alas, I am too honest for this age,

Too full of fleame, and heaue steddinesse:

Stood still whilst this slaue cast a noose about me;

Nay then to stand in honour of him and her,

Who had euen slic'd my heart.

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

Men: Why we are both but dead, the Duke hates vs.

And those whom Princes do once groundly hate,

Let them provide to die, as sure as fate,

Preuention is the heart of pollicie.

Aur: Shall we murder him?

Men: Instantly.

Aur: Instantly? before he castes a plot?

Or further blaze my honours much knowne blot?

Lets murder him.

Men: I would do much for you, will yee marry me?

Aur: Ile make thee Duke: we are of *Medices*.

Florence our friend, in court my faction

Not meanelly strengthfull; the Duke then dead,

We well preparte for change: the multitude

Irresolutely reeling, we inforce:

Our partie seconded, the kingdome mazde,

No doubt of swift successe, all shall be grac'd.

Men: You do confirme me, we are resolute,

To morrow looke for change, rest confident.

Tis now about the immodest waste of night,

The mother of moist dew with pallide light

Spreads gloomie shades about the nummed earth.

Sleepe,

MALECONTENT.

Sleepe, sleepe, whilst we contriue our mischiefes birth;

This man Ile get inhumde; farewell, to bed;

I kisse the pillow, dreame, the Duke is dead. *Exit Aurelia*

So, so, good night, how fortune dotes on impudence,

I am in priuate the adopted sonne of yon good Prince.

I must be Duke; why if I must, I must,

Most seely Lord, name me? O heauen!

If e God made honest fooles, to maintaine crafty knaues:

The Dutchesse is wholly mine too; must kill her husband

To quit her shame; much; then marry her: I,

O I grow proud in prosperous treachery!

As wrestlers clip, so ile embrace you all,

Not to support, but to procure your fall.

Enter Maleuole.

Mal. God arrest thee.

Mend. At whose suite?

Mal. At the diuels; ah you treacherous damnable monster!

How doost? how doost, thou treacherous roague?

Ah yee rascall, I am banisht the Court sirra.

Mendoza Prethee lets be acquainted, I doe loue thee faith.

Mal. At your seruice, by the Lord law, shall's goe to supper, let's be once dranke together, and so vnite a most vertuously strengthened friendship, shall's *Hugonot*, shall's?

Mendoza Wilt fall vpon my chamber to morrowe morne?

Mal. As a rauens to a dunghill; they say theres one dead heere, prickt for the pride of the flesh.

Mendoza *Ferneze*: there he is, prethee bury him.

Mal. O most willingly, I mean to turne pure *Rochel* church-man, I.

Mendoza Thou church man! why? why?

Mal. Because Ile liue lazily, raile vpon authoritie, deny kings supremacy in things indifferent, and be a Pope in mine owne parish.

Mend. Wherefore doost thou thinke churches were made?

Mal. To scowre plow-shares, I haue seene oxen plow vppre Altars: *Et nunc segas ubi Sion fuit.*

Mendoza Strange.

Mal. Nay monstrous, I ha seen a sumptuous steeple turnd to a stinking priuie; more beastly, the sacredst place made a dogges kennell: nay most inhumane, the stoned coffins of long dead christians

MALECONTENT.

christians burst vp, and made hogst-troughs — *Hic finis Priami.*
Shall I ha some sacke and cheefe at thy chamber?

Good night good mischieuous incarnate diuel, good night *Mendoza*, ah you inhumane villaine, goodnight, night sab.

Men. Good night: to morrow morne. *exit Mendoza.*

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

Ferneze O!

Mal. Proclamations, more proclamations.

Ferneze O a Surgeon.

Mal. Heark, lust cries for a Surgeon, what news from *Limbo*?
How dooth the grand cuckolde *Lucifer*?

Ferneze O helpe, helpe, conceale and saue mee.

Ferneze stirres, and *Maleuole* helpes him vp and
conuayes him away.

Mal. Thy shame more than thy wounds do grieue me farre,
“ Thy wounds but leaue vpon thy flesh some skarre;
“ But fame ne’ reheales, still rancles worse and worse,
“ Such is of vncontrolled lust the curse.
“ Thinke what it is in lawlesse sheetes to lie:
“ But O *Ferneze*, what in lust to die.
“ Then thou that shame respects, ô flie conuerse
“ With womens eies, and lipping wantonneffe:
“ Sticke candles gainst a virgine walles white backe,
“ If they not burne, yet at the least thei le blacke.
Come, ile conuey thee to a priuate port,
Where thou shalt liue (ô happy man) from court.
The beautie of the day beginnes to rise,
From whose bright forme Nights heauy shadow flies,
Now ginnes close plots to worke, the Seane growes full,
And craues his eies who hath a solide skull. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS III. SCENA I.

*Enter Pietro the Duke, Mendoza, count Equato
and Biliofo.*

Pietro Tis growne to youth of day, how shall wee waste this
My heart’s more heauy than a tyrants crowne. *(light?)
Shall*

Shall we goe hunt? Prepare for field.

Exit Equato

Mendoza Would yee could be merry.

Pietro Would God I could: *Mendoza* bid vm haste: *exit*
I would faine shift place; O vaine reliefe!

Mendoza

"*Sad soules may well change place, but not change grieves:*

As Deere being stricke flie thorow many foils,

Yet still the shaft stickes fast, so;

Biliofo A good olde simile, my honest Lord.

Pietro I am not much vnlike to some sicke man,
That long desired hurtfull drinke; at last
Swilles in and drinks his last, ending at once
Both life and thirst: O would I nere had knowne
My owne dishonour! good God that men should
Desire to search out that, which being found, killes all
Their ioy of life, to taste the tree of knowledge,
And then be driuen from out Paradiſe.

Canst giue me some comfort?

Biliofo My Lord, I haue some bookes which haue beene de-
dicated to my honor, and I nere read vm, and yet they had verie
fine names: *Phisicke for Fortune: Lozings of sanctified sinceritie,*
very pretty workes of Curates, Scriueners and Schoolemaisters
May I remember one *Seneca, Lucius Annæus Seneca.*

Pietro Out vpon him, he writ of Temperance and Fortitude,
yet liued like a voluptuous epicure, and died like an effeminate
coward. Haste thee to *Florence:* heere, take our Letters, see vm
sealed; away; report in priuate to the honored Duke, his daugh-
ters forced disgrace, tell him at length,

We know, too much due complements aduance,

"*Theres nought thats safe and sweete but ignorance.*

Exit duke

Enter Biliofo and Bianca.

Biliofo Madam, I am going Embassador for *Florence,* twill
be great charges to me.

Bianca No matter my Lord, you haue the lease of two man-
nors come out next Christmasse; you may lay your tenants on
the greater racke for it: and when you come home againe, Ile
teach you how you shall get two hundred poundes a yeere by
your teeth.

Biliofo How Madam?

Bianca Cut off so much from house-keeping, that which is

saued by the teeth, you know is got by the teeth.

Biliso Fore God, and so I may, I am in wondrous credite Lady.

Bianca See the vse of flattery, I did euer counsell you to flatter greatnes, and you haue profited well: any man that will doe so shal be sure to be like your Scotch Barnacle, now a blocke, instantly a worme, and presently a great goose: this it is to rot and putrifie in the bosome of greatnes.

Biliso Thou arte euer my polititian, O how happy is that olde Lord that hath a polititian to his yong Lady! Ile haue fiftie gentlemen shall attend vpon mee; mary the most of them shalbe Farmers sonnes, because they shall beare their owne charges, and they shall goe appareld thus, in sea-water greene sutes, ash-color cloakes, wetchet stockings, and popinjay greene feathers, will not the colours doe excellent?

Bianca Out vpont, theile looke like Cittizens riding to their friendes at Whitson tide, their apparell iust so many seuerall parishes.

Biliso Ile haue it so, and *Passarello* my foole shall goe along with me, mary he shall be in veluet?

Bianca A foole in veluet.

Biliso I, tis common for your foole to weare fatten, ile haue mine in veluet.

Bianca What will you weare then my Lord?

Biliso Veluet too, mary it shall be embroidered, because ile differ from the foole somewhat. I am horribly troubled with the gowt, nothing grieues me but that my doctour hath forbidden me wine, and you know your Ambassador must drinke. Didst thou aske thy doctour what was good for the gowt?

Bianca Yes, hee saide, ease, wine and women, were good for it.

Biliso Nay, thou hast such a witte, what was good to cure it, said he?

Bianca Why the racke: al your Empericks could neuer do the like cure vpon the gowt the racke did in *England*: or your Scotch boote. The French Herlakeene will instruct you.

Biliso Surely I doe wonder, how thou hauing, for the most parte of thy life time beene a countrey body, shouldest haue so good a wit.

Bian. Who I? why I haue beene a Courtier thrise two moneths.

Bili. So haue I this twentie yeare, and yet there was a gentleman vsher cald me cocks-coombe tother day, and to my face too: wast not a backe-biting rascal? I would I were better trauid, that I might haue beene better acquainted with the fashions of seuerall country-men: but my Secretary, I thinke he hath sufficiently instructed me.

Bian. How my Lord?

Bili. Mary my good Lord quoth hee, your Lordship shall euer finde amongst a hundred French-men, fortie hot shottes: amongst a hundred Spaniardes, threescore bragarts: amongst a hundred Dutch-men, fourescore drunkardes: amongst a hundred English-men, fourescore and ten mad-men: and amongst an hundred Welch-men.

Bian. What my Lord?

Bili. Fourescore and nineteene gentlemen.

Bian. But since you go about a sad imbasie, I would haue you go in blacke my Lord.

Bili. Why doost thinke I cannot mourne, vnlesse I weare my hat in cipers like an Aldermans heire, that's vile, very olde, in faith.

Bian. Ile learne of you shortly; O wee should haue a fine gallant of you, should not I instruct you: how will you beare your selfe when you come into the Duke of Florence Court?

Bili. Prowde ynough, and t'will do well ynough; as I walke vp and downe the chamber, Ile spit frownes about me, haue a strong perfume in my jerkin, let my beard grow to make me looke terrible, salute no man beneath the fourth button, and t'will do excellent.

Bian. But there is a very beautifull Lady there, how will you entertaine her?

Bili. Ile tell you that when the Lady hath entertainde me: but to fatisfie thee, heere comes the foole: foole thou shalt stand for the faire Lady.

Enter Passarello.

Pas. Your foole will stand for your Lady most willingly and most vprightly.

Bili. Ile salute her in Latine.

Pas. O your foole can vnderstand no Latine.

MALECONTENT.

Bili. I but your Lady can.

Passa. Why then if your Lady take downe your foole, your foole will stand no longer for your Lady.

Bili. A pestilent foole: fore God I thinke the world be turnde vp-side downe too.

Pass. O no sir; for then your Lady, and all the Ladies in the pallace should goe with their heeles vpward, and that were a strange sight you know.

Bili. There be many will repine at my preferment.

Pass. O I, like the enuie of an elder sifter that hath her yonger made a Lady before her.

Bili. The Duke is wondrous discontented.

Pass. I, and more melancholike, then a vsurer hauing all his mony out at the death of a Prince.

Bili. Didst thou see Madam *Floria* to day?

Pass. Yes, I found her repairing her face to day, the red vpon the white shewed as if her cheekes should haue beene serued in for two dishes of Barbaries in stewed broth, and the flesh to them a wood-cocke. *Exit.*

Bili. A bitter fowle: Come Madam, this night thou shalt inioy me freely, and to morrow for *Florence*.

Pass. What a naturall foole is hee that would be a paire of bodies to a womans petti-cote, to bee trustt and pointed to them. Well, Ile dog my Lord, and the word is proper: for when I fawne vpon him hee feedes me; when I snap him by the fingers, hee spittes in my mouth. If a dogges death were not strangling, I had rather bee one then a seruing-man: for the corruption of coine, is either the generation of a vsurer, or a low sic beggar.

SCENA SECVNDA.

*Enter Maleuole in some freeze gowne, whilst Bilio so
reades his Patent.*

Mal. I cannot sleepe, my eyes ill neighbouring lids
Will holde no fellowship: O thou pale sober night,
Thou that in sluggish fumes all fence doost sleepe:
Thou that giues all the world full leaue to play,
Vnbendst the feebled veines of sweatie labour;
The gally-slaue, that all the toilesome day,

MALECONTENT.

Tugges at his oare, against the stubburne waue,
 Straining his rugged veines, snores fast:
 The stooping fishe-man that doth barbe the field
 Thou makest winke sure: in night all creatures sleepe,
 Onely the Malecontent, that gainst his fate
 Repines and quarrells, alas hee's goodman tell-clocke,
 His fallow iaw-bones sinke with wasting mone,
 Whilst others beds are downe, his pillowes stone.

Bili: Maleuole.

Mal: Elder of *Israell*, thou honest defect of wicked nature
 and obstinate ignorance, when did thy wife let thee lie with *To Bilio, 6.*
 her?

Bili: I am going Ambassadour to *Florence*.

Mal: Ambassadour? now for thy countries honour: prethee
 do not put vp mutton & porridge in thy cloke-bagge: thy yong
 Lady wife goes to *Florence* with thee too, dooes she not?

Bili: No, I leave her at the pallace.

Mal. At the pallace? now discretion sheelde man, for Gods
 loue lets ha no more cuckolds: *ixmen* begins to put off his saf-
 fron robe, keepe thy wife i' the state of grace, hart a truth, I would
 sooner leaue my Ladie singled in a *Bordello*, then in the *Genoa*
 Pallace, sinne there appearing in her fluttish shape,
 Would soone grow loathsome, euen to blushes sence,
 Surfet would cloke intemperate appetite,
 Make the soule scent the rotten breath of lust.

When in an Italian lasciuious pallace, a Lady gardianlesse,
 Left to the push of all allurement,

The strongest incitements to immodestie,
 To haue her bound, incensed with wanton sweetes,
 Her veines sild hie with heating delicates:

Soft rest, sweete musicke, amorous Masquerers, lasciuious ban-
 quets, sinne it selfe gilt o're, strong phantasie tricking vp strange
 delights, presenting it dressed pleatingly to sence, sence leading
 it vnto the soule, confirmed with potent example, impudent cu-
 stome, inticed by that great bawde Opportunitie, thus being pre-
 parde, clap to her easie eare, youth in good clothes, well shapt,
 rich, faire-spoken, promising noble, ardent blood-full, wittie,
 flattering: *Vlisses* absent, O *Ithacan*, chaste *Penelope* hold out.

Bil: Masse Ile thinke on't, farewell.

Exit Bilio, 6.

Mal.

MALECONTENT.

Mal: Farewell, take thy wife with thee, farewell.
To Florence, ym? it may prouue good, it may,
And we may once vnmaske our browes.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Count Celzo.

Cel: My honourde Lord.

Mal: Celso peace, how ist? speake low, pale feares suspect that
hedges, walles and trees haue eares: speake, how runnes all?

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

The Duke, the too soft Duke lies as a blocke,
For which two tugging factions seeme to sawe,
But still the yron through the ribbes they draw.

Mal: I tell thee Celzo, I haue euer found
Thy breast most farre from shifting cowardice
And fearefull basenesse: therefore Ile tell thee Celzo,
I finde the winde beginnes to come about, (force,
Ile shift my suite of fortune, I know the Florentine whose onely
By marrying his prowde daughter to this Prince,
Both banisht me, and made this weake Lord Duke,
Will now forsake them all, be sure hee will:
Ile lie in ambush for conueniencie,
Vpon their seuerance to confirme my selfe.

Cel: Is Ferneze interred?

Mal: Of that at leisure: he liues.

Cel: But how standes Mendoza, how ist with him?

Mal: Faith like a paire of snuffers, snibbes filth in other men,
and retaines it in it selfe.

Cel: He doo's flie from publike notice me thinkes, as a hare
do's from houndes, the fecte whereon he flies betraies him,

Mal: I can tracke him Celso.

O my disguise fooles him most powerfully:
For that I seeme a desperate Malecontent,

MALECONTENT.

He faine would claspe with me; he is the true slaue
That will put on the most affected grace,
For some vilde second cause.

Enter Mendoza

Celso Hee's heere.

Mal. Giue place.

Illo, ho, ho, ho, arte there olde true penny? *Exit Celso.*
Where hast thou spent thy selfe this morning? I see flattery in
thine eies, and damnation in thy soule. Ha thou huge rascall!

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

Mal. As a scholler *futuens gratis*: How dooth the diuell goe

Men. Maleuole, thou art an arrant knaue.

Mal: Who I, I haue beene a Sergeant man.

Men. Thou art very poore.

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

Men: The Duke hates thee.

Mal: As *Irishmen* doe burn-crackes.

Men: Thou hast lost his amitie.

Mal: As pleasing as maids loose their virginie.

Me: Would thou wert of a lusty spirit, wold thou wert noble.

Mal: Why sure my blood giues me I am noble, sure I am of
noble kinde; for I finde my selfe possessed with all their qualities;
loue Dogs, Dice, and Drabs, scorne witte in stufte clothes, haue
beat my Shoemaker, knockt my Semsters, cuckold my Poteca-
ry, and vndone my Tayer. Noble, why not? since the Stoicke
saide, *Neminem seruum non ex regibus, neminem regem non ex seruis*
esse oriundum, only busie fortune towfes, and the prouident chan-
ces blends them together; ile giue you a familie; Did you ere see a
wel with two buckets, whilst one comes vp full to be emptied, an-
other goes downe empty to be filled; such is the state of all huma-
nitie: why looke you, I may be the son of some Duke; for beleue
me, intemperate lasciuious bastardy makes Nobilitie doubtfull:
I haue a lusty daring heart *Mendoza.*

Mendo: Let's graspe, I doe like thee infinitely, wilt inact one
thing for me?

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

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

Men: Murther the Duke.

Mal: My hearts wish, my soules desire, my fantasies dreame,
My blouds longing, the onely height of my hopes, how

MALECONTENT.

O God how? ô how my vnited spirites throng together,
So strengthen my resoluē.

Mendoza The Duke is now a hunting.

Mal. Excellent, admirable, as the diuell would haue it, lend me, lend me, Rapier, Pistoll, Crossebow; so, so, ile doe it.

Men. Then we agree.

Mal. As Lent & fishmongers, come a cape a pe, how in form

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

Mal: Vpon what merite?

Mendoza Merite! by heauen I horne him, onely *Fernex aēs* death gaue me states life: tut we are politique, hee must not liue now.

Mal. No reason mary: but how must he die now?

Men: My vtmost proiect is to murder the Duke, that I might haue his state, because he makes me his heire; to banish the duchesse, that I might be rid of a cunning Lacedemonian, because I know *Florence* will forsake her, and then to marry *Maria* the banished duke *Altoffons* wife, that her friends might strengthen me and my faction; this is all lawe.

Mal: Do you loue *Maria*?

Men: Faith no great affection, but as wise men do loue great women, to innoble their bloud, and augment their reuēnew: to accomplish this now, thus now. The Duke is in the Forrest next the Sea, single him, kill him, hurle him in the maine, and proclaime thou sawest woolues eate him.

Mal: Vm, not so good: mee thinkes when he is flaine, to get some hipocrite, some daungerous wretch thats muffled, or with fained holines, to sweare he heard the duke on some stiepe cliffe lament his wifes dishonour, and in an agony of his hearts torture hurled his groaning sides into the swolne sea: This circumstance wel made, sounds probable: and hereupon the Dutches.

Men: May well be banished: O vnperable invention rare, Thou god of pollicie, it honies me.

Mal: Then feare not for the wife of *Altoffont*, ile close to her.

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

Mal:

MALECONTENT.

Mal. Nay, make me some rich knaue, and ile make my selfe some great man.

Mend. In thee be all my spirit, retaine tenne soules, vnite thy virtuall powers; resolute, ha, remember greatnes: heart, farewell.

Enter Celzo.

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

Mal. Celzo, didst heare? O heauen, didst heare?
Such diuelish mischief, sufferest thou the world
Carowse damnation euen with greedie swallow,
And still doost winke, still duz thy vengeance slumber:
“ If now thy browes are cleare, when will they thunder! *Exie.*

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Pietro, Ferrard, Prepasso, and three Pages.

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

Pietro Would God nothing but the dogges were at it? let the Deere pursue safely, the dogs follow the game, and doe you follow the dogges; as for me, tis vnfit one beast should hunt another; I haue one chafeth me: and't please you, I would be ridde of you a little.

Ferr. Would your grieffe would as soone leaue you as we to quietnesse. *Exeunt.*

Pie. I thanke you; boy, what doost thou dreame of now?

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

Pietro What strange dreame?

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

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

Page My duetie: but still I dreamt on my Lord, and mee thought, and't shall please your excellencie, you would needs out of your royall bounty giue me that jewell in your hat.

Piet. O thou didst but dreame boy, do not beleue it, dreames prooue not alwayes true, they may hold in a short sword, but not in a jewell. But now sir, you dreamt you had pleased mee with singing, make that true as I haue made the other.

Page Faith my Lord, I did but dreame, and dreames you say prooue not alwayes true: they may hold in a good sword, but

not in a good song: the truth is, I ha lost my voyce.

Pietro Lost thy voyce, how?

Page With dreaming faith, but heere's a couple of Syrenicall rascalls shall inchaunt yee: what shall they sing my good Lorde?

Pietro Sing of the nature of women, and then the song shall be surely full of varietie; olde crochets and most sweete closes, it shall be humorous, graue, fantastike, amorous, melancoly, sprightly, one in all, and all in one.

Page All in one?

Pietro Birlady too many; sing, my speech growes culpable of vnthrifty idlenesse, sing.

SCENA QVINTA.

Song.

Enter Malcuole with Crossebow and Pistoll.

A, so, so, sing, I am heauie, walke off, I shall talke in my sleep; walke off.

Exeunt Pages.

Mal. Briefe, briefe, who? the Duke? good heauen that fooles should stumble vpon greatnesse! do not sleepe Duke, giue yee good morrow: you must be briefe Duke; I am feeed to murder thee, start not: *Mendoza, Mendoza* hired mee, heere's his gold, his pistoll, crossebow, and sword, tis all as firme as earth: O foole, foole, choakt with the common maze of easie ideots, Credulitie, make him thine heire: what thy sworne murtherer?

Pietro O can it be?

Mal. Can?

Pietro Discovered he not *Fernese*?

Mal. Yes; but why, but why, for loue to thee; much, much, to be reuenged vpon his riuall, who had thrust his jawes awrie, who being slaine, supposed by thine owne handes; defended by his sword, made thee most loathsome, him most gracious with thy loose Princeesse, thou closely yeelding egress and regress to her, madest him heire, whose hote vnquiet lust strait towzde thy sheetes, and now would seize thy state, politician, wise man, death to be led to the stake like a bull by the hornes, to make euen kindnesse cutte a gentle throte; lfe, why art thou nummed? thou fogg'e dulnesse, speake: liues not more faith in a home-thrusting tongue, than in these fencing tip tap Courtiers?

Enter

MALECONTENT.

Enter Celso with a Hermites gowne and beard.

Cel. Lord Malenole, if this be true.

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

Pie. World whither wilt thou?

Mal. Why to the diuell: come, the morne growes late,
A stodie quickenes is the soule of state.

Exeunt.

ACTVS QVARTVS SCE. PRIMA.

Enter Maquarelle knocking at the Ladies doore.

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

Page My Lady is vp forsooth.

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

Page I thinke foureteene.

Maq. Nay, and yee bee in the teenes: are yee a gentleman borne? do you know me? my name is Medam *Maquarelle*, I lie in the old cunny court.

See heere the Ladies.

Enter Beancha and Emilia.

Bean. A faire day to yee *Maquarelle.*

Emil. Is the Dutches vp yet *Centinell?*

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

Bean. Was he found in bed?

Maq. O no, but the villanous certaintie is, the doore was not bolted, the tongue-tied hatch held his peace: so the naked troth is, he was found in his shirt, whilst I like an arrand beast, lay in the outward chamber, heard nothing, and yet they came by mee in the dark, and yet I felt them not, like a sencelesse creature as I was. O beauties, looke to your buske-pointes, if not chastely, yet charily: be sure the doore bee bolted: is your Lord gone to *Florence?*

Bean. Yes *Maquarelle.*

Maq. I hope youle finde the discretion to purchase a fresh gowne for his returne: Now by my troth beauties I would ha ye once wise: he loues ye, pish: he is wittie, buble: faire proportioned, meaw: nobly borne, winde: let this be still your fixt position,

MALECONTENT.

esteeme me euery man according to his good gifts, and so ye shall euer remaine most deare, and most worthie to bee most deare Ladies.

Emil. Is the Duke returnd from hunting yet?

Maq. They say not yet.

Bean. Tis now in midst of day.

Emil. How beares the Dutches with this blemish now?

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

Bean. For dances?

Maq. Most true.

Emil. Most strange: see, heere's my seruant yong *Ferrard*: how many seruants thinkst thou I haue *Maquerelle*?

Maq. The more, the merrier: 't was well said; vse your seruants as you do your smockes, haue many, vse one, and change often, for thats most sweete and courtlike.

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

Bean. Sweete sir no voice of him as yet in Court.

Fer. T is very strange.

Bean. And how like you my seruant *Maquerelle*?

Maq. I thinke he could hardely draw *Vlisses* bow, but by my fidelitie, were his nose narrower, his eyes broader, his hands thinner, his lippes thicker, his legges bigger, his feete lesser, his haire blacker, and his teeth whiter, he were a tollerable sweete youth yfaith. And he will come to my chamber, I will reade him the fortune of his beard. *Cornets sounde.*

Fer. Not yet returnd I feare, but
The Dutches approacheth.

Enter Mendoza supporting the Dutchesse, Guerino: the Ladies that are on the stage rise: Ferrard Ushers in the Dutches, and then takes a Lady to treade a measure.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Aur. We will dance, musicke, we will dance.

Guer. *Les quanto* (Ladie) *penses bien, passa regis, or Beanebaes*
brawle. *Aurelia*

MALECONIENT.

Aur. We haue forgot the brawle.

Fer. So soone? it is wonder.

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

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

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

Enter Prepasso.

Aur. Musicke, musicke.

Pre. Who saw the Duke? the Duke?

Enter Equato.

Aur. Musicke.

Pre: The Duke, is the Duke returned?

Aur: Musicke.

Enter Celso.

Cel: The Duke is either quite inuisible, or else is not.

Aur. Wee are not pleased with your intrusion vppon our priuate retirement: wee are not pleased: you haue forgot your selues.

Enter a Page.

Celso Boy, thy master: where's the Duke?

Page Alas, I left him burying the earth with his spread ioylesse limbes: he tolde me, he was heauie, would sleepe, bid mee walke off, for that the strength of fantasie, oft made him talke in his dreatnes: I straight obeyed, nor euer saw him since: but where so e're he is, hee's sad.

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

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Maleuole and Pietro disguised like an Hermite.

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

Aur: Musicke.

Mal: Is't musicke?

Men: Giue prooffe.

Fer: How?

Cel: Where? *Pre:* When?

Mal. Rest in peace as the Duke duz, quietly sit: for my owne part I beheld him but dead; thats all: mary heere's one can giue you a more particular account of him.

Men. Speake holy father, nor let any browe within this presence

presence fright thee from the truth: speake confidently & freely.

Aur. We attend.

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

Men: Not.

Aur: On.

Piet: Me thinks I heare him yet, O female faith!
Go sow the ingratefull sand, and loue a woman?
And do I liue to be the skoffe of men?
To be the wittall cuckold, euen to hugge my poison?
Thou knowest O truth!
Sooner hard Steele will melt with Southerne windes;
A Sea-mans whistle calme the Ocean;
A towne on fire be extinct with teares,
Then women vow'd to blushlesse impudence,
With sweete behauiour and soft minioning,
Will turne from that where appetite is fixt.
O powerfull blood! how thou doost slaue their soule,
I washt an *Ethiope*, who for recompence,
Sullyde my name. And must I then be forc'd
To walke, to liue thus blacke: must, must, fie,
He that can beare with must, he cannot die.
With that he sigh'd too passionately deepe,
That the Dull ayre euen groan'd: at last he cries,
Sinke shame in seas, sinke deepe enough: so dies.
For then I viewd his body fall and sowe
Into the fomie maine, O then I saw
That which me thinks I see; it was the Duke,
Whom straight the nicer stomacht sea
Belcht vp: but then.

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

MALECONTENT.

Pie: Such was the Dukes sad fate.

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

Omnes Mendoza.

Cornets flourish.

Enter a guard.

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

To Aurelia.

Aur. Vngratefull. *Mendo.* Away.

Aur. Villaine heare me.

Prepasso and Guerino lead away the Dutches.

Men. Be gone, my Lords addresse to publike counsell,
Tis most fit,

The traine of Fortune is borne up by wit.

Away, our presence shall be sudden, haste.

All depart sauing Mendoza, Maleuole, and Pietro.

Mal. Now you egregious diuell, na ye murdering Polititian,
how doost Duke? how doost looke now? braue Duke yfaith.

Men. How did you kill him?

Mal. Slatted his braines out, then sowst him in the brinie sea.

Men: Braind him and drownd him too?

Mal. O t'was best, sure worke:

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

Men: A most sound braine-pan.
He make you both Emperours.

Mal: Make vs christians, make vs christians.

Men: He hoist ye, ye shall mount.

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

Men. Heere, take my ring vnto the Citadell,
Haue entrance to *Maria* the graue Dutches

MALECONTENT.

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

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

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

Men. Take *Maquavelle* with thee; for t'is found,
None cuttes a diamon, but a diamond.

Hermite, thou art a man for me, my confessor:

O thou selected spirit, borne for my good,
Sure thou wouldst make an excellēt Elder in a deformed church.

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

Pie. I am glad I was ordained for yee.

Men. Go to then, thou must know that *Maleuole* is a strange
villaine: dangerous, very dangerous: you see how broad a speakes,
a grosse jawde rogue, I would haue thee poison him: hee's like a
corne vpon my great toe, I cannot go for him: he must be kored
out, he must: wilt doo't, ha?

Pie. Any thing, any thing.

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

Pie. " Good deedes crawl, but mischiefe flies.

Enter Maleuole.

Exit Pietro.

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

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

Mal. How didst like the *Hermite*? a strange *Hermite* sirrah.

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

Mal. I, he must die.

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

Mal. And prouident.

Men. Yeaprouident; beware an hypocrite.

*A Church-man once corrupted, oh auoide
A fellow that makes Religion his stauking horse,*

*(shootes vn-
der his belly.)*

He

MALECONTENT.

He breedes a plague: thou shalt poison him.

Mal. Ho, it is wondrous necessary: how?

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

Mal: I runne.

Exit Malcuole.

Men. *We that are great, our sole selfe good still moues vs.*

They shall die both, for their desertis craues more
Than we can recompence, their presence still
Imbraides our fortunes with beholdingnesse,
Which we abhorre like deede, not doer: then conclude,
They liue not to cry out ingratitude.

One sticke burnes tother steele cuts steele alone:

T'is good trust few, but O, t'is best trust none.

Exit Mendoza.

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Maleuole and Pietro still disguised, at severall doores.

Mal: How do you? how doost Duke?

Piet: O let the last day fall, drop, drop on our cursed heads;
Let heauen vnclasp it selfe, vomit forth flames.

Mal: O do not rand do not turne plaier, there's more of them
than can well liue one by another alreadie.
What, art an infidell still?

Pie: I am amazde, strucke in a swowne with wonder: I am
commanded to poison thee.

Mal: I am commanded to poison thee at supper.

Pie. At supper?

Mal. In the Citadell,

Piet. In the Citadell?

Mal. Crosse capers, trickes, truth a heauen, hee would discharge vs as boyes do elderne gunnes, one pellet to stricke out another: of what faith art now? (in man.)

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

Men. In none but vsurers and brokers, they deceiue no man,
men take v'n for blood suckers, and so they are: now God deliuer me from my friends.

Pist. Thy friends?

Malen. Yes, from my friends, for from mine enemies ile deliuer my selfe. O, cutte-throate friendship is the ranckest villanie: Marke this *Mendoza*, marke him for a villaine; but heauen will send a plague vpon him for a rogue.

Pietro O world!

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

S C E N A Q V I N T A.

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

Aur. To banishment, ledde on to banishment.

Pietro Lady, the blessednesse of repentance to you.

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

If heauen should giue sufficiencie of grace
To cleere my soule, it would make heauen gracelesse:
My finnes would make the stocke of mercie poore;
O they would tire heauens goodnes to reclaime them:
Judgement is iust yet from that vast villane:
But sure he shall not misse sad punishment
Fore he shall rule. On to my cell of shame.

Pietro My cell tis Lady, where in steede of masks,
Musicke, tilts, tournies, and such courtlike shewes,
The hollow murmure of the checklesse windes
Shall groane againe, whilst the vnquiet sea
Shakes the whole rocke with foamy battery:
There Vsherlesse the ayre comes in and out:
The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weepe,
Whilst you behold true desolation:
A rocky barrenesse shall pierce your eyes,
Where all at once one reaches where he stands,
With browes the rooffe, both walles with both his handes.

Aurelia It is too good, blessed spirite of my Lord,
O in what orbe so ere thy soule is throuand,

Behold

Beholde me worthily most miserable:
 O let the anguish of my contrite spirite
 Intreate some reconciliation:
 If not, ô ioy, triumph in my iust grieffe,
Death is the end of moes, and teares reliefe.

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

Aurelia O heauen!

As the soule lou'd the body, so lou'd he,
 T was death to him to part my presence,
 Heauen to see me pleased:
 Yet I, like to a wretch giuen or'e to hell,
 Brake all the sacred rites of marriage,
 To clippe a base vngentle faithlesse villaine.

O God, a very Pagan reprobate:
 What should I say? vngratefull, throwes me out,
 For whom I lost soule, body, fame and honor:
 But tis most fit; why should a better fate
 Attend on any, who forsake chaste sheetes,
 Fly the embrace of a deuoted heart,

Ioynd by a solemne vow fore God and man,
 To taste the brackish bloud of beastly lust,
 In an adulterous touch? ô rauinous immodesty,
 Infatiate impudence of appetite;
*Looke, heeres your end, for marke what sap in dust,
 What sinne in good, euen so much loue in lust:*

Ioy to thy ghost, sweete Lord, pardon to me.

Celso Tis the dukes pleasure this night you rest in court.

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

Mal. Doe not weepe, kinde cuckold, take comfort man, thy
 betters haue beene *Beccoes*: *Agamemnon* Emperour of all the
 merry Greekes that tickeled all the true Troyans, was a *Cornuto*:
 Prince *Arthur* that cut off twelue Kings beardes, was a *Cornuto*:
Hercules, whose backe bore vp heauen, and got forty wenches
 with childe in one night.

Pietro Nay twas fifty.

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

Pietro Thou pinchest too deepe, arte too keene vpon me.

MALECONTENT.

Mal. Tut, a pittifull Surgeon makes a dangerous fore. He tent thee to the ground. Thinkest He sustaine my selfe by flattering thee, because thou art a Prince? I had rather followe a drunkard, and liue by licking vp his vomite, than by seruile flattery.

Pietro Yet great men ha doon't.

Mal. Great slaues feare better than loue, borne naturally for a coale-basket, though the common vsuer of Princes presence fortune hath blindly giuen them better place, I am vowed to be thy affliction.

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

Enter Biliofo.

Mal. Because you are an vsurping Duke.

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

Bil. Well returnde, I praise my horse.

Mal. What newes from the Florentines?

Biliofo I will conceale the great Dukes pleasure, onely this was his charge, his pleasure is, that his daughter die, Duke *Pietro* be banished, for banishing his blouds dishonour, and that Duke *Altofrons* be re-accepted: this is all, but I heare Duke *Pietro* is dead.

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

Biliofo Is *Mendoza* strongest?

Mal. Yet he is.

Biliofo Then yet He holde with him.

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

Biliofo Why then I would turne strait againe.

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

Mal. What religion wil you be of now?

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

Mal. O *Hercules!*

Bil. *Hercules?* *Hercules* was the sonne of *Iupiter* and *Alkmena.*

Mal. Your lordship is a very wittall.

Bilios. Wittall?

Mal. I, all-wit.

Bilios. *Amphitrio* was a cuckold.

Mal. Your lordship sweats, your yong Lady will gette you a cloth for your olde worships browes.

Exit Biliofo.

Heere's

Heeres a fellow to be damned, this is his inuolable maxime, (flatter the greatest, and oppresse the least:) a whorson flesh-fly, that still gnawes vpon the leane gawld backes.

Pietro Why doost then salute him?

Mal: Yfaith as bawdes goe to church, for fashion sake: come, be not confounded, thou arte but in danger to loose a dukedome: thinke this: This earth is the only graue and Golgotha wherein all things that liue must rot: tis but the draught wherein the heauenly bodies discharge their corruption, the very muckhill on which the sublunarie orbes cast their excrements: man is the slime of this dongue-pit, and Princes are the governors of these men: for, for our soules, they are as free as Emperours, all of one peece, there goes but a paire of sheeres betwixt an Emperor and the sonne of a bagge-piper, onely the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing makes the difference: now what arte thou like to loose?

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

Pie. I heere renounce for euer regencie:

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

To trip thy heeles vp with a diuinish slight.

For which I now from throne am throwne, world tricks abiure:

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

O I am change; for heerefore the dread power,

In true contrition I doe dedicate,

My breath to solitarie holinesse,

My lippes to praier, and my breasts care shall be,

Restoring *Altofront* to regencie.

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

Enter Ferneze and Celso.

undisguiseth

Altofront, Ferneze, Celso, Pietro.

himselfe.

Banish amazement; come, we foure must stand full shocke of Fortune, be not so wonder-stricken.

Pietro Dooth *Ferneze* liue?

Ferneze For your pardon.

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

Mal. Who doubts of prouidence,

That

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

That sees this change, a heartie faith to all:

He needes must rise, can no lower fall:

For still impetuous vicissitude

Towzeth the world, then let no maze intrude

Vpon your spirits: wonder not I rise;

For who can sincke, that close can temporize?

The time growes ripe for action, Ile detect

My priuatst plot; lest ignorance feare suspect:

Lets close to counsell, leaue the rest to fate,

Mature discretion is the life of state.

Exeunt.

A C T V S V . S C E N A I .

Enter Biliofo and Passarello.

Bili. Foole, how doost thou like my calse in a long stocking?

Passar. An excellent calse my Lord.

Bili. This calse hath beene a reueller this twenty yeere, when monsieur *Gundi* lay heere Ambassadour, I could haue carried a Lady vp and downe at armes end in a platter; and I can tell you there were those at that time, who to trie the strength of a mans backe, and his arme, would be coisterd: I haue measured calues with most of the pallace, and they come nothing neere mee; besides, I thinke there be not many armours in the Arsinall will fitte me, especially for the head-peece. Ile tell thee.

Passar. What my Lord?

Bili. I can eate stewd-broath as it comes seething off the fire; or a custard, as it comes reeking out of the oven; and I thinke there are not many Lordes can doe it: a good pomander alittle decayed in the scent, but six graines of muske grownd with rose-water, and temperd with alittle ciuit, shall fetch her againe presently.

Passar. O I, as a bawde with *aqua vite*.

Biliofo And what doost thou raile vpon the Ladies as thou wert wont?

Passar. I werè better roast a liue cat, and might doe it with more safety. I am as secret to thieues as their painting: theres *Maquarelle* oldest bawde, and a perpetuall beggar. Did you neuer heare of her trickes to be knowne in the Citie?

Biliofo Neuer.

Passar.

MALECONTENT.

Pasa. Why she gets all the Picture-makers to draw her picture, when they haue done, she most courtly findes fault with them one after another, and neuer fetcheth them: they in reuenge of this, execute her in Pictures as they doe in *Germanie*, and hang her in their shops: by this meanes is she better knowne to the stinkards, then if shee had beene five times carted.

Bilios. Fore God an excellent policie.

Pasa. Are there any Reuels to night my Lord.

Bilios. Yes.

Pas. Good my Lord giue me leaue to breake a fellows pate that hath abused me.

Bilio. Whose pate.

Pasa. Young *Ferrard* my Lord.

Belis. Take heed hee's very valiant, I haue knowne him fight eight quarrels in five dayes, beleue it.

Pasa. O is he so great a quarreller? why then hees an ar-rant coward.

Bali. How prooue you that?

Pasa. Why thus, He that quarrels seekes to fight; and he that seekes to fight, seekes to dye; and he that seekes to dye, seekes neuer to fight more; and he that will quarrell and seekes meanes neuer to answer a man more, I thinke hees a coward.

Bili. Thou canst prooue any thing.

Pas. Any thing but a ritch knaue, for I can flatter no man.

Bili. Well be not drunke good foole, I shall see you anon in the presence. *Exit.*

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

Mal. The Dutchman for a drunkard.

Maq. The Dane for golden lockes:

Mal. The Irishman for Vsquebath.

Maq. The Frenchman for the ()

Mal. O thou art a blessed creature, had I a modest woman to conceale, I would put her to thy custodie, for no reasonable creature would euer suspect her to be in thy company: ha,

MALECONTENT.

thou art a melodious *Maquerelle*, thou picture of a woman,
and substance of a beast.

Enter Pasarello.

Maque. O foole will ye be ready anon to go with me to the
reuels; the hal will be so pestred anone.

Pasarello. I as the countie is with Atturnies.

Male. What hast thou there foole.

Pasar. Wice, I haue learnt to drink since I went with my
Lord Embassador, Ile drinke to the health of madam maque-
relle.

Male. why thou wast wont to raile vppon her.

Pasar. I but since I borrow'd money of her.

Ile drinke to her health now as gentlemen visit brokers.

Or as knights send venison to the Citty.

Eather to take vp more money, or to procure longer forbea-
rance.

Male. Giue me the boule I drinke a health to *Altofront* our
deposed duke.

Pasar. Ile take it so? now ile begin a health to madam *Ma-
querelle*.

Male. Pew I will not pledge her.

Pasar. Why I pledgd your Lord.

Mal. I care not.

Pasar. Not pledge madam *Maquerelle*, why then will I
spew vp your Lord againe with this fooles finger.

Male. Hould Ile take it.

Maque. Now thou hast drunke my health; foole I am
friends with thee.

Pasar. Art? art?

When Griffon saw the reconciled que ane,

offeringe about his neck her armes to cast:

He threw of sword and hartes malignant streame,

and louely her below the loynes imbrast.

adew madam *Maqueaelle*.

Exit Pasarello.

Mal. And how doost thou thinke a this transformation of
state now.

Maq. Verily very well, for we women alwayes note, the
falling.

MALECONTENT.

falling of the one, is the rising of the other : some must be fatt, some must be leane, some must be fooles, and some must be Lordes, some must be knaues, and some must be officers : some must be beggars, some must be Knights : some must be cuckoldes, and some must be citizens : as for example, I haue two court dogges the most sawning curre, the one called Watch, th'other Catch : now I, like lady Fortune, sometimes loue this dogge, sometimes raise that dogge, sometimes fauour Watch, most commonly fancie Catch : now that dogge which I fauour I feede, and hee's so rauencous, that what I giue he neuer chawes it, gulpes it downe whole, without any relish of what he haz, but with a greedy expectation of what he shall haue : the other dogge, now :

Mal. No more dog, sweete Maquarelle, no more dog: and what hope hast thou of the duchesse Maria, will shee stoop to the Dukes lewre, will shee cove thinkst?

Maq. Let mee see, where's the signe now? ha ye ere a candler, where's the signe trow you.!

Mal. Signe! why is there any moment in that?

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

Enter Captaine.

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

Cap. Shee heere shall giue you enterview : I receiued the guardship of this Citadell from the good *Altofront*, and for

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his vse Ile keep't till I am of no vse.

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

Exit Captaine.

We attend, & what hope hast thou of this Dutches easinesse?

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

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

Maq. Let me see: heauen forgie vs our misdeeds: Heere's the Dutchesse.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Enter Maria and Captaine.

Mal. God blesse thee Lady.

Mar. Out of thy company.

Mal. We haue brought thee tender of a husband.

Mar. I hope I haue one already.

Maq. Nay, by mine honour Madam, as good ha nere a husband, as a banisht husband, hee's in an other world now. Ile tell yee Lady, I haue heard of a sect that maintained, when the husband was a sleepe, the wife might lawfully entertaine another man: for then her husband was as dead, much more when he is banished.

Mar. Vnhonest creature!

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

Mal. Mully, he that loues thee, is a Duke, *Mendoza*, he will maintaine thee royally, loue thee ardently, defend thee powerfully,

fully, marry thee sumptuously, & keep thee in despite of *Roscio clere* or *Dözel del Phæbo*:thers jewels, if thou wilt, so; if not, so.

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

Inforce me in the deepest dungeon dwell
Rather then heere, heere round about is hell.
O my dearst *Altofront*, where ere thou breath,
Let my soule sincke into the shades beneath,
Before I stainc thine honor, this thou hast;
And long as I can die, I will liue chaste.

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

Mar. She that can be enforc'd haz nere a knife?
She that through force her limbes with lust enroules,
Wants Cleopatres aspes and Pertiacs coales.

God amend you.

Exit with Captaine.

Mal. Now the feare of the diuell for euer goe with thee.
Marquerelle I tell thee, I haue found an honest woman faith
I perceiue when all is done, there is of women, as of all other
things: some good, most bad: some saints, some sinners: for as
now adaiies, no Courtier but haz his mistress, no Captaine but
haz his cockatrice, no Cuckold but haz his hornes, & no foole
but haz his feather: euen so, no womā but haz her weakeines &
feather too, no sex but haz his: I can hunt the letter no farder:
ô God, how loathsome this toying is to me, that a duke should
be forc'd to foole it: well, *Stultorum plena sunt omnia*, better
play the foole Lord, then be the foole Lord: now, where's your
sights Madam *Maquarelle*?

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

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

Mag. Marry, but ile tell yee now, you were too hot,

Mal. The fitter to haue enflamed the flaxwoman.

Mag. You were to boisterous, spleeny, for indeede.

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

Sooner earths fire heauen it selfe shall waste.

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

MALECONTENT.

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

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

Enter Biliofo.

Bili. Make way there the Duke returnes from the inthronmēt

Mal Out roage. *(Maleuole.*

Bil. *Maleuole.*

Mal. Hence yee grosse iawd pestantly, out go.

Bil. Nay sweete *Maleuole*, since my returne, I heare you are become the thinge I alwayes prophesied would be, an advanced virtue, a worthely imployed faithfulnessse a man a grace, deere friend.

Come; what? *Si quoties peccant homines* If as often as courtiers play the knaues honest men should be angrie. Why looke yee, we must collouge somtimes, forswear somtimes.

Mal. Be damd somtimes,

Bil. Right *Nemo omnibus horis sapit*. No man can be honest at all howers. Necessitie often depraues vertue;

Mal. I will commend thee to the Duke.

Bil. Do let vs be friends man,

Mal. And knaues man.

Bil. Right, let vs prosper and purchase, our lordships shall liue and our knauey be forgotten. *(shames him.*

Mal. He that by any wayes gets riches his meanes neuer

Bil. True.

Mal. For impudencie and faithlesnes are the maine stayes to greatnesse.

Bil. By the Lord thou art a profound ladd. *(damnatio.*

Mal. By the Lord thou art a perfect knaue. out yee antient

Bil. Peace, peace, and thou wilt not be a freinde to me as I am a knaue, be not a knaue to me as I am thy friend and disclose me, peace Cornets.

SCENA TERTIA.

Enter Prepasso and Ferrard, two pages with lights, Celso and Equato, Mendoza in Dukes robes. Biliofo and Guerrino. Exit all sauing Maleuole.

Mend.

MALECONTENT.

Mend. On on, leaue vs leaue vs: stay, wher is the Hermet?

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

Men. Is he dead? is he poysoned?

Mal. Dead as the Duke is,

Mend. Good, excellent: he will not blabbe, securenes liues in secrecie come hether, come hether.

Mal. Thou hast a certaine strong villanous sent about thee, my nature cannot indure. (our sute?)

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

Mal. Cold frostie, she is obstinate,

Mend. Then shees but dead, tis resolute, she dies,
Blacke deede onely through blacke deede, safely stes.

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

Mend. What art a scholier? art a polititian? sure thou art an arrand knaue.

Mal. Who I? I haue bene twice an vnder sherife, man.

Enter Maleuole and Mendoza:

Mend. Hast bin with *Maria*.

Male. As your scriuener to your vsurer I haue delt about taking of this commoditie, but shes could-frosty, well I will go raile vpon some great man, that I may purchase the bastinado, or else go marry some rich *Genoan* lady ard instantly go trauaile.

Mend. Trauaile when thou art married.

Mal. It tis your yong Lords fashion to do so, though he was so lasy being a batcheler, that he would neuer trauaile so farr as the Vniuersity yet when he married her tales of, and *Catsoe for England*.

Mend. And why for *England*?

Mal. Because there is no Prothelhouses there.

Mend. Nor Curtifans.

Mal. Neather; your whore went downe with the stewes and your punke came vp with your Puritan.

Men. Canst thou impoyson? canst thou impoyson?

Mal. Excellently, no lew, Potecary, or Politian better. looke ye, her's a box, who wouldst thou imponson? her's a box which opened, & the fume taken vp in condites, thorew which the braine purges it self, doth instantly for 12. houres space, bind vp all shew of life in a deep celses sleep: heres another which being

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opened vnder the sleepers nose, choaks al the power of life, kills him sodainely.

Enter Celfo.

Seems to
poyson
Maleuole.

Men. Ile try experiments, tis good not to be deceiued : so,
so, Catzo.

*Who would feare that may destroy, death hath no teeth, or tong,
And he thats great, to him are slaues
Shame, Murder, fame and wrong.* Celzo?

Cel. My honored Lord.

Men. The good *Maleuole*, that plain-tongued man, alas,
is dead on sodaine wondrous strangely, he held in our esteeme
good place. *Celfo* see him buried, see him buried.

Cel. I shall obserue yee.

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

To haue some prety shew, to solemnize
Our high instalement, some musike, maskcry :
Weele giue faire entertaine vnto *Maria*
The Duches to the banisht *Altofront* :
Thou shalt conduct her from the Citadell
Vnto the Pallace, thinke on some Maskery,

Cel. Of what shape, sweete Lord ?

Men. Why shape ? why any quicke done fiction,
As some braue spirits of the *Genoan* Dukes,
To come out of *Elizium* forsooth,
Led in by *Mercury*, to gratulate
Our happy fortune, some such any thing, some far set tricke,
good for Ladies, some stale toy or other, no matter so't bee of
our deuising.

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

Cel. All seruice.

Men. All thankes, our hand shall not be close to thee fare-
Now is my trechery secure, nor can we fall : (well.

*Mischiefe that prospers men do vertue call,
Ile trust no man, he that by trickes gets wreathes,
Keepes them with steele, no man securely breathes,
Out of deserued ranckes the crowde will mutter, foole:
Who cannot beare with spite, he cannot rule,
The chiefest secret for a man of state,
Is, to line sensles of a strenghtles hate.*

MALECONTENT.

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

Cel. My Lord, what strange dilusion ?

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

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

*Enter Prepasso and Bilioso, two pages before them
Maquar : Beancha and Emilia.*

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

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

Bil. Let him play the knaue a Gods name, thinkst thou
I haue no more wit then to strike a great fellow : the musike,
more lights, reueling, scaffolds : do you heare ? let there bee
othes enow readie at the doore, sweare out the diuell himself,
Lets leaue the Ladies, and go see if the Lords bee readie for
them. *All saue the Ladies depart.*

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

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

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

Emil. But is not Marshall Make-rome my seruant in reuer-
sion

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sion, a proper gentleman.

Maq. Yes in reuerfion as he had his office, as in truth he hath all things in reuerfion: hee haz his Miftris in reuerfion, his cloathes in reuerfion, his wit in reuerfion: and indeede is a futer to me, for my dogge in reuerfion: but in good verity la, he is as proper a gentleman in reuerfion as: and indeede, as fine a man as may be, hauing a red beard and a pair of wrapt legges.

Bean. But I faith I am most monftroufly in loue with count Quidlibet in Quodlibet, is he not a pretty dapper vnydle gallant?

Maq. He is euen one of the most busy fingered Lordes, he will put the beauties to the squeake most hiddeoufly.

Bil. Roome, make a lane there, the Duke is entring: stand handfomely for beauties sake, take vp the Ladyes there. So, cornets, cornets.

S C E N A Q V A R T A .

Enter Prepaffo ioynes to Bilioso, two pages and lights, Ferrard, Mendozo, at the other doore two pages with lights, and the Captaine leading in Maria, the Duke meetes Maria, and closeth with her, the rest fall backe.

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

Mar. What wouldst thou, thou affliction to our house?
Thou euer diuell, twas thou that banishedst
my truely noble Lord.

Men: I?

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

Men. Weele checke your too intemperate lauishnesse
I can

MALECONTENT!

I can and will.

Mar. What canst?

Men. Go to, in banishment thy husband dies.

Mar. He euer is at home that's euer wife,

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

Mar. Not meete?

(troule,

Shee that deere loues, her loue's still in her soule.

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

Mar. O saue me thou innated bashfulness,

Thou onely ornament of womans modesty.

Men. Modesty: Death Ile torment thee,

Mar. Do, vrge all torments, all afflictions trie,

Ile die my Lords, as long as I can die,

Mend. Thou obstinate, thou shalt die. Captaine, that Ladies

life is forfeited to Iustice, we haue axamined her,

And we do finde, she hath impoysoned

The reuerend Hermit: therefore we commaund

Seuerest custodie. Nay, if youle dooes no good,

Youst dooes no harme, a Tirants peace is bloud.

Mar. O thou art mercifull, O gracious diuell,

Rather by much let me condemned be

For seeming murder, than be damn'd for thee.

Ile mourne no more, come girt my browes with floures,

Reucll and daunce; soule, now thy wish thou hast,

Die like a Bride, poore heart thou shalt die chaste.

Enter Aurelia in mourning habit.

Aur. Life is a frost of coulde felicitie,

And death the thaw of all our vanity,

Wast not an honest Priest that wrote so?

Men. Who let her in?

Bili. Forbeare.

Pre. Forbeare

Aur: Alas calamity, is euerly where.

Sad miserie dispight your double doores,

Will enter euen in court.

Bili. Peace.

Aur. I ha done? one word, take heede, I ha done.

Enter Mercurie with lowde musicke.

Mer. Cillenian Mercurie, the God of ghosts,
From gloomie shades that spread the lower coasts,
Calls foure high famed *Genoan* Dukes to come

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And make this presence their *Elizium*:
To passe away this high triumphall night,
With song and daunces, courtes more soft delight.

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

Bil. Mercurie shall be your lawyer, Lady.

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

Pre. Peace, forbear: *Mercurie* presents the maske.

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

Men. Celfo, Celfo, count *Maria* for our loue; Lady, be gra-
tious, yet grace.

* *Mar.* With me Sir?

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

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

Death gines eternity a glorious breath:
O, to die honourd, who would feare to die.

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

Mend. Yes beleue him Lady, and be rulde by him.

* *Pietro.* Madam, with me?

Aur. Wouldst then be miserable?

Pietro. I neede not wish.

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

Pietro. Poore loued soule.

Aur. What, wouldst court misery?

Pietro. -Yes.

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

Pietro. Lady, ha done, ha done.

Come, lets dance, be once from sorrow free.

Aur. Art a sad man.

Maleuole
takes his
wife to
daunce.

Pietro takes
his wife
Aurelia to
daunce.

MALCONTENT.

Pietro. Yes sweet.

Aur. Then weele agree.

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

Fer. Beleeue it Lady, shall I sweare, let me inioy you in
priuate, and Ile mary you by my soule. To Beancha.

Bean. I had rather you would sweare by your body: I
thinke that would proue the more regarded othe with you.

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

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

Fer. Faith, sweet creature, let me inioy you to night, and Ile
mary you to morow fortnight, by my troth la.

Mag. On his troth la, beleeue him not, that kinde of cun-
nicatching is as stale as fir Oliuer Anchoues perfumde ierken:
promise of matrimony by a yong gallant, to bring a virgin La-
dy into a fooles paradise: make her a great woman, and then
cast her off: tis as common as naturall to a Courtier, as ielofie to
a Citizen, gluttony to a Puritan, wisdome to an Alderman, pride
to a Tayler, or an empty handbasket to one of these sixpeny
damnations: of his troth la, beleeue him not, traps to catch
polecats.

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

Mar. O my *Altofront*.

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

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

Pietro. Peace, next change, no words.

Mar. Speach to such, ay, O what will affordes?

Cornets sound the measure ouer againe: which danced
they vnmaske.

Men. *Maleuole?* They enuiron Mendozo, ben-
ding their Pistolles on him.

Mal. No, Cornets a flourish.

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

All. Duke *Altofront, Duke Altofront.*

Men. Are we surprizde? what strange delusions mocke
Our senses, do I dreame? or haue I dreamt. They seize up-
on Mendozo.

This two dayes space? where am I?

MALECONTENT.

Mal. Where an arch-villaine is.

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

For peace with heauen, for your owne soules sake,
Vouchsafe me life.

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

Mal. Base treacherous wretch, what grace canst thou ex-
That hast growne impudent in gracelcsnesse. (pe&

Mend. O life!

— *Mal.* Slaue, take thy life.

wert thou defenced through blood and woundes,
the sternest horror of a ciuell fight.

Would I atcheeue thee: but prostrat at my feete

Iforne to hurt thee: tis the heart of slaues

That daines to triumph ouer peasants graues.

For such thou art, since birth doth neere inrole

A man mong monarkes, but a glorious soule.

O I haue scene strange accidents of state,

The flatterer like the Iuy clip the Oke,

And wast it to the hart: lust so confirm'd

That the black act of sinne it selfe not shamd

To be termde Courtship.

O they that are as great as be their sinnes,

Let them remember that th'inconstant people,

Loue many Princes meereley for their faces,

And outward shewes: and they do couet more

To haue a sight of these then of their vertues,

Yet thus much let the great ones still conceale,

When they obserue not Heauens imposd conditions,

They are no Kings, but forfeit their commissions.

Maque. O good my Lord, I haue liued in the Court this
twenty yeare, they that haue beene olde Courtiers and come
to lue in the Cittie, they are spighted at and thrust to the wals
like Apricokes, good my Lord.

Bili. My Lord, I did know your Lordship in this disguise, you
heard me euer say if *Altofront* did returne I would stand for
him: besides twas your Lordships pleasure to call me Wittoll
and Cuckold; you must not thinke but that I knew you I
would haue put it vp so patiently.

Your

MALECONTENT.

* To Pietro & Aurelia. § You ore-joy'd spirits wipe your long wet eyes,
 Hence with this man: an Eagle takes not flies. *kicks out Mend.*
 To Pietro You to your'vowes: And thou vnto the suburbs, *To Maq.*
 & Aurelia. You to my worst friend I would hard'y giue: *To Bilioso.*
 Thou art a perfect olde knaue, all pleased liuc.
 * To Celso & the Captain. * You two vnto my breast: thou to my hart. *To Maria.*
 The rest of idle actors idly part,
 And as for me I here assume my right,
 To which I hope all's pleas'd: to all goodnight.
Cornets a flourish. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

An imperfect Ode, being but one staffe, spoken
 by the Prologue.

TO wreast each hurtlesse thought to priuate sence,
 Is the foule use of ill bred Impudence:
*Immodest censure now growes wilde,
 allouer-running.*
*Let Innocence be nere so chaste;
 Yet at the last
 She is defild.*
With too nice-brained cunning.
*O you of fairer soule
 controule*
*With an Herculean arme
 this harme:*
 And once teach all olde freedome of a pen,
 Which still must write of fooles, whilst writes of men.

Epilogus.

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

Then let not too seuerer an eye peruse,
The slighter brakes of our reformed Muse,
Who could her selfe, hir selfe of faultes detect,
But that she knowes tis easie to correct.
Though some mens labour: troth, to erre is fit,
As long as wisdom's not professd, but wit.
Then till an others happier Muse appeares,
Till his Thalia feast your learned eares,
To whose desertfull Lampes pleas'd fates impart.
Art aboue Nature, Iudgment aboue Art,

Receiue this peece which hope, nor feare yet daunteth,
He that knows most, knows most how much he

(wanteth.

FINIS.





