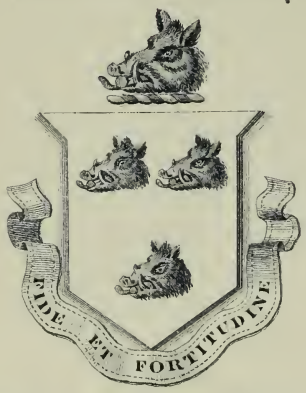

K. 4. 1. Hamlets Soliloquy on Yorick's Skull imitated. The Devil, invisible to the company, but seen by the Spectators; compare this with Macbeth seeing the Spirit of Banquo, and Hamlet that of his father, whilst at the same time it is invisible to his Mother.

Note Communicated by Mr. Rodd.

Carnegie Library

THE DIVILS CHARTER:

A TRAGÆDIE

Conteining the Life and Death of *Pope* ALEXANDER *the ſixt.*

As it was plaide before the Kings Maieſtie, vpon Candlemaſſe night laſt: by his Maieſties Seruants.

But more exactly reuewed, corrected, and augmented ſince by the Author, for the more pleaſure and profit of the Reader.

AT LONDON
Printed by G.E. for *Iohn Wright*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in New-gate market, neere Chriſt church gate. 1607.

TO THE
HONORABLE AND HIS
VERY DEARE FRIENDS
SIR WILLIAM HERBERT,
AND SIR WILLIAM
POPE *KNIGHTS*,
ASSOCIATES IN THE
NOBLE ORDER OF
THE BATHE.

B*ARNABE BARNES* CONSE-
CRATETH HIS LOVE.

The Tragædie of *Alexander* the 6.

PROLOGVS.

GRacious spectators doe not heere expect,
Visions of pleasure, amorous discourse:
Our subiect is of blond and Tragedie,
Murther, foule Incest, and Hypocrisie.
Behold the Strumpet of prond Babylon,
Her Cup with fornication foaming full
Of Gods high wrath and vengeance for that euill,
Which was imposd vpon her by the Diuill.

Francis Guicchiardine.

SEnt from the Christall Palace of true *Fame*,
And bright Starre-Chamber of eternall soules,
Seuerd from Angels fellowship awhile,
To dwell with mortall bodies here on earth:
I *Francis Guicciardine* a *Florentine*,
Am by the powerfull and commanding Muse,
(Which beareth domination in our soules)
Sent downe to let you see the Tragedie,
Of *Roderigo Borgia* lately Pope,
Calld the sixt *Alexander*, with his sonne
Proud *Cæsar*: to present vnto your eyes,
Their faithlesse, fearelesse, and ambitious liues:
And first by what vngodly meanes and Art,
Hee did attaine the Triple-Diadem,
This vision offerd to your eyes declares.

Hee with a siluer rod mooueth the ayre three times.

Enter,

At one doore betwixt two other Cardinals, Roderigo *in his purple habit close in conference with them, one of which hee guideth to a Tent, where a Table is furnished with diuers bagges of money, which that Cardinall beareth away: and to another Tent the other Cardinall, where hee deliuereth him a great quantity of rich Plate, imbraces, with ioyning of hands.* Exeunt *Card.* Manet Roderigo.

To whome from an other place a Moncke with a magical booke and rod, in priuate whispering with Roderick, *whome the Monke draweth to a chaire on midst of the Stage which hee circleth, and before it an other Circle; into which (after semblance of reading with exorcisme) appeare exhalations of lightning and sulphurous smoke in midst whereof a diuill in most vgly shape: from which* Roderigo *turneth his face, hee beeing coniured downe after more thunder and fire, ascends another diuill like a Sargeant with a mace vnder his girdle:* Roderigo *disliketh. Hee discendeth: after more thunder and fearefull fire, ascend in robes pontificall with a triple Crowne on his head, and Crosse keyes in his hand: a diuill him ensuing in blacke robes like a pronotary, a cornerd Cappe on his head, a box of Lancets at his girdle, a little peece of fine parchment in his hand, who beeing brought vnto* Alexander, *hee willingly receiueth him; to whome hee deliuereth the wryting, which seeming to reade, presently the Pronotary strippeth vp* Alexanders *sleeue and letteth his arme bloud in a saucer, and hauing taken a peece from the Pronotary, subscriberh to the parchment; deliuereth it: the remainder of the bloud, the other diuill seemeth to suppe vp; and from him disroabed is put the rich Cap the Tunicle, and the triple Crowne set vpon* Alexanders *head, the Crosse-keyes deliuered into his hands; and withall a magicall booke: this donne with thunder and lightning the diuills discend:* Alexander *aduanceth himselfe, and departeth.*

Guicchiardine.

Thus first with golden bribes he did corrupt
The purple conclaue: then by diuelish art
Sathan transfigur'd like a *Pronotarie*
To him makes offer of the triple Crowne
For certaine yeares agreed betwixt them two.
The life of action shall expresse the rest.

ACT.

ACTVS. I. SCÆN. I.

Enter marching after drummes & trumpets at two seuerall places, King Charles *of France*, Gilbert Mompanseir, *Cardinall of Saint* Peter ad Vincula: *soldiers: encountring them* Lodowik Sforza, Charles Balbiano, *the King of France and* Lodowike *embrace.*

Char. Renouned *Lodowik* our warlike Couzen,
Auspiciously encountred on the skirtes
Of *Piedmont*, we greete you ioyfully.
Lodo. Thrise and foreuer most renowned *Charles*,
A faithfull tongue from an vnfained heart
As a iust herrold full of truth and honor
On the behalfe of forlorne *Italie*
Needing and crauing at your Princely hands,
The patronage and true protection
Of such a Potent and victorious King
Humbly salutes your royall Maiesty.
The shippe of which some-time well guided state,
Is through tempestious times malignity
By worthlesse Pilots, foolish Gouerners
Mutually factious, like to sinck through Schisme
Into the bottome of the blacke abisme
Through th' imposition of necessity.
Do not, oh do not then (most Christian *Charles*)
Do not forsake hir holding vp hir hands
For succor to your royall Clemency:
Hir sayles are rent, mastes spent and rudder brooke
And vnder water such wide open leakes
As vnder water soone will make her sinke.
Hauing beene bilg'd vpon so many shelues,
So torne, so rotten and so long vnrig'd,
And playing with the waues to and againe
As one not gouerned with helpe of helme.
One then whome nature in his vowes to God,
Hath tied to tender her forlorne estate
With eyes fore-seeing and compassionate,

Retenders her to your high Maieſtie,
A Chriſtian Prince ſo wiſe ſo valiant:
Vndoubted heire vnto the Crowne of *Naples*,
By lawfull right of that greate houſe of *Anion*:
Of which your grace is well knowne lawfull heire,
By th'iſſues of that *Charles* the firſt, that firſt
Of the bloud royall of the Crowne of *France*,
Obtain'd that Kingdome ages manie paſt.
Theſe reaſons weare with *Lodowik Sforza* mou'd,
To moue your Maieſty with martiall force
To paſſe theſe mountaines to poſſeſſe your owne.
March then moſt Chriſtian and renowned Prince,
Aduance thy lilly ſtandard potent King:
And ſince all ſkandalls are remou'd and cleer'd,
Strike vp your cheerefull drummes and march along
In Gods name; with good auſpices of Saint *Denys*,
I know you doubt not mine integrity:
Can more groſſe error reſt in pollicy.
Then firſt to raiſe a turbulent ſharpe ſtorme,
And vnaduiſedly to leaue defence
To doubtfull chance and poſſibilities.
To broach ſtrong poyſon is too dangerous,
And not be certeine of the preſent vertue
Which is contained in his Antidot.
Wilde fire permitted without limmit burnes,
Euen to conſume them that firſt kindled it:
I did aduiſe you, I inducted you,
And *Lodowike*, which brought you on with honor,
Will bring you of with triumph and renowne.

Char. Embrace me Couzen *Sforza*: by the ſoules
Of my forefathers I reioyce as much
In thy deare friendſhip and wiſe induſtrie,
As in the more parte of my patrimonie:
Courage togither let vs ſhare all one,
In life, in death, in purchaſe or in none.

Enter a Meſſenger with letters to Charles.

Theſe newes are fortunate for *Daubigny*,
Aduertiſeth how that the Coloneſes,

Although

(Although *Alfonso* did accord with them,)
Declared haue them-selues for *France* and vs,
Without dissembling or hypocrisie.
Lodo. Why this was it I did expect great *Charles*,
Our armies and our friends haue beene long sowne,
The ground well plowed, the blade is full come vp,
And doubt not we shall haue a ioyfull harvest.
Char. Coosen *Montpansier*
March with your regiments to *Pontremoli*.
Expect vs, or from vs directions,
To meete our forces, when wee come neere *Florence*,
There shall you finde the *Swisse* with their Artillerie,
Newly by sea brought vnto *Spetia*,
Come Coosen march we cheerefully together,
Faire is the way, faire fortune, and faire wether,

Mompansier *with some souldiers and Ensignes before.*
King Charles *with* Lodowike *and his soldiers after.*

SCENA. 2.

Enter 2. Gentlemen with Libels in their hands.

1. *Gent.* Nay such prophane and monstrous *Sodomie*,
Such obscure Incest and Adultery,
Such odious Auarice and perfidie,
Such vinolence and brutish gluttony,
So barren of sincere integritie.
2. *Gent.* In whom there is no shame nór veritie,
Faith nor religion, but meere cruelty?
Immoderate ambition, guilfull treacherie,
Such prophanation and Apostacie,
And in all falsehood such dexteritie.
1. *Gent.* As heauens detest, and men on earth distaste.
2. *Gent.* Such impious sacriledge, such adulation:
1. *Gent.* Of all good men such detestation.
2. *Gent.* Such Magick skill, such diuilish incantation.
1. *Gent.* Apparant figures of damn'd reprobation.
2. *Gent.* As in all thoughts is thought abhomination.

1. *Gent.* Time

1.*Gent*. Time will out-ſtrip vs ; for the morning ſtarre,
Portends the mounting of faire *Phœbus* Carre.
2.*Gent*. Haſt we, for danger drawne on by delay,
Admits no time to tarry till cleere day.
1.*Gent*. Fix on your Papers, theſe for *Alexander*
And his ambitious *Cæſar* : ſet on yours.
Hale reuerent Paſquill, Idoll of Iritie, *As hee fixeth on his*
Accept theſe ſacrifices which we bring. *papers.*
2.*Gent*. Theſe be ſinne offrings figuring foule vice.
Oh glorious guider of the golden Spheres,
And thou that from thy pretious lyricke ſtrings
Makes Gods and men in heauen and earth to dance
With ſacred touch of ſweeteſt harmony:
Pitty theſe times, by whoſe malignitie,
We looſe our grace, and thou thy dignity.
1.*Gent*. High Muſe, which whilome vertues patronized,
In whoſe eternall rowles of memory
The famous acts of Princes were comprized
By force of euer-liuing Hiſtorie:
What ſhall wee doe to call thee backe againe?
True Chronicler of all immortall glory,
When here with mortall men nought is deuiſ'd,
But how all ſtories with foule vice to ſtaine:
So that alas thy gratious Oratorie,
Which with meere truth and vertue ſimpathiz'd,
Is ſilent ; and wee Poets now with paine,
(Which in *Caſtalian* Fountaines dip'd our quilles)
Are forc'd of mens impietie to plaine ;
And well thou woteſt, wrought againſt our wills,
In rugged verſe, vile matters to containe:
And herein lurkes the worſt of mortall ills,
That *Rome* (which ſhould be Vertues Paradice)
Bare of all good, is wilderneſſe of vice.
2.*Gent*. How luculent and more conſpicuous
Euen then the ſunne, in cleereſt Maieſtie,
His vehement and more then helliſh thirſt
Soaring to pearch vpon the ſpire of honour
Diſplaies his baſtard wings: and in that neſt

Where

Where princely Fawlcons, or *Ioues* kingly Birds,
Should hatch their young ones, plants his rauenous Harpies,
His graceleſſe, impious, and diſaſtrous ſonnes,
Euen in the ſoueraigne Chaire of domination.

1. *Gent.* But chiefly one, that diueliſh Cardinall,
Proud *Cæſar*, farſt, with fierce impietie:
His Oracle and inſtrument of ſhame
In all nefarious plotts and practiſes,
Is now become as wicked as himſelfe:
But haſt we now, leaſt any ſhould ſuſpect.

2. *Gent.* Much conference with *Paſquill* may detect vs.

Exeunt.

SCÆNA. 3.

Enter Giſmond di Viſſelli, *and after him* Barbaroſſa.

Bar. *Dio vi guarda Signior illuſtriſſimo:* whether in ſuch haſt my noble Lord thus early?

Giſ. *Signior Barbaroſſa* in happy time well encountred, for I haue ſome buſineſſe this morning with my brother the Duke of *Candie*, wherein I would both vſe your counſell and countenance.

Bar. My good Lord *Viſelli*, the countenance of your deuoted poore friend, is of leſſe value then his counſell, yet both of very ſmall validity: ſuch as they be, with his life and beſt fortunes he ſincerely ſacrificeth all to your ſeruice.

Giſ. Pardon mee deere ſir no ſeruice more then reciprocall, and in due paritie betwixt vs, and ſince wee be ſo neere it, let vs not paſſe *Paſquill* without an *Aue*: what ſcandalous hyeroglyphickes haue wee heere?

A. S. P. M.
Auritia, Superbia, Perfidia, Malitia,
Alexander, Sextus, Pontifex, Maximus.

Againſt my Lord the Popes holineſſe ſuch blaſphemous impudence, ſuch intollerable bitterneſſe!

M. P. S. A. Theſe are the ſame letters with the firſt beginning at the laſt, *Magnum Petrum Sequitur Antichriſtus. Phy Diabolo*, our bleſſed *Alexander* (beeing *Saint Peeters* ſucceſſor) this diuiliſh libeller calls *Antichriſt.*

Bar. Pause there my Lord a litle, some-what here concernes my Lord the Cardinall *Borgia.*

Gis. Read it good *Barbarossa.*

Bar. *Alexander Cæsarem suum Galero et purpura donauit vt menstruoso spiritus sui veneno vniuersum simul conclaue suffocaret.*

Gis. Oh most intollerable abhomination?

Bar. *Allexander* adopted his sonne *Cæsar* into the fellowship of Cardinalls, that he with the menstruous poyson of his breath might choake the whole Conclaue.

Gis. By the blessed alter of Saint *Peeter* this villanie surpasseth patience.

Bar. My Lord here's a long libell.

Gis. Read it good *Barbarossa*: more mischeife of my wife, nay read it.

Bar. *Quid mirum?* Romæ *facta est* Lucretia Thais,
Vnica Alexandri *filia, sponsa nurus.*
The same in effect inseueth.
Welcome good Post from *Rome* tell vs some newes,
Lucrece is turned *Thayis* of the stewes:
In whome her father *Alexander* saw,
His onely daughter, wife, and daughter in law,
Shall I read on my Lord? here is much more.

Gis. Nay read out all, it is but of a whore.

Bar. *Francesco di Gonsaga* was the first,
That married *Lucrece Alexanders* daughter,
And yet the Pope those bains of bridale burst,
And made of marriage sacrament a laughter,
His reason was because that fellow poore,
Lackt maintenance for such a noble whore.

Gis. Malignant aspect of vngratious stars,
Why haue you poynted at my miseries?

Bar. Haue patience good my Lord and here the rest,

Gis. *Patienza per forza*, but this wounds to th'quick.

Bar. *Iohn Sforza* now Lord *Marques* of *Pescare*,
Was second husband to this ioly dame,
Of natures faculties he being bare,
In like state with his predecessor came,
Because he, when he should haue writ his mind,

Paper

Paper well might; but pen or incke none finde.
Gis. Oh villainies of monstrous people,
Fashions and times deformed and vnseasonable,
Bar. Yet my Lord a little haue patience in your owne cause
Gis. Mallice performe thy worst least comming late,
I with anticipation crosse that fate. Read it, toot man.
Bar. *Gismond Viselli*, nobly descended,
Is for his shamefull match much discommended.
For neuer was the shamelesse *Fuluia*,
Nor *Lais* noted for so many wooers,
Nor that vnchast profuse *Sempronia*.
A common dealer with so many dooers,
So proud, so faithlesse, and so voyd of shame,
As is new brodell bride *Lucretia*,
Take to thee *Gismond* both the skorne and shame,
And liue long ielous of *Lucretia*.
With pushing hornes keepe out all commers in,
For now thy mortall miseries begin.
Gis. Mortall miseries? but we are all mortall,
Fortune I scorne thy malice, and thy meed,
Keepe them vp safe that I may shew them to his holines,
Is this the licence which our citty *Rome*
Hath giuen to beastly *Bardes*, and satyrists,
Ribbaldly Rimesters, and malicious curs,
To leaue no state of Church nor seculer,
Free from their ordure, and polution.
Good *Barbarossa* beare me Company:
Exile and Punishment for such base poets,
And stripes with wiery scourges were too litle.
Which breathing here in *Rome*, and taking grace:
From the faire Sunne-shine of this hemisphere,
Contaminate that ayre with their vile breath.
Obumbrating this light by which they liue,
If these were truth: this times impietie,
May soone sincke downe vnder the diety. *Exeunt.*

SCÆN. 4.

Alexander *in his ſtudy with bookes, coffers, his triple Crowne vpon a cuſhion before him.*

Alex. With what expence of money plate and iewels
This Miter is attayn'd my Coffers witneſſe:
But *Aſtaroth* my couenant with thee
Made for this ſoule more pretious then all treaſure,
Afflicts my conſcience, O but *Alexander*
Thy conſcience is no conſcience; if a conſcience,
It is a leoprouſe and poluted conſcience.
But what? a coward for thy conſcience?
The diuill is witneſſe with me when I ſeald it
And cauteriz'd this conſcience now ſeard vp
To baniſh out faith, hope and charity;
Vſing the name of Chriſtian as a ſtale
For *Arcane* plots and intricate deſignes
That all my miſty machinations
And Counſels held with black *Tartarian* fiends
Were for the glorious ſunne-ſhine of my ſonnes;
That they might mounte in equall parralel
With golden maieſty like *Saturnes* ſonne
To darte downe fire and thunder on their foes.
That, that was it, which I ſo much deſir'd
To ſee my ſonnes through all the world admir'd,
In ſpight of grace, conſcience, and *Acheron*
I will reioyce, and triumph in my Charter.

Alexander readeth.

Sedebis Romæ Papa, ſumma in fælicitate tui et Filiorum annos 11. *et* 7. *dies* 8. *poſt morieris. Prouiſo quod nunquam te ſignes tremendæ Crucis ſigno.*

Aſtaroth.

The diuill prouideth in his couenant
I ſhould not croſſe my ſelfe at any time;
I neuer was ſo ceremonious.
Well this rich Miter thought it coſt me deare
Shall make me liue in pompe whilſt I liue heere.

Holla

Holla *Bernardo*? *He tincketh a bell.*
Call hether my two sonnes the Duke of *Candy* and the
Cardinall of *Valence*.
Happie those sonnes whom fathers loue so well
That for their sakes they dare aduenture hell.

Enter the Duke *of* Candy *and* Cæsar Borgia
striuing for priority.

Come my deare sonnes the comfort of my life
Yours is this earthly glory which I hold.
Cannot the spacious boundes of *Italy*
Diuided equally containe you both?
From *France* and *Swisserland* I will beginne
With *Naples* and those Townes in *Peidmont*
And all the signories in *Lombardy*
From *Porta di Volane* to *Sauona*
And *Genes* on th' other side of *Italy*
Vpon the *Mediterranean* towards *Greece*;
Allotted *Candy* for his patrimony.
And in *Romania* from *Pontremolie*
And *Prato* to faire *Florence*; and from thence
In *Tuskany* within the Riuer *Narre*
And fruitfuil *Arno* those sweete Prouinces
Euen to Mont *Alto*, *Naples*, *Policastro*
And *Petrasalia* in *Calabria*
The furthest of home of *Italy* for *Cæsar*.
Gaine dubble strength with your vnited loues
Loue one another boies you shal be Kings:
Fortune hath beene auspicious at my birth
And will continue gratious to mine end.
Castor and *Pollux* would not liue in Heauen
Vnlesses they might be stellified togither,
You for a little-turse of earth contend
When they togither shine the welkin cleeres:
And gentle gales beare fourth the winged sailes,
But when they shine a parte they threaten stormes
And hiddeous tempests to the Marriners
Castor would not be called but *Pollux Castor*
And *Castor Castors Pollux*: so my *Candy*

Be *Cæsars Candy*, *Cæsar*, *Candies Cæsar*,
With perfect loue, deare boyes loue one another
So either shal be strengthened by his brother.
Cæ. Most blessed reuerend and renowned father,
The loue by nature to my brother *Candy*,
Enforceth me some-times in plainer sort
To cleere my conscience issuing from pure loue,
It is meere loue which mooues these passions,
When I do counsell or aduise your good.
Ca. I know deere brother when your counsell tends
Vnto my good, it issueth from pure loue.
Cæ. As when I tax your princely conscience
Like an vnpitted penetentiarie,
Brother with reuerence of his Holinesse
Your heart is too much spic'd with honesty.
Alex. I and I feare me he will find it so,
Your brother *Cæsar* tells you very true:
You must not be so ceremonious
Of oathes and honesty, Princes of this world
Are not prickt in the bookes of conscience,
You may not breake your promise for a world:
Learne this one lesson looke yee marke it well,
It is not alwaies needfull to keepe promise,
For Princes (forc'd by meere necessity
To passe their faithfull promisses) againe
Forc'd by the same necessity to breake promise.
Cæ. And for your more instructiōs learne these rules!
If any Cedar, in your forrest spread,
And ouer-peere your branches with his top,
Prouide an axe to cut him at the roote,
Suborne informers or by snares intrap
That King of Flies within the Spiders Webbe;
Or els insnare him in the Lions toyles.
What though the multitude applaud his fame:
Because the vulgar haue wide open eare's
Mutter amongst them and possesse their hearts
That his designements wrought against the state
By which yea wound him with a publicke hate.

So

So let him perish, yet seeme pittifull
Cherrish the weakenesse of his stocke and race
As if alone he meritted disgrace.
Suffer your Court to mourne his funeralls,
But burne a bone-fire for him in your Chamber.
Alex. Cæsar deliuereth Oracles of truth.
Tis well sayd *Cæsar*, yet attend a little,
And binde them like rich bracelets on thine armes
Or as a precious iewell at thine eare.
Suppose two factious Princes both thy friends
Ambitious both, and both competitors,
Aduance in hostile armes against each other
Ioyne with the strongest to confound the weake
But let your wars foundation touch his Crowne,
Your neerest Charity concernes your selfe;
Els let him perish; yet seeme charitable.
As if you were meerely compos'd of vertue:
Beleeue me *Candy* things are as they seeme,
Not what they be themselues; all is opinion:
And all this world is but opinion.
Looke what large distance is twixt Heauen and Earth,
So many leagues twixt wealth and honesty:
And they that liue puling vpon the fruits
Of honest consciences; starue on the Common.
Cæsar can tell thee this in ample sorte.
And *Cæsar* loue him, loue him hartily;
Though mildenesse do possesse thy brother *Candie*,
It is a gentle vice, vicining vertue.
Can. Vnder correction of your Holinesse,
Those warres which vertue leuies against vice,
Are onely knowne to some particulers
Which haue them wrytten in their consciences.
Those are the same they seeme, and in such warres
Your sonne shall make remonstrance of his valour,
And so become true Champion of the Church.
Cæs. It is the precious Ornament of Princes
To be strong hearted, proud, and valiant,
But well attempred with callidity,

Brother

Brother with reuerence of his holineſſe
(Whoſe ſacred words like bleſſed Oracles
Haue pointed at your prudence) *Cæſar* would
Haue giuen the like aduiſe : but (in concluſion)
Vndoubtedly to worke out thy confuſion.

Enter Barnardo.

Ale. Vpon my bleſſing follow *Cæſars* counſell;
It tendeth to thy glory.

Bern. Moſt bleſſed Lord,
Embaſſadors from *Ferdinande* of *Naples*
Arriued heere attend your holineſſe.

Ale. This is a welcome meſſenger for *Godfrey*,
To make a marriage with the Lady *Saunce*:
And *Candy* for ſo much as this requires
A ioyfull entertainment; take that honor
And bid him welcome with due complements.
Shew courteous, language laudable apporte;
Let them be feaſted in more ſumpteous ſort
Then ordinary meſſengers of ſtate:
Obſerue his ſpeeches, fathome his deſignes;
And for I know thy nature tractable,
And full of courteſie : ſhew courteſie
And good intreatie to them : *Gentle Candie*
Now ſhew thy ſelfe a polititian;
I neede not giue thee large inſtructions;
For that I know thee wiſe, and honorable
Greete them from vs : *Cæſar* ſhall at a turne
Giue correſpondence to thy courteſie :
I as well ſitteth with my ſtate and honor
Within theſe ten daies wil admit them hearing:
Meane while learne out by lore of policie
The ſubſtance of their motions, that we may
Be better arm d to giue them reſolution.

Can. Your holineſſe in this ſhall ſee my skill,
To do you ſeruice, *Exit Candy.*

Alex. *Cæſar* now to thee.
This taske vpon thy ſhoulders onely leanes;
I reſt vpon thee *Cæſar*: were it not

That

That thou must second it, or first it rather
I durst not trust such things of consequence,
To feeble spirits: therefore from our stables
Six *Persian* Coursers arm'd and furnished
With rich Caparisons of gold and Pearle,
With six rich Complet Armors for their saddles,
And such a Cabbinet of pretious Iewels
As we shall choose within to morrow morning
Present from vs in token of our loue.
Let for no cost in sumptuous banqueting,
Beleeue me *Cæsar* some-times at a banquet,
More ground is got then at a bloudy battell.
Worme out their humors, fathom their delights,
If they delight in that which *Naples* couets,
Fine, witty, loue-sick, braue, and beautifull,
Eloquent, glancing, full of fantasies.
Such Sugar harted *Syrens*, or such Commets,
As shine in our imperiall state of *Rome*,
True pick-locks in close wards of policie,
Present them with the Paragons of *Rome*:
And spare not for a Million in expence,,
So long as here they keepe their residence.

Cæsar. *Cæsar* in such a case will prooe true *Cæsar*,
Wise, franke, and honorable.

Alex. I doubt it not:
And *Cæsar*, (as thou dooft imbrace my loue,
More then the world besides) accomplish this,
And wee shall *Cæsar* with high blessings blisse, *Exit*

Cæs. By this time is my faire *Lucretia*,
Befitted for a businesse of bloud,
Neerely concerning her estate and mine. *Exit*.

SCÆ. 5.

Enter Lucretia *alone in her night gowne vntired, bringing in a chaire, which she planteth vpon the Stage.*

Luc. *Lucretia* cast off all seruile feare,

Reuenge thy ſelfe vpon thy iealous husband
That hath betraid thine honor, wrong'd thy bed:
Feare not; with reſolution act his death:
Let none of *Borgias* race in policies
Exceed thee *Lucrece*: now proue *Cæſars* Siſter,
So deepe in bloudy ſtratagems as hee:
All ſinnes haue found examples in all times.
If womanly thou melt then call to minde,
Impatient *Medeas* wrathfull furie,
And raging *Clitemneſtraes* hideous fact:
Prognes ſtrange murther of her onely ſonne,
And *Danaus* fifty Daughters (all but one)
That in one night, their husbands ſleeping ſlew.
My cauſe as iuſt as theirs, my heart as reſolute,
My hands as ready. *Giſmond* I come,
Haild on with furie to reuenge theſe wrongs
And loue impoiſon'd with thy iealouſie,
I haue deuiſed ſuch a curious ſnare,
As iealious *Vulcan* neuer yet deuiſ'd,
To graſpe his armes vnable to reſiſt,
Deaths inſtruments incloſed in theſe hands.

Shee kneeleth downe.

You griefly Daughters of grimme *Erebus*,
Which ſpit out vengeance from your viperous heires,
Infuſe a three-fold vigor in theſe armes;
Imarble more my ſtrong indurate heart,
To conſumate the plot of my reuenge.

Shee riſeth and walketh paſſionately.

Enter Giſmond di Viſelli *vntruſſed in his Night-cap, tying his points.*

Heere comes the ſubiect of my Tragedy.

Giſ. What my *Lucretia* walking alone?
Theſe ſolitarie paſſions ſhould bewray
Some diſcontentment, and thoſe gracious eyes
Seeme to be moou'd with anger, not with loue:
Tell me *Lucretia*, may thy *Giſmond* know?

Luc. Demaundſt thou the cauſe iniurious *Giſmond*?
When like a recluſe (ſhut vp from the world)

I liue

I liue close prisoner to thy iealousie?
The'*Esperian* Dragons kept not with more watch,
The golden fruit, then thou my fatall beauty:
Thou wouldst exclude me from the sight of Sunne,
But that his beames breake through some creuisies
Thou wouldst debarre me from the common ayre,
But that against my will I suck it in,
And breath it out in scalding sighes againe:
Were I in *Naxos* where no noise is heard
But *Neptunes* rage, no sights but rutheless rocks,
Or in the *Libian* deserts, or exchang'd
This Hemisphere of *Rome* for th' *Antipodes*,
Were not so grieuous as to dwell in *Rome*,
Banish'd from sight and conference of friends.

Gis. Blam'st thou my iealousie? nay blame thy beauty,
And loue imprison'd in those amorous lookes:
I feare the Sunnes reflections on thy face,
Least he more wondring at thy precious eyes,
Then any Nimphes which he most honored,
Should beare thee to some other Paradice,
And rob me, silly man, of this worlds ioy.
I feare the windes, least amorous *Ioue* in them,
(Enuying such pretious nature amongst men)
With extreame passion hence should hurry thee.
Oh loue is full of feare: all things I feare,
By which I might be frustrate of thy loue.

Luc. Scoffst thou mee *Gismond* with continuall taunts?
Oh God of heauens, shall I both suffer shame
And scorne, with such dispisd captiuitie.

Gis. Here in the presence of the powers in Heauen,
I doe not speake in scorne, but in meere loue:
And further *Lucrese*, (of thy clemencie,
For loue, and beautie, both are riche in bountie)
Forgiue me what is past, and I will sweare,
Neuer to vex thee with more iealousie.

Luc. Thou wilt forsweare thy selfe: *Gismond* come hither?
Sit downe and answer me this question. *Gismond sitteth downe in a Chaire*, Lucretia *on a stoole beside him.*

When I beſtowed on thee this diamond
A Iewell once held precious as my life;
And with it caſt away my ſelfe on thee
Didſt thou not promiſe to maintaine mine honour,
Neither in word nor deed to giue ſuſpect
Of thy diſlike;and haſt thou not ſince then
In preſence of my neereſt Noble friends
Rebuk'd me like a *Layis* for my lightneſſe?
And as a miſer lockes his mony vp
So me reſtraind from ſpeech and ſight of them?

Giſ. When firſt thou didſt beſtow this Diamond,
It had a precious luſtre in mine eye:
And was poſſeſt of vertue,when I vow'd
To maintaine that, which was impoſſible:
But ſince that time this ſtone hath had a flaw,
Broken within the ring,his foile growne dimme,
The vertue vaniſht,and the luſter loſt.

She graſpeth him in his chaire.

Luc. I can no longer brooke theſe baſe rebukes.
Theſe taunting riddles,and cloſe libellings

Giſ. Oh helpe I am ſtrangled.

She ſtoppeth his mouth,pulleth out his dagger and offereth to gagge him.

Lu. Peace wretched villaine,then reciue this quickly:
Or by the liuing powers of heauen ile kill thee.

She gaggeth him,and taketh a paper out of her booſome.

Take pen and incke: tis not to make thy will;
For if thou wilt ſubſcribe,I will not kill.
Tis but to cleere thoſe ſcandalls of my ſhame,
With which thy iealouſie did me defame.

Giſmonde ſubſcribeth.

So now that part is playd,what followes now?
Thou Ribbauld,Cuckcold,Raſcall,Libeller,
Pernicious Lecher voide of all performance;
Periurious Coxcombe,Foole,now for thoſe wrongs
Which no great ſpirit could well tollerate
Come I,with mortall vengeance on thy ſoule.
Take this for ſclandring of his Holineſſe

My

My bleſſed father and my brother *Cæſar* *She ſtabbeth*
With inceſt:this take for my brother *Candy*:
And this for Noble *Sphorza* whom thou wrongeſt;
And ſince the time is ſhorte I will be ſhorte:
For locking vp of me,calling me whore,
Setting eſpialls tending at my taile;
Take this,and this & this to make amends. *three ſtabs togither.*
And put thee from thy paines;
She vnbindeth him, layeth him on the grownd, putteth the dagger in his hand,a paper on his knee,& taking certaine papers out of his pocket putteth in others in their ſteede:& cõuaieth away the chaire
Now will my father *Alexander* ſay
That I did take the beſt and ſafeſt way,
And *Cæſar* will approue it with his heart,
That *Lucrece* hath perform'd a cunning parte.
If others aſke who *Giſmonde* kild or why
It was himſelfe repenting ıealouſie. *Exit* Lucretia.

Barbaroſſa knocketh at a dore.

Bar. Holla within there?
Why fellowes?
Seruingman. Heere my Lord.
Bar. What is my Lord *Viſelli* ſtirring yet?
My Lord the Pope expects him;and the ambaſſadors
Of *Naples* craue his company. *Enter* Bar.*and Seruingman.*
Ser. My Lord I haue not ſeene him yet this morning.
Bar. Is not your Lady *Lucrce* ſtirring yet?
Ser. No my good Lord I thinke ſhee be not yet come from her chamber,her cuſtome is not to be ſeene ſo ſoone.
Bar. Tis well,tis wel,let her take eaſe in gods name,
But make haſt, call vp my Lord thy maiſter honeſt fellow.
Ser. With patience of your Lordſhip I will ſpeake:
For three daies ſpace I did finde in my Lord
Paſſionate motions,and ſtrange melancholie
'T may be his ſolitude hath drawne him forth,
I will firſt looke the garden and the galleries.
Bar. Do my good friend I will expect thee in this parler here?

As Barbaroſſa goes on hee findeth Viſelli *murthered vpon the ground,and ſtarteth.*

Fellow

Fellow come backe, come back, fellow come back:
Your Lord lies murthred here, call vp your Lady;
Call in your fellow seruants. *Deh Santa Croce.*
This dagger grasped in his fatall hand
Reueales some violence, wrought on himselfe:
Could nature so much violate her selfe?
Was it not wrought by bloudy *Borgiaes* race?
I doubt in this the diuills hypochrisie,
Iustice of Heauens firme and inscrutable
Reueale it, oh reueale it in thy mercy.

Enter Lucrecia *with* Moticilla.

Luc. Where is my Lord? my deare Lord?
Bar. Tarry Lady.
Approch not neere this ruthfull spectacle;
Approch not neere this spectacle of bloud,
This ruthfull spectacle of bloud and death,
Least suddaine horror of these bleeding wounds
Wound thy distracted spirits to pale death.
Luc. What horror or what mortall spectacle,
Vpon such suddaine hath astonished me?
Oh my deere Lord: *Viselly* speake to me:
Oh most disastrous accident and houre;
Ay me most wretched and vnfortunate,
My deerest Lord the treasure of my life,
The sweetest paradice of my best hopes,
Is murthred: seeke out the murtherers
Leaue not vnseartcht a corner nor a Crany:
Locke vp the dores there, least that homicide
Escape vs in this passion ————
Bar. Haue patience Lady,
Heauens will reueale the murther doubt it not.
Luc. Ah Noble *Barbarossa* much I feare
Now with these eyes I see the murtherer,
Staind with the guilt of nature; oh my Lord
You little know that these weake womans hands
Twise rescued haue the violence of his
From killing of himselfe before this time:
Oh fie vpon the diuill, and melancholy;

Which

Which leaue me desolate a forelorne widdow.

Mot. Madam these papers will bewray some matter.

Luc. Oh might I finde an other murtherer.

Bar. These do containe some matter read them Lady.

Luc. My heart swolne vp with sorrow, lends no light
Vnto mine eyes, nor force vnto my tongue
To see one letter, or to reade one word,
I pray you reade it good Lord *Barbarossa.*

Barbarossa readeth.

I *Gismond di Viselli* through desperate griefe conceiued in iealousie (which I bare against my Lady *Lucrecia*) hauing found out by much triall, and examination her faithfulnesse and innocency, make this my protestation as the last piacular oblation to her for those wrongs that with mine own vnfortunate hands I haue ended my life, desiring her and all others to forgiue me, and pray for me, subscribed with mine owne hand, and sealed with my seale. *Gismond de Viselli.*

Il veleno d'amore,
A me trafisse il cuore.

Mot. Oh Lord of heauens haue pardon on his soule.

Luc. This is his hand and seale, speake now my Lord:
Did not I soone disclose the murtherer?
Told I not that the murtherer was present?
Ah neuer neuer shall I liue to see. *she soundeth.*

Bar. Comfort you selfe deere Lady God will send succor
Your husband hath paied deerely for these wrongs.

Luc. Giue me my Lord againe, death shall not haue him,
Come my deere *Gismond*, come againe my ioye:
Delay me not least I preuent thy loue
I cannot brooke delay's, *Lucrece* shall follow.

Lucrece *offereth to stab her selfe* Barbarossa *preuenteth her.*

Bar. Tempt not Gods iustice Lady, fall to praier,
Helpe, in there, take your Lord out of her sight.

Luc. Oh my deare friends that see my miseries,
I you beseech in dearest tendernesse
Bring in the body of my dearest Lord;

That

That I before my death may (with these eyes)
Behold him honor'd in his obsequies.
Bar. And I wil beare these papers to his Holines,
Whose sorrow wil exceed for *Gismonds* death. *Exeunt.*

Enter Guicchiardin.

Cho. Thus foule suspition, feare and iealousie
Of shame, dishonor, and his wiues hot lust,
Hath seaz'd vpon *Viselli*; whose reuenge,
Was to restraine *Lucrece* from Company.
But swelling pride, and lust, both limitles,
Answer'd his louing feare and shame with death.
Attend the sequell. Now successiuely
(After such warlike preparations,
So many firme hopes found in *Italy*)
King *Charles* with fifteene hundred men at armes,
Three thousand Archers, with six thousand *Swisse*.
French men, and *Gascons* twise as many more,
With martiall measures, ouer *Piemont*
Treads a long march after his drums and fife,
With *Milans* force, and now his trumpets hard,
Vnto the gates of *Rome* giue fresh allarms,
Vnto the Pope, who stirreth vp in armes,

ACT. 2. SCÆ. 1.

Enter Alexander *with a Lintstock in his hand; with him* Cæsar Borgia, Caraffa, Bernardo Piccolomini, *the* Castilian, Gasper de fois M^r. *of the ordinance.*

Alex. *Castillian* take fiue hundred harguebusse,
Two hundred Arbalastes, and fortifie,
Vpon the tower of Saint *Sebastian*,
Affronting that port where prowd *Charles* should enter,
Call'd *Santa Maria di Popolo.*
Pic. Our souldiers ready be with match in cocke,
T'attend this seruice, and our scurriers,
Are now return'd hauing discryd King *Charles*,
His ensigns and his Cornets proudly mand,

With

With plumed regiments, and troopes of horse,
Marching in glory to the gates of *Rome*. *Exit* Piccolo.
Alex. Brauely bring on your companies bold hearts,
Gaspar de Fois, are those two *Basiliskes*,
Already mounted on their carriages?
Gasp. They bee.
Alex. We make you maister of our Ordinance, *He deliuereth his Linstock.*
And on the Turret of Saint *Adrian*.
Plant six more Cannon, and foure Culuerings,
Foure Lizards, and eight Sacres, with all speed,
Take Gunners with you to the Cittadell,
Powder and shot, with Ladles for their charge,
See none be wanting; set them to their taske.
Haue a good care your Pyoners worke hard,
To further your fortifications. *Exit* Gasper.
Cas. Pleaseth your Holinesse to giue me leaue,
It fitteth well with our owne purposes,
To giue *Charles* entrance, and without restraint,
Least he by rigor should vsurpe that leaue,
Which to resist were vaine and dangerous.
Beleeue me Father we must temporize.
Caraff. Besides you see how the *Calabrian* Duke,
Out of the Port of Saint *Sabastian*,
Not one houre past, hath issued and left *Rome*.
Now though you do suspect, conceale all doubts:
For you shall finde this sure and commonly,
Dangers accompany suspition,
Alex. We will embrace that course, but with your leaue,
In *Castle Angelo* Capitulate:
Standing (as best befits vs) on our guarde.

Enter Piccolomini, Gasper de Fois, *with small shot Ensigne, Drummes and Trumpets.*

Piccol. Tis time your Holinesse tooke to your guard,
For Potent *Charles* (like one that conquereth)
Arm'd at all peeces, in his plumed caske,
And with a Launce resting vpon his thigh,
Already with his forces hath possest

The ſuberbs, and is now come to the gates.
Ale. We are reſolued: *Gaſper de fois* take heed,
On paine of death no ſouldier be ſo bould
As to diſchardge one peece or arbalaſt,
Before th'alarme being giuen from them,
Wee with a culuering from Caſtle *Angelo*,
Proclame hoſtility: troope on a pace,
Take we what fortune peace or warre affords,
The worſt of reſolution is with ſwords.

Exeunt with drums and trumpet.

Enter with drums and trumpets: King Charles,
Cardinall Saint Peter ad vincula, *and* Aſcanio, Lodwick Sforza: Mompanſier *enſignes, ſouldiers.*

Charles Thus far with much applauſe in ioyfull martch,
With good ſucceſſe and hopefull augurie,
We marched haue within the walls of *Rome*,
Not litle wondering that his Holines,
Doth giue ſuch ſlender welcome to our troups.
Lod. Your maieſty may well perceaue how feare,
And iealeous iudgement of a wounded conſcience,
Workes hard in *Alexander*.
Aſc. And how foxe-like.
(Houlding newtrality the ſureſt gard)
He coopes himſelfe in Caſtle *Angelo*.
Mon. Pleaſeth your maiſtie to giue a ſummons,
Vnto the Caſtle for ſome parliance,
Vpon ſuch articles as were ſet downe,
Char. Come we wil touch him, ſummon forth a parle.

ſound drum anſwer a trumpet,

Enter Piccolomini *vpon the walls.*

What office beare you marching on thoſe walls,
We made no ſummons to confer with you.
Pic. Moſt Chriſtian prince pleaſeth your mightines,
I am Caſtillian of Saint *Angelo*, Vnder his Holines.
Char. To bid defiance to our forces?
Pic. Noe moſt gracious Lord,
But to ſalute you from his Holines,

Mom-

Mon. What is he sicke?
Pic. Not very well dispos'd,
S.Pe. *ad vin.* Nor euer was, nor will be well dispos'd.
Cha, An other summons for his Holines, *Exit Piccol.*
Sound drums, answere trumpet.
Alexander *vpon the walls in his pontificalls betwixt* Cæsar Borgia *and* Caraffa *Cardinalls, before him the Duke of* Candie *bearing a sword, after them* Piccolomini Gasperdefois.
Ale. Most Christian *Charles*, here I salute your grace,
Bidding you peaceably welcome to *Rome*,
If you bring peace along with you to *Rome*.
Char. In filiall Loue I thanke your Holines,
We litle thought it our most holy father,
That our alegeance to the Church of *Rome*,
Which we with all our predecessors tendred,
Should haue enforc'd you to take sanctuary.
Alex. Sonne *Charles* know then we tooke not to this place,
In feare as to some refuge or asyle:
But for asmuch as news were brought in post,
That you with all your forces did approch,
Arm'd and in hostile manner to this Citty,
The Conclaue thought it fit tendring the safty,
Of holy Church, and sacred priuiledge,
To know your meaning first, and then with pomp,
To make your welcome in Saint *Peters* pallace,
In the best fashion with due ceremonies.
Char Know then most holy father what we would,
Hauing in tedious marcht from *France* thus far,
Past with our forces God stil guiding vs,
(As we be deepely bound by lawes of nature.
And reason to worke surely for our right)
We left noe busie doubts, nor obstacles,
Which might preuent vs in our iust imprease,
Hence was it that we did Capitulate,
So strictly with the crafty *Florentines*,
Whome we well knew fauour'd *Alphonsoes* part.
And this made *Venice* ioyne in league with vs.
Yet hauing notice that your Holines,

Both with *Alphonso* (that vsurpes my Crowne)
And his sonne *Ferdinand* drue deeper in
Vpon considerations of more weight;
We thought it good to take *France* in our way.
Lod. And there to craue some certaine Cautions
Of your indifferency to his iust title
Had in the Crowne of *Naples*: therefore first
We do require (if you these parties tender,
(As your late letters did importe) yeeld vp
In Caution of your good intent to *France*;
This Castle which you now retaine against vs.
Can. Why *Lodowick*? the wethercocke is turnd,
The winde stands faire, but how long will that hold?
So may we put in hazard our whole Church
The deere estate of Christes flock militant
And bring confusion vnto Christendome.
Alex. So may you seaze vpon the Churches rights,
If that we should referre all to your trust.
Can This is Saint *Peters* bul-warke; for my parte
Here I will die ere I surrender it.
Cha. Now find I true which cómon bruite proclameth
Of your bad meanings and hypochrisie:
But I referre your conscience to that Iudge
Whom (if my conscience harber any thought
To wrong the Church of God, in any thing)
I call in iustice to reuenge on me.
Ca. Renowned *Charles*, suppose we should surrender:
How may we be secured that you will
Restore it, after your imprease at *Naples*.
Char. The faith and honour of a Christian King.
Ale. Your faith & honor? stay most Christian *Charles*
Men will not yeeld vp Castels vpon wordes
Vnles their states, and liues grow desperate.
Mount. Why make we longer parlee with this Pope
Whose false-hood is so much that neither oth,
Nor honesty can purchase place with him.
Lodo. Who neuer yet in cause of consequence
Hath kept his promise.

Char. Tell vs, will yee graunt?
Alex. What ſhould we graunt moſt Chriſtian King of *France*
And tell me truly (were it your owne caſe)
Whether you would (on ſuch ſlight promiſes)
Accord to ſuch vneuen conditions?
Char. We did not thinke our royall promiſes
Had beene ſo ſlightly cenſur'd in your heart:
But ſince we finde your infidelities
We muſt requite it with extremity,
Couzen *Mountpanſeir.*
Mount. My Lord.
Char. Forthwith cauſe ten braſſe peeces with their ſhot
And powder to be drawne out of Saint *Markes*;
Such as you finde moſt fit for battery.
You will not here vs now, we ſpeake ſo low:
Standing aloft you proudly ſcorne inferiors;
Weele ſend our mindes, written in firy notes.
Caraf. Giue doubtfull anſwers, bee not peremptory
Leaſt through your heate, his rage exſaperate.
Caſ. Offer vnto him on his Princely word,
The ſtrength of *Terracina* for a pledge.
Alex. Victorious *Charles*, ſuch is my truſt and loue
That neither feare of force nor violence
Could any wayes induce me to ſuſpect you.
Hence came it that the portes of *Rome* were opened
(At our behefts) to giue you gueſtning.
Accept vs therefore with our promiſes,
Which we ſhall vnder hand and ſeale confirme
Not any way to Croſſe your action.
Char. If you will yeeld vp Caſtell *Angelo*
Reſolue vs preſently without delaies?
Caſ. Becauſe it is Saint *Peeters* Cittadell
The conclaue is in doubt to make ſurrender.
Char. You will not yeeld then?
Can. We cannot, nor wee will not yeeld it vp.
Char. Why then a parle with our ordinance.

Sound drummes and trumpets : Alexander *with his companie of the walles, ordinance goeing of (after a little skirmish within) hee summons from the Castell with a trumpet ; answere to it below; Enter* Alexander *vpon the walls as before.*

Alex. What come yee to make pillage of the Church,
Which held you deere as her chiefe Champion?
For beare your violence in the name of God:
Fearing the scourge, and thunder from aboue,
Our offers are both iust and reasonable.
Ces. Peeces which are of more validity
We meane to tender to your Maiesty.
Char. What are those peeces you would tender vs.
Alex. To render presently the Cittadells
Of *Terracina*, *Ciuita Vecchia*, and *Spoleto*.
Char. And we receiue them very thankfully.
S. Pad vin. Our voices of the cōclaue passe, that *Charles*
Shalbe possest of Castell *Angelo*.
As. And if your meaning with your words accord
We dare ingage our soules for resurrender.
Ale. Your soules? foh foh they stinck in sight of God & man,
Your soules? why they be sould to *Lucifer*,
Your consciences are of so large a last
That you would sell Saint *Peters* Patrimony,
As *Esau* did his heritage for broath.
Pee. ad Vi. Thou most prophaine & impious Moabite;
So full of vices and abominable,
No Pope but *Lucifer* in *Peters* Chaire.
As. Renowned *Charles* pull downe this Antichrist;
Aduance some worthy father in his place,
Your fame shall liue with all posterities
VVho from a wicked Bishops tiranny
Infranchised the Church of God misguided;
Euen as (in this worlds worthy memories)
The names of *Pepin* and King *Charlemaine*
Your predecessors, were eternized
For helping good Popes, Saints of Holy life,
Out of vngodly persecutions.

Lode-

Lodo. A Pope by nature full of fraud, and pride;
Ambitious, auaritious, shameles, diuilish,
And that and which your experience testifies)
One that with mortall malice hates the *French:*
By whome this reconcilation made
Was more in feare, and hard necessity
Then faithfull inclination, or good will.
Alex. Iscraiot, reprobate apostata,
I charge thee to desist and make submission
VVith pennance to the Mother Church of *Rome*
On paine of euerlasting reprobation.
Ascā. Blasphemous exorsist, heere are no diuills
VVhich thou canst coniure, with thy diuilish spirit.
We charge thee render vp that triple Crowne
Which most vngodly man thou dost vsurp.
Those robes pontificall which thou prophanest,
Saint *Peters* Chaire wherein (like Antichrist)
Thou doest aduance thy selfe thou man of sinne.
Sa. P. ad Vi. Saint Peeter doth make challenge to those keyes,
Which (in those hands defil'd with bloud and bribes)
Thou like a prophane deputy dost hold.
Ascan. That sword (with which thou sholdst strike Antichrist)
Thou like proud Antichrist conuerted hast
Vpon the members of Christes chosen flocke;
Saint P*aule* demaundes his sword, P*eter* his keyes:
Alex. Forbeare your blasphemies, what know yee not
Christes Vicar generall chosen on earth?
Haue not I power to binde and loose mens sinnes,
And soules, on earth, in hell, and purgatory?
Come take Saint P*eters* Chaire proud heretiks;
Here take this triple Crowne, oh you would take it:
But he, that made it, did not for you make it.
Ascanio thou wouldst haue these Golden keies;
Here take them with my vengeance on thy head, *He throwes*
And P*seudo* P*aulus* would haue Saint P*aules* sword, *his keies.*
Ordained for his decollation.
Sonne C*harles* (since we capitulato with you)
Me thinkes you should not suffer these t'affront vs.

Char. Forbeare your idle veiletations,
Angring and rubbing vp the festred scarres
Of wrath inueterate, and mortall quarrels,
We come not here to foster factions,
All are in one accorded, all are friends.
But yet most Holy-Father, let me craue,
Two fauours more, both very reasonable;
First that you pardon both these Cardinalls,
And other Barons which pertake with me.
Then that the brother of great *Baiaset*,
That fled from *Rhodes* to *France*, and last to *Rome*,
With the protection of Pope *Innocent*
Call'd *Gemen Ottoman*, may be deliuer'd
Into my hands, when after-time shall serue
For my best vantage in those holy warres,
Which we pretend against the Turkes here-after.

Alex. The sunne shall neuer set vpon my wrath;
That Oylie Lampe of blessed Charitie
Shall not extinguish in my zealous heart:
He that knowes all, knowes this I cannot falter
With any brother, all are faithfull friends:
Be but submissiue, milde, and penitent,
And all is past, as all had beene well ment.
Now touching *Gemen Ottoman*, sonne *Charles*,
When you shall vndertake those godly warres,
I will deliuer him as willingly
As you demaund: and with a cheerefull heart,
Praising your godly zeale on Christs behalfe,
And praying for your good successe in warre.

Char. I thanke your Holynesse.

Lodw: These quarrels are as happily determined
As we could wish: call for an Actuarie,
And let a Charter *Bipartite* be drawne
Betwixt you: to confirme this amity.
And now most blessed Father I beseech,
That I may shew the duty which belongs
Vnto this place, and see Apostolick.

Alex. We will regreete your presence presently.

Drums and Trumpets : Charles *and his company make a garde,* Gasper de Fois, Piccolominy, Cæsar, Caraffa, Cardinals, *a Frier with a holy water-pot casting water ; the Duke of* Candie *with a sword,* Astor Manfredy *supporting* Alexanders *traine, all bow as the* Pope *marcheth solemnly through , who crosseth them with his fingers.* Alexander *being set in state,* Cæsar Borgia, *and* Caraffa *aduance to fetch King* Charles , *who being presented vnto the* Pope, *kisseth his foote, & then aduancing two degrees higher, kisseth his cheeke then* Charles *bringeth* S. Peter ad Vincula, *and* Ascanio, *which with all reuerence kisse his feete, one of them humbly deliuering vp his Crosse-keyes, which hee receiueth , blessing them and the rest of* Charles *his company : The Drum and Fife still sounding.*

Alex. Sonne *Charles,* your welcome is as acceptable,
As euer was Kings presence into *Rome* :
To morrow we will with the power of heauen,
Together celebrate a solemne Masse :
After the Senior, Bishop, Cardinall,
You must take place : and as our custome is,
Shall giue vs water when we celebrate :
This done we will bestow some time in pleasures.

A garde for the Cardinals, French *King, Frier and Pope : Enter with a solemne flourish of Trumpets, after whom the garde troopeth, with Drums and Fife.*

Enter Guicchiardine.

Heere leaue we *Charles* with pompous ceremonies,
Feasting within the Vaticane at *Rome :*
From thence to *Naples,* where the peoples hatred
Conceiu'd against the former Kings, made way
For him, without resistance to the crowne.
This done, he marcheth back againe for *France,*
And *Ferdinand* doth repossesse his state.
Meane while King *Charles* sick of an Apoplexie,
Dyes at *Ambois :* the Duke of *Orleance,*
Lewis the twelfth conioyntly knitting force,

Doth march in armes with *Ferdinand* of *Spaine*,
These regaine *Naples* and deuide that realme,
But this breedes mortall warre betwixt them both,
The wily Pope dissembles at all hands,
The sequell onely concernes him and *Cæsar*. *Exit*.

ACTVS. 3. *SCÆ*. 1.

Enter Astor, Manfredi *with* Phillippo.

Ast. Brother *Phillippo*, what auaileth it,
When our state lost the *Fauintines* compounded,
That I should hold both life and liberty,
With all reuenues of my proper state,
When as my life within the Court of *Rome*,
Is much more loathsome to my soule then death,
And liberty more griefe then seruitude.

Phil. I rather choose within the riuer *Tiber*
To drowne my selfe, or from *Tarpayan* hill,
My vexed body to precipitate,
Then to subiect my body to the shame
Of such vild brutish and vnkindely lust.

Ast. He that with fire and Brimstone did consume
Sodome, and other Cities round about,
Deliuer vs from this soule-slaiding sinne,
To which our bodies are made prostitute,

Enter Barnardo.

B r. Deare salutations from my Lord the Pope,
I recommend vnto your excellence,
With semblable remembrance of his loue,
To you my Lord *Phillippo*,

Ast Good B*arnardo*,
My dutie bound vnto his Holynesse,
Returne in paiment from his Captiue seruant.

Ber. Ingenious Prince, I bring a friendly message
Of tender kindnesse, which I must impart:

They draw them-selues aside.

This Ruby from our Holy-fathers finger,
(In priuate token of his faithfull loue)
He bid mee secretly deliuer you:

And

And there-withall, desireth of your loue,
To haue with him some priuate conference.
Ast. I was now going to our Ladies masse,
In Saint *Iohn Laterans*; where my ghostly father
Attendeth me for my confession.
But thanke his Holynesse on my behalfe,
In all due reuerence and humilitie.
Tell him I meane---so soone as I returne, *pause.*
To come according to my bounden duty. *Exit* Bar.
My case is desperate, what shall I doe?
Phillippo, was there euer any man
Hunted with such vnsatisfied rage?
Phil. What hath he sent againe to visit you?
Astor. To visit me, nay to dishonor me,
Behold this Ruby sent from his owne finger,
Which as a Bawde inuiteth me to shame.

SCENA. 2.

Alexander *out of a Casement.*

Alex. *Astor*? what *Astor*? my delight my ioy,
My starre, my triumph my sweete phantasie,
My more then sonne, my loue, my Concubine,
Let me behold those bright Stars my ioyes treasure,
Those glorious well attempred tender cheekes;
That specious for-head like a lane of Lillies:
That seemely Nose loues chariot triumphant,
Breathing *Paruhaian* Odors to my sences,
That gratious mouth, betwixt whose crimosinpillon
Venus and *Cupid* sleeping kisse together.
That chin, the ball vow'd to the Queene of beauty,
Now budding ready to bring forth loue blossoms,
Astor Manfredi turne thee to my loue,
Come hither *Astor* we must talke aboue.
Astor. Betraid? a slaue to sinne? what shall I say?
Most Holy father.
Alex. Doe not mee forget:
I am thy brother, and thy deerest friend,
And though in age I loue, know that desire

In riper yeares is pure and permanent,
Grounded on iudgement, flowing from pure loue:
Whereas the loue lightning from young desire,
Fickle, and feebie will not long hold fire,
It is so violent it will not last.
They'r blest whose louers loue when youth is past.

Astor. To call you friend were too familiar,
To call you brother sorts not with our yeares:
To call you Father doth import some feare,
Due to that age your Holinesse doth beare.

Alex. Tell me not of mine age and Holinesse,
Thy sight sufficeth me to make me young:
Neither vpbraide me with my sanctimonie,
Loue is the purest essence from aboue,
And to thy soule I would affix my loue.
Come hither then and rest with mee to night,
Giue me fruition of those amorous pits,
Where blinded *Cupid* close in ambush sits:
Who with his Arrow (when thou laught at *Venus*)
Shot through thy smiling cheekes, and did inchaine vs.
Thy Chamber with *Ambrosiall* odors breatheth,
New loues and true loues vnto them that entreateth,
And furious *Mars* made milde his Faulcheon sheatheth
At thy delicious aspect: see thy Chamber:
The walles are made of Roses, roofe of Lillies,
Be not asham'd to mount and venture it,
Here *Cupids* Alter, and faire *Venus* hill is.
Thy bed is made with spice and *Calamus*,
With Sinamond and Spicnard, Arabick,
With Opobalsam and rich gums of *Ægipt*,
Musick *Angelicall* of strings and voyces.
With sundry birds in sugred simphony,
Where whistling Wood-nimphes, and the pleasant choise is
Of Antique action mixt with harmony,
Attend thy ioyous entrance to this Chamber.

Phil. Is it possible that the Diuil can be so sweet a dissembler?

Ast. Yes and play the pleasant part of a conceited *Amoret*,
For he can take the shape of a bright Angell.

Alex. Now

Alex. Now my ſweet friend the ioyes of loue doth mutter
Thy mind too baſhfull is, ſpeake tounge loues vtter,
Thy Corrall gums cud loues pure quintiſence,
And thou thy ſelfe faire boy loues pureſt eſſence.
Aſt. Oh bleſſed heauens let Sathan tempt no longer,
His force is powerfull yet thy ſtrenght much ſtronger,
He that with guileſull baites gilded vntruth,
So ſeekes to blaſt the bloſſome of my youth.
Allex. Delicious fruites diuine Confections,
Of herbes, roots, flowers of ſundrie faſhions.
Preſeruatiues drawne from the rich *Elixar*,
Of fineſt gould pure pearle and precions ſtones,
Prouided for thy diuine apetite,
Wines of more price (made by th'induſtrious art,
Inſacred diſtillations) then that *Nectar*,
Which *Hebe* bare, when *Ioue* did moſt affect her.
Phi. Sathan falſe god of lies, and flatterie;
How palpable is this groſſe villaine?
Alex. What wilt thou come *Manfredi* to my Chamber,
And bleſſe me with thy precious breath of Amber.
Aſto. After our ladies Maſſe I will returne.
Deare God what furies in his ſoule doe burne?
After the Celebration of the Maſſe,
I come my Lord. *Exeunt* Aſtor *and* Phillippo.
Alex. Come then, and let that paſſe, Alexander *tinkith a bell.*
Holla *Barnardo*?
All buſines for this night I will adiourne,
Giue good attendance that at his returne,
Aſtor may come to me for my ſicke heart,
Till *Aſtor* with his beauty full embrace,
Doe bleſſe my body wounded with his dart,
Can find no reſt, loue hath it in hot chaſe.

ACT. 3. SCÆ. 2.

Enter Cæſar Borgia *the Cardinall, and* Freſcobaldy *a ruffaine.*

Cæſ. Wilt thou performe it faithfully?
Fre. What I? will I liue to eate, to drinke, to ſleepe?
Cæſ. Wilt thou performe it valiantly?

Fre.

Fres. Will I eate to drinke, will I drinke to sleepe, will I sleepe to liue?

Cæs. Will t hou be secret, and conceale my plot?

Fres. My name is *Frescobaldi*, as for my pedigree,
My mother was of consanguinitie with the Princesse
Of *Perugia*: my father of the noble family of the *Oddi*,
Florentines both: I my selfe
Brought vp a Page vnder *Rayner* King of *Sicily*,
Haue seru'd against the *Turkes* and *Sarazinies*,
Where at *Vienna* (with my single Pike,
Arm'd in a Maly *Briggandie* of *Naples*,
And with an old-Fox which I kept in store,
A monument of *Mars* when I depart)
I did vnhorse there three *Turkie* Ianizaries.
Then (in the warres of *Ferdinand* the King)
This Hippe was shott through with a Crocadile,
But that it were too tedious I could shew you:
Vnder the King of *Romaines* I was cut,
Iust from this shoulder to the very pappe:
And yet by fortunes of the warre am heere,
I thanke God, and my Surgion all fix trillill,
I fought at *Malta* when the towne was girt
With Sargeants heads, and bul-beggers of *Turkie*:
And by my plot (immuge below the rampier)
We gaue th'obgoblings leaue to scale our walls,
And being mounted all vpon that place:
I with my Lint-stock gaue fire to the traine,
And sent them capring vp to *Capricornus*.
Which when the wise Astronomers of *Greece*,
Prodigiously discouered from a farre,
They thought those *Turcaes* fiery meteors.
Which with their Pikes were pashing in the clowds,
The learned Booke-men write strange Almanacks,
Offignes, and apparitions in the ayre:
And by these honors (if I proue a blabbe)
Then call mee villaine, varlet, coward, skabbe.

Cæs. Then tell mee *Frescobaldi*
Where I may send to thee when time shall serue.

Fris. Faith

Fresc. Faith for the most parte my mansion is in *Ciuidauerch^a nella strada di san lorenza*, nere the conduct at a good olde Ladies house, *ladona sempronia* at signe of the glister pipe, where if you chance to faile of mee. Within three houses more at signe of the frying-panne you may commande mee, at all houres in the fore-noone.

Caes. Well gramercie *Frescobaldi* I wil take the note of those houses in my tables.
But be sure and ready when opertunitie calles vpon you.

Fresco. May it please your most reuerend grace (without offence to your Lordship) to deliuer me the preties name vpon whome I should performe this Tragedy. For I may parcase catch him in a gilder my selfe before you are aware; and moylie muffle vp his maistership, with the *garotta*, or *stiletto*, perchance the ponyard or pistol, such as I warrant you shal serue his turne.

Caes. Be it sufficient thou shalt know hereafter,
My businesse and affaires are very great:
One word more, and adue.

He rowndeth with Frescobaldi.

Fre. Secret as mid-night, sure as the sunne, quick as the waters

Caes. Why? so sayd braue *Frescobaldi* like a man of some resolution farewell remember the watchward--do not faile.

Fresco. My businesse and affaires are very great my gratious Lord, one word more with your grace my good Lord, and so I kisse your foote. *He whispereth with Cæsar.*

Caes. It was not ingratitud, neither forgetfulnesse in me *Frescobaldi*: Here take this and remember me.

He deliuereth him a purse.

Fres. I encounter your munificence with my loue, and your loue with my seruice, my loue and seruice with your mony.
Padrone mio malto honorato,
More for your loue then your mony,
And yet your grace wel knowes, clothes must be wrought, weapons must be bought; and Tauerns must be sought, and all braue exploits must be done, as they should be done brauely.

Caes. But that I keepe my secret to my selfe;
I would not vse this slaue for any gold:
Yet when I trust him he shall not deceiue me. *Exit* Cæsar.

Fresco.

Fresc. Now skelder yee scounderels, skelder you maggot-mũgers, you pompiõs; you wood-wormes, you magatapipicoes, I am for you, now *Frescobaldi*, call thy wits together, let me now see what a clock it is: very neere eight, and almost breakfast time at a eleauen, this very night must I stand *Perdue* for this bloudy seruice. I know my place and houre; I must confesse and perchance be hang'd, I haue in the *Burdelliaes* and in other such houses of naturall recreation and agility, receiued three or foure score broken pates in my time: and some bastinadoes for crossing courting spicy-spirited inamoratoes in their humors. Besides I was the first that from the *Swisse* quarter, in the raigne of king *Ferdinand* brought vp in his army the fashions of bowsing and to vsing *Greeke* and *Spanish* wines by the flagon, with that old stinckard *Henrico Baglioni*, sometime *Alferoes* to *Capitaneo Piccolomini* & my selfe; I remember likewise at *Terracina* I broake a glasse (contayning some quart of Robollia) vpon the face of *Capitaneo Franseſco Boccansacchi* a very sufficient souldier in that seruice, and to my knowledge a tall trencherman: howbeit from the teeth down-ward as base a mettled coward as euer was coyn'd out of the sooty side of a copper kettle; so he was: well I will second my Lord in any slaughter for his wages, and if any man will giue me better hiers (when I haue seru'd the Cardinalls turne) I will present my pistoll vpon his sacred person afterward for charities sake: well, now to the drinking schoole, then to the fence schoole, and lastly to the vaulting schoole, to my Lady *Sempronia*. *Exit.*

Enter the Duke of Candie and Barbarossa.

Can. This was an act of such strange consequence,
As neuer yet was heard, a man found dead
Within a priuate chamber of his house;
When all his seruants stird: not one of them
That could giue euidence of what befell
But that he kill'd himselfe *Cosa impossibile.*

Bar. I was the first that found him in his bloud;
Then warme from slaughter: such a ruthfull sight
As yet I tremble to remember it.

Can. It is impossible (after a search),
No stranger found within *Visellies* doers,

But

But that some seruant of his family
Should haue sure notice how the murther was.
Bar. It was his owne hand sure.
Can. I cannot thinke it.
The gentleman was honest, full of sport,
And well affected.
Bar. Pardon me my Lord,
My Ladie *Lucrece* told it in great griefe
She twise before had rescued his life.
Can. Go too, go too.
Bar. Besides my Noble Lord.
Papers both writ, and sealed with his hand
Were found about him testifying this.
Can. Good *Barbarossa* pray my sister *Lucrece*,
Here to encounter me with her good company:
Som-what I would in priuate talke with her.
Bar. My Lord I will. *Exit* Barb.
Can. High God be mercifull.
Thou that doest know the secrets of al hearts,
If *Lucrece* (as my father doth suspect)
Was priuie to this murther of my life
Enter Lucrece Barb. *with her.*
I can learne all she knowes.
But yet I will not either suspect, or vrge her were it true
Being indeede a violation of brother-hood & common huma-
She maketh towards me—sister how faires it with you? (nity
Luc. As with a dead Corse in a Sepulcher
Cold, liuelesse, comfortlesse, oppreſt with sorrow,
Nor since my ioy did leaue me desolate
Euer could I brooke well this open ayre
But still lamenting and disconsolate
Kept vp in Chamber, mourning for my Lord.
Can. What order tooke you for his funnerall?
Luc. He that aliue was shrined in my breſt,
Now dead liues yet intombed in my thoughts,
There is a modell of it in my closet.
Can. Performe it decently with dilligence.
Lu. Brother me thinkes the ayre is cold and raw,

And as you pleaſe let vs conferre within.
Can. Gladly deere ſiſter with what haſt you may,
And I deſire you noble *Barbaroſa*
To meete vs at my Chamber after ſupper.
My brother *Caſar* hath appoynted with me
Some buſineſſe, and I craue your company.
Bar. Thankes my good Lord: but matters of much moment,
I haue at that time with my Lord *Caraffa*;
And I muſt ſpeake this night with my Lord *Caſar*.
Can. Tell him I will attend by nine of clocke.
Bar. I will my good Lord. *Cand.* Farewell *Barbaroſſa*.
Bar. Ioy to you both. *Exit* Barbaroſſa.
Can. My trembling liuer throbs, my cold hearts heauy;
My mind diſturbed and I know not why
But all as he will, heauens aboue for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 5.

Enter Freſcobaldi *ſolus.*

Freſ. This is the black night, this the fatall hand:
Theſe are the bloudy weapons which muſt be
Witneſſe and actors of this Tragedy.
Now *Freſcobaldi* play thy maſters prize:
Here is a rich purſe cram'd with red cruſadoes
Which doth inſpire me with a martiall ſpirit,
Now could I combate with the diuill to night.
Firſt did I waſh my liuer, lungs, and heart.
In *Cretane* wines and head ſtrong Maluesie
(Such as would make a coward fight with *Mars*)
Then leaſt I ſhould with any weapons drawne
Be driuen to danger of mine enemy;
I practiſed my martiall feicts of fence:
As for example if with armes vnſheath'd,
I were to kill this conduct here I come. *he fenceth.*
He makes a thruſt, I with a ſwift paſſado,
Make quick auoydance, and with this ſtoccado
(Although he fence with all his fineſt force)
Bar'd of his body thruſt him in the throate.
Guardateui bene, ſignori honoreuoli.

Suppoſe

Suppose this conduict or my duellist,
Should falsifie the foine vpon me thus.
Here will I take him, turning downe this hand.

Enter Henrico Baglioni *looking earnestly vpon* Frescobaldi.

Il punto verso indrizzato, thus.
Admit he force me with his ambroccado
Here I deceiue then, with this passado
And come vppon him in the speeding place.

Bag. what *Mandragon* or saluage *Ascapart*,
what *Pantaconger* or *Pantagruell*
Art thou that fightest with thy fathers soule
Or with some subtill apparitions.
Which no man can behould with mortall eyes
Or art thou rauished with bedlamy
Fighting with figments and vaine fantazies
Chimeraes ot blacke spirrits of the night.

Fresc: Come not within 9. furlongs of this place.
My name is *Rubosongal* the grimme ghost
Of *Bembocamber* king of *Calicute*.
And here for this night I keepe centrenell
For *Muscopateron* great king of flyes;
Great grandsier of ten thousand hecatombes.

Bag: I Coniure thee fowle fiende of *Acheron*
By puissant *Hoblecock* and *Bristletoe*,
By *Windicaper Monti-bogglebo*.
Polipotmos and the dreadfull names
of *Mulli-sacke* and *Hermocottsrock*.
By *Petrouidemi*, by the dogged spirrits
Of *Bacchus* which Canary land inherrits.
By purple *Aligant* the bloudy gyant.
And leaden headed hollock pure and pliant.
By *Birrha Martia* and by *Sydrack* sweete
Who did with mathew *Glynne* in combat meete.
And by this awfull crosse vppon my blade
Of which black curres and hedghogges are affraid.
And by this fox which stinkes of *Pagan* bloud,
Do'st thou walke there for mischiefe or for good.

Fres. Braue man whose spirit is approued well,
(As most aprooued panders truly tell)
Vnder greene hedges, vnder Coblers stalles,
In portall, porches, vnder batterd walles,
Which day; by night keepes watch-full centinell
To guaze the pleasures of faire *Claribell*
Profane arch patriark of *Pancridge* steeple,
The bauidy beaken of vngodly people.
With other matter which I might alleadge
To the Grand Captaine of *Collman-hedge*,
Marching fowle *Amazonian* trulls in troupes
Whose lanthornes are still lighted in their Poupes.
Some without kerchiefes, others with torne smockes;
Certaine imboch'd with piles, and some with poxes,
Others with rotten shooes and stockings rente
With carrine in each ditch keepe parliament.
In petticotes all patch'd and wast-coate torne,
And wandring with some ragge blesse euery thorne,
Which with their Targets neuer make retire,
From any breach till they their foomen fire.
Rebating the stiffe pointes of their keene blades
Till a'l their champions masculiue prouе lades.
To thee saith *Frescobaldi* case thy steele
Least thou the rigor of my furie feele.

Bag. And yet I loue thee for thy martiall grace,
Thine in all seruice: shake hands and embrace.

Fresc. A pox vpon thy coward fistes foule knaue,
And yet I loue thee roague: ask roague and haue.

Embrace fantastically.

Bagb. Come and embrace: tis blith when malte-men meete,
And drinke till they haue lost both head and feete.
And driueling sleepe on euery stall and bench
With euery man a knee in his hand and in his Can a prettie (wench
But *Frescobaldi* my braue *Bodigonero*,
Varlet of veluet, my moccado villaine,
Old heart of durance, my stript canuase shoulders,
And my Perpetuana pander tell me;
Tell me what humors Cataplasmatick,

Excited

Excited haue thy *Bacchick* fantasies:
To draw that triumphant swerlididdido,
Vpon some spirit of the Buttery,
Fris. This was no barmie spirit of the bottle,
It was a bloudy spirit of the battell:
And if I lye, call me thy Wimble-cock.
Bag. A mouldy iest, well I will answere thee:
I coniure thee by *Negra Luciaes* name,
By *Dol Pattenti*, by the subtill shape,
Of *Nanna Baliker*, by the cunning sleights
Of *Vini Clerilicks* with hir faire sprights:
By *Mega Court*, with *Marga Marichalis*,
That in *Turnuliball* doth keepe an Ale-house:
By *Nan Ruchomo* that hote stigmatist,
Now bedded with th'*Italian* Vitrailist,
Which in the fierie *Phlegitonian* flames,
Did worke strange vitriall dildidoes for Dames,
Her spirits haue no power to touch this strand,
Till they transported from *Lambechia* land,
By *Charon* Ferriman of Black *Auerne*,
Fall Anchor at the *Stilliard* Tauerne,
And by *Tartarean Plutoes Heben* bowle,
Why didst thou combate with thy Fathers soule?
Fres. Learned Magitian, skild in hidden Artes,
As well in prior as posterior parts,
I see thou kennist the secrets of all sorts,
Of sharpe siringues and salacious sports:
Venerall Buboes, Tubers Vlcerous,
And *Iaines Defisticanckers* venemous.
Doubtlesse *Don Vigo* then his vigor pour'd
Into thy braines, when he thy bottle scour'd.
Noble *Henrilico* question no further,
My meditations are of bloud and murther,
I iested haue too long, pree-thee be gone.
Henrico Baglioni (by this sword)
I am to morrow to performe a duell,
And practising in this nights melancholie,
How to dispatch it with a braue stoccadoe,

Heere I did make a proofe, prithie good-night,
Trouble me now no more: early to morrow,
Ile march vnto the signe oth frying-panne,
And take thee timely with thy pointes vntrust,
To drinke a flagon of grecke wine with thee.
Bag. Goodnight my noble *Rillibilbibo*,
Thou shalt be welcome in the darkest midnight. *Exit* Bagli.
Fris. Now to my watchword it is quight forgot, oh
Col nuuolo la Pioggia: thinke vpon it
The clocke strikes eleuen.
This is mine hower appoynted, this the place,
Here will I stand close till tha'llarum call,
he stands behind the post.

Enter a Page with a torche, Duke of Candie *and* Cæsar Borgia *disguised.*

Can. What ist a clocke boy now?
Pag. My gratious Lord,
By *Sistoes horologe* tis strooke eleuen.
Cæsa. A fit hower for our purpose noble brother,
Can. But hath *La Bella formiana* notice,
Of our aproch to night.
Cæs. Oh doubt it not, villaine put out that torch, *The boy*
Being disguis'd we will not be discryed, *putteth out*
Depart you to my lodging presently, *the torch.*
Paine of thy life not one word that thou saw vs. *Exit page.*
Can. Tis very darke, good brother goe before,
You know the streets best.
Cæsa. Oh keepe your way; you cannot lightly fall,
But if you doe.
Can, How then.
Cæsa. You shalbe supported.
Can. My heart begins to throb, my soule misdoubts,
I feare some treachery *A che me fido, guarda me Dio,*
On in Gods name.
Cæs. Giue me your hand brother, fie doe not faint.
Can. *Cæsar* I can scarse goe,
A suddaine qualme hath seaz'd vpon my spirits.

Cæſ. Tut brother forward with alacritie,
My life for yours youle be at eaſe anon,
Can. Tis a foule buſines let vs retire,
And ſeeke ſome other ſeaſone for our ſports,
Cæſ. I am aſham'd thou ſhould'ſt be generall,
To lead thoſe forces that fight for the Church,
And heere ſhew ſuch faint harted cowardize.
Can. Are you d'ſpoſ;d to quarrell in the ſtreets,
Neither the time nor place ſerues inſtantly;
To call you to ſome audit for theſe words.
Cæſ. Abortiue Coward borne before thy time, Cæſar *trips vp*
I will not brooke thy fooliſh inſolence. Candies *heels.*
Col nuuolo la pioggia.

Cæſar *and* Freſcobaldi *ſtab him.*

Can. Deere God reuenge my wrongs, receaue my ſoule.
Cæſ. Let him receaue thy ſoule when he thinkes good,
Ile take an order for thy buriall.
Helpe *Freſcobaldi* let vs heaue him ouer,
That he may fall into the riuer *Tiber*,
Come to the bridge with him.
Freſ. Be what he will the villaine's ponderous,
Hath he ſome gould about him ſhall I take it?
Cæſ. Take it were there a million of duckets,
Thou haſt done brauely *Freſcobaldi*,
Stretch thee, ſtreth out thine armes feare that he
Fall not vpon the arches.
Freſ. Ile waſh him doubt you not of a new faſhion.
Cæſ. I thinke thou neuer hadſt thy Chriſtendome,
Follow for Company prenitious villaine.
Freſ. Hold hold, Coxwounds my Lord hold,
Cæſ. The diuell goe with you both for company.

Cæſar *caſteth* Freſcobaldi *after*

Cæſar *ſolus.*

Now *Cæſar* Muſter vp thy wittes together.
Summon thy ſences and aduance thy ſelfe,
Ware and Earth haue interpoſ'd their bodies,
Betwixt the worldes bright eye and this blacke murther,

ſweete

Sweete silent night (guarded with secret starres)
Keepe silence, and conceale this Tragedie:
Saturne is lord ascendant of this hower,
Propitious patron of assassinates
Of murthers, Paracides, and massacres:
Lord of my birth, auspitious to my life,
This is my first degree to domination.
Who can, or (if they could) who dare suspect,
How *Cæsar Borgia* kild his brother *Candie*?
This is infallible, that many crimes
Lurke vnderneath the robes of Holinesse:
And vnderneath my Purple tunicle
This fact concealed is: *Ascanio Sforza*
Shall strangely (by some wilie policies)
Be brought into suspect for *Candies* death.
Sister *Lucretia* thou must follow next:
My fathers shame and mine, endeth in thee.
Now shew thy selfe true *Cæsar*; *Cæsar* shall
Either liue *Cæsar* like, or not at all.

Guicchiardine.

Death and bloud onely lengthen out our Scœne.
These be the visible and speaking shewes,
That bring vice into detestation,
Vnnaturall murthers, cursed poysonings,
Horrible exorcisme, and Inuocation,
In them examine the reward of sinne.
What followes, view with gentle patience.

ACT. 4. SCÆ. 1.

Alexander *in his studie beholding a Magicall glasse with other obseruations.*

Alex. Fore-god 'tis *Candie*, 'tis *Candy*, I know 'tis *Candie*,
Where is that traiterous homicide? where is hee?
I cannot see him: hee shall not scape me so,
I must and will finde him, though he went inuisible,

Appeare,

Appeare appeare;not yet;ha and *Candy* murthered too,
Let me looke forth.

Alexander *commeth vpon the Stage out of his ſtudy with a booke in his hand.*

Oh, oh, very good very good:well I perfectly peceiue.
By this deſcention of *Arctophilax*,
What time of night it is,ſorrow giue place;
Reuenge in blood and fierie ſacrafice,
Commaundeth : nature now preuents her current:yeeld,
Let vs adore the ſecond eye of heauen, *he boweth his bodie.*
Bright *Armatas* increaſeth ſhe,is not combuſt.
O ſacred ſeaſon for nocturnall Ceremonies.
This ioyeous quarter is in *Caſmaran.ha.* *he looketh on a watch.*
What hower of night iſt?why tis *Salem*,twelue a cloke,
What are our angells this quarter?
Gargatel Tariel Gauiel.
How goodly theſe augurize faire auſpices of truth,
Now mountes bright *Athaman* in his goulden aſcention,
Direct in oppoſition with our hemiſpher, *he tinketh on a bell.*
And now there hower with them is *Aetalon*:
Bernardo bring hither thy white robes of ſanctity,
Haſt thou Coles ready burnt bring in my Thurible,
And ſence about this ſanctified place,
For heere *Feſtatini* muſt haue her honor.
Candie my ſonne is murthered,*Candie* my ſonne,
Candie my ſonne is murthered:I will raiſe
All the great diuills to ſhew the murtherer,
Euen as thou lou'dſt my ſonne haſt and diſpatch,
Haſt and diſpatch it as thou loueſt my ſoule.
Tis not yet *yawne* by three quarters of an hower,
What are our Angels of this night?*Michael*,*Dardael*,*Huratipel*
In a triumphant carre of burning gold,
Crownd with a circlet of blacke hebeny,
And with a mace of Iet King *Varca* rides.
Attended with his miniſters of ſtate, *Andas* and *Cynaball.*
Fit diſmall times for our ſolemnities.

Enter Bernardo.

Put on my robes giue me my Pentacle,

Cense well *Barnardo:* bring me some fire in an earthen vessell
Now must I laboure like a collyers horse.

After Bernardo *had Censed he bringeth in coles, and* Alexander *fashioneth out his circle then taketh his rod.*

My pretious best approu'd and trusty seruant,
Hence in all hast be-take thee to thy beads,
Whilst these darke workes of horror are in hand,
Red *Sandall* is my fumigation.

standing without the circle he waueth his rod to the East.

And calleth vpon } VIONATRABA.
To the West. } SVSERATOS.
To the North. } AQVIEL.
To the Sowth. } MACHASAEL.

Coniuro, et confirmo super vos in nomine Eye, eye, ey; hast vp & ascende *pernomeu ya, ya, ya; he, he, he; va; hy, hy; ha, ha, ha; va, va, va; an, an, an;*

Fiery exhalations lightning thunder ascend a King, with a red face crowned imperiall riding vpon a Lyon, or dragon: Alexander *putteth on more perfume and saith.*

I coniure thee by these aforesaid names,
That thou receaue no phantasmatike illusions.

Diue. What would great *Alexander* haue with vs,
That from our fiery region millions of leagues,
Beneath the sulphurous bottome of *Abisse*,
Where *Mammon* tells his euer tryed gould,
Thou call'st me from strong busines of high state,
From sure subuersions and mutations
Of mighty Monarches, Emperors, and Kings,
From plotting bloody feilds and massacres,
Triumphant treasons and assassinates,
Whats thy demand?

Alex. I charge thee by the fower recited names,
And by the dreadfull title of great *Phaa*.
By which all creatures are sure sealed vp,
By which the prince of darknes and all powers,
In earth and hell doe tremble and fall downe,
Shew me the shape of that condemned man,
Which murthered my sonne the duke of *Candy*.

Diuel

Diu. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtir not for thy life,
Expect a meſſenger of truſt ſtand faſt,

The diuell deſcendeth with thunder and lighning and after more exhalations aſcends another all in armor.

Diue. Sent from the foggy lake of fearefull ſtix.
Am I comaunded by that puiſſant monarch,
Which rides tryumphing in a charriot,
On miſty blacke clouds mixt with quenchles fire,
Through vnquoth corners in darke pathes of death,
To doe what thou demandeſt.

Allex. Then by the dreadfull names of *Amioram*,
Titepand Sadai ſhew me that damned childe of reprobation,
Which this night murthered the duke of *Candie*.

Diui. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtir not for thy life,

He goeth to one doore of the ſtage, from whence he bringeth the Ghoſt of Candie *gaſtly haunted by* Cæſar *perſuing and ſtabing it, theſe vaniſh in at another doore.*

Alex. Hold, hold, hold, hold; *per todos ſantos* now no more,
Cæſar hath kill'd a brother and a father.

Diue. What wouldeſt thou more ſhall I deſcend?

Alex. Shew me the perſon by whoſe impious hand,
Giſmond Viſelli, was done to death?

Deue. Keepe a firme ſtation ſtirre not for thy life.

He bringeth from the ſame doore Giſmond Viſelli, *his wounds gaping and after him* Lucrece *vndreſt, holding a dagger ſtick't in his bleeding boſome: they vaniſh.*

Alex. Out, out, no more no more, my ſoule diſolues.

Deui. Say, ſay what wouldeſt thou more? diſcend,

Alex. *Beldachienſis, Berolanenſis, Helieren, diſcende, diſcende, iubeo, mando, impero.*

Deuill deſendeth with thunder, &c.

Enter Bernardo. Alexauder *tinketh his bell,*

Alex. Out out alas *Bernardo* I am wounded,
With griſly wounds and deepe incurable.

Ber. Comfort your ſelfe in Gods name bleſſed father,
See long as noe wounds of the body bleed.

Alex. The cureles wounds I meane are of my body
Wounds both of my ſoule and body: but *Bernardo*
This is my comfort in calamity
Some ſhall packe after them for company
Whats a clocke?

Barn. Very neere ſix by Saint *Peters* bell

Alex. Haſt thee, then paſſe thee to my Poticary, bid him prouide thoſe drugges I ſpoke for yeſter-day, and beare them in all haſt to *Dominico Giglio* take you thoſe letters with you which are here, bid him deliuer them *Lodowick Sforzaes* name her luſtfull Paramoure; make haſt and ſee that he diſpatch it quickly, deliuer him a purſe from mee for a token cramd with two hundred ducates, bid him bee ſecreat as he loues his life, haſt and begon. *Exit* Bernardo.

Aſtor ſhall follow, I muſt haue his Lands
This thorne muſt be cut of being but tender
Then cut it ſoone whilſt it is yong and ſlender.
Leaſt growing great it prick thee to the bone
My luſt importunes it and he ſhall die,
Sonnes, Nephewes, Daughters, Concubines, ſhall die.
My conſcience is turn'd mercies enemy,
He that would riſe to riches and renowne
Muſt not regard though he pull millions downe.

Exit Alexander *into the ſtudie.*

SCEN. 2.

Enter Cæſar Borgia *with* Caraffa *and* Bentiuoli.

Cæſ. Where is his Holineſſe? where is my father?
Alas your Sonne is ſlaine; your haples Sonne,
My noble brother out alas, alas
Is murthered: in tender paſſion
Let curious ſearch and inquiſition
Be made through *Rome* to finde the murtherers:
I feare that Traitrous *Iudas* Cardinall
Aſcanio Sforza with his complecies:
I will not hould fraternity with him:
And here behold my meaning bleſſed father:
Receiue againe theſe robes, take here this hat,

And

And in these armes which I haue bucled on
I do forsweare al offices of Church,
Vntill I be reuenged for his death.

He disrobeth himselfe and appeareth in armor.

Alex. A foule red vengeance ouer hangs his head
Whose heart indurate or whose diuilish braine,
Could execute conceiue or meditate
So foule a murther of an Innocent.
Caraffa with *Bentiueli* giue leaue
Some-what I would in priuate haue with *Cæsar.*
Cæsar desemble not for that were vaine *Exeunt* Car. *et Ben.*
Whence comest thou.

Cæs. Directly from my Chamber.

Ale. Where didst thou here this newes.

Cæs. Fishers which found his body brought the newes.

Alex. Then he was droun'd *Cæsar* was he not?

Cæs. It seemes he was.

Alex. What by some Fisher.

Cæs. How should I know that.

Ale. Sure by some subtill Fisher that layd nets
For *Candies* life and honor:but say truly,
Was it thy brother.

Cæs. Are not you my father?

Ale. Ah that I neuer had beene any father,
But speake againe,man speake the truth and feare not:
Who slew thy brother *Candie* this last night,
Who traind him forth who walk'd along with him.

Cæs. Am I the keeper of my brothers person.

Alex. Execrable *Cain*;perfidious Homecide,
Apparant villaine what canst thou designe?
Which I would know that thou canst hide from me.

Cæs. A plague vpon your diuills you deale with them,
That watch more narrowly to catch your soule
Then he which sought my brother *Candies* death,
You know that Sathan is the lord of lies
A false accuser and desembler,
Tell your falce liers they be lying Diuils.

Alex. *Cæsar* no more,*Cæsar* no more,thou knowst,

Caſ. What know I?
Alex. That I know, diſſemble not.
Caſ. Suppoſe you know, ſuppoſe in wrath & fury
I killd my brother; can we mend it now?
He was not faſhion'd for theſe buſie times:
He reſts in peace, our peace reſts in our ſwords.
Alex. *Cæſar* thou do'ſt vnkindly vex my ſoule,
With rubbing vp my ſecret miſeries:
Incur'd by ſeeking to lift vp thy head.
Caſ. Pull me not downe good father with your conſcience:
Your conſcience, father of my conſcience is.
My conſcience is as like your conſcience,
As it were printed with the ſelfe-ſame ſtampe.
I know my ſinnes are burthenous, and beare them,
Your ſinnes more hainous, yet your robes conceale them.
Alex. Out wicked and nefarious homicide.
Caſ. Vpbraid me not, for if that Lampe burne dimme,
Which ſhould giue light to men in darkeſt night;
How can they chooſe but muſt in ſhaddowes erre,
That follovv the blind-glimering thereof:
Doth this one petty fault appeare ſo grieuous?
Which if you vvell conſider is no fault;
He vvas an honeſt man, and fitt for heauen:
Whilſte he liu'd here he breath'd in miſerie;
And vvould haue beene enlarg'd: I ſet him free.
Novv if I may compare your ſtate vvith his,
Or your condition vvith my qualitie,
Haue you not ſold your ſelfe vnto the Diuill,
To be promoted to the Papacie:
Haue you not ſould the liuings of the Church?
Are not your coffers cram'd vvith beaſtly bribes,
With foule extortion, and baſe Vſury?
Haue yee not (ſince your inauguration)
Poyſoned and done to death ſix Cardinals;
In diuiliſh auarice to get their goods?
Haue you not (vvhich is moſt abhominable)
Commited inceſt vvith your onely daughter;
And made me ſinne vvith her for company;

That

That both might raigne in hell for company?
Did you not take of *Georgio Bucciardo*
One hundred thousand Ducats from the *Turke*,
To kill his brother *Gemen Ottamon*?
Haue you not kept the Pearle of *Italie*,
Astor Manfredi that young vertuous Prince,
In beastly lust, and filthy *Sodomie*.
Blasting the blossome of his toward youth?
Haue you not now giuen order for the death
Of my deere Sister, whom your passions caus'd
To kill her latter husband *Di Viselli*,
And robd the noble Earle of his new spowse,
Onely to cloake your vile impiety,
Ale. *Cæsar* the Diuill hath bin thy Schole-maister.
Cæs. I passe your secret counsell with the diuill,
Your Auarice, ambition, perfidie,
Your bloudie plots, inhumane crueltie,
Why then vpbrayd yee mee with *Candies* death?
A bastard of our house, degenerate,
In whom no sparke or spiracle of honor,
Appear'd to raise the race of *Borgia*.
But had I beene Lieutenant of your forces,
This arme had conquer'd all *Romania*,
France before this had trembled, *Spaine* had stoop'd,
The *Romaine* Emperor had faun'd vpon vs.
King *Charles* had beene restraind, *Frederick* expulsd,
And *Naples* had beene made our heritage.
Alex. A triple ioy succeeds a single griefe,
I haue engag'd all to make *Cæsar* great,
Cæsar it suteth with thy grace and glory,
To cloake my vices, I will pardon thine,
Let one of vs excuse an others crimes,
And for this bloudy fact so lately done,
As thou didst cunningly begin proceed,
To lay the guilt or imputation
On them whose death may doe thee benefit:
And neuer was my soule better contented,
Then that our woes are with rich hopes preuented.

Cæs. Now

Cæs. Now ſtands *Romania* ſubiect to my ſword,
Imola furli, Camerine, and *Vrbine*
Shall haue the firſt charge, if I there ſucceed,
Haue forward farther with a better ſpeed,
Cæſar o nullo written in my guydon,
When with my troopes victoriouſly I ride on.
Alex. Holla *Bernardo*, call in *Caraffa* with *Bentiuoly:* *Enter*
Ay now now now, my precious boy, my *Cæſar*, Barn:
Proſecute as thou haſt begunne,
With Arte, looke ſullaine and demure,
Hold downe thy head, like one ſwolne vp with ſorrow,
Enter Caraffa *with* Bentiuoly.
They come, they come, ſay that thoſe armes were put on,
In reuenge of *Candies* death.
The ſoueraigne medicine of things paſt cure,
Is for to beare with patience and forget,
Cæſar hath vowde reuenge for *Candies* death,
And in regarde of *Cæſars* piety,
I make him generall in his brothers place.
Cæſ. And neuer ſhall I ſheath this ſword in peace
Till it haue wrought vpon the murtherer.
Caraf. Happy ſucceſſe accompany my Lord,
And in your battles giue you victory.
Bent. Is order taken for his funerals.
Cæſ. Bentiuoli take you no thought for that,
That is the greateſt care, which troubles me.
Alex. Come on my Lords, we will aduiſe within,
For I muſt haue your counſels in my griefe. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 3.

Enter Lucretia *richly attired with a Vyol in her hand.*

Luc. Kinde *Lodowike* hadſt thou preſented me,
With *Perſian* clothes of gold or *Tinſilry*,
With rich *Arabian* Odors, pretious ſtones,
Or what braue women hold in higheſt price,
Could not haue beene ſo gracious as this tincture,
Which I more valew then my richeſt iewels,

Oh

Oh *Motticilla.* *Enter* Motticilla.
Bring me ſome mixtures and my dreſſing boxes,
This night I purpoſe priuately to ſup
With my Lord Cardinall of *Capua.*

Enter two Pages with a Table, two looking glaſſes, a box with Combes and inſtruments, a rich bowle.

Bring me ſome blanching water in this bowle. *Exit* Motti.

Shee looketh in her glaſſe.

Here I perceiue a little riueling
Aboue my for-head but I wimple it
Either with iewels or a lock of haire,
And yet it is as white as the pure ſnow:
O God when that ſweet *Marques Mantoua,*
Did in *Ferrara* feaſt my Lord and mee,
What rich compariſons and ſimilies,
He with ingenious fantaſie deuiſ'd,
Doting vpon the whiteneſſe of my browes?
As that betwixt them ſtood the chaire of ſtate,
Compoſ'd of Iuorie for the *Paphian* Queene:
Sitting in comfort after amourous conqueſt,
And kiſt my for-head twenty thouſand times.
Oft haue I wiſht the coulour of this haire
More bright, and not of ſuch a *Spaniſh* dye,
And yet the Duke of *Bourbon* on his knees,
As the diuineſt fauour of this world,
Did beg one lock to make a Bracelet,
For which few haires he garniſhed my head
With Iewels worth ſix thouſand crownes at leaſt.
My beaming eyes yet full of Maieſty,
Dart loue, and giue bright luſter to the glaſſe,
As when the ſunne beames touch a Diamond.
The Prince of *Salerne* ſolemnly did ſweare,
Theſe eies were quiuers which ſuch ſhafts did beare
That were ſo ſharpe, and had ſuch fierie touch,
As *Cupids* Arrowes neuer had ſo much,
The Roſie Garden of theſe amourous cheekes,
My noſe the gratious forte of conquering loue,
Breathing attractiue odors to thoſe louers

That languiſh and are vanquiſht with deſire,
Gonzaga calleth it the ſiluer pearch,
Where *Venus* turtles mutuall pleaſure ſearch.
Sweet mouth the ſiuby port to Paradice
Of my worlds pleaſure from whence iſſue forth,
Many falſe brags, bold ſallies, ſweet ſupplies,
A chinne the matchles fabricke of faire nature,
A necke two breſts vpon whoſe cherry nipples.
So many ſweet ſolcions *Cupid* ſuckt,
Giue me ſome blanching water in this boule,
Waſh my face *Motticilla* with this cloth,
So tis well, now will I try theſe collours.
Giue me that oyle of *Talck*,
Take ſarſnet *Motticilla* ſmooth my forehead,

She looketh in two glaſſes and beholdeth her body.

I muſt delay this colour is it carnation right.
Mot. Oh the true tincture of a damask roſe,
Luc. What is it excellent.
Mot. Moſt full of life.
And madame thats a pretious lniment,
As euer I beheld to ſmooth the browes.
Luc. I will correct theſe arches with this mullet,
Plucke not to hard, beleeue me *Motticilla*,
You plucke to hard.
I feele a foule ſtincke in my noſtrells,
Some ſtinke is vehement and hurts my braine,
My cheekes both burne and ſting giue me my glaſſe.
Out out for ſhame I ſee the blood it ſelfe,
Diſperſed and inflamed, giue me ſome water.

Motticilla *rubbeth her cheekes with a cloth.*

Lucretia *looketh in the glaſſe.*

My braines intoxicate my face is ſcalded.
Hence with the glaſſe: coole coole my face, rancke poyſon,
Is miniſtred to bring me to my death,
I feele the venime boyling in my veines.
Mot. Ah me deere Lady; what ſtrang leoproſie?
The more I waſh the more ſpreads on your face.

Lucre.

Luc. Send to my father; call phisitions in, *Exit Motti*
Oh *Candie* where art thou my comforter,
Dead and intomb'd; *Lucrece* must follow thee,
I burne I burne, oh where is my deere Lord.
My braines are seard vp with some fatall fire.

Enter a seruant and Phisition with Motticila.

Ser. Deere Lady cheere your sense, be not disinayd,
His Holines in hast hath sent releife:
His owne Phisition to recomfort you.

Luc. For our deere Ladies passion bring some water to coole my thirst.

Phi. Madam you may not drinke,
Till you receaue this one preseruatiue.

Luc. A foule vnsauorie loathsome stinke cheakes vp
My vitall sences: and a boyling heat
suppes vp the liuely spirit in my lungs.

Phi. This poyson spreads and is incurable,
Madame receiue one precious antidote.

Luc What haue I caught you *Sforzia*,
Who painted my faire face with these foule spots,
You see them in my soule deformed blots,
Deliuer me from that murthered man,
He comes to stab my soule I wounded him,
Oh *Gismond Gismond* hide those bleeding wounds,
My soule bleeds drops of sorrow for thy sake;
Looke not so wrathfull I am penitent,
Loue and remorse did harbour in thine hart,
What doest thou becken to me I will come,
And follow thee through millions of woes.

Phi. Sweet Lady will you take a little rest,
It will refresh your spirits instantly.

Luc. No rest vntill I see my Lord againe.

Mot. Deere Lady doe you loue your life, take rest,

Shee taketh hold of Motticila.

Luc. From the pure burning coles of true contrition,
Me thinkes I see the liuely counterfet,
Of catiue *Cressed* in her misery,
Ingenderd out of hir disloyalty,

Ah *Moticilla* whome I trained vp
In cunning ſleights and ſnares of filthineſſe,
Forgiue me for that ſinne;liue and repent.
Mot: Oh God forgiue me for my ſinnes are great,
And if his goodneſſe lend my life ſome ſpace,
I will with pennance call on him for grace,
And ſpend the remnant of my life in prayer.
Luc: I can no more,death ſummoneth my ſoule,
Open thy boſome father *Abraham*,
Mercyfull father let thy mercy paſſe
Extend thy mercy where no mercy was.
Mercyfull father for thy ſonnes deere merrit
Pardon my ſinnfull ſoule receiue my ſpirrit. *Expirat Lucrece.*
Phi: Now is her ſoule at reſt tis very ſtrange,
As well the cauſe as manner of her death,
I haue beene ſtudied in *Hipocrates*,
In bookes of *Gallen* and olde *Auecine*,
Obſeru'd the cures of diuers learned doctors,
In *France* in *Spaine* and higher *Germany*,
Yet neuer met with ſuch an accicent,
Beare in her body I will in all haſt,
Bring woſull newes vnto ſaint *Peeters Pallace*,
His Holineſſe will grieuiouſly lament. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCÆ. 4.

Enter Cæſar *and* Barbaroſſa *ſouldiers drums and trumpets.*
Cæſ: Fellows in armes after our victories,
Had in the firſt front of our happie warr,
With men of hardy reſolution,
Now muſt we bend our forces againſt *Furly*,
Where that prowd *Amazonian Katharine*,
Dareth defiance in the face of warr,
And yet our hopes are ſure,all paſſage cleere,
And ſhe before Llodge this reſtles head,
Shall beare the bondage of this victorie.
Bar: Theſe proud preſuming ſpirrits of vaine women,
Whoſe bloodleſſe woundes are only bloody words,
Talke without reaſon,fight without reſiſtance,

Bue

But on the face of grimme deuouring Warre,
With frowning fore-head menacing his force,
They fall downe on their backs as *Venus* did,
When *Mars* beheld her with a Souldiers face,
Caes. Nay we must fight : I know the puissant spirit
Of warlike *Kate* the pride of *Italie*,
Sforzaes braue sister and old *Riarioes* widdow,
Excellent valour, and deepe policie
Must winne it, if we purchase at her hands.
Bar. And yet we be before-hand with the Lady,
Hauing surprized her treasure and her sonnes,
As they were making their escape for *Florence* :
What shall we trie renowned generall?
And search her resolution.
Caes. Shall wee? doubt you not,
Nay though the walles of *Furly* were of steele,
These pledges should make passage for our powers,
And what? shall we stoope for those twenty Ensignes,
Which this last night haue enter'd their Ports,
Nay were they ten to one within those walles,
Cæsar (that carries Fortune in his Standerd)
Would make them giue ground & subiect them-selues.
Bar. Speake then at once renowned generall,
Shall we go Souldier-like to worke at first?
Shall we salute her with our Cannon?
Caes. What? no *Barbarossa* not without a parlee,
Fore-God I loue her, and admire her valour,
And till we finde her words prooue empty squibs,
We giue her all the noble rights of warre,
Summon a parlee. *Sound drum, answer Trumpet.*

Enter vpon the walles Countesse Katherine, Iulio Sforza, *Ensigne. souldiers, Drummes, Trumpets.*

What haue wee *Pallas* come vpon these walles,
To bring confusion of our companies :
Doth proud *Penthesilea* liue againe,
Which some-time raging in the Fields of blood,
Made passage with her angry sword through millions.

Kat. I tell thee *Cæsar* sonne of *Alexander*
A booke befits thee better then a blade:
Percase in scorne thou wilt reply the like,
A distaffe fits me better then a pike.
Know *Cæsar* had I now so many liues
As here are stoanes or haires vpon your beards,
I would forgo them al before this honor,
Which my deere Lord *Riario* did leaue mee,
The pledge of my deere loue his Chiildrens patrimony.
Cæs. Speake in a milder key renowned *Kate*,
I loue you well and all braue *Sforzaes* race
Yet you must yeeld there is no remedy,
It is the Churches right and I must haue it.
Kath. Me thinkes a pulpet were more fit for thee,
But did'st thou euer reade Saint *Gregory*:
That he which hunteth for authority,
Himselfe should gouerne direct and know well;
He did a deede of danger that aduanc'd thee,
For proud ambition violates all right.
Cæs. Be not so bitter *Kate* a friend intreates you,
But if intreaties will not, looke vpon mee:
Heere standeth C*æsar*, the sharpe scourge of *Furly*
And were your fort fenc'd with as many men,
As it is girt with stones C*æsar* would haue it.
Subdue them and make pillage of their goods
And in resistance seale it with their blouds.
Kat. What are your weapons sheathed in your throates?
Is euery word a sword then shake hands C*æsar*:
Venter no further and we will be friends
But if your words haue accents in keene swords,
And end in bloud, then C*æsar* looke on me:
I with defiance turne swords in your throates,
You shall not thrust that imputation
Vpon our sex, for I will fight it out
So long as I can stand vpon these walls.
Cæs. You would repent it, if you knew the worst,
Consider *Kate* be well aduised first.
Kat. C*æsar* at one word to discharge my conscience,

Were

Were there a Cannon there to be dischardg'd
Vpon this fruitfull wombe the nurse of Children,
And I sure peece meet to be torne withall,
If I would not surrender vp this forte
Your Cannon shot should plowe these bowells vp,
That vow to God and my deere husband made:
I neuer will infringe with perfedy :
I know thee bloudy *Cæsar*:the dishonor,
In yeelding vp thy reuerend purple roabes
Which should protect widowes and Orphanes rightes,
Appeareth well in taking vniust armes,
To wrong the Widowes and the Fatherlesse
Either fight *Cæsar* or forsake the field,
Perswade thy selfe aliue I will not yeeld.
Cæs. Then I will shew you what warres desteny,
Prognosticates,bring forth her ransome hither

Barbarossa *bringeth from* Cæsars *Tent hir two boyes.*

If nature be not quite extinguished
These pledges shall enfranchize you from warre
I brought them to this purpose;that in them,
You with your friends might liue in liberty.
Kat. Neuer but with advantages deere Lord,
Monster of misery what thinkst thou *Cæsar*
That I will yeeld mine honor for their safety ?
Be not deceiu'd thou hast surpriz'd my Children,
Riarioes riches left in my tuition
And borne out of these bowells;but deere boyes,
Courage your selues I will defend your honors:
I tell thee *Cæsar* these my boyes are taught
To beare with patience fates ineuitable
These carry *Sforzaes* spirit and their fathers ;
I dare gage life and ask them they will chuse,
To lack their liues before they loose their honors.
Cæs. *Cæsar* in this hath offered like himselfe,
He proffereth to preserue your towne vntouch't:
Your goods your wiues,your liues , your liberties:
But marke what fruites thy bitternesse brings forth,

To

To make thine hard heart infamous for euer,
Before thy face these boyes shall loose their liues
If thou surrender not without more parlee.

Kath. Bloudy *Lusyris* I defie thy malice,
I spit defiance in thy cowards face.
Traytour to God and man had'st thou beene *Cæsar*,
Insisting on high tearmes of worth and honor
Thou woul st consider that their bloud is Noble,
Thou wouldst consider that they be but children,
Thou wouldst consider that thou art a warrier
And that such noble bloud spilt with dishonor
And train'd in with insideous trechery,
By God nor man in heauen nor earth below
Can be forgotten or abolished.

Barb. Braue generall you parlee with a woman,
Whose heart is obstinate, whose hands are freeble,
Seemeth in vaine and ouer tedious.

Cæsar. Speake at a word cannon is my next parlee,
You will not yee'd your state to saue their liues.

Kath. I will not *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Cut of both their heads.

1.*Boy.* Let vs intreat our mother noble generall,
For to deliuer vp the state of *Furly*
And will you saue our liues then.

2.*Boy.* Good Captaine do not kill vs.

Cæs. If she will yeeld the state your liues are safe.

1.*Boy.* Good mother for my fathers sake that's dead,
And for mine Vncles sake part of your bowells
And for our owne sakes yeeld your selues and saue vs.

2.*Boy.* Good sweete mother saue vs.

Kat. Poore boies, in heart vnlike *Riarioes* race,
Or *Sforzaes* warlike linnage by the mother
Know what it is die with liberty,
And liue with ignomineous seruitude.
If you your liues buy with the losse of states
It were of all extreameties the vilest
But in extreamety to die resolu'd
Preseruing state and reputation:

Is ſaid to dye within the bed of honeur,
This is an honor for *Riarioes* children,
And for my part, it neuer ſhall be ſayd,
That *Katherine* being ſtrong vpon hir guarde,
Hauing good forces able to defend,
In brutiſh feare ſhould giue away your ſtates,
I rather will obtrude my ſelfe vnarm'd,
And meete the thickeſt ranckes that enter breach,
To be toſt vp vpon their ſouldiers pikes,
Sooner I will ſet all the towne on fire,
And with my ſoldiers ſacrifice my ſelfe,
Rather then render vp your heritage,

Cæſ. Oh brauely ſpoken warlike *Amazon.*

1. *Boy.* Mother we ſcorne death in reſpect of honor
Let him performe his worſt, we feare him not,
Courage ſweete brother, thinke vpon my father,
I will dye firſt, be not affraid of death.

Cæſ. Why then you are reſolu'd to dye?

1. *Boy.* I to dye *Cæſar.*

Cæſ. Bring hether both their heads.

Kath. Gods bleſſing reſt with you my deereſt ſonnes
And if I looſe your ſtates, my life ſhall follow,
Nothing but violence ſhall force it from vs,
Ere long this quarrell twixt vs will ſtand euen:
Farewell deere boyes till we three meete in heauen.

2. *Boy.* Ah deere Mother, ſweete mother, good Vncle *Iulio* ſaue our liues.

Cæſ. Away with him.

2. *Boy.* Let me before I dye, but kiſſe my mother.

Kath. What wouldſt thou runne againe into my wombe?
If thou wert here thou ſhouldſt be *Poſthumus*,
And ript out of my ſides with ſoldiers ſwords,
Before I would yeeld vp thine heritage.

1. *Boy.* Come brother let vs brauely dye together.

Cæſ. I tell thee when that theſe haue loſt their heads,
I will make ſacke and pillage of your ſtate,
Man, women, Orphanes, all put to the ſword,
This hath your obſtinacie wrought in vs,

Carry them hence, bring hether both their heads. *Exeunt with the boyes,*
And then a charge vpon this valiant Lady,
This *Thamyris*, this proud *Semeramis*,
Whose valour *Barbarossa* by these heauens,
Is very wonderfull and glorious.

Kate. Had he more force, what would this tirant do?

Cæs. A charge, a charge.

Kat. For Gods sake charge, a charge let vs to fight.

Cæs. A spirit full of vengeance, wrath, and spite,
Assault, assault, charge noble hearts a charge.

A charge with a peale of Ordinance: Cæsar *after two retreates entreth by scalado, her Ensigne-bearer slaine:* Katherin *recouereth the Ensigne, & fighteth with it in her hand. Heere she sheweth excellent magnanimity.* Cæsar *the third time repulsed, at length entreth by scalado, surpriseth her, bringeth her downe with some prisoners. Sound Drums and Trumpets.*

Cæs. Couragious *Kate*, you that would throw defiance
Into the face and throate of fate and *Cæsar*,
Such are the fruites of pride and wilfulnesse.
Haue I perform'd my word? are you surpriz'd?
Is not your life and liuing in my power?

Kat. Now that my sonnes first by insidious meanes,
Bereaued of their liues, and their states lost,
The date of my calamities is out,
Goe forward with thy tyrannie, strike *Cæsar*,
And take away the Mother with her sonnes:
This done, recount what is thy victory,
A woman with two children vanquished,
A prize befitting the renowne of *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Come hither *Katherine* wonder of thy sex,
The grace of all *Italian* woman-hood:
Cæsar shall neuer prooue dishonourable,
Behold thy children liuing in my Tent.

He discouereth his Tent where her two sonnes were at Cardes.

2. *Boy.* Oh mother, mother, are you come, wee be not dead.

1. *Boy.* Good mother, thanke the Captaine, we liue yet,
They gaue vs spices, wines, and bad vs welcome,

I pray

I pray you thanke them.

Kate. Oh but your lands and honors are both loſt,
Had not an honorable death beene better:
Then thus to looſe your ſtates and liuely-hoods.
Heroike ſouldier, whoſe deceipt is honour.
Thou that haſt vnexpected ſau'd the liues
Of my two children, I ſubmit them here
Thy captiues, for their ranſome what is fitt.

Caſ. I freely pardon theſe two boyes their ranſome,
Lady behold thy treaſure in my Tent,
Had I not wonne this towne, this hadſt thou loſt,
See Souldiers that her Iewels be reſeru'd
For her owne ſeruice, now the quarrell ends.

Kat. But noble *Cæſar* well intreate our people,
They be men valiant, ciuill, obedient,
If you their Magiſtrates intreate them well.

Caſ. Take you the charge of *Furly*, *Barbaroſſa*,
Intreate the people well do not reſtraine them,
We freely pardon all of them their ranſomes,
So much as is in vs, we pardon all,
Vſe them as Cittizens of *Rome* in fauor,
Other inſtructiónes you ſhall haue here-after:
Till then regarde your charge and ſo farewell.

Enter with a drum, Barbaroſſa, *Soldiers.*

Lady, your ſelfe, with your two little babes,
I will take order ſhalbe ſent to *Rome*,
Be not diſmaid, you ſhall bee well intreated,
You ſhall want nothing fitting your eſtates,
March with vs on our way for *Capua*.

March Cæſar, Katherine, *her two boyes*, *Enſignes*, *Soldiers*, *Trumpets*, *Drums.* *Exeunt.*

SCÆ. 5.

Enter Alexander *out of his ſtudie.*

Alex. Bring in that *Opium*, and bowle of Wine,
Heere I muſt act a Trage-comœdie,
Bernardo is it well confected and prepar'd?

According to my conference with *Rotsi.*

Bernardo *with a flaggon of wine and a boule*

Ber. He ſeat it as your Holines may ſee,
Safe ſealed vp.

Alex. Fill me that bowle of wine,

Alexander *openeth a box and putteth in the powder.*

Ber. Tis a drowſie medicine, do not taſt it my Lord,

Alex. Thou haſt ben taſter to me, many times,
Begin *Bernardo.*

Ber. My Lord I ſlept too much the laſt night and I dare not,

Alex. It holds good colour hold here *Bernardo,*
Giue good attendance, bring them to their reſt,
Then giue me notice at my ſtudy doore.

Ber. One ſet was paſt before I parted from them,
And by this time they be well heated.

Aler. Sirra be diligent and ſeruiceable in this,
Euen as thou loueſt thy maiſter. *Exit* Alexander *into his ſtudy.*

Ber. Feare me not?
Were it not that my conſcience hath bene fyer'd,
With flames of purgatory by this Pope,
I neuer could endure ſuch villany,
The beſt is he doth pardon all my ſinnes. *Exit* Bernardo.

Enter Aſtor *and* Philippo *in their waſt-cotes with rackets.*

Aſt. This ſet was ſtrangely loſt I durſt haue wagerd,
An hunder'd ducats after the firſt chaſe.

Phi. You thinke you play well, but beleeue me brother,
You cannot take paines nor obſerue a ball,
With that dexterity which appertaineth.

Aſt. Holla within there if I take no paines,
My waſtcote well can witnes for I ſweate. *Enter Bernardo.*

Ber. Barber bring in ſome linnen for my Lords

Phil. Bring me ſome wine for I am very thirſty

Enter two Barbers with linen.

Ber. I liſtend for that ſtring and he hath toucht it,

Bar. Wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip ſit on this low chaire?

Phil.

Phi. Rub my head first then combe it,
Ast. Fill me some wine *Bernardo*,
Ber. Good my Lord coole your selfe a litle,
Ast. Giue me wine and let it be thy laboure good *Barnardo*
To call for musicke. Bernardo *deliuereth wine.*
Brother in this cup I commend the loues,
Of all true *Fauentines* our trusty friends,
Hoping ere long to liue againe with them.
Phs. I thanke you brother, if our father Pope,
Performe his promise we shall soone returne.
Ast. This wine was good yet tasteth of the casck,
It hath a musty rellish.
Phi. Lets here this musicke,
After the barbers had trimmed and rubbed their bodies a litle, Astor *caleth.*
Ast. Holla within there.
Ber. My Lord.
Ast. I thinke it good after this little rubbing to repose my body.
Phil. I am some what heauy.
Ber. I know the caule,
Ast. And what *Bernardo*.
Ber. Marry with much motion of your bodies my Lords,
You must not be so vehement in play.
I knew a noble *French* man at *Anchona*,
Twenty yeares since at tennice tooke his death,
With ouer heating of him selfe in play.
They lay them selues vpon a bed and the barbers depart.
Phi. More musicke there.
after one straine of musicke they fall a sleepe.
Ber. My Lords are both a sleepe musicke depart.
And leaue them to their ease; alasse sweet boyes,
Is it not pitty that these noble branches,
So sweetly knit in one, should neuer wake?
I that am hard of heart sighe for their sake,
My Lord. Bernardo *knockeh at the study.*
Alex. What newes man?
Ber. Both fast a sleepe.

Alex. And both vpon one bed?
Ber. Tis done.
Alex: And chamber voyded?
Ber. All is performed my Lord.
Alex. My blessinge rest vpon thee my *Benardo.*
Depart now with these letters I deliuerd,
To be conuayd to *Florence* leaue me here.

Alexander *vpon the stage in his cassock and nightcap with a box vnder each arme.*

Alexander *solus.*

Sleepe both secure vpon your fatall bed,
Now that the God of silence *Morpheus,*
Hath with his signet of black horne seal'd vp,
Your langued eye lids loaden with pale death,
Sleepe vntill you draw your latest breath,
Poore harmeles boyes strangers to sinne and euill,
Oh were my seule as innocent as yours!
This office is of highest consequence,
In friendship for I consider it,
I sent you from a million of sorrows,
Into the flowry fields of Paradice.
Their to goe habit in the groues of mirtle,
To feed on *Manna* and to drinke pure *Nectar,*
A cup of euerlasting happines.
Where such sweet musick vn-con-ceiueable,
Shall entertaine your senses in sweet comfort,
As the delight thereof shall neuer die.
Astor what *Astor* speake awake *Phillippo,*
Both fast a sleepe. *He stireth and moueth them opening both their bosomes.*
Now *Roderick* betake thee to thy taske,
What? peace *Astor* begins to talke I will attend.

Astor *speaketh in his sleepe.*

Ast. Faire gratious Angell of eternall light,
Which reacheſt out that hand of happines.
Hayling my spirit to that triumphant throne,
Of endles comfort I adore thy grace.

Phili.

Phi.In his sleepe. Oh goulden light of neuer setting Sunne,
Harke brother *Astor* harke my soule is rapt,
Into the ioyes of heauen with harmony.
Alex. Doe they not sleepe? are they not yet a sleepe?
Be not their sences yet lockt vp in sleepe.

he stirreth them.

Astor awake awake, awake *Philippo.*
All safe and sure; oh this was but a dreame,
Their *Genius* hath fore told them of their end,
And ioyfully they doe shake hands with death.

He draweth out of his boxes aspiks.

Come out here now you *Cleopatraes* birds.
Fed fat and plump with proud *Egiptian* slime,
Of seauen mouth'd *Nylus* but now turn'd leane:

He putteth to either of their brests an Aspike.

Take your repast vpon these Princely paps.
Now *Ptolamies* wife is highly magnified,
Ensigning these faire princely twins their death,
And you my louely boyes competitors,
With *Cleopatra* share in death and fate.
Now *Charon* stayes his bote vpon the strond,
And with a rugged for head full of wrath'
He thrusts a million from the shore of Stix,
To giue you waftage to the *Elisian* fields,
I see their coulors chang and death sittes heauy.
On their fayre foreheads with his leaden mace.
My birds are glutted with this sacrefice.

He taketh of the Aspiks *and putteth them vp in his box.*

What now proud wormes? how tasts yon princes blood.
The slaues be plump and round in to your nests,
Is there no token of the serpents draught,
All cleere and safe well now faire boyes good-night.
Bernardo, Bernardo, the feate is done,
Vse thy discretion as I did de ect. *Exit* Alexander.
Ber. Tis done in deed alasse they both be dead:
Now must I follow my directions,

Holla

Holla within there. *Enter Cardinall* Caraffa *with* Bentiuoli.

Car. What newes *Bernardo*?

Ber. Alas my Lord ill newes,
But that his Holinesse is fast a sleepe,
And this day stir'd not from his bed-chamber
I would haue brought him to this wofull sight.
Prince *Astor* with *Phillippo* was at Tennis,
And being ouer-heated at their game,
Drinking so suddainly vpon that heate,
With much sweete Wine did surfet instantly,
And here alas lye dead vpon this bed.

Bent. Alas it is a ruthfull spectacle,
Two princely boyes of noble disposition,
Endued with honorable gifts of vertue.

Car. Of gracious fauour, wise, and liberall.
Phaenzaes hope: *Bernardo* beare them in,
His Holynesse will much bemone their fate.

Bent. My Lord, my Lord, I do not like of this.

Caraf. Peace man, no more do I, but beare with patience.

Bent. It is suspicious but we may not talke,
Come let vs in, oh God!

Car. Oh God what times are these. *Exeunt omnes.*

Guicchiardine.

After the bloudy Duke *Valentinoys*
Had conquered *Furly*, with the warlick Lady;
By wily force he tooke in *Capua*,
Then through insidious sleights and treacheries,
He did surprize the state of *Camerine*,
Where he captiued *Iulio di Varana*,
With his two sonnes all which he strangled,
With semblable tyranny proud *Cæsar*,
On termes of trust meetes with the *Duke Gravina*,
And *Vitellozzo* with the prince of *Fermo*:
Whome he betraide at *Sinigaglia*,
Bereauing them both of their states and liues,
He conquereth *Urbin*; and with violence,

Perfor-

Performeth ſtrange and hiddeous outrages.
By this time with his forces backe to *Rome*,
Cæſar is marching; what betyded there,
Endes in the ſubiect of this Tragedie.

ACTVS.5. SCÆ.1.

Enter Cæſar *after a floriſh of trumpets with Drums, enſignes, ſoldiors.* Barbaroſſa, *Cardinall* Caraffa Bentiuogli. Baglioni.

Cæſa. Now that by cunning force and pollicie,
All the free ſtates and citties of *Romania*
Subiected are vnto the Church of *Rome*.
And that our pikes and ſwordes in blood and ſlaughter,
Are ſtaind and ſheath'd quiet in our ſcaberds,
Our blood and wounds ſtanch'd and bound vp in ſcarfs,
Let vs for this could ſeaſon of the yeare,
Reſt vs and cheere our ſelues till the next ſpring.
And then march forward with alacrity,
Braue *Barbaroſſa* take theſe ſouldiers,
Vnto ſome quarter where by ſound of drum,
According to their muſter giue them pay,
Let them be ſatiſſied and ſo diſchargd.
Fellowes in armes faithfull and valiant,
I thanke you for your paines and honeſties,
In token of our good heart to your ſeruice,
Wee giue each common ſoldier more then pay,
Two ducates: and all other officers.
According to their pluce redoubled,
With many thankes for your exceeding valor,
Aſſuring you that in theſe warres with vs,
Cæſar ſhall make you Captaines of your ſpoyles,
And ſo doth he commend you to your eaſe.

Sold. A *Cæſar* a *Cæſar* God ſaue *Cæſar*. *Exit* Barba.

Sound trumpets and a floriſh with drums marching with ſoldiers.

Cæsa. Sirra come hether you must wayte on me.
My good Lord Cardinall and *Bentiuoli*,
Much thankes and deere acceptance of your loues,
I louingly returne for your great paines.
Caraff. His Holinesse gaue vs in serious charge,
To giue you greeting and withall prepares
A sumpteous feast for that solemnity,
To which he doth inuite the Cardinalls
With other Lords your fauourers in *Rome*.
Cæs. Humbly commend my duty to my father
Tell him this night I purpose to be with him,
Pointing at letters in his hand.
Tell him I liue in health and touching these,
I pray you certifie his Holinesse,
I will haue speciall care: and so my Lords
For a small season I will take my leaue.
Ben. We do congratulate your safe returne.
Exit Caraffa & Bent. Cæsar *looketh on his letters.*
Cæs. Come hither *Baglioni* speake sincerely,
Knowst thou *Brandino Rotsi* th' apothecary.
Bag. What I my gratious Lord? know I my selfe?
Cæs. How should I know that sir?
Ba. May it please your highnes he serues his Holines.
Cæ. He did indeed somtime and for his villanies,
Is worthily cast of; but tell me sirra:
Thou do'st remember how for breach of armes
When thou didst stab a certaine lance-prizado:
I pardon'd thee thy life.
Bag. True my good Lord I very well remember,
He was a lowsie villaine, marry was he,
And if he liued yet such is my stomacke,
That were he chopt in mammockes I could eate him:
But for that honour in a souldiers word
Ile spend my life to do your highnesse seruice.
Cæs. Hast thou thy peece then ready.
Bag. Oh my good Lord lies fix, sound as a bell,

With

With all my warlike furniture beſide
Good flask and touch-box, a *Valentia* blade
A ſlauiſh dagger, powder of *Rhemes* and bulletes
Here they beene.

Caſ. Somtime this after-noone within the parke,
Next, to the *Vattcan*, *Ratſie* wilbe:
And as I know thee ſtout and reſolute,
Beſtow a bullet on him as he paſſeth;
Few words; if any man attach thee for it,
By my protection thou ſhalt be enlarged.

Bag. And if I do not my good Lord damme me for it
I haue an old grudge at him cole black curre,
He ſhall haue two ſteele bullets ſtrongly charg'd
Nay but heere me my Lord?
Ile tell you what,
By this true fox of ſteele
I had as good a ſpaniell for the water,
As euer hunted ducke: and this true villaine
Becauſe my dog did eate vp a pannado
Within his houſe; what did that *Spaniſh* roague?
What did he thinke you my Lord?
Marry very faire and inſtantly
Poyſon d my Spaniell with *Roſa-ſolis*,
A pox on him micher, faith ile pay him his olde ſippence for't now.

Caſ. Take this to buy thee clothes my truſty-ſeruant,
Nay tis gold be not affeard of it.

Bag Affeard my Lord
Were it a tempeſt in a ſhowre of gold
I would indure it and adore you for't.

Caſ. Then *Baglion* fit thee, to thy furniture,
Watch in a corner cloſe beyond ſome tree:
And when the deed is done repaire to me:
Say that thy peece went off againſt thy will,
Keepe a light match in cock, weare flaske and touch-box:
And take a murren with thee ſo fare-well;

Thus muſt I diue deepe in a villaines nature,
And thus muſt ſaue a villaine from the gallows
To play my partes in other purpoſes.
The man whome I to benefit would chooſe,
I muſt in matters of more moment vſe:
Or els I will not benefit a man,
And cut him of in ſequell if I can.

Bag. Here me, but my good Lord marke my words well,
If old *Henrik* co ſhrink in this ſeruice
Caſſeir him, call him whip-ſtock, let him periſh,
For want of *Spaniſh* wines, and maluaſie.

Cæſ. Then faile not my true ſeruant finely, cloſely. *Exit* Cæſ.

Bag. No more but by this croſſe,
Why now this Noble *Cæſars* like himſelf,
Hath fitted me with ſeruice: if the world,
Had ſought out ſom-what to content a man,
Nothing could better pleaſe old *Ballion*
Then to kill a raskall, coward, curre,
A *Spaniſh* ſquirt-vp, a black poyſning toade.
I like this trading better then the warres
For there I ſerue for two ducates a month,
And not a duck egge richer when I march
And in continuall hazard of my life
For which percaſe my peece kills twenty perſons:
Now ſhall I march in purſe with many ducates,
For one houres ſeruice but to kill one man,
Free from all danger of mine enemy,
I will about it and take vp my ſtand. *Exit.*

Enter Bernardo.

Bern. Thus doth one hideous act ſucceed an other,
Vntill the mouth of miſcheife be made vp:
Now muſt I traine my fellow to his death,
A deed of ruth and I did ſweare the ſame,
Not only for the ſecrecy thereof.

But to conceale a matter of more weight,
Of greater moment and high cruelty:
When any deed of murther must be done,
To serue his Holinesse, call for *Bernardo*.
He must be principall or accessary
To serue all purposes; for gold or pardone,
The Pope giues both; and I can take them both:
Gold can make hard the softest conscience,
And mine is harden'd by the practise of it.
Holla *Signeor Bandino*. *He knocketh at a dore,*

Enter Rotsie.

Rot. Who calls without there? what my good fellow *Bernardo*?
Very welcome: what newes with you?
Ber. My Lord hath sent me for the things he spake of.
Rot. Here they be very strong and sufficiently compounded
According to directions from his Holinesse,
And speciall warrant vnder his priuy signet
I tried them on three men condemn'd to death:
For rapine and vile murther: but the first
Within lesse then one quarter of an houre,
Pust vp grew leaprous and his heart strings broake
Then did I giue allay the second time,
Enter Baglioni *with his peece*.
The second prizoner died within three houres
I did the third time mittigate, a little,
And saw when it was minister'd the third man,
Who did within eight houres swell rag'd and die.
Ber, Well haue you done your part set downe your bottels,
And read this letter from the Duke *Valentiooys*,
He setteth downe his bottels and walking readeth to himselfe.
Bag. Well sayd braue *Pincoginger* by mine honour
Before I do this seruice lie there peece.
For I must haue a saying to those bottels, *He drinketh.*

True ſtingo ſtingo by mine honour, Oh that mine old friend and *Boccadillio Freſcobaldi* We are heate aliue againe to taſte of this other bottle, Well I will venter vpon it, that I may drinke one health To *Freſcobaldi*; I will encounter with this ſtout *Hectorean, Greeke.*

Were *Meleager* here that ſlew the boore.
Like a *Boracchio* armed all in ſacke,
Or ſtoute *Achilles* in a pewter coate,
Or old *Aſſaracus* armed in a wicker Iyrkin,
Or *Priamus* armed with a leather Iacket,
Lin'd and imboſt with Alligant and Hollock
By forch of armes and *Mars* his valiant hand,
I would encounter them whilſt I could ſtand.
The flaues are buiſie reading their paphlagonian papers,
I muſt haue a ſaying to you ſir I muſt; though,
You be prouided for his Holines owne mouth; I will be,
Bould to be the Popes taſter by his leaue.
Now truſty *Troylus, baſe los manos.*

Rot. Let him alone it is the Dukes pleaſure,
That if he will taſte he ſhall be ſuffered,
And therefore I was commanded to ſet them downe,
In preſence of ſuch a fellow whome for his ſawcineſſe,
I haue pepered.

Bern. Oh tis a perilous villeine if you knew him ſo well as I, beleeue me he would peper you for it if he vnderſtood ſo much, peace man he hath broken vp the bottle let him drinke.

Rotſi. Nay let him drinke and burſt, for beleeue me I was enform'd before of ſuch a fellowe; for whome I was commanded to lay bate; oh notable villeine, how he ſealeth death.

Brg. This is a Noble nipſter ifaith, ſo ſo. *He drinckth.*
Backe againe to kennell ſtaue.

Rot. He hath his full wages dout not *Bernardo*, to ſerue him till he die, ſeeme not to reſpect him in any caſe doe I pray you.

Ber. Nay but doe not you reſpect him, leaſt he doubte you ſuſpect him.

Rot. Oh doubt you not, doubt you not, I wil neuer looke, let vs turn

turne out talke. Tell his Holineſſe tis well compounded and compoſed of all thoſe drugges mentioned in your letter, giue the Duke right humble thankes for his token, and with all reuerence kiſſe his excellent hand.

Bern. And by this ſignet you are to deluiuer me the bottles.

Rot. Haue a care of them and deliuer them.

Bernardo *receaueth the bottles.*

Ber. Farewell fellow *Rotſi.*

Rot. Adieu *Bernardo.*

Ber. Now doe not I pitty this *Spaniſh* villaine becauſe hee conſented to the poyſoning of this ſoldier, but for that I am innocent.

They goe forth two ſeuerall wayes and Rotſi *is ſhot by* Baglioni.

Bag. What is the wild gooſe fallen? haue at you Sir, might a poore ſoldier ſpeake halfe aſcore woords to your venemous worſhip and according to your accuſtomed ſurlineſſe haue no replyall: I beleeue you ſir, your wordes are not offenciue in any ſort I muſt confeſſe. Now thou infectious ſlaue, thou compictious Raſcal, thou confectionary villeine: where is you ſublimatum now ſir? where is your Ratsbanatum now? now where are your poyſoned pullets in ſtued-broth? where bee they? you neuer drempt of a poyſoned bullet, did you goe too? now *Signor currigantino* will I romage in the worme eaten keele of your rotten hulke: paſſion of my ſoule what papers are theſe. Foh powder, powder foh, whats here, I marry ſir I like this well, are you ſo purſie ſir, this may ſerue to ſtop a gap in my neighbours hedg, what is this you ſhow me with a ſhame to you, yea and maiſter of the ſmall ordinance to, this *Baſiliſk* hath beene often mounted where there hath beene hot and dangerous ſiruice in the Ile of *Iapan*, hold paſſion of me my guts, out vpon thee thou haſt poyſoned mee with thy ſtinking breath or with thy villonous powders, out alaſſe alaſſe what firie commotions I feele in my bodie gryping fretting and fuming, a plague on your bottle

bottle ale with a vengeance, I am peppered there is no remedie in all these extreame agonies! must draw this villeine further and throw him into a ditch, *Deh velenodell Diabolo* farewell farewell my old *Shurcordillio Frescobldi*: farewell Madam *Sempronia*, for in conscience I am guilty of mine owne deat: hoh the pangs of hell and purgatory; come you lowsie Raskall I will bury thee with carryon in the next ditch.

He draueth in Rotsi *by the heeles groning.*

SCÆ. 3.

Alexander, Cæsar Borgia.

Alex. Haue you deliuered to the bottleman,
The fatall wine.
Cæs. I I gaue charge to *Bernardo*,
Hauing them safely seald with mine owne signet,
That when feasting I do call for wine,
He shall breake vp the seales and fill that out,
For the two Cardinalls *Cornetto* and *Modina*.
Alex. Tis well, now if our plot proue right,
Thou shalt be maister of much welth to night,
Dying in estate all comes to my share,
Caraffa loues a sallet passing well,
And I haue fitted one to serue his tourne,
Their gould will make thy soldiers fight in blood,
And winge thy victories with good successe.
Cæsa. Let vs noe longer entertaine the time,
By this the Cardinalls expect our presence.
Allex. On with auspicious slepe triumphant *Cæsar*.
And entertaine them in braue iollity.

Exit.

SCÆ.

SCÆ. 4.

Sound loud musicke: a cuppord of plate brought in. Enter with bottles Bernardo *with the bottleman.*

Ber. Haue spetiall care you that haue these in charge,
That these two sealed bottels be not stird,
Vntill his Holines call for that wine
Bot. Feare not I will attend it as my life.

Sound trumpets solemnly, enter a table spread, Viandes brought in: after the trumpets sound drums and fif; enter Alexander *in his pontificalls, after him* Cornetto *with* Cæsar, Barbarossa *With* Modina, Bentiuoli *with* Caraffa, *the Pope taketh his place, three* Cardin..lls *on one side and captaines on thother.*

Alx. Martiall your selues heere sworne-men and there Church-men.
Cæs. Here sit we swordmen to defend the Church.
Alex. My Lords giue answere in sinceritie,
Hath not my *Cæsar* fought well for the Church?
That hath so soone subiected in her right.
Imola, Furly, Camerino, Capua,
Vrbine, Faenza, Sinegaglia.
Braue *Cæsar* I must boast of it in presence,
That I Christes vicare of his Church on earth,
Haue such a sonne which issued fuom my loynes,
That being vicare of the Churches warres.
Hath in reuolution of one year,
Done more then all the generalls haue done,
In honor of our Church for fortie yeares,
Corn. Your Holines with all your Cardinalls,
Your barrons and indeed all christendome
Are bound to giue God thankes for such a Prince.

 And

And him great honor for his fortitude.

The Deuill commeth and changeth the Popes *bottles.*

Mod. Your excellence did in a blessed hower.
Surrender vp your Holy robes and hat,
Betaking you to burganet and armes,
By which you might enlarge our liberties.

Car. Ifaith my Lord and soe we haue all of vs good cause to reioyce, would I had bene with your excellence at *Capua*, I would had one bout with them as old as I am.

Cæs. You might my Lord haue had your choyse of Ladies,
Bewtifull prisoners to be sent to *Rome.*

Cara, I marry my Lord some what might haue beene said to this geere *in diebus illis*, but *transeant cum ceteris erroribus*, would to GOD I weare as young as when I was a Scholler in *Padua*, faith then I could haue swingd a sword and a buckler, and I did that then wil being but a springall of 24. yeares which be talkt of in *Padua* these 40. yeares I warrant it faith my Lord were I so lusty now I would goe with you to the warres this next spring thats flat, wil you eate any sallet my Lord, faith here are excellent herbes if you loue them.

Casa. They be my Lord too cold for my stomacke, wilt please you my Lord to drinke a cup of old *Greeke* wine with it, bring me some wine here.

Alex. Bring me some wine here I will drinke a Ioy to *Cæsar* and this Noble co mpany.

Cæs. Some wine for his Holines owne mouth, *Bernardo.*

Wine is brought to Alexander.

Alex. *Cæsar* your selfe are master of this feast,
I drinke a good successe and victory,

Alexander *drinketh, trumpets sound.*

To *Cæsar* and great happines to all.

Cæsar *drinketh.*

Casa. Happy successe and fortune to you all.

Alex. Hold *Cæsar*; stay for wee are poysoned,

rush from the table.

Cæsar

Caſ. My Lord it is all of.
Alex. Then art thou quite vndone.
Caſ. Some villanous conſpiracie lyes hid
Within this company, and this pernicious villaine
Cæſar *ſtabbeth* Bernardo.
Hath practiz'd with them; goe with thy ſoule to hell,
I feele the raging of it.
Corn. Away my Lord. *Modina* come away,
This traine was laide of purpoſe for our liues.
Modi, Our refuge and defence is from aboue,
Let Sathan worke, he neuer ſhall preuaile.
Exit Corn. *and* Modiua.
Caraff. How doth my gratious Lord.
Alex. Oh very ſick: bring me preſeruatiues,
I thinke I haue as good as any man. Alex. *to his ſtudie.*
Caſ. My Lord *Bentiuogli* take heere my keyes,
You know my ſtudy, ſearch my Cabbinet,
There ſhall you finde a little Chriſtall Phiall,
Wrapt vp in Sarcenet, bring it hether ſtraight,
I feele *Veſenus* raging in my guttes. *Exit.*
Alex. Heere *Caſar* taſte ſome of this precious water,
Againſt all plague, poiſon, and peſtilence
A preſent helpe: I bought it of a Iew,
Borne and brought vp in *Galily*. Cæſar *taſteth.*
Caſ. My Lord it is too forceable and hotte.
Alex. The flames of *Mongibell* conſume my liuer,
Bring me to ſome repoſe.
Caraff. Comfort your ſelfe my Lord.
Alex. *Caſar* take reſt,
Send for Phyſitions, all my feare remaines
That *Cæſar* ſhall miſcarry.
Caſ. And all my griefe that both.
Noble *Bentiuogli* with-draw we both,
Vnto my Chamber, I am very ſick. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 5.

Enter Astaroth and calleth.

Asta. Belchar, Belchar, Belchar;
Bel. Varca, Varca, Varca,
Var. Astaroth, Astaroth, Astaroth.
The diuills meete and embrace.
Asto. Let *Orcus Erebus* and *Acheron*,
And all those Ghosts which haunt the pitchy vaultes
Of cole black hags in *Cimerian* shades
Muster themselues in numbers numberlesse,
To daunce about the Ghost of *Alexander.*
Var. Our firy region voyd of all religion,
And diuilish order by necessity,
Compell'd requires his present policy.
Bel. That fatall wine which for his Cardinalls,
He destined I tooke out of the place:
And plac'd his owne wine for those Cardinalls.
Bar. The date of his damnation is at hand.
Asta. Be ready then for I the first will beare,
As swift as wirl-winde his black soule to *Stix.*
Bel. And I with poysned toads will stop his mouth,
Whose heart was neuer satisfied with lust.
Asta. And I with snakes and stinging *Scorpions*
Will scourge him for his pride and insolence.
Var. And I with force of fiends will hall his limmes,
And pull them till he stretch an achor length.
Bel. And for his auarice I will fill his paunch,
With store of moulten gold and boyling leade:
Asto. Then let vs for his sake a horne-pipe treade.
They dance an antick.

CEN.

SCEN. *Vltima.*

Alexander *vnbraced betwixt two Cardinalls in his ſtudy looking vpon a booke, whilſt a groome draweth the Curtaine.*

Alex. You talke of pennance and of penitence,
Compunction with contrition and remiſſion
For all my ſinnes; I pray you thinke of yours
You vex your ſelues too much I cannot thank you,
Haue patience ſirs; oh tis a goodly *exorciſme*
Quem penitet peccaſſe pene eſt innocens
Giue leaue, giue leaue, come hither when I call
Eyther mere fooles or good phiſitions all.

They place him in a chayre vpon the ſtage, a groome ſetteth a Table before him.

Nay leaue me good my lords, faine would I meditate,
Leaue me I pray you.
Caraf. We leaue our praiers with your Holineſſe,
Call vpon God, thinke of his endleſſe bounty.
Alē. Pray for your ſelues, troble not me with praiers,
I pray you troble not your ſelues with praying.
Alex. ſolus. What is repentance? haue I not forgotten?
He looketh vpon a booke.
Why repentance is a ſpirituall martiredome,
Which mortifieth ſinnes and heales the ſoule:
Hauing beene wounded with the ſpirits ſword
This ſword Gods booke: that booke by me profain'd
And by which booke of God my ſoule is damn'd,
I damn'd vndoubtedly.
Oh wretched *Alexander*, ſlaue of ſinne
And of damnation; what is he that can
Deliuer thy poore ſoule? oh none but he
That when thou didſt renounce him caſt of thee,
Repentance is in vaine, mercy too late,

Oh why ſhould miſerable mortall man,
Whoſe languaſhing breath liues in his noſtrills
Vex and torment himſelfe with dayly trauell
To ſcrape vp heapes of gold to gapè for honors?
What were the conqueſts of great *Alexander*:
Of *Cyrus*, *Cayus Cæſar*? what were it
To be poſſeſſed of this vniuerſe
And leaue it all behind him in a moment?
Might ſome one man attaine that happineſſe
Which our firſt *Adam* had in *Parradice*,
Before he did preuaricate? why then
It were a worke of laſting worthineſſe
To rippe the bowells of our mother *Ops*
For treaſure; and to conquer all the world,
Becauſe eternity would promiſe it,
Out, out alas my paines, my guttes, my liuer
And yet I feare it not: though in ſecurity
Once more I will with powrefull exorciſmes,
Inuoke thoſe Angells of eternall darkeneſſe
To ſhew me now the manner of death.

Alēxander *draweth the Curtaine of his ſtudie where hee diſcoueth the diuill ſitting in his pontificals*, Alexander *croſſeth himſelfe ſtarting at the ſight.*

Diu. What doſt thou ſtart foule child of reprobation
Vaine are thy croſſes, vaine all exorciſmies,
Thoſe be no fruites of faith but mere hypocriſie:
Signa te ſigna temeré me tangis & angis
Roma *tibi ſubito motibus ibit amor.*
Rome Which once was thy gorgeous concubine
Hath now forſaken thee: now doth ſhe finde,
Thy falſhood which did her adulterate
What doſt thou tremble ſlaue of ſinne and hell?

Alexander *taketh his booke of Magicke, the Diuil laugheth.*

Alex.

Alex. I exorcise thee foule malignant spirit
In the names of, of, of ———
Diuil. Of what? foule mouth, poluted soule?
Corrupted flesh; God hath forsaken thee,
Thy date expired is, thy powre determined.
Alex. Dissolue, dissolue, break, breake, black soule dissolue,
And poyson all this hemisphere with sinne.
Diu. Thy death and dissolution stand at dore,
Resolue now to dissolue, thy soule is ours.
Alex. Proud *Lucifer* Traytor, to great *Iehouah*,
Father of lies my time is not expir'd
I will not do that violence to God, ——
Taking that which is his from him
To be bestow'd on his great enemy.
Diu. Thou that hast throwne those graces in his face,
How canst thou think vpon saluation?
Think that th'art damn'd, I will declare it plainely.
They sit togither.
Alex. Seauen years are yet to come, I look for them.
Diu. Examine thy soule with this counterparte.
Alex. Behold it? is it not for eight years & 8. daies?
Diu. Thou foole examine in Arithmetik,
Numbers without distinction placed thus.
Annos with the figure 11. signifying eleuen years, & the figure,
Seauen applyed to *Dies* importing seauen daies.
Alex. How? how? how? how? howes that?
Deh quella malitia del Diabolo: Deh quello veleno del inferno.
And for what stands this figure then?
Diu. Why for eighteene this figure stands for *octauo* referred vnto *die* last before, signifying th'eight day after, so that *Annos vndecem* without distinction signifying eleauen years; and this figure seauen added to daies; and that *octauo post*, importing the eight day following, *moriere*, thou shalt die. I meane thy bodie with thy soule in respect of Heauen.
Thus many daies hast thou continued Pope,
And this is thy last day design'd by fate.

Alex.

Alex. Thou canst not mock me with thy Sophistrie,
My soule is more diuine and cannot perish.
Diuil. Thy soule foule beast is like a Menstruous cloath,
Poluted with vnpardonable sinnes.
Alex. Know then malignant Angell of confusion,
My soule is a diuine light first created
In likenesse liuely formed to the word,
Which word was God, that God the cause of causes,
My soule is substance of the liuing God,
Stampt with the seale of heauen, whose Carracter
Is his eternall word, at which hell trembles.
Diuil. And what of that? thou therein hast no part,
I do confesse thy soule was first ordayn'd
To good: but by free-will to sinne thou slaue,
Hast sold that soule from happinesse to hell.
Alex. Marke yet what I can answer for this soule.
Mightie *Iehouah* most exuperant,
Two creatures made in feature like himselfe,
The world and man: world reasonable and immortall,
Man reasonable, but dissoluble and mortall,
And therefore man was called *Microcosmus*,
The little world, and second tipe of God,
Conteyning those high faculties and functions,
And elements which are within the world.
Man then that doth participate with all,
Through operation, conuersation, and simbolisation,
With matter in the subiect properly,
With th'elements in body quadrifarie,
With growing plants in vertue vegitatiue
In sence with beasts; with heauens by th'influence
Of the superiour spirits into th'inferiour
In wisedome and capacitie with Angels,
With *Eloym* in that great continent,
Is without doubt preserued by that God,
Finding all things conteined in himselfe.
Diuil. Answer me vaine Philosopher to this,

Thou

Thou that hast planted man in this perfection,
Not looking on thy detestable soule,
Which first like a pure leafe of whitest Lilly,
Cleere from all blemish was bestow'd by God,
And thou foule beast didst shamefully polute it.
Is it not one of humaine faculties,
To propose for your selues the best you can,
Where other creatures carryed with blinde force,
Make them-selues bond-slaues to the present time.
The scope of mans creation was to glorifie
The most all potent maker of all things,
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of all bounti e.
But he that wilfully betrayes this soule,
That pretious Iewell wherein God delights,
Dishonors God and doth depriue himselfe,
Of all saluation and beatitude.

Alex. Rest with this answer, that my soule is Gods
Whose habitacle is prepar'd in heauen.
First it doth know God being figured
According to that Image of himselfe,
And then the world whose liuely shape it beares,
And to conclude, the soule of man knowes all,
Because with all things it doth simbolize,
For in this Man there is a minde intelligent,
A quickning word and a celestiall spirit,
That like a lightning euery way diffused,
All things which are made by the mighty power,
Vniteth, moueth, and replenisheth.

Diu. These things should haue beene thought vpon before,
The *summum bonum* which liues in the soule,
Is an eternall pleasure to behold,
And haue fruition of the mightie power,
Which thou didst neuer see, nor canst enioy.

Alex. Pawse yet a little, let me meditate.

Alexander *holdeth vp his hands wringing and softly crying.*

Mercy, mercy, mercy; arise arise: vp,vp,vp : fy,fy:no, no ? stirre stubburne,stonie,stiff indurate heart,not yet,vp.why,what ? wilt thou not foule traytor?to my soule?not yet?

The Diuill laugheth.

Arise, arise,aduaunce heart clogg'd with sinne,
Oppressed with damnation:vp aduaunce yet.
Wilt thou not stirre stiffe heart?what am I damn'd?
Yet a little,yet a little, oh yet:not yet? alas.
High God of heauens and earth if thou beare loue,
Vnto the soule of sinfull man shew mercy,
Mercy good Lord,oh mercy,mercy,mercy.
Oh saue my soule out of the Lyons pawes,
My darling from the denne of blacke damnation,
My soule, my doue, couer with siluer wings,
Her downe and plumage make of fine tryed gould,
Help,help,help,aboue.stirre,stirre,stupiditie.

Diu. He charmes in D*auids* words with *Iudas spirit*,

Alex. It will not, no it will not,yet alas,no,no,no? is that my sentence to damnation?
I am vndone,vndone.

Diuill. He shall dispaire,vassall of sinne and hell,
Prouide thy selfe in black dispaire to dwell.

He ceazeth on his face.

Alex. I tell thee I cannot be resolu'd,
To dwell in darkenesse breake black soule dissolue,
And poyson all this Hemisphere with sinne,

Heere Alexander is in extreame torment and groneth whilst the diuill laugheth at him.

Alex. And if I may not reach that happinesse,
Since for my sonnes sake I my selfe inthral'd,
Tell me shall *Cæsar* die this death with me ?

Diuill. *Cæsar*; his youth and strength of blood driues out.
This fatall poyson and shall liue a while.

Alex. Oh shew me then the manner of his death,

Diu. Attend it time growes short all feare is past.

The

The Diuill bringeth from the doore Lucreciaes *Ghost, and after her the ghost of* Candie *stabbed.*

Alex. What meanes that ghastly shadow which came first?

Diuil. By that which represents *Lucretia*,
Leprous and poisoned is thy death declar'd,
By poyson which now struggleth with thy spirits,
And by that other which sets out to thee,
The murther of thy sonne the Duke of *Candy*,
Prefigur'd is the death of thy sonne *Cæsar*,
Thou for the poysoning of thy daughter poysoned:
He for the murthering of his brother murthered.

Alex. Thus God is onely iust.

Diu. The Diuill cannot deny it.

Alex. Man onely false.
Learne miserable wretched mortall men,
By this example of a sinfull soule,
What are the fruites of pride and Auarice,
Of crueli Empire and impietie,
Of prophanation and Apostacie,
Of brutish lust, falsehood, and perfidie,
Of deepe dissembling and hypocrisie,
Learne wicked worldlings, learne, learne, learne by me
To saue your soules, though I condemned be.

Sound a Horne within, enter a Diuill like a Poast.

1 *Diu.* Here comes a fatall message, I must hence. *Exit.*

Alex. My roabes, my roabes, he robs me of my roabes,
Bring me my roabes, or take away my life,
My roabes, my life, my soule and all is gone.

Alexander *falleth in an extasie vpon the ground.*

2. *Diuil.* From the pale horror of eternall fire,
Am I sent with the wagon of blacke *Dis*,
To guide thy spirit to the gates of death,
Therefore I summon thee to come with speed,
For horrizons now stand thee not insteed.

Alexander *aduanceth a little.*

Alex. Horror and horror, feare ensueth feare,

Torment with tormentes is Incompassed:
Dispaire vpon dispaire, damnation
Vpon damnation, hell and conscience,
Murther, lust, auarice, impiety,
Vaine prophanation and apostacie,
Rage and distraction tiranize: away,
Away proud *Lucifer*, away.

Diuill. away, away. *The Diuill Windeh his horne in his eare and there more diuills enter with a noise incompassing him, Alexander starteth.*

Alex. Holla, holla, holla, come, come, come, what, when, where when, why, deaf, strike, dead, aliue, oh alas, oh alas, alwaies burning, alwayes freezing, alwayes liuing, tormented, neuer ending, neuer, neuer, neuer mending, out, out, out, out, why, why, whether, whether, thether,

Diuills. Thether, thether, thether,

Thunder and lightning with fearefull noise the diuells thrust him downe and goe Triumphing.

Enter Cardinalls and Bentiuoli.

Bent. What is he dead?

Car. Dead, and in such a fashion,
As much affrights my spirits to remember,
Thunder and fearfull lightning at his death,
Out cries of horror and extremity.

Bent. Cause all your bells to ring my lords of *Rome*,
Rome is redeemed from a wicked Pope.

Car. God hath beheld vs with his eyes of mercy,
His name be glorified, ioyne all in prayer,
And giue him praise that tooke away your shame.

Bent. Goe your procession, sing your letinies,
And let your Churches through with multitudes,
Banquets and bonfiers through the Citty make.
In signe our Church is freed from infamy,

Car. Euen as his spirit was inflate with pride,

Behold

Behold his bodie puffed vp with poyſon,
His corps ſhall be conuaied to ſaint *Peeters*,
Open for all beholders, that they may
See the reward of ſinne, amend and pray.

Guicchiardine.

Th'omnipotent great guider of all powers,
(Whoſe eſſence is pure grace, and heauenly loue,
As he with glorie crownes heroyick actions,
Bearing a taſte of his eternall vertue)
So ſemolably doth he with terror ſtrike,
In heaue vengeance ſinnes deteſtable:
As in this tragike myrrour to your eyes,
Our ſceane did repreſent in *Alexander*,
Fla icious Cæſar his ambicious ſonne,
Reſeru'd for more calamities to come,
After he was impriſoned by the Church,
Eſcap't into the kingdome of *Nauarre*,
Vnto King *Iohn* then brother to his wife:
Where in an ambuſh at *Viano* ſlaine,
Iuſt *Nemeſis* repaide his treacherie.

Epilogus.

HEroicke and beneuolent spectators,
Your gratious eares, and curious obseruations,
Iuditious censures, and sweete clemencie,
Haue thus addrest our Tragick Theater,
T'exchange contentment, for benignitie:
Humbly deuoted to your good desires.
For some delight, cause of discourse for others,
For all example, and for none offence,
Your fauours are a royall recompence.
Which when our loftie Muses shall perceiue,
Then in more pompous and triumphant state,
Your eyes with glory shall the deeds receaue
Of mightie Monarches, Kings, and change of fate,
By me those persons which our Scene presented,
Kisse all your hands, and wish you well contented.

FINIS.