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Received, May, 1873.

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PHILASTER,

OR

Love lies a Bleeding.

A

COMEDY.

As it hath been divers times Acted at the
Globe, and at the *Black-Friers*:

And now at the

Theatre Royal,

BY

Their MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

The Authors being { Francis Beaumont,
 and
 John Fletcher, } Gentlemen.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Richard Bentley and S. Magnes in Russel-Street near
Covent-Garden, 1687.

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149,428.

May, 1873

THE
STATIONER
To the Understanding
GENTRY.

THis Play so affectionately taken, and approved by the Seeing Auditors, or Hearing Spectators, (of which sort, I take, or conceive you to be the greatest part) hath received (as appears by the copious vent of two Editions,) no less acceptance with improvement of you likewise the Readers, albeit the first Impression swarm'd with Errors, proving it self like pure Gold, which the more it hath been tried and refined, the better is esteemed; the best Poems of this kind, in the first presentation, resemble that all-tempting Mineral newly digged up, the Actors being only the labouring Miners, but you the skilful Triers and Refiners: Now considering how currant this hath passed, under the infallible stamp of your judicious censure, and applause, and (like a gainful Office in this Age) eagerly sought for, not only by those that have heard and seen it, but by others that have meerly heard thereof: here you behold me acting the Merchant-adventurers part, yet as well for their satisfaction, as mine own benefit, and if my hopes (which I hope, shall never lye like this Love a Bleeding,) do fairly arrive at their intended Haven, I shall then be ready to lade a new Bottom, and set forth again, to gain the good-will both of you and them. To whom respectively I convey this hearty greeting: Adieu.

The Persons presented are these, viz.

The King.

Philaster, Heir to the Crown.

Pharamond, Prince of Spain.

Dion, A Lord,

Cleremont, } Noble Getlemen his Associates.

Trafiline,

Arethusa, the Kings Daughter.

Gallatea, a wise Modest Lady attending the Princess.

Megra, a Lascivious Lady.

An old Wanton Lady, or Croane.

Another Lady attending the Princess.

Euphrasia, Daughter of *Dion*, but disguised like a Page, and called
Bellarion.

An old Captain.

Five Citizens.

A Country Fellow.

Two Woodmen.

The Kings Guard and Train.

The SCENE *CICILY*.

PHI-

PHILASTER,

OR

Love lies a Bleeding.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter *Dion, Cleremont and Trasilino.*

Cleremont.

Heir's, nor Lords, nor Ladies.

Dion. Credit me, Gentlemen, I wonder at it. They receiv'd strict charge from the King, to attend here: Besides, it was boldly published, that no Officer should forbid any Gentlemen, that desired to attend, and hear.

Cle. Can you guess the cause?

Di. Sir, it is plain about the Spanish Prince, that's come to marry our Kingdoms Heir, and be our Sovereign.

Tra. Many (that will seem to know much) say, she looks not on him like a Maid in Love.

Di. Faith, Sir, the multitude (that seldome know any thing, but their own opinions) speak that they would have. But the Prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the State, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd;

Cle. Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these Kingdoms of *Cicilie*, and *Calabria*.

Dion. Sir, it is (without controversie) so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour, for him to enjoy both these Kingdoms, with safety, the right Heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

Cle. Who, *Philaster*?

Di. Yes, whose father, we all know, was by our late King of *Calabria*, unrighteously deposed from his fruitful *Cicilie*. My self drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be washed from.

Cle. Sir, my ignorance in State policy, will not let me know, why (*Philaster* being Heir to one of these Kingdoms) the King should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

Di. Sir, it seems your nature is more constant, than to enquire after State

2
P H I L A S T E R.
News. But the King (of late) made a hazard of both the Kingdoms, of *Cicilie* and of his own, with offering but to imprison *Philafter*. At which the City was in Arms: not to be charm'd down by any State-Order or Proclamation, till they saw *Philafter* ride through the Streets pleas'd, and without a Guard; at which they threw their Hats, and their Arms from them; some to make Bonfires, some to drink, all for his deliverance. Which (wise men say) is the cause, the King labours to bring in the power of a Forreign Nation to awe his own with.

Enter Gallatea, Megra, and a Lady.

Tra. See, the Ladies, what's the first?

Di. A wife and modest Gentlewoman, that attends the Princess.

Cle. The second?

Di. She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ilfavour'dly dance her Measure; simper when she is Courted by her Friend, and slight her Husband.

Cle. The last?

Di. Faith, I think she is one whom the State keeps for the Agents of our confederate Princes: She'll cog and lye with a whole Army, before the league shall break: her name is common through the Kingdom, and the Trophies of her dishonour, advanc'd beyond *Hercules* Pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of mens Bodies; and indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own Body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the Commonwealth.

Cle. She's a profitable Member.

La. Peace, if you love me; you shall see these Gentlemen stand their ground, and not Court us.

Gal. What if they should?

Meg. What if they should?

La. Nay, let her alone; what if they should? Why, if they should, I say, they were never abroad; what Forreign would do so? it writes them directly untravell'd.

Gal. Why, what if they be?

Meg. What if they be?

La. Good Madam let her go on; what if they be? Why if they be, I will justifie, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious Lady, nor make a Leg, nor say excuse me.

Gal. Ha, ha, ha.

La. Do you laugh, Madam?

Di. Your desires upon you, Ladies.

La. Then you must sit besides us.

Di. I shall sit near you then, Lady.

La. Neat me perhaps: But there's a Lady endures no stranger, and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

Meg. Methinks he's not so strange, he would quickly be acquainted.

Tra. Peace, the King.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and Train.

King. To give a stronger testimony of love,

Than

Than sickly promises (which commonly
 In Princes finde both Birth and Burial.)
 In one breath, we have drawn you worthy Sir,
 To make your fair inderments to our Daughter;
 And worthy services known to your Subjects;
 Now lov'd and wondred at. Next, our intent,
 To plant you deeply, our immediate Heir,
 Both to our Blood and Kingdoms. For this Lady,
 (The best part of your Life, as you confirme me,
 And I believe) though her few years, and Sex,
 Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes,
 Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge,
 Only of what her self, is to her self,
 Make her feel moderate health: And when she sleeps,
 In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams,
 Think not (dear sir) these undivided parts,
 That must mould up a Virgin, are put on
 To shew her so, as borrowed ornaments,
 To speak her perfect love to you, or add
 An Artificial shadow to her nature:
 No Sir, I boldly dare proclaim her, yet
 No Woman. But woo her still, and think her Modesty,
 A sweeter Mistress than the offer'd Language
 Of any Dame, were she a Queen, whose eye
 Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.
 Last, noble Son, (for so I now must call you)
 What I have done thus publick, is not only
 To add a comfort in particular,
 To you or me, but all; and to confirm
 The Nobles and the Gentry of these Kingdoms,
 By oath to your succession, which shall be
 Within this Month at most.

Tra. This will be hardly done.
Cle. It must be ill done, if it be done.
Di. When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done,
 Whilst so brave a Gentleman is wrong'd and flung off;
Tra. I fear.
Cle. Who does not?
Di. I fear not for my self, and yet I fear too:
 Well, we shall see, we shall see: no more.
Pha. Kissing your white hand (mistress) I take leave,
 To thank your Royal Father: And thus far,
 To be my own free Trumpet. Understand
 Great King, and these your subjects, mine that must be,
 (For so deserving you have spoke me, Sir,
 And so deserving I dare speak my self)
 To what a person, of what eminence,

Ripe expectation, of what faculties,
 Manners and vertues, you would wed your Kingdoms;
 You in me have your wishes. Oh, this Country,
 (By more than all the gods,) I hold it happy,
 Happy, in their dear memories, that have been
 Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is,
 And from you (as a Chronicle to keep
 Your noble name from eating age) do I
 Open my self most happy. Gentlemen,
 Believe me in a word, a Princes word,
 There shall be nothing to make up a Kingdom
 Mighty, and flourishing, defenced, fear'd,
 Equal to be commanded, and obey'd;
 But through the travels of my life I'll finde it,
 And tie it to this Country. By all the Gods,
 My Reign shall be so easie to the Subject,
 That every man shall be his Prince himself,
 And his own Law: yet I his Prince and Law.
 And dearest Lady, to your dearest self,
 (Dear in the choise of him, whose Name and Lustre
 Must make you more and mightier) Let me say,
 You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet Princess,
 You shall enjoy a man of men to be
 Your Servant, you shall make him yours, for whom
 Great Queens must die.

Tra. Miraculous.

Cle. This speech calls him *Spaniard*, being nothing but a large inventory of his own commendations.

Enter *Philaster*.

Di. I wonder what's his price? For certainly he'll sell himself he has so prais'd his shape: But here comes one, more worthy those large speeches, than the large speaker of them: let me be swallowed quick, if I can finde, in all the Anatomy of yon mans vertues, one sinnew found enough to promise for him, he shall be Constable. By this Sun, he'll ne're make King, unless it be of trifles, in my poor judgment.

Phi. Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience,
 And with a heart as Loyal as my knee,
 I beg your Favour.

K. Rise, you have it, Sir.

Di. Mark but the King how pale he looks, he fears,
 Oh, this same whorefson Conscience, how it jades us!

K. Speak your intents, Sir.

Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?
 Be still my royal Sovereign.

K. As a Subject,
 We give you freedom.

Di. Now it heats.

Pbi. Then thus I turn

My language to you Prince, you forreign man :
 Ne're stare, nor put on wonder, for you must
 Indure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon,
 (A dowry as you hope with this fair Princess,
 Whose memory I bow to) was not left
 By my dead father (Oh, I had a father,)
 To your inheritance, and I up, and living,
 Having my self about me, and my sword,
 The Souls of all my Name, and memories ;
 These arms, and some few friends, beside the Gods,
 To part so calmly with it, and sit still,
 And say I might have been. I tell thee, *Pharamond*,
 When thou art King, look I be dead and rotten,
 And my Name ashes, as I: For, hear me, *Pharamond*,
 This very ground thou goest on: this fat earth,
 My fathers friends made fertile with their faiths,
 Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow
 Thee and thy Nation, like a hungry Grave,
 Into her hidden bowels: Prince, it shall ;
 By the just Gods it shall.

Pha. He's mad, beyond cure, mad.

Di. Here's a fellow has some fire in's veins :

The out-landish Prince looks like a Tooth-drawer.

Pbi. Sir Prince of Poppinjays, P'le make it well appear
 To you, I am not mad.

K. You displease us,
 You are too bold.

Pbi. No Sir, I am too tame,
 Too much a Turtle, a thing born without passion,
 A faint shaddow, that every drunken clowd sails over,
 And makes nothing.

K. I do not fancy this,
 Call our Physicians? sure he's somewhat tainted.

Tra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Di. H'as given him a general purge already, for all the right he has, and
 now he means to let him blood: Be constant, Gentlemen, by Heaven P'le run
 his hazard, although I run my name out of the Kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul.

Pha. What you have seen in me, to stir offence,
 I cannot finde, unless it be this Lady,
 Offer'd into my armes, with the succession,
 Which I must keep: though it hath pleas'd your sary
 To mutiny within you; without disputing
 Your *Genealogies*, or taking knowledge
 Whose branch you are. The King will leave it me,

And

And I dare make it mine : you have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him,
That made the world his ; and couldst see no Sun
Shine upon any thing but thine : were *Pharamond*
As truly valiant, as I feel him cold,
And ringd amongst the choicest of his friends,
Such as would blush to talk such serious follies,
Or back such bellied Commendations,
And from this presence : Spight of all these bugs,
You should hear further from me.

K. Sir, you wrong the Prince :
I gave you not this freedome, to brave our best friends ;
You deserve our frown : Go to, be better temper'd.

Phi. It must be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

Gal. Ladies.

This would have been a pattern of Succession,
Had he ne're met this mischief. By my life,
He is the worthiest the true name of man,
This day, within my knowledge.

Meg. I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge,
But the other is the man set in my eye :
Oh 'tis a Prince of wax.

Gal. A dog it is.

K. *Philaster*, tell me,

The injuries you aim at in your riddles.

Phi. If you had my eyes, Sir, and suffrance,
My griefs upon you, and my broken Fortunes,
My want's great, and now nothing hopes, and fears,
My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh at :
Dare you be still my King, and right me not ?

K. Give me your wrongs in private.

[*They whisper.*]

Phi. Take them ;

And ease me of a load, would bow strong *Atlas*.

Cle. He dares not stand the shock.

Di. I cannot blame him, there's danger in't. Every man in this age, has not
a Soul of Christal, for all men to read their actions through : mens hearts and
faces are so far asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do but view yon
Stranger well, and you shall see a Feaver through all his bravery, and feel him
shake like a true Tenant ; if he give not back his Crown again, upon the report
of an Elder Gun, I have no augury.

K. Go to :

Be more your self, as you respect our Favour ;
You'l stir us else ; Sir, I must have you know,
That y'are, and shall be at our pleasure, what fashion we
Will put upon you : smooth your brow, or by the Gods—

Phi. I am dead, Sir, y'are my Fate : It was not I
Said I was wrong'd : I carry all about me,

My weak Stars lead me too; all my weak Fortunes.
 Who dares in all this presence speak (that is
 But man of Flesh, and may be mortal) tell me
 I do not most intirely love this Prince,
 And honour his full vertues.

K. Sure he's posselt.

Phi. Yes, with my father's spirit: It's here, O King,
 A dangerous spirit: now he tells me King,
 I was a Kings Heir, bids me be a King,
 And whispers to me, these are all my Subjects:
 'Tis strange, he will not let me sleep, but dives
 Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes,
 That kneel, and do me service, cry me King:
 But I'll suppress him, he's a factious Spirit,
 And will undo me; noble Sir, your hand,
 I am your servant.

K. Away, I do not like this:
 I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you
 Both of Life and Spirit: for this time
 I pardon your wilde speech, without so much
 As your Imprisonment.

[Exit K. Pha. Are.

Di. I thank you, Sir, you dare not for the People.

Gal. Ladies, what think you now of this brave Fellow?

Meg. A pretty talking fellow, hot at hand: but eye yon Stranger, is he
 not a fine compleat Gentleman? O these Strangers, I do affect them strangely:
 They do the rarest home things, and please the fullest: as I live, I could
 love all the Nation over and over for his sake.

Gal. Gods comfort your poor head-piece, Lady, 'tis a weak one, and had
 need of a night cap.

[Exit Ladies.

Di. See how his fancy labours, has he not spok
 Home, and bravely? what a dangerous Train
 Did he give fire to? How he shook the King,
 Made his Soul melt within him, and his blood
 Run into whay: it stood upon his Brow,
 Like a cold winter dew.

Phi. Gentlemen,
 You have no suit to me? I am no Minion:
 You stand (methinks) like men that would be Courtiers
 If you could well be flatter'd at a price
 Not to undo your children: y'are all honest:
 Go get you home again, and make your Countrey
 A vertuous Court, to which your great ones may,
 In their diseased age retire, and live recluse.

Cle. How do you worthy Sir?

Phi. Well, very well;

And so well, that if the King please I finde
I may live many years.

Di. The King must please,
Whilst we know what you are, and who you are,
Your wrongs and injuries: shrink not, worthy Sir,
But add your father to you: In whose name,
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up
The Rods of vengeance, the abused people,
Who like to raging torrents shall swell high,
And so begirt the dens of these Male-dragons,
That through the strongest safety, they shall beg
For mercy at your Swords point.

Phi. Friends, no more;
Our ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an age
We dare not trust our wills to: do you love me?

Tra. Do we love Heaven, and Honour?

Phi. My Lord *Dion*, you had
A vertuous Gentlewoman, call'd you father,
Is she yet alive?

Di. Most honour'd Sir, she is:
And for the penance but of an idle dream,
Has undertook a tedious Pilgrimage.

Enter a *Lady*.

Phi. Is it to me, or any of these Gentlemen you come?

La. To you, brave Lord: the Princess would intreat
Your present company.

Phi. The Princess send for me? y'are mistaken.

La. If you be call'd *Philaster*, 'tis to you.

Phi. Kifs her fair hand, and say I will attend her.

Di. Do you know what you do?

Phi. Yes, go to see a woman.

Cle. But do you weigh the danger you are in?

Phi. Danger in a sweet face!

By *Jupiter*-I must not fear a woman.

Tra. But are you sure it was the Princess sent?

It may be some foul train to catch your life.

Phi. I do not think it, Gentlemen: she's noble,
Her Eye may shoot me dead, or those true red
And white friends in her face may steal my soul out:
There's all the danger in't: but be what may,
Her single name hath arm'd me.

Di. Go on:

And be as truly happy, as th'art fearless:
Come, Gentlemen, let's make our friends acquainted,
Lest the King prove false.

Enter *Arethusa*, and a *Lady*.

Are. Comes he not?

[*Exit Phil.*

[*Exit Gentlemen.*

La. Madam?

Are. Will *Philaster* come?

La. Dear, Madam, you were wont
To credit me at first.

Are. But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetful, and my Womans strength
Is so o'recharg'd, with dangers like to grow,
About my Marriage, that these under-things
Dare not abide in such a troubled Sea:
How lookt he, when he told thee he would come?

La. Why, well.

Are. And not a little fearful?

La. Fear, Madam? sure he knows not what it is.

Are. You all are of his Faction; the whole Court
Is bold in praise of him, whilst I
May live neglected: and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the Sea,
Drowned in the Doing: but I know he fears.

La. Fear? Madam, (me thought) his looks hid more
Of Love then Fear.

Are. Of love? to whom? To you?

Did you deliver those plain words I sent
With such a winning jesture, and quick look,
That you have caught him?

La. Madam, I mean to you.

Are. Of Love to me? Alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our Births:
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,
And knows she does well, never gave the world
Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am: If a bowl of blood
Drawn from this Arm of mine, would poyson thee,
A draught of his would cure thee. Of Love to me?

La. Madam, I think I hear him.

Are. Bring him in:

You Gods that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy Wifdoms at this time it is,
To make the passions of a feeble Maid
The way unto your Justice; I obey.

La. Here is my Lord *Philaster*.

[Enter Phi.]

Are. Oh, 'tis well.

Withdraw your self.

Pbi. Madam, your Messenger

Made me believe, you wish'd to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, *Philaster*; but the words are such,
I have to say, and do so ill besem

The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
 And yet am loth to speak them. Have you known,
 That I have ought detracted from your worth?
 Have I in Person wrong'd you? Or have set
 My baser instruments to throw disgrace
 Upon your Vertues?

Phi. Never, Madam, you.

Are. Why then should you in such a publick place
 Injure a Princess, and a scandal lay
 Upon my Fortunes, fam'd to be so great,
 Calling a great part of my Dowry in question?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak, will be
 Foolish: but for your fair and vertuous self,
 I could afford my self to have no right
 To any thing you wish'd.

Are. *Philaster*, know,
 I must enjoy these Kingdoms.

Phi. Madam, both?

Are. Both, or I die: by heaven I die, *Philaster*,
 If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life:
 Yet would be loth to have posterity
 Find in our Stories, that *Philaster* gave
 His right unto a Scepter, and a Crown,
 To save a Ladies longing.

Are. Nay then hear:
 I must, and will have them, and more.

Phi. What more?

Are. Or lose that little life the Gods prepared,
 To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more?

Are. Turn then away thy face.

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I cannot endure it: turn away my face:
 I never yet saw enemy that lookt
 So dreadfully, but that I thought my self
 As great a Basilisk as he; or spake
 So horrible, but that I thought my Tongue
 Bore thunder underneath, as much as his:
 Nor beast, that I could turn from: shall I then
 Begin to fear sweet sounds? a Ladies voice,
 Whom I do love? Say you would have my life,
 Why, I will give it you for it is of me
 A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask,
 Of so poor use, that I shall make no price,
 If you intreat, I will unmov'dly hear,

Are Yet for my sake a little bend thy looks.

Phi. I do.

Are. Then know I must have them, and thee.

Phi. And me?

Are. Thy love: without which, all the Land
Discovered yet, will serve me for no use,
But to be buried in.

Phi. Is't possible?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee: Now, though thy breath do strike me dead,
(Which know it may) I have unript my Brest.

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts,
To lay a Train for this contemned Life,
Which you may have for asking: to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill; love you,
By all my hopes I do, above my Life:
But how this passion should proceed from you
So violently, would amaze a man
That would be jealous?

Are. Another Soul into my body shot,
Could not have fill'd with more strength and Spirit,
Then this thy breath: but spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus: 'tis the Gods,
The Gods, that make me so: and sure our Love
Will be the nobler, and the better blest,
In that secret the justice of the Gods
Is mingled with it. Let us leave and kiss,
Lest some unwelcome Guest should fall betwixt us,
And we should part without it.

Phi. 'Twill be ill,
I should abide here long.

Are. 'Tis true: and worse,
You should come often: How shall we devise
To hold intelligence? That our true loves
On any new occasion may agree,
What Path is best to tread?

Phi. I have a Boy
Sent by the Gods, I hope to this intent,
Not yet seen in the Court. Hunting the Buck,
I found him sitting by a Fountains side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the Nymph again as much in tears,
A Garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several Flowers, bred in the Bay,
Stuck in that mystick order, that the rareness
Delighted me: but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,

As if he meant to make 'em grow again,
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story ;
 He told me, that his Parents gentle dyed,
 Leaving him to the Mercy of the Fields,
 Which gave him Roots; and of the Crystal Springs,
 Which did not stop their courses; and the Sun,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his Light.
 Then took he up his Garland, and did shew,
 What every Flower, as Country-people hold,
 Did signifie: and how all, ordered thus,
 Exprest his grief: and to my thoughts did read
 The prettiest Lecture of his Country Art,
 That could be wisht: so that, methought, I could
 Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
 Who was glad to follow; and have got
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest Boy,
 That ever Master kept: Him will I send
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Enter Lady.

Are. 'Tis well, no more.

La. Madam, the Prince is come to do his Service.

Are. What will you do, *Philaster*, with your self?

Phi. Why, that which all the Gods have appointed out for me.

Are. Dear, hide thy self;

Bring in the Prince.

Phi. Hide me from *Pharamond*?

When Thunder speaks, which is the voice of God,

Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not;

And shall a Stranger Prince have leave to brag

Unto a Foreign Nation, that he made

Philaster hide himself.

Are. He cannot know it.

Phi. Though it should sleep for ever to the world,

It is a simple sin to hide my self,

Which will for ever on my Conscience lie.

Are. Then, good *Philaster*, give him scope and way

In what he says: for he is apt to speak

What you are loth to hear: for my sake do.

Phi. I will.

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. My Princely Mistress, as true Lovers ought,

I come to kiss these fair hands: and to shew

In outward Ceremonies, the dear Love

Writ in my heart.

Phi.

Phi. If I shall have an answer no directlier,
I am gone.

Pha. To what would he have answer?

Arc. To his Claim unto the Kingdom.

Pha. Sirrah, I forbear you before the King.

Phi. Good Sir, do so still, I would not talk, with you.

Pha. But now the time is fitter, do but offer
To make mention of right to any Kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable.

Phi. Good Sir, let me go.

Pha. And by the Gods.

Phi. Peace *Pharamond*: if thou——

Arc. Leave us, *Philaster*.

Phi. I have done.

Pha. You are gone; by heaven I'll fetch you back.

Phi. You shall not need.

Pha. What now?

Phi. Know, *Pharamond*;

I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou,

Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if

Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,

Thou wert, and not lament it.

Pha. Do you slight

My greatness so? and in the chamber of the Princess?

Phi. It is a place to which, I must confess

I owe a reverence: But wer't the Church;

I at the Altar, there's no place so safe

Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill thee:

And for your greatness, Know, Sir, I can grasp

You, and your greatness, thus, thus into nothing;

Give not a word, not a word back: Farewel.

[Exit *Phi.*]

Pha. 'Tis an odd fellow, Madam, we must stop

His mouth with some office, when we are married.

Arc. You were best make him your Controuler.

Pha. I think he would discharge it well. But, Madam,

I hope our hearts are knit; but yet so slow

The Ceremonies of State are, that'twill be long

Before our hands be so: if then you please,

Being agreed in heart, let us not wait

For dreaming form, but take a little stoll

Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

Arc. If you dare speak such thoughts,

I must withdraw in honour.

[Exit *Arc.*]

Pha. The constitution of my Body will never hold out till the wedding:

I must seek elsewhere.

[Exit *Pha.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Philaster and Bellario.

Phi. **A**ND thou shalt find her honourable Boy
Full of regard unto thy tender Youth,
For thine own Modesty; and for my sake,
Apt to give, then thou wilt be to ask,
I, or deserve.

Bell. Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing:
And only yet am something, by being yours;
You trusted me unknown, and that which you were apt
To conster, a simple innocence in me,
Perhaps might have been craft: the cunning of a Boy
Hardened in lies and theft; yet ventur'd you
To part my miseries and me: For which
I never can expect to serve a Lady,
That bears more honour in her breast than you.

Phi. But boy, it will prefer thee: thou art young,
And bearest a childish over-flowing love
To them that clap thy Cheeks, and speak thee fair yet;
But when thy judgment comes to rule those Passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful Friends,
That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life:
She is a Princess I prefer thee to.

Bell. In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part
With a Servant he thought trusty; I remember
My Father would prefer the Boys he kept
To greater men than he, but did it not,
Till they were grown too sawcy for himself.

Phi. Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour.

Bell. Sir, if I have made
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth;
I shall be willing, if not apt to learn,
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge: And if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once; what master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

Phi. Thy Love doth plead so prettily to stay,
 That (trust me) I could weep to part with thee,
 Alas, I do not turn thee off: thou knowest
 It is my business, that doth call thee hence,
 And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me:
 Think so, and 'tis so: and when time is full,
 That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,
 Laid on so weak a one; I will again
 With joy receive thee; as I live, I will:
 Nay, weep not, gentle boy: 'Tis more than time
 Thou didst attend the Princess.

Bel. I am gone:
 But since I am to with you, my Lord,
 And none knows whether I live to do
 Most Service for you: take this little Prayer;
 Heaven bless your Loves, your Fights, all your designs:
 May sick Men, if they have your wish, be well:
 And heaven hate those you curse, though I be one.

Phi. The Love of Boys unto their Lord, is strange;
 I have read wonders of it, yet this Boy
 For my sake (if a man may judge by looks
 And speech) would out-do story. I may see
 A day to pay him for his Loyalty. [Exit Phi.]

Enter Pharamond.

Pha. Why should these Ladies stay so long? They must come this way,
 I know the Queens employs 'em not, for the reverend Mother sent me word,
 they would all be for the Garden. If they should all prove honest now, I
 were in a fair taking: I was never so long without sport in my Life, and in my
 Conscience, 'tis not my fault: Oh, for our Country-Ladies: Here's one
 boulted, I'le hound at her.

Enter Gallatea.

Gall. Your Grace.
Pha. Shall I not be a trouble?
Gall. Not to me, Sir.
Pha. Nay, nay, you are too quick by this sweet hand.
Gall. You'll be forsworn, Sir, 'tis but an old Glove. If you will talk at
 distance, I am for you: but good Prince be not bawdy, nor do not brag:
 these two I bar, and then I think, I shall have sense enough, to answer all the
 weighty *Apothegmes*, your royal blood shall manage.

Pha. Dear Lady, can you love
Gall. Dear Prince, how dear? I ne're cost you a Coach yet not put you to
 the dear repentance of a Banquet; Here's no Scarlet, Sir, to blush the Sin out,
 it was given for; This wycer mine own hair covers: and this face has been
 so far from being dear to any, that it nere cost penny painting: And for the
 rest of my poor Wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves no hand behind it,
 to make the izalous Mercers wife, curse our good doings.

Pha. You mistake, me Lady.
Gall.

Gall. Lord, I do so: would you, or I could help it.

Pha. Do Ladies of this Country use to give no more respect to men of my full being?

Gall. Full being? I understand you not, unless your Grace means growing to fatness: and then your only remedy (upon my knowledge Prince) is, in a morning, a Cup of neat White-wine, brew'd with *Carduus*, then fast till Supper; about eight you may eat: use exercise, and keep a Sparrow-hawk, you can shoot in a Tiller: But of all, your Grace must fly *Plebotomy*, fresh Pork, Conger, and clarified Whey: They are all dullers of the vital Spirits.

Pha. Lady, you talk of nothing, all this while.

Gall. 'Tis very true, Sir, I talk of you.

Pha. This is a crafty wench, I like her wit well, 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden appetite: she's a *Danae*, and must be courted in a shower of Gold. Madam, look here, all these, and more, than——

Gall. What have you there, my Lord? Gold? Now, as I live 'tis fair Gold: you would have silver for it to play with the Pages: you could not have taken me in a worse time: But if you have present use, my Lord, Ple send my man with silver, and keep your Gold for you.

Pha. Lady, Lady,

Gall. She's coming, Sir, behind, will take white Money. Yet for all this Ple match ye.

Pha. If there be but two such more in this Kingdom, and near the Court, we may even hang up our Harps: ten such *Champhier* constitutions as this, would call the golden Age again in question, and teach the old way for every ill fact husband, to get his own Children: and what a mischief that will breed, let all consider.

Enter Megra.

Here's another, if she be of the same last, the devil shall pluck her on. Many fair mornings, Lady.

Meg. As many mornings bring as many days, Fair, Sweet, and hopeful to your Grace.

Pha. She gives good words yet: Sure this wench is free: If your more serious business do not call you, Let me hold quarter with you, we'll talk an hour Out quickly.

Meg. What would your Grace talk of?

Pha. Of some such pretty Subject as your self. Ple go no further than your eye, or lip, There's Theme enough for one man for an Age.

Meg. Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even, Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, and red enough, Or my Glass wrongs me.

Pha. O they are two twin'd Cherries died in blushes, Which those fair Suns above, with their bright beams Reflect upon, and ripen: sweetest beauty, Bow down those branches, that the longing taste Of the faint looker on, may meet those blessings,

And taste and live.

Meg. O delicate sweet Prince ;
She that hath Snow enough about her heart
To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off,
May be a Nun without probation.

Sir, you have in such neat Poetry gathered a kiss,
That if I had but five lines of that number,
Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend
Your forehead, or your Cheeks, and kiss you too.

Pha. Do it in prose ; you cannot miss it, Madam.

Meg. I shall, I shall.

Pha. By my life you shall not :

I'll prompt you first : Can you do it now ?

Meg. Methinks 'tis easie, now I ha' don't before :
But yet I should stick at it.

Pha. Stick till to morrow,
I'll ne're part you, sweetest. But we lose time ;
Can you love me ?

Meg. Love you, my Lord ? How would you have me love you ?

Pha. I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory,
this is all : love me, and lye with me.

Meg. Was it lie with you that you said ? 'Tis impossible.

Pha. Nor to a willing mind, that will endeavour ; if I do not teach you to
do it as easily in one night, as you'l go to bed ; I'll lose my royal blood for't.

Meg. Why, Prince, you have a Lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

Pha. I'll sooner teach a Mare the old measures, then teach her any thing
belonging to the function : she's afraid to lie with her self, if she have but
any masculine imaginations about her ; I know when we are married, I must
ravish her.

Meg. By my honour, that's a foul fault indeed, but time and your good help
will wear it out, Sir.

Pha. And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest Lady, I
had rather be Sir *Tim* the Schoolmaster, and leap a Dairy-maid, Madam.

Meg. Has your Grace seen the Court-Star, *Gallatea* ?

Pha. Out upon her ; she's as cold of her favour as an apoplex ; she sail'd
but now.

Meg. And how do you hold her wit, Sir ?

Pha. I hold her wit ? The strength of all the Guard cannot hold it if they
were tied to it, she would blow 'em out of the Kingdom.

They talk of *Jupiter*, he's but a squibcracker to her ; Look well about you
and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet Lady, shall I be free
welcome ?

Meg. Whither ?

Pha. To your bed ; if you mistrust my Faith, you do me the unnobler
wrong.

Meg. I dare not, Prince, I dare not.

Pha. Make your own Conditions, my purse shall seal 'em, and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal. Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful, speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it, me: soon I will visit you.

Meg. My Lord, my chamber's most unsafe, but when 'tis night, I'll find some means to slip into your Lodging: till when——

Pha. Till when, this, and my heart go with thee. [Ex. several ways.

Enter Gallatea from behind the hangings.

Gall. Oh thou pernicious petticoat Prince, are these your vertues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: and Lady Towfabel, I'll fit you for't. [Exit Gall.

Enter Arethusa and a Lady.

Are. Where's the boy?

La. Within, Madam.

Are. Gave you him Gold to buy him Cloaths?

La. I did.

Are. And has he don't?

La. Yes, Madam.

Are. 'Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not?

Asked you his name?

La. No, Madam.

[Enter Gallatea.

Are. O you are welcome, what good News?

Gall. As good as any one can tell your Grace, That says she has done that you would have wish'd.

Are. Hast thou discovered?

Gall. I have strain'd a point of modesty for you.

Are. I prethee how?

Gall. In listning after bawdery: I see, let a Lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time, to hearken after bawdery; your Prince, brave *Pharamond*, was so hot on't.

Are. With whom?

Gall. Why, with the Lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

Are. O when, and where?

Gall. To night, his Lodging.

Are. Run thy self into the presence, mingle there again.

With other Ladies, leave the rest to me:

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say,

Why thou didst this) have not decreed it so,

In lasting leaves (whose smallest Characters

Was never alter'd:) yet, this match shall break.

Where's the boy?

[Enter Bellario.

La. Here, Madam.

Are. Sir, you are sad to change your service, is't not so?

Bell. Madam, I have not chang'd: I wait on you,
To do him Service.

Are. Thou disclaim'st in me;

Tell me thy name.

Bell. *Bellarario.*

Are. Thou canst sing, and play.

Bell. If grief will give me leave, Madam, I can.

Are. Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know?

Hadst thou a curst master, when thou went'st to School?

Thou art not capable of other grief;

Thy Brows and Cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: Believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinckled brows, and hollow eyes,
And builds himself Caves to abide in them.

Come, Sir, tell me truly doth you Lord love me?

Bell. Love, Madam? I know not what it is.

Are. Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st Love?

Thou art deceived, boy; does he speak of me
As if he wish'd me well?

Bell. If it be love,

To forget all respect to his own friends,
With thinking of your face: if it be Love
To sit cross arm'd, and think away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud,
And hastily, as men i'th' streets do fire;
If it be Love, to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any Lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance.
If when he goes to rest (which will not be)

'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once

As others drop a bead; be to be in Love;

Then, Madam, I dare swear he loves you.

Are. O, y'are a cunning boy, and taught to lye

For your Lord's credit; but thou knowest a lye

That bears this sound, is welcomer to me,

Than any truth that says he loves me not.

Lead the way, boy: Do you attend me too:

'Tis thy Lord's business hastes me thus: Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Dion, Cleremont, Trasilin, Megra, Gallatea.

Di. Come Ladies, shall we talk a round: As men

Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour

After supper: 'Tis their exercise.

Gall. 'Tis late.

Meg. 'Tis all

My eyes will do to lead me to my bed.

Gall. I fear they are so heavy, you'l scarce find

The way to your lodging with 'em to night.

Enter Pharamond.

Tra. The Prince.

Pha. Not a bed Ladies, y'are good sitters up;

What think you of a pleasant dream to last

Till morning.

Meg. I should chuse, my Lord, a pleasing Wake before it.

Enter Arethusa and Bellario.

Are. 'Tis well, my Lord, y'are courting of Ladies.

Is't not late, Gentlemen?

Cle. Yes, Madam.

Are. Wait you there.

[*Exit Arethusa.*

Meg. She's jealous, as I live: look you, my Lord,
The Princess has a *Hylas*, an *Adonis*.

Pha. His form is Angel-like.

Meg. Why this is he, must, when you are wed,
Sit by your Pillow, like young *Apollo*, with
His hand and voice binding your thoughts in sleep:
The Princess does provide him for you, and for her self.

Pha. I find no Musick in these boys.

Meg. Nor I.

They can do little, and that small they do,

They have not wit to hide.

Di. Serves he the Princess?

Tra. Yes.

Di. 'Tis a sweet boy, how brave she keeps him?

Pha. Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a Buck
To morrow morning, e're y'have done your dreams.

Meg. All happiness attend your Grace: Gentlemen, good rest:
Come, shall we to bed?

Gall. Yes, all good night.

[*Exit Gall. Meg.*

Di. May your dreams be true to you:

What shall we do, Gallants? 'Tis late, the King

Is up still, see he comes, a Guard along

With him.

Enter King, Arethusa, and Guard.

K. Look intelligence be true.

Are. Upon my life it is: and I do hope,

Your Highness will not tie me to a man,

That in the heat of woin'g throws me off,

And takes another.

Di. What should this mean?

K. If it be true,

That Lady had been better have embrac'd

Cureless diseases; get you to your rest,

You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near,

We shall imploy you: Is young *Pharamond*

Come to his Lodging?

[*Exit Ara. Bell.*

Di. I saw him enter there.

K. Haste some of you, and cunningly discover,

If *Megra* be in her Lodging.

Cle. Sir,

She parted hence but now with other Ladies.

K. If she be there, we shall not need to make
A vain discovery of our suspicion.

You Gods I see, that who unrighteously
Holds Wealth, or State from others, shall be curst

In that, which meaner men are blest withal :

Ages to come shall know no Male of him

Left to inherit : and his Name shall be

Blotted from Earth : If he have any Child,

It shall be crossly match'd : the Gods themselves

Shall sow wild strife betwixt her Lord and her.

Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin

I have committed, let it not fall

Upon this understanding child of mine,

She has not broke your Laws : but how can I

Look to be heard of Gods, that must be just,

Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong ?

Enter Dion.

Di. Sir, I have asked, and her women swear she is within, but they I think
are Bawds ; I told 'em I must speak with her ; they laugh, and said their Lady
lay speechless ; I said, my business was important ; they said their Lady was
about it : I grew hot, and cryed, my business was a matter that concern'd
life and death ; they answered, so was sleeping, at which their Lady was ; I
urg'd again, she had scarce time to be so since last I saw her ; they smil'd again,
and seem'd to instruct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying down and
winking : Answers more direct I could not get : in short, Sir, I think she
is not there.

K. 'Tis then no time to dally : you o'th' Guard,

Wait at the back door of the Princes lodging,

And see that none pass thence upon your lives.

Knock, Gentlemen, knock loud, louder yet :

What, has their pleasure taken off their hearing ?

I'll break your meditations : knock again :

Not yet : I do not think he sleeps, having this

Larum by him ; once more, *Pharamond*, Prince.

Pharamond above.

Pha. What sawcy Groom knocks at this dead of night ?

Where be our Waiters ? By my vexed Soul,

He meets his death, that meets me for this boldness.

K. Prince, you wrong your thoughts, we are your friends,

Come down.

Pha. The King ?

K. The same, Sir, come down,

We have cause of present Counsel with you.

Pha. If your Grace please to use me, Ple attend you

To your Chamber.

K. No, 'tis too late, Prince, I'll make bold with yours.

Pha. I have some private reasons to my self,
Makes me unmannerly, and say you cannot:
Nay press not forward, Gentlemen, he must come
Through my life, that comes here.

K. Sir, be resolv'd, I must, and will come: Enter.

Pha. I will not be dishonour'd:
He that enters, enters upon his death:
Sir, 'tis a sign you make no Stranger of me,
To bring these Renegadoes to my Chamber,
At these unseason'd hours.

K. Why do you
Chafe your self so? you are not wrong'd, nor shall be:
Only I'll search your Lodging, for some cause
To our self known: Enter I say.

Pha. I say no.

[*Meg.* above.]

Meg. Let 'em enter, Prince,
Let 'em enter, I am up, and ready, I know their business,
'Tis the poor breaking of a Ladies honour,
They hunt so hotly after: let 'em enjoy it:
You have your business, Gentlemen, I lay here.
O my Lord the King, this is not noble in you,
To make publique the weakness of a woman.

K. Come down.

Meg. I dare, my Lord: your whootings and your clamors,
Your private whispers, and your broad-fleerings,
Can no more vex my Soul, than this base carriage,
But I have vengeance yet in store for some,
Shall in the most contempt you can have of me,
Be joy and nourishment.

K. Will you come down?

Meg. Yes, to laugh at your worst: but I shall wring you
If my skill fail me not.

K. Sir, I must dearly chide you for this looseness,
You have wrong'd a worthy Lady; but no more,
Conduct him to my Lodging, and to bed.

Cle. Get him another wench, and you bring to bed indeed.

Di. 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a Stag
Or two, so breathe himself, without a warrant:
If this geer hold, that Lodgings be search'd thus,
Pray God we may lie with our own wives in safety,
That they be not by some trick of State mistaken.

Enter with Megra.

K. Now Lady of honour, where's your honour now?
No man can fit your Pallat, but the Prince.
Thou most ill shrowded rottenness: thou piece

Made by a Painter and a Pothecary :

Thou troubled Sea of lust : Thou wilderness,
 Inhabited by wild thoughts : thou swoln clowd
 Of infection : thou ripe mine of all diseases :
 Thou all Sin, all Hell, and last, all Devils. Tell me,
 Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,
 But he that must be mine, and wrong my daughter.
 By all the Gods, all these, and all the Pages,
 And all the Court, shall hoot thee through the Court,
 Fling rotten Oranges, make ribal'd rimes,
 And fear thy name with Candles upon Walls :
 Do ye laugh Lady *Venus* ?

Meg. Faith, Sir, you must pardon me ;

I cannot chuse but laugh to see you merry.
 If you do this, O King : nay, if you dare do it ;
 By all those Gods you swore by, and as many
 More of my own ; I will have fellows, and such
 Fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth :
 The Princess your dear Daughter, shall stand by me
 On walls, and sung in Ballads, any thing :
 Urge me no more, I know her, and her haunts,
 Her layes, leaps, and out-layes, and will discover all ;
 Nay will dishonour her. I know the Boy
 She keeps, a handsome boy : about eighteen :
 Know what she does with him, where and when.
 Come, Sir, you put me to a woman's madness.
 The glory of a fury ; and if I do not
 Do it to the height ?

K. What boy is this she raves at ?

Meg. Alas, good minded Prince, you know not these things ;
 I am loath to reveal 'em. Keep this fault
 As you would keep your health from the hot air
 Of the corrupted people, or by heaven,
 I will not fall alone : what I have known,
 Shall be as publique as a Print : all Tongues
 Shall speak it as they do the Language they
 Are born in, as free and commonly ; Ple set it
 Like a prodigious Star for all to gaze at,
 And so high and glowing : that other Kingdoms far and Forreign,
 Shall read it there : nay travail with it, till they find
 No Tongue to make it more, nor no more people ;
 And then behold the fall of your fair Princess.

K. Has she a boy ?

Cle. So please your Grace, I have seen a boy wayt
 On her, a fair boy.

K. Go, get you to your quarter :
 For this time I'll study to forget you.

Meg. Do you study to forget me, and I'll study
To forget you.

Ex. K. Meg. Guard.

Cle. Why here's a male spirit for *Hercules*, if ever there be nine worthies
of woman, this Wench shall ride astride, and be their Captain.

Di. Sure she has a Garrison of Devils in her tongue, she uttered such balls
of Wild-fire. She has so melted the King, that all the Doctors in the Coun-
try will scarce cure him. That boy was a strange found out Antidote to cure
her infections: that Boy, that Princess boy; that brave chaste, vertuous
Ladies boy: and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy: All these considered, can
make nothing else—but there I leave you, Gentlemen.

Tra. Nay, we'll go wander with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Cle. Di. Tra.

Cle. **N**A Y, doubtless 'tis true.

Di. I, and 'tis the Gods

That rais'd this punishment to scourge the King

With his own Issue: Is it not a shame

For us, that should write noble in the land?

For us, that should be free men, to behold

A man, that is the bravery of his age,

Philaster, prest down from his royal right

By this regardless King: and only look,

And see the Scepter ready to be cast

Into the hands of that lascivious Lady,

That lives in Lust with a smooth boy, now to be

Married to yon strange Prince; who but that people

Please to let him be a Prince, is born a slave,

In that which should be his most noble part,

His mind.

Tra. That man that would not stir with you

To aid *Philaster*, let the Gods forget,

That such a Creature walks upon the earth.

Cle. *Philaster* is too backward in't himself;

The Gentry do wait it; and the People

Against their nature are all bent for him;

And like a field of standing Corn, that's mowed

With a stiff gale; their heads bow all one way.

Di. The only cause that draws *Philaster* back

From this attempt, is the fair Princess love,

Which he admires, and we can now confute.

Tra. Perhaps he'll not believe it.

Di.

Di. Why, Gentlemen, 'tis without question so.

Cle. I 'tis past speech, she lives dishonestly.

But how shall we, if he be curious, work

Upon his faith?

Tra. We all are satisfied within our selves.

Di. Since it is true, and tends to his own good,

Ple make this new report to be my knowledge;

Ple say I know it, nay, Ple swear I saw it.

Cle. It will be best.

Tra. 'Twill move him.

Di. Here he comes: Good morrow to your honour,
We have spent some time in seeking you.

Phi. My worthy friends,

You that can keep your memories to know

Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown

On men disgrac'd for vertue: A good day

Attend you all. What Service may I do

Worthy your acceptation?

Di. My good Lord,

We come to urge that vertue which we know

Lives in your breast, forth, rise, and make a head,

The Nobles, and the people are all dull'd

With this usurping King; and not a man

That ever heard the word, or knew such a thing

As Vertue, but will second your attempts.

Phi. How honourable is this love in you,

To me that have deserv'd none? Know, my friends,

(You that are born to shame your poor *Philaster*,

With too much courtesie) I could afford

To melt my self in thanks: but my designs

Are not yet ripe, suffice it, that e're long

I shall employ your Loves: but yet the time

Is short of what I would.

Di. The time is fuller, sir, than you expect:

That which hereafter, will not perhaps be reach'd

By violence, may now be caught: As for the King

You know the people have long hated him:

But now the Princess, whom they lov'd.

Phi. Why, what of her?

Di. Is loath'd as much as he.

Phi. By what strange means?

Di. She's known a whore.

Phi. Thou liest.

Di. My Lord——

Phi. Thou liest.

[Offers to draw, and is held.

And thou shalt feel it; I had thought thy mind

Had been of honor: thus to rob a Lady

Of her good name, is an infectious sin,
 Not to be pardon'd; be it false as hell,
 'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown
 Amongst the people, fruitful to increase
 All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,
 That I may cut off falshood, whilst it springs:
 Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man
 That utters this, and I will scale them all,
 And from the utmost top fall on his neck,
 Like thunder from a Clowd.

Di. This is most strange:
 Sure he does love her.

Phi. I do love fair truth:
 She is my Mistres, and who injures her,
 Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my arms.

Tra. Nay, good my Lord, be patient.

Cle. Sir, remember this is your honour'd friend,
 That comes to do his service, and will shew you
 Why he utter'd this.

Phi. I ask you pardon, Sir,
 My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:
 Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,
 Behind your back untruly, I had been
 As much distemper'd, and enrag'd as now.

Di. But this, my Lord, is truth.

Phi. O say not so, good Sir forbear to say so,
 'Tis then truth that woman-kind is false:
 Urge me no more, it is impossible;
 Why should you think the Princess light?

Di. Why, she was taken at it.

Phi. 'Tis false, by heaven 'tis false; it cannot be,
 Can it? Speak Gentlemen, for Gods love speak;
 Is't possible? can women all be damn'd?

Di. Why no, my Lord.

Phi. Why then it cannot be.

Di. And she was taken with her Boy.

Phi. What Boy?

Di. A Page, a Boy that serves her.

Phi. Oh good Gods, a little boy?

Di. I, know you him, my Lord?

Phi. Hell and sin, know him? Sir, you are deceiv'd:
 Ple reason it a little coldly with you;
 If she were lustful, would she take a boy,
 That knows not yet desire? she would have one
 Should meet her thoughts, and know the sin he acts,
 Which is the great delight of wickedness:
 You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.

Di. How you, my Lord?

Phi. Why, all the world's abus'd

In an unjust report.

Di. Oh, noble Sir, your vertues

Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman.

In short, my Lord, I took them: I my self;

Phi. Now all the devils thou didst, fly from my rage,

Would thou hadst tane devils ingendring plagues;

When thou didst take them; hide thee from my eyes;

Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,

When thou didst take them; or bin strucken dumb

For ever: that this foul deed might have slept

In silence.

Tra. Have you known him so ill temper'd?

Cle. Never before.

Phi. The winds that are let loose

From the four severall corners of the earth,

And spread themselves all over Sea and Land;

Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a Sword

To run me through?

Di. Why, my Lord, are you so mov'd at this?

Phi. When any fall from vertue; I am distracted,

I have an interest in't.

Di. But good, my Lord, recall your self;

And think what's best to be done.

Phi. I thank you, I will do it: I will consider of it;

Please you to leave me, He consider of it;

To morrow I will find your Lodging forth;

And give you answer.

Di. All the Gods direct you

The readiest way.

Tra. He was extream impatient.

Cle. It was his vertue, and his noble mind.

[Exit Di. Cle. Tra.]

Phi. I had forgot to ask him where he took them,

I'll follow him. O that I had a Sea

Within my Breast, to quench the fire I feel;

More circumstances will but fan this fire;

It more afflicts me now, to know by whom

This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:

And he that tells me this, is honourable,

As far from lies, as she is far from truth.

O that like beasts, we could not grieve our selves,

With that we see not; Bulls and Rams will fight,

To keep their females, standing in their fight,

But take 'em from them, and you take at once,

Their Spleens away: and they will fall again
 - Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat,
 And taste the waters of the Springs as sweet,
 As 'twas before; finding no start in sleep.
 But miserable man! See, see,——you Gods,
 He walks still, and the face you let him wear
 When he was innocent; is still the same,
 Not blasted; is this Justice? Do you mean
 To intrap Mortality, that you allow
 Treafon so smooth a brow? I cannot now
 Think he is guilty.

Bell. Health to you, my Lord: I do commend her love, her life,
 The Princess doth commend her love, her life,
 And this unto you.

Phi. Oh *Bellarion*:

Now I perceive she loves me: she does shew it
 In loving thee, my boy, she has made thee brave.

Bell. My Lord, she has attir'd me past my wish,
 Past my desert, more fit for her attendant,
 Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

Phi. Thou art grown courtly, boy. Oh let all women
 That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,
 Here, by this paper, she does write to me,
 As if her heart were mines of Adamant
 To all the world besides, but unto me,
 A Maiden snow that melted with my looks;
 Tell me, my boy, how doth the Princess use thee?
 For I shall guess her love to me by that.

Bell. Scarce like her servant, but as if I were
 Something allyed to her; Or had preserv'd
 Her life three times by my fidelity,
 As Mothers fond do use their only Sons:
 As I'de use one, that's left unto my trust,
 For whom my life should pay, if he met harm,
 So she does use me.

Phi. Why this is wondrous well: I do commend her love to thee
 But what kind language does she feed thee with?

Bell. Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth
 With all her loving secrets; and does call me
 Her pretty Servant, bids me weep no more.
 For leaving you: she'll see my services
 Regarded; and such words of that substrain,
 That I am nearer weeping when she ends,
 Than e're she spake.

Phi. This is much better still.

Bell. Are you not ill, my Lord?

Phi. Ill? No, *Bellarion*.

Bell. Methinks your words
Fall not from off your tongue so evenly,
Nor is there in your looks that quietness
That I was wont to see.

Phi. Thou art deceiv'd, boy :
And she strokes thy head ?

Bell. Yes.

Phi. And she does clap thy cheeks ?

Bell. She does, my Lord.

Phi. And she does kifs thee, boy ? ha ?

Bell. How, my Lord ?

Phi. She kisses thee ?

Bell. Never, my Lord, by heaven.

Phi. That's strange : I know she does.

Bell. No, by my life.

Phi. Why then she does not love me ; come, she does ;
I bad her do it : I charg'd her by all charms
Of love between us, by the hope of peace
We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights
Naked, as to her bed : I took her oath
Thou should'st enjoy her : Tell me, gentle boy,
Is she not parallels ? Is not her breath
Sweet as *Arabian* winds, when fruits are ripe ?
Are not her breasts two liquid Ivory balls ?
Is she not all a lasting Mine of joy ?

Bell. I, now I see, why my disturbed thoughts
Were so perplext. When first I went to her
My heart held augury ; you are abus'd,
Some villain has abus'd you : I do see
Whereto you tend : fall rocks upon his head,
That put this to you : 'tis some subtle train,
To bring that noble frame of yours to naught.

Phi. Thou think'st I will be angry with thee : Come
Thou shalt know all my drift ; I hate her more,
Than I love happiness, and placed thee there,
To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds :
Hast thou discovered ; is she faln to lust,
As I would wish her ? Speak some comfort to me.

Bell. My Lord, you did mistake the boy you sent :
Had she the lust of Sparrows, or of Goats ;
Had she a sin that way, hid from the world,
Beyond the name of Lust, I would not aid
Her base desires : but what I came to know,
As servant to her, I would not reveal,
To make my life last ages.

Phi. Oh ! my heart ?

This is a false worse than the main disease,

Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least
That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart
To know it; I will see thy thoughts as plain,
As I do now thy face.

Bell. Why so you do.

She is (for ought I know) by all the gods,
As chaste as Ice: but were she foul as hell,
And I did know it, thus: the breath of Kings,
The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of Brass,
Should draw it from me.

Phi. Then 'tis no time to dally with thee;
I will take thy life, for I do hate thee:
I could curse thee now.

Bell. If you do hate, you could not curse me worse:
The Gods have not a punishment in store,
Greater for me, than is your hate.

Phi. Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling:
Tell me when, and where, thou didst enjoy her,
Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

Bell. By heaven I never did: and when I lie
To save my life, may I live long and loath'd;
Hew me asunder, and whilst I can think,
I'll love those pieces you have cut away,
Better than those that grow: and kiss those limbs,
Because you made 'em so.

Phi. Fear'st thou not death?
Can boys contemn that?

Bell. Oh, what boy is he
Can be content to live to be a man,
That sees the best of men thus passionate,
Thus without reason?

Phi. Oh, but thou dost not know what 'tis to die.

Bell. Yes, I do know, my Lord:
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep,
A quiet resting from all jealousy:
A thing we all pursue: I know besides,
It is but giving over of a game,
That must be lost.

Phi. But there are pains, false boy,
For perjur'd Souls: think but on those, and then
Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.

Bell. May they fall all upon me whilst I live,
If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought
Of that you charge me with; if I be false,
Send me to suffer in those punishments
You speak of: kill me.

Phi. Oh, what should I do?

Why, who can but believe him? He does swear
So earnestly, that if it were not true,
The Gods would not endure him. Rise, *Bellarion*,
Thy protestations are so deep; and thou
Dost look so truly, when thou utterest them,
That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,
I cannot urge thee further; but thou wert
To blame to injure me, for I must love
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon
Thy tender youth: A Love from me to thee
Is firm, what e're thou dost: It troubles me
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,
That did so well become thee: But good boy
Let me not see thee more: something is done,
That will distract me, that will make me mad,
If I behold thee: if thou tender'st me,
Let me not see thee.

Bell. I will flye as far
As there is morning, e're I give distaste
To that most honoured mind. But through these tears
Shed at my hopeles parting, I can see
A world of treason practis'd upon you,
And her, and me. Farewel for evermore:
If you shall hear, that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal; let there be
A tear shed from you, in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.

[Exit Bell.

Phi. Blessing be with thee,
What ever thou deserveest. Oh, where shall I
Go bathe this body? Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind.

[Exit Phi.

Enter Arethusa.

Are. I marvel my boy comes not back again;
But that I know my love will question him,
Over and over; how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remembred him when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such: I should be angry
At his stay.

Enter King.

Ki. What, at your meditations? Who attends you?

Are. None but my single self, I need no guard:
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

K. Tell me: have you not a boy?

Are. Yes, Sir.

K. What kind of boy?

Are. A Page, a waiting boy.

K. A handsome boy?

Are. I think he be not ugly:

Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him,
I took him not for beauty.

K. He speaks, and sings, and plays?

Are. Yes, Sir.

K. About eighteen?

Are. I never ask'd his age.

K. Is he full of service?

Are. By your pardon, why do you ask?

K. Put him away.

Are. Sir.

K. Put him away, h'as done you that good service
Shames me to speak of.

Are. Good Sir, let me understand you.

K. If you fear me,

Shew it me in duty; put away that boy.

Are. Let me have reason for it, Sir, and then
Your will is my command.

K. Do not you blush to ask it: Cast him off,
Or I shall do the same to you. Y^rare one
Shame with me, and so near unto my self,
That by my life, I dare not tell my self,
What you my self have done.

Are. What have I done, my Lord?

K. 'Tis a new language, that all love to learn:
The common people speak it well already,
They need no Grammar; understand me well,
There be foul whispers stirring: cast him off,
And suddenly; do it: Farewel.

[*Exit King.*]

Are. Where may a Maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour fair? Not with the living,
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make 'em truths: they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
And when they see a vertue fortified
Strongly above the batt'ry of their tongues:
Oh, how they cast to sink it: and defeated
(Soul-sick with poyson) strike the Monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping: till they sweat,
And the cold Marble melt.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest Mistrefs.

Are. Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me.

Phi. He must be more than man, that makes these Christals
Run into rivers: sweetest fair, the cause?
And as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,

Your creature, made again from what I was,
And newly spirited: Ple right your honour.

Are. Oh, my best love: that boy!

Phi. What boy?

Are. The pretty boy you gave me.

Phi. What of him?

Are. Must be no more mine.

Phi. Why?

Are. They are jealous of him.

Phi. Jealous, who?

Are. The King.

Phi. Oh my Fortune,

Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.

Are. Oh cruel, are you hard-hearted too?

Who shall now tell you, how much I loved you?

Who shall swear it to you, and weep the tears I send?

Who shall now bring you Letters, rings, bracelets?

Loose his health in service? Wake tedious nights

In stories of your praise? Who shall sing

Your crying Elegies? And strike a sad Soul

Into senseless pictures, and make them mourn?

Who shall take up his Lute, and touch it; till

He crown a silent sleep upon my eye-lids,

Making me dream, and cry, Oh my dear,

Dear *Philaster*?

Phi. Oh my heart!

Would he had broken thee, that made thee know

This Lady was not loyal. Mistress, forget

The boy, I'll get thee a far better.

Are. Oh never, never such a boy again;

As my *Bellarion*.

Bell. 'Tis but your fond affection.

Are. With thee my boy, farewell for ever,

All secrecie in Servants: farewell faith,

And all desire to do well for it self:

Let all that succeed thee, for thy wrongs;

Sell, and betray chaste love.

Phi. And all this passion for a boy?

Are. He was your boy, and you put him to me,

And the loss of such must have a mourning for.

Phi. O thou forgetful woman!

Are. How, my Lord?

Phi. False *Arethusa*!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits;

When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,

And do thus——

Are. Do what, Sir? would you sleep?

Phi. For ever, *Arethusa*. Oh you Gods, Give me a worthy patience: Have I stood Naked, alone, the shock of many Fortunes? Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty? Grow like a Sea upon me? Have I taken Danger as stearn as death into my bosom, And laught upon it, made it but a Mirth, And slung it by? Do I live now like him, Under this tyrant King, that languishing Hears his sad bell, and sees his Mourners? Do I Bear all this bravely? and must sink at length Under a womans fallhood? Oh that boy, That cursed boy! None but a villain boy, To ease your lust?

Are. Nay, then I am betray'd, I feel the plot cast for my overthrow: Oh I am wretched.

Phi. Now you may take that little right I have To this poor Kingdom: give it to your Joy, For I have no joy in it. Some far place, Where never woman-kind durst set her foot, For bursting with her poysons, must I seek, And live to curse you: There dig a Cave, and preach to birds, and beasts, What woman is, and help to save them from you, How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts More hell than hell has: how your tongues like Scorpions, Both heal and poyson: how your thoughts are woven With thousand changes in one subtle webb, And worn so by you. How that foolish man, That reads the story of a womans face, And dies believing it, is lost for ever. How all the good you have, is but a shaddow, P'rh' morning with you, and at night behind you, Past and forgotten. How your vows are frosts, Past for a night, and with the next Sun gone: How you are, being taken all together, A meer confusion, and so dead a *Chaos*, That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts, Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you: So farewell all my woe, all my delight. [Exit Phi.]

Are. Be merciful ye Gods, and strike me dead: What way have I deserv'd this? Make my breast Transparent as a pure Christal, that the world, Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn her eyes, To find out constancy? Save me, how black [Enter Bell.]

And guilty (methinks) that boy looks now?
 Oh thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
 Wert in thy Cradle false! sent to make lies,
 And betray innocents: Thy Lord and thou
 May glory in the Ashes of a Maid,
 Fool'd by her passion: but the conquest is
 Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away,
 Let my command force thee to that, which shame
 Would do without it. If thou understoodst
 The loathed office thou hast undergone,
 Why thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
 Lest men should dig and find thee.

Bell. Oh what God,
 Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
 Into the noblest minds? Madam this grief
 You add unto me, is no more than drops
 To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:
 My Lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
 And let out all the hope of future joys,
 You need not bid me flye, I came to part,
 To take my latest leave. Farewel for ever:
 I durst not run away in honesty
 From such a Lady, like a boy that stole,
 Or made some grievous fault: the power of gods
 Assist you in your sufferings: hasty time
 Reveal the truth to your abused Lord,
 And mine: That he may know your worth: whilst I
 Go seek out some forgotten place to die.

[Exit Bell.]

Are. Peace guide thee: th'alt overthrown me once,
 Yet if I had another Troy to lose,
 Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
 Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
 My hair dishevel'd, through the fiery Streets.

Enter a Lady.

La. Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
 With earnestness.

Are. I am in tune to hunt:
 Diana if thou canst rage with a Maid,
 As with a man, let me discover thee
 Bathing, and turn me to a fearful Hind,
 That I may die pursued by cruel hounds,
 And have my story written in my wounds.

[Exit]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Gallatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Trafilin, and Attendants.

K. **W**HAT are the Hounds before, and all the Woodmen?
Our Horses ready, and our Bows bent?

Di. All, Sir.

K. Yare cloudy, Sir, come we have forgotten
Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy
Upon your Spirit; here's none dare utter it.

Di. He looks like an old surfeited Stallion after his leaping, dull as a Dormouse: see how he sinks; the wench has not him between wind and water, and I hope sprung a leak.

Tra He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough: his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlues, would he wou'd leave off poaching.

Di. And for his horn, has left it at the lodge where he lay late: Oh, he's a precious lyme-hound; turn him loose upon the pursue of a Lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th' slip. When my Fox-bitch Bewty grows proud, Ple borrow him.

K. Is your boy turn'd away?

Are. You did command, Sir, and I obeyed you.

K. 'Tis well done: Hark ye further.

Cle. Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks that were not noble in him: and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in's mouth. If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical Justice or other, would presently (without the help of an Almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

Di. See, see, how modestly yon Lady looks, as if she came from Churching with her Neighbour: why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest?

Tra. Faith no great matter to speak of, a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning Harald that finds it.

Di. See how they muster one another! O there's a rank Regiment, where the Devil carries the Colours, and his Dam Drum-Major. Now the world and the flesh come behind with the Carriage.

Cle. Sure this Lady has a good turn done her against her will; before, she was common talk, now none dare say, Cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted, when this Lady means to let her self loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discreetly, for her health sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days: oh if they were to be got for money, what a great summ would come out of the City for these Licences?

K. To horse, to horse, we lose the morning, Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter.

Enter two Woodmen. *Wood. I have the body of the Deer.*

- 1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the Deer?
- 2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.
- 1 *Wood.* Who shoots?
- 2 *Wood.* The Princess.
- 1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.
- 2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.
- 1 *Wood.* Who else?
- 2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger Prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone-bow for me! I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings: he was there at the fall of a Deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the Dowcets: marry, the steward would have the velvet head into the bargain, to turff his hat withal: I think he should love Venerly, he is an old Sir *Tristram*; for if you be remembered, he forsook the Stag once, to strike a Rascal milking in a meadow, and her kill'd in the eye: Who shoots else?

2 *Wood.* The Lady *Gallatea*.

1 *Wood.* That's a good wench, and she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and by the Gods, they say she's honest, and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 *Wood.* No, one more, *Megra*.

1 *Wood.* That's a firker, I'faith boy: There's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable) and it has been work enough for one man to find her, and he has sweat for it! She rides well, and she pays well. Hark, let's go:

Enter *Philaster*.

Phi. Oh, that I had been hourish'd in these woods: With milk of Goats, and Acorns, and not known The right of Crowns, nor the dissembling trains Of womens looks: but dig'd my self a Cave, Where I, my fire, my Cattle, and my bed Might have been shut together in one shed And then had taken me some mountain Girl, Beaten with winds, chaste as the hardened rocks Whereon she dwells: that might have strewed my bed With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of beasts Our neighbours: And have born at her big breasts My large course issue. This had been a life Free from vexation.

Enter *Bellario*.

Bell. Oh wicked men! An innocent may walk safe among beasts; Nothing assaults me here. See, my grieved Lord Sits as if his Soul were searching out a way

To leave his body. Pardon me that must
Break thy last commandment; For I must speak:
You that are griev'd can pity: hear, my Lord.

Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,
That I can pity?

Bell. Oh my most noble Lord,
View my strange fortune, and bestow on me,
According to your bounty (if my service
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve
To keep that little piece I hold of life,
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? be gone:
Go sell those misbecoming clothes thou wearest,
And feed thy self with them.

Bell. Alas, my Lord, I can get nothing for them:
The silly Country people think 'tis treason,
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now by the Gods, this is
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight;
Thou art set again to thy dissembling trade:
How shouldst thou think to cozen me again?
Remains there yet a plague unride for me?
Even so thou weep'st, and look'st, and spok'st, when first
I took thee up: curse on the time, if thy
Commanding tears can work on any other,
Use thy art, Ple. not betray it. Which way
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee:
For thine eyes are poyson to mine; and I
Am loth to grow in rage. This way or that way?

Bell. Any will serve, but I will chuse to have
That path in chase, that leads unto my grave.

[Exit Phi, Bell, severally.]

Enter Dion and the Woodmen.

Di. This is the strangest sudden chance! You woodman.

1 Wood. My Lord *Dion.*

Di. Saw you a Lady come this way, on a fable Horse, studded with stars
of white?

2 Wood. Was she not young and tall?

Di. Yes: Rode she to the wood, or to the plain?

2 Wood. Faith, my Lord, we saw none.

[Exit Woodmen.]

Enter Cleremont.

Di. Pox of your questions then. What, is she found?

Cle. Nor will be, I think.

Di. Let him seek his Daughter himself: she cannot stray about a little
necessary natural business, but the whole Court must be in Arms: when she has
done, we shall have peace.

Cle. There's already a thousand fatherless tales amongst us: some say her
horse

horse ran away with her : some, a Wolf pursued her : others, it was a Plot to kill her : and that armed men were seen in the Wood ; but questionless, she rode away willingly.

Enter King, and Trasiline.

K. Where is she ?

Cle. Sir, I cannot tell.

K. How is that ? Answer me *so* again.

Cle. Sir, shall I lie ?

K. Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell me that :

I say again, where is she ? Mutter not,

Sir, speak you, where is she ?

Di. Sir, I do not know.

K. Speak that again so boldly, and, by heaven,

It is thy last. You fellows, answer me,

Where is she ? Mark me all, I am your King,

I wish to see my daughter, shew her me :

I do command you all, as you are Subjects,

To shew her me, what am I not your King ?

If I, then am I not to be obey'd ?

Di. Yes, if you command things possible, and honest.

K. Things possible and honest ? Hear me, thou,

Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things,

Possible and honest ; shew her me,

Or let me perish, if I cover not

All *Cicily* with blood.

Di. Faith I cannot, unless you tell me where she is.

K. You have betray'd me, y'have let me lose

The Jewel of my life : go, bring her me,

And set her here before me : 'tis the King

Will have it so, whose breath can still the Winds,

Uncloud the Sun, charm down the swelling Sea,

And stop the floods of heaven : speak, can it not.

Di. No.

K. No ? Cannot the breath of Kings do this ?

Di. No, nor smell sweet it self, if once the Lungs

Be but corrupted.

K. Is it so ? Take heed.

Di. Sir, take you heed, how you dare the Powers

That must be just.

K. Alas, what are we Kings ?

Why do you gods place us above the rest,

To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd, till we

Believe we hold within our hands your thunder.

And when we come to try the power we have,

There's not a leaf shakes at our threatenings,

I have sinn'd 'tis true, and here stand to be punish'd ;

Yet would not thus be punish'd, let me chuse.

My way, and lay it on. *Di.* He articles with the Gods; would some body would draw bonds for the performance of covenants betwixt them.

Enter Pha. Gallatea, and Megra.

K. What, is she found?

Pha. No, we have ta'ne her horse,
He gallopt empty by: there's some treason:
You *Gallatea* rode with her into the wood;
Why left you her?

Gall. She did command me.

K. Command! you should not——

Gall. 'Twould ill become my Fortunes and my Birth,
To disobey the daughter of my King.

K. Y^e are all cunning to obey us, for our hurt,
But I will have her.

Pha. If I have her not,
By this hand there shall be no more *Cicelic*.

Di. What, will he carry it to *Spain* in's pocket?

Pha. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,
A Cook, and a Taylor.

Di. Yes, you may do well to spare your Lady bedfellow, and her you may
keep for a Spawner.

K. I see the injuries I have done, must be reveng'd.

Di. Sir, this is not the way to find her out.

K. Run all, disperse your selves: the man that finds her,
Or (if she be kill'd) the Traytor, I'll make him great.

Di. I know some would give five thousand pounds to find her.

Pha. Come, let us seek.

K. Each man a several way, here I my self.

Di. Come, Gentlemen, we here.

Cle. Lady, you must go search, too.

Meg. I had rather be search'd my self.

Enter Arethusa. [Exeunt omnes.]

Are. Where am I now? Feet, find me out a way,
Without the counsel of my troubled head,

I'll follow you boldly about these woods,

O're mountains, through brambles, pits, and floods:

Heaven I hope will ease me, I am sick.

Enter Bellario.

Bell. Yonder's my Lady: God knows I want nothing,

Because I do not wish to live; yet I

Will try her charity. O here, you that have plenty,

From that flowing store, drop some on dry ground, see

The lively red is gone to guard her heart:

I fear she faints: Madam look up; she breaths not;

Open once more those rose twins, and send

Unto my Lord, your latest farewell. Oh, she stirs

How.

How is it Madam? Speak comfort.

Are. 'Tis not gently done,
To put me in a miserable life,
And hold me there: I prethee let me go,
I shall do best without thee: I am well.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I am to blame to be so much in rage,
I'll tell her coolly, when and where, I heard
This killing truth. I will be temperate
In speaking, and as just in hearing.
Oh monstrous! Tempt me not, you gods! good gods
Tempt not a frail man: what's he, that has a heart,
But he must ease it here?

Bell. My Lord, help, help the Princess.

Are. I am well: forbear.

Phi. Let me love Lightning, let me be embrac'd
And kist by Scorpions, or adore the eyes
Of Basilisks, rather than trust the tongues
Of hell-bred women. Some good God look down
And shrink these veins up: stick me here a stone
Lasting to ages, in the memory
Of this damn'd act. Hear me you wicked' ones,
You have put hills of fire into this breast,
Not to be quench'd with tears: for which may guilt
Sit on your bosoms; at your meals, and beds,
Despair await you: what, before my face?
Poyson of Asps between your lips: Diseases
Be your best issues: Nature make a curse,
And throw it on you.

Are. Dear *Philaster*, leave
To be enrag'd, and hear me.

Phi. I have done,
Forgive my passion: Not the calmed Sea,
When *Eolus* locks up his windy brood,
Is less disturb'd than I, Ple make you know it!
Dear *Arethusa*, do but take this Sword,
And search how temperate a heart I have;
Then you, and this your boy, may live and reign
In lust without controwl: Wilt thou, *Bellarion*?
I prithee kill me: thou art poor, and may'st
Nourish ambitious thoughts: when I am dead,
This way were freer. Am I raging now?
If I were mad I should desire to live:
Sirs, feel my pulse; whether have you known
A man in a more equal tune to die?

Bell. Alas! my Lord, your pulse keeps madman's time,
So does your tongue.

Phi. You will not kill me then ?

Arc. Kill you ?

Bell. Not for the world.

Phi. I blame not thee,

Bellario: thou hast done but that, which gods
 Would have transform'd themselves to do: be gone,
 Leave me without reply: this is the last
 Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;
 Be wise, or worse will follow: we are two
 Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do,
 Or suffer.

Arc. If my fortune be so good, to let me fall,
 Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.
 Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,
 No jealousy in the other world, no ill there ?

Phi. No.

Arc. Shew me then the way.

Phi. Then guide.

My feeble hand, you that have power to do it,
 For I must perform a piece of Justice. If your youth
 Have any way offended heaven, let prayers
 Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

Arc. I am prepared.

Enter a Country-fellow.

Coun. Ple see the King, if he be in the Forrest, I have hunted him these
 two hours: if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh
 at me: I can see nothing but people better horst than my self, that out-
 ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting. These Kings had need of good
 brains, this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits. There's a
 Courtier with his Sword drawn, by this hand upon a woman, I think.

Phi. Are you at peace ?

Arc. With Heaven and Earth.

Phi. May they divide thy soul and body ?

Coun. Hold dastard, strike a woman! th'art a craven I warrant thee, thou
 wouldst be loth to play half a dozen veins at walters with a good fellow for a
 broken head.

Phi. Leave us, good friend.

Arc. What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thy self
 Upon our private sports, our recreations.

Coun. God uds me, I understand you not, but I know the Rogue has hurt
 you.

Phi. Pursue thy own affairs; it will be ill
 To multiply blood upon my head:
 Which thou wilt force me to.

Coun. I know not your Rhetorick, but I can lay it on if you touch the
 woman.

[They fight.

Phi.

Phi. Slave, take what thou deservest.

Arc. Heaven guard my Lord.

Coun. Oh, do you breath?

Phi. I hear the tread of people : I am hurt,
The Gods take part against me, could this Boor
Have held me thus else ? I must shift for life,
Though I do loath it. I would find a course
To lose it, rather by my will than force. [Exit Phi.]

Coun. I cannot follow the Rogue : I pray thee wench come and kiss me now.

Enter Phara, Dion, Cle. Trafi. and Woodmen.

Pha. What art thou?

Coun. Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman ; a knave has hurt her.

Pha. The Princess, Gentlemen ! Where's the wound, Madam ? Is it dangerous ?

Arc. He has not hurt me.

Coun. I faith she lies, has hurt her in the breast, look else.

Pha. O sacred spring of innocent blood.

Di. 'Tis above wonder ! who should dare this ?

Arc. I felt it not.

Pha. Speak villain, who has hurt the Princess ?

Coun. Is it the Princess ?

Di. I.

Coun. Then I have seen something yet.

Pha. But who has hurt her ?

Coun. I told you a rogue, I ne're saw him before, I

Pha. Madam, who did it ?

Arc. Some dishonest wretch ; alas I know him not,
And do forgive him.

Coun. He's hurt too, he cannot go far, I made my fathers old fox fly about his ears.

Pha. How will you have me kill him ?

Arc. Not at all, 'tis some distracted fellow.

Pha. By this hand, I'll leave never a piece of him bigger than a nut, and bring him all to you in my hat.

Arc. Nay, good Sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment,
Great as his fault.

Pha. I will.

Arc. But swear.

Pha. By all my love I will. Woodman conduct the Princess to the King,
and bear that wounded fellow to dressing. Come Gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[Exit Arc. Pha. Di. Cle. Tra. and a Woodman.]

Coun. I pray you friend let me see the King.

2 Wood. That you shall, and receive thanks.

Coun. If I get clear of this, I'll go to see no more gay sights. [Exeunt.]

3rd Enter

Enter Bellario.

Bell. A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep : Bear me thou gentle bank,
For ever if thou wilt : you sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you : I could wish
I rather were a Course strew'd o're with you,
Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy : Oh that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake.

Enter Philaster.

Phi. I have done ill, my conscience calls me false :
To strike at her, that would not strike at me :
When I did fight, methought I heard her pray,
The Gods to guard me. She may be abus'd,
And I a loathed villain : If she be,
She will conceal who hurt her : He has wounds,
And cannot follow, neither knows he me.
Who's this ? *Bellario* sleeping ? If thou beest
Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,
So broken. Hark, I am pursued : you Gods,
I'll take this offer'd means of my escape :
They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,
If she be true, if false, let mischief light
On all the world at once. *Sword print my wounds.*
Upon this sleeping boy : I ha' none, I think
Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.

Bell. Oh death I hope is come, blest be that hand,
It meant me well ; again, for pities sake.

Phi. I have caught my self,
The loss of blood hath stayed my flight : Here, whered
Is he that struck thee : take thy full revenge,
Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death,
I'll teach thee to revenge : this luckless hand
Wounded the Princess, tell my followers
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
And I will second thee : Get a reward.

Bell. Fly, fly my Lord, and save your self.

Phi. How's this ?

Wouldst thou I should be safe ?

Bell. Else were it vain
For me to live. These little wounds I have,
Ha' not bled much, reach me that noble hand,
I'll help to cover you.

Phi. Art thou true to me ?

Bell. Or let me perish loath'd. Come, my good Lord,
Creep in among those bushes ; who does know

But that the Gods may save your (much lov'd) breath.

Phi. Then I shall die for grief, if not for this,
That I have wounded thee: what wilt thou do?

Bell. Shift for my self well; peace, I hear 'em come.

Within. Follow, follow, follow, that way they went.

Bell. With my own wounds I'llle bloody my own Sword,
I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows,
That I can stand no longer.

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Clerimond, Traffiline.

Pha. To this place we have tract him by his blood.

Cle. Yonder, my Lord, creeps one away.

Di. Stay Sir, what are you?

Bell. A wretched creature wounded in these woods
By beasts; relieve me, if your names be men,
Or I shall perish.

Di. This is he, my Lord,
Upon my Soul that hurt her, 'tis the boy,
That wicked boy that serv'd her..

Pha. O thou damn'd in thy creation!
What cause couldst thou shape to hurt the Princess?

Bell. Then I am betrayed.

Di. Betrayed; no, apprehended.

Bell. I confes:

Urge it no more, that big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did make my aim
Her death. For charity let fall at once
The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures.

Pha. I will know who hired thee to this deed?

Bell. Mine own revenge.

Pha. Revenge, for what?

Bell. It pleas'd her to receive

Me as her Page, and when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o're them careless, she did shower
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My Fortunes, till they overflowed their banks;
Threatning the men that crost 'em: when as swift
As storms arise at Sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning Suns upon me, and did dry
The Streams she had bestow'd, leaving me worse,
And more contemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great: In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die reveng'd.

Pha. If tortures can be found,
Long as thy natural life, resolve to seek

The utmost rigour.

[Philaster creeps out of a bush.

Cle. Help to lead him hence.

Phi. Turn back you ravishers of Innocence,
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?

Pha. Who's that?

Di. 'Tis the Lord *Philaster*.

Phi. 'Tis not the treasure of all Kings in one,
The wealth of *Tagus*, nor the rocks of *Pearl*,
That pave the Court of *Neptune*, can weigh down
That vertue. It was I that hurt the Princess.
Place me, some Gods, upon a *Piramis*,
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
I may discourse to all the under-World,
The worth that dwells in him.

Pha. How's this?

Bell. My Lord, some man,
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

Phi. Leave these untimely courtesies, *Bellarion*.

Bell. Alas! he is mad, come will you lead me on?

Phi. By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
And Gods do punish most, when men do break,
He toucht her not. Take heed, *Bellarion*,
How thou dost drown the vertues thou hast shown
With perjury. By all the Gods 'twas I:
You know she stood betwixt me, and my right.

Pha. Thy own tongue be thy Judge.

Cle. It was *Philaster*.

Di. Is it not a brave boy?

Well Sirs, I fear me, we were all deceived.

Phi. Have I no friend here?

Di. Yes.

Phi. Then shew it:

Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.
Would you have tears shed for you when you dy?
Then lay me gently on his neck, that there
I may weep floods, and breath out my Spirit.
'Tis not the wealth of *Plutus*, nor the Gold
Lockt in the heart of earth, can buy away
This armful from me, this had been a ransom
To have redeem'd the great *Augustus Caesar*,
Had he bin taken, you hard-hearted men,
More stony than these mountains, can you see
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your Flesh
To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears
Bathe 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the wealth

Of poor *Philaster*.

Enter King, Arethusa, and a Guard.

K. Is the villain ta'ne.

Pha. Sir, here be two

Confess the deed: but say it was *Philaster*.

Phi. Question it no more, it was.

K. The fellow that did fight with him will tell us that.

Are. Ay me, I know he will.

K. Did you not know him?

Are. Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

Phi. I was so, oh my stars! that I should live still.

K. Thou ambitious fool;

Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life;

Now I do mean to do, P'le leave to talk,

Bear him to Prison.

Are. Sir, they did plot together, to take hence

This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd,

I should to earth go weeping; grant me then,

(By all the Love a father bears his child)

Their custodies, and that I may appoint

Their tortures, and their deaths.

Di. Death? soft, our law will not teach that, for this fault.

K. 'Tis granted; take 'em to you, with a guard.

Come princely *Pharamond*, this business past,

We may with more security go on

To your intended match.

Cle. I pray that this action lose not *Philaster* the hearts of the people.

Di. Fear it not, their overwise heads will think it but a trick.

Finis Actus quarti.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Dion, Cleremond, and Trasilin.

Tra. **H**AS the King sent for him to death?

with *Di.* Yes, but the King must know, 'tis not in his power to war
heaven.

Cle. We linger time; the King sent for *Philaster*, and the headsman, an
hour ago.

Tra. Are all his wounds well?

Di. All they were but scratches, but the loss of blood made him faint.

Cle. We dally, Gentlemen.

Tra. Away.

Di. We'll skuffle hard before he perish.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario.

Are. Nay, *Philaster*, grieve not, we are well.

Bell. Nay, good my Lord, forbear, we are wondrous well.

Phi. Oh *Arethusa!* O *Bellarion!* leave to be kind:

I shall be shot from heaven, as now from earth,

If you continue so; I am a man,

False to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore, can it bear us all?

Forgive and leave me; but the King hath sent

To call me to my death, oh shew it me,

And then forget me: And for thee, my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollifie

The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

Bell. Alas! my Lord, my life is not a thing

Worthy your noble thoughts: 'tis not a life,

'Tis but a piece of child-hood thrown away:

Should I outlive you, I should then outlive

Vertue and honour: And when that day comes,

If ever I shall close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury,

And waste my Limbs to nothing.

Are. And I (the wofulst Maid that ever was,

Forc'd with my hands to bring my Lord to death,)

Do by the honour of a Virgin swear,

To tell no hours beyond it.

Phi. Make me not hated so.

Are. Come from this Prison, all joyful to our deaths.

Phi. People will tear me when they find you true

To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.

Injoy your Kingdoms peaceably, whilst I

For ever sleep, forgotten with my faults.

Every just servant, every Maid in love,

Will have a piece of me, if you be true.

Are. My dear Lord, say not so.

Bell. A piece of you?

He was not born of women that can cut it

And look on.

Phi. Take me in tears betwixt you,

For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

Are. Why, 'tis well.

Bell. Lament no more.

Phi. What would you have done?

If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found

My life no price, compar'd to yours? For love, Sirs,

Deal with me truly.

Bell. 'Twas mistaken, Sir.

Phi. Why, if it were?

Bell. Then, Sir, we would have ask'd you pardon.

Phi. And have hope to enjoy it? *Are.* Enjoy it? I.

Phi. Would you indeed? be plain.

Bell. We would, my Lord.

Phi. Forgive me then. *Are.* So, so.

Bell. 'Tis as it should be now.

Phi. Lead to my death. [Exeunt.

Enter King, Dion, Clerimond, Trasiline.

K. Gentlemen, who saw the Prince?

Cle. So please you, Sir, he's gone to see the City
And the new platform, with some Gentlemen
Attending on him.

K. Is the Princess ready
To bring her Prisoner out?

Tra. She waits your Grace. *K.* Tell her we stay.

Di. King, you may be deceiv'd yet,
The head you aim at cost more setting on
Than to be lost so lightly: If it must off
Like a wild overflow, that soops before him
A golden Stack, and with it shakes down Bridges,
Cracks the strong hearts of *Pines*, whose cable-roots
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thunders,
And so made mightier, takes whole villages
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride
Charges strong Towns, Towers, Castles, Palaces,
And lays them desolate: so shall thy head,
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,
In thy red ruins.

Enter Philaster, Arethusa, Bellario, in a Robe and Garland.

K. How now, what Mask is this?

Bell. Right royal, Sir I should
Sing you an Epithalamium of these Lovers,
But having lost my best ayres with my Fortunes,
And wanting a celestial harp to strike
This blessed union on; thus in glad story
I give you all. These two fair Cedar-branches,
The noblest of the Mountain, where they grew
Straightest and tallest, under whose still shades
The worthier beasts have made their layars, and slept
Free from the *Sirian* Star, and the fell thunder-stroke,
Free from the Clouds, when they were big with humour,
And deliver in thousand spouts, their issues to the earth:
O there was none but silent quiet there!
Till never pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,
Base under-brambles to divorce these branches;
And for a while they did so, and did reign

Over the Mountain, and choak up his beauty,
 With Brakes, rude Thornes and Thistles, till the Sun
 Scorcht them even to the roots, and dried them there,
 And now a gentler gale hath blown again,
 That made these branches meet and twine together,
 Never to be divided: The God that sings
 His holy number over marriage beds,
 Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they stand
 Your Children mighty King, and I have done.

K. How, how?

Are. Sir, if you love it in plain truth,
 For now there is no masking in't; this Gentleman,
 The Prisoner that you gave me, is become
 My keeper, and through all the bitter throws
 Your Jealousies, and his ill fate have wrought him,
 Thus nobly hath he struggled; and at length
 Arrived here my dear husband.

K. Your dear husband! call in
 The Captain of the Citadel; There you shall keep
 Your wedding: I'll provide a Masque shall make
 Your Himen turn his saffron into a fullen coat,
 And sing sad Requiems to your departing Souls;
 Blood shall put out your Torches, and instead
 Of gaudy Flowers about your wanton necks,
 An Ax shall hang, like a prodigious Meteor,
 Ready to crop your loves sweets. Hear you gods:
 From this time do I shake all title off,
 Of Father to this woman, this base woman,
 And what there is of vengeance, in a Lion
 Chas'd among dogs, or rob'd of his dear young,
 The same, inforc'd more terrible, more mighty,
 Expect from me.

Are. Sir, by that little life I have left to swear by,
 There's nothing that can stir me from my self.
 What I have done, I have done without repentance,
 For death can be no Bug-bear unto me,
 So long as *Pharamond* is not my headsman.

Di. Sweet peace upon thy Soul thou worthy Maid
 When e're thou dyest; for this time I'll excuse thee,
 Or be thy Prologue.

Phi. Sir, let me speak next,
 And let my dying words be better with you,
 Than my dull living actions; if you aim
 At the dear life of this sweet Innocent,
 Y'are a Tirant, and a savage Monster;
 Your memory shall be as foul behind you
 As you are living, all your better deeds
 Shall be in Water writ, but this in Marble.
 No Chronicle shall speak you, though your own,

But for the shame of men: No Monument
 (Though high and big as *Peleon*) shall be able
 To cover this base murther, make it rich
 With Brass, with purest Gold, and shining Jasper,
 Like the Pyramids; lay on Epitaphs,
 Such as make great men Gods; my little marble
 (That only cloaths my Alhes, not my faults)
 Shall far outline it. And for after Issues,
 Think not so madly of the heavenly wisdoms,
 That they will give you more, for your mad rage
 To cut off, unless it be some snake, or something
 Like your self, that in his birth shall strangle you;
 Remember my Father King; there was a fault,
 But I forgive it: let that sin perswade you
 To love this Lady. If you have a Soul,
 Think, save her, and be saved: for my self,
 I have so long expected this glad hour,
 So languisht under you, and daily withered,
 That, by the Gods, it is a joy to dy,
 I find a recreation in't.

[Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's the King?

K. Here.

Mess. Get you to your strength.

And rescue the Prince *Pharamond* from danger,
 He's taken Prisoner by the Citizens,
 Fearing the Lord *Philaster*.

Di. O brave followers,
 Mutiny, my fine dear Countrymen, mutiny,
 Now my brave valiant foremen, shew your weapons,
 In honour of your Mistresses.

[Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Arm, arm, arm, arm.

K. A thousand Devils take 'em.

Di. A thousand blessings on 'em.

Mess. Arm, O King, the City is in mutiny,
 Led by an old gray Ruffin, who comes on
 In rescue of the Lord *Philaster*.

[Exit with Are. Phi. Bellario.

K. Away to the Cittadel, I'll see them safe,
 And then cope with these Burgers: Let the Guard
 And all the Gentlemen give strong attendance.

[Exit King.

Manent Dion, Cleremond, Traffiline.

Cle. The City up, this was above our wishes.

Di. I, and the Marriage too: by my life,
 This noble Lady has deceiv'd us all, a plague upon my self; a thousand plagues
 for having such unworthy thoughts of her dear honour: O I could beat my
 self, or do you beat me, and I'll beat you, for we had all one thought.

Cle. No, no, 'twill but lose time.

Di. You say true, are your Swords sharp? Well my dear Countrymen,
 what ye lack, if you continue and fall not back upon the first broken shin, I'll
 have

have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all to be prais'd, and sung in Sonnets, and bath'd in new brave Ballads, that all tongues shall troul you, *in Sacula Saculorum*, my kind Can-carriers.

Tra. What if a toy take 'em i'th' heels now, and they run all away, and cry the Devil take the hindmost?

Di. Then the same Devil take the foremost too, and sowce him for his breakfast; if they all prove Cowards, my curses fly among them, and be speeding; May they have Murriens reign to keep the Gentlemen at home unbound in easie freeze: May the Mothes branch their Velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes: May their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their Stuffs, and make them shop-rid: May they keep Whores and Horses, and break, and live mued up with necks of Beef and Turneps: May they have many children, and none like the Father: May they know no Language but that gibberish they prattle to their Parcels, unless it be the Goatish Latin they write in their Bonds, and may they write that false, and lose their debts.

[*Enter the King.*]

K. Now the vengeance of all the Gods confound them; how they swarm together! what a hum they raise! Devils choak your wild throats; If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a Brokage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis *Philaster*, none but *Philaster* must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but sling dirt at me, and call me Tyrant. Oh run, dear friend, and bring the Lord *Philaster*: Speak him fair, call him Prince, do him all the courtesie you can, commend me to him. Oh my wits, my wits!

[*Exit Clerimond.*]

Di. Oh my brave Countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your Walls for this; Nay, you shall cozen me, and I'll thank you, and send you Brawn and Bacon, and soil you every long vacation a brace of Fore men, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

K. What they will do with this poor Prince, the Gods know, and I fear.

Di. Why, Sir, they'll flea him, and make Church-Buckets on's skin to quench Rebellion, then clap a rivet in's sponce, and hang him up for a sign.

[*Enter Clerimond with Philaster.*]

K. O worthy Sir, forgive me, do not make Your miseries and my faults meet together, To bring a greater danger. Be your self Still found amongst diseases, I have wrong'd you; And though I find it last, and beaten to it, Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people, And be what you were born to: take your Love, And with her my repentance, all my wishes, And all my Prayers, by the Gods my heart speaks this: And if the least fall from me not perform'd, May I be struck with thunder.

Phi. Mighty, Sir,

I will not do your greatness so much wrong, As not to make your word truth; free the Princess And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock Of this mad Sea-breach, which I'll either turn,

Or perish with it. *K.* Let your own word free them.

Phi. Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,
And hanging on your Royal word: be Kingly,
And be not moved, Sir, I shall bring your peace,
Or never bring my self back.

K. All the Gods go with thee.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter an old Captain, and Citizens with Pharamond.

Cap. Come my brave Mirmidons, let's fall on, let our Caps
Swarm my boys, and your nimble tongues forget your mother
Gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths
Up, Children, till your Palates fall frighted half a
Fathome, past the cure of Bay-salt and grose Pepper,
And then cry, *Philaster*, brave *Philaster*,
Let *Philaster* be deeper in request, my ding dong,
My pairs of dear Indentures, Kings of Clubs,
Than your cold water-Chamblets, or your paintings
Spitted with Copper, let not your hafty Silks,
Or your branch'd Cloth of Bodkin, or your Tissues,
Dearly belov'd of spiced Cake and Custards,
Your Robin-hoods scarlets and Johns, 'tis your affections
In darkness to your shops, no dainty Duckers,
Up with your three pil'd Spirits, your wrought valours,
And let your uncut Collers make the King feel
The measure of your mightiness, *Philaster*,
Cry, my Rose-nobles, cry.

All. Philaster, Philaster.

Cap. How do you like this, my Lord Prince? these are mad boys,
I tell you these are things that will not strike their top-sails
To a Foist. And let a man of War, an Argosie
Hull, and cry Cockles.

Phi. Why you rude Slave, do you know what you do?

Cap. My pretty Prince of Puppets, we do know,
And give your Greatness warning, that you talk
No more such Bugs-words, or that soldred Crown
Shall be scratch'd with a Musket: Dear Prince Peppin,
Down with your noble blood, or as I live,
I'le have you codled: let him loose my Spirits,
Make us a round Ring with your Bills my Hectors,
And let us see what this trim man dares do,
Now, Sir, have at you; here I lie,
And with this swashing blow, do you sweet Prince,
I could hulk your Grace, and hang you up cross-leg'd,
Like a Hare at a Poulterers, and do this with this wiper.

Phi. You will not see me murdered, wicked Villains?

2 Cit. Yes indeed will we, Sir, we have not seen one foe a great while.

Cap. He would have weapons, would he? give him a broadside, my brave
boys, with your Pikes, branch me his skin in Flowers like a Sattin, and between
every Flower a mortal cut, your Royalty shall ravel, jagg him, Gentlemen,
I'le have him cut to the kell, then down the seams, oh for a whip. To

To make him galoon Laces,
I'll have a Coach-whip.

Pha. O spare me, Gentlemen.

Cap. Hold, hold, the man begins to fear and know himself,
He shall for this time only be seal'd up
With a Feather through his nose, that he may only see
Heaven, and think whither he's going,
Nay my beyond-Sea Sir, we will proclaim you
You would be King.

Thou tender Heir apparent to a Church-ale,

Thou slight Prince of single scarcenet;

Thou royal Ring-tail, fit to fly at nothing

But poor mens Poultry, and have every Boy

Beat thee from that too with his Bread and Butter.

Pha. Gods keep me from these Hell-hounds.

1 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, Captain?

Cap. No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear Donsels,

As you respect the Ladies let them flourish;

The curses of a longing woman kills

As speedy as a plague, Boys.

1 *Cit.* I'll have a Leg, that's certain.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build a Colledge, and
clap't upon the Gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little Gut to string a Kit with,

For certainly a Royal Gut will sound like Silver.

Pha. Would they were in thy Belly, and I past my pain once.

5 *Cit.* Good Captain let me have his Liver to feed Ferrets.

Cap. Who will have parcels else? speak.

Pha. Good Gods consider me, I shall be tortur'd.

1 *Cit.* Captain I'll give you the trimming of your second-hand sword, and
let me have his skin to make false Scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He had no Horns, Sir, had he?

Cap. No Sir, he's a Pollard: what wouldst thou do with horns?

2 *Cit.* O if he had had, I would have made rare Hafts and Whistles of
'em, but his shin bones if they be found shall serve me.

Enter Philaster.

All. Long live *Philaster*, the brave Prince *Philaster*.

Phi. I thank you Gentlemen, but why are these
Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your hands
Uncivil trades?

Cap. My royal Rosclear,

We are thy Mirmidons, thy Guard, thy Rorers,

And when thy noble body is in durance,

Thus do we clap our musty Murrians on,

And trace the Streets in terrour. Is it peace

Thou Mars of men? Is the King sociable,

And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foemen,

And free as *Phœbus*? Speak, if not, this stand
Of royal blood, shall be a-broach, a-tilt, and run
Even to the lees of honour.

Phi. Hold and be satisfied, I am my self,
Free as my thoughts are; by the Gods I am.

Cap. Art thou the dainty darling of the King?

Art thou the *Hylas* to our *Hercules*?

Do the Lords bow, and the regarded *Scarlets*
Kiss their gumd gols, and cry we are your servants?
Is the Court Navigable, and the presence stuck
With Flags of friendship? if not, we are thy Castle,
And this man sleeps.

Phi. I am what I do desire to be, your Friend,
I am what I was born to be, your Prince.

Pha. Sir, there is some humanity in you,
You have a noble Soul, forget my Name,
And know my Misery, fet me safe a boord
From these wild *Canibals*, and as I live,
I'le quit this Land for ever: there is nothing,
Perpetual Prisonment, Cold, Hunger, Sickness,
Of all forts, of all dangers, and all together,
The worst company of the worst men, madnes, age,
To be as many Creatures as a woman,
And do as all they do, nay to despair;
But I would rather make it a new Nature,
And live with all these, than endure one hour
Amongst these wild dogs.

Phi. I do pity you: Friends discharge your fears,
Deliver me the Prince, I'le warrant you
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

3 Cit. Good Sir take heed he does not hurt you,
He's a fierce man I can tell you Sir.

Cap. Prince, by your leave, I'le have a fursingle,
And make you like a Hawk.

Phi. Away, away, there's no danger in him:
Alas he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.
Look you friends, how gently he leads, upon my word
He's tame enough, he needs no further watching.
Good my friends go to your houses, and by me have your pardons and my love,
And know there shall be nothing in my power
You may deserve, but you shall have your wishes.
To give you more thanks were to flatter you,
Continue still your love, and for an earnest
Drink this.

All. Long may'st thou live brave Prince, brave Prince, brave Prince.

[Exit Philaster and Pharamond:]

Cap. Go thy ways, thou art the King of Courtesie;

Fall off again, my sweet Youths, come, and every man
Trace to his house again, and hang his Pewter up, then to
The Tavern, and bring your Wives in Muffs; we will have
Musick, and the red Grape shall make us dance, and rise, Boys. [Exeunt.

Enter King, Arethusa, Gallatea, Megra, Clerimond, Dion, Trafiline,
Bellario, and Attendants.

K. Is it appeas'd?

Di Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night,
As peaceable as sleep, my Lord *Philaster*
Brings on the Prince himself.

K. Kind Gentlemen!

I will not break the least word I have given
In promise to him, I have heap'd a world
Of grief upon his head, which yet I hope
To wash away. [Enter *Philaster* and *Pharamond*.

Cle. My Lord is come.

K. My Son.

Blest be the time that I have leave to call
Such virtue mine; now thou art in mine arms,
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast
For all the stings that dwell there, streams of grief,
That I have wrought thee; and as much of joy
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes:
Let them appease thee, take thy right; take her,
She is thy right too, and forget to urge
My vexed Soul with that I did before.

Phi. Sir, it is blotted from my memory,
Past and forgotten: For you, Prince of *Spain*,
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full leave
To make an honourable voyage home.
And if you would go furnish'd to your Realm
With fair Provision, I do see a Lady
Methinks would gladly bear you Company:
How like you this piece?

Meg. Sir, he likes it well,

For he hath tried it, and found it worth
His Princely liking, we were ta'ne a bed,
I know your meaning, I am not the first
That Nature taught to seek a fellow forth:
Can shame remain perpetually in me,
And not in others? or have Princes Salves
To cure ill names that meaner people want?

Phi. What mean you?

Meg. You must get another ship
To bear the Princess and the boy together.

Di. How now?

Meg. Others took me, and I took her and him,
At that all women may be ta'ne sometimes:
Ship us all four, my Lord, we can endure

Weather and wind alike.

K. Clear thou thy self, or know not me for Father.

Are. This earth,

How false it is! what means is left for me
To clear my self? It lies in your belief,
My Lords believe me, and let all things else
Struggle together to dishonour me.

Bell. O stop your ears, great King, that I may speak
As freedom would, then I will call this Lady
As base as her actions; hear me, Sir,
Believe your hated blood when it rebels
Against your reason, sooner than this Lady.

Meg. By this good light he bears it handsomly.

Phi. This Lady! I will sooner trust the wind
With Feathers, or the troubled Sea with Pearl,
Than her with any thing; believe her not!
Why think you, if I did believe her words,
I would outlive'em? honour cannot take
Revenge on you, then what were to be known
But death.

K. Forget her, since all is knit
Between us: but I must request of you
One favour, and will sadly be denied.

Phi. Command, what e're it be.

King. Swear to be true to what you promise.

Phi. By the Powers above,
Let it not be the death of her or him,
And it is granted.

K. Bear away that Boy
To torture, I will have her clear'd or buried.

Phi. O let me call my word back, worthy Sir;
Ask something else, bury my life and right
In one poor Grave, but do not take away
My life and fame at once. *K.* Away with him, it stands irrevocable.

Phi. Turn all your eyes on me, here stands a man,
The falsest and the basest of this world:
Set Swords against this breast some honest man,
For I have lived till I am pitied,
My former deeds were hateful, but this last
Is pitiful, for I unwillingly
Have given the dear preserver of my life
Unto his torture: is it in the power
Of Flesh and Blood, to carry this and live?

[Offers to kill himself.]

Are. Dear Sir be patient yet: oh stay that hand.

K. Sirs, strip that boy.

Di. Come Sir, your tender flesh will try your constancy.

Bell. O kill me, Gentlemen.

Di. No help, Sirs.

Bell. Will you torture me?

K. Haste there, why stay you?

Bell. Then I shall not break my vow,
You know just Gods, though I discover all.

K. How's that? will he confess?

Di. Sir, so he says.

K. Speak then.

Bell. Great King, if you command
This Lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known, and stranger things than these
You hear not often.

K. Walk aside with him.

Di. Why speak'st thou not?

Bell. Know you this face, my Lord?

Di. No.

Bell. Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Di. Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where.

Bell. I have bin often told
In Court, of an *Euphrasia*, a Lady
And Daughter to you, betwixt whom and me
(They that would flatter my bad face would swear)
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known afunder, drest alike.

Di. By heaven, and so there is.

Bell. For her fair sake
Who now doth spend the spring time of her life.
In holy Pilgrimage, move to the King
That I may scape this torture.

Di. But thou speak'st
As like *Euphrasia* as thou dost look,
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In Pilgrimage?

Bell. I know it not, my Lord,
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it.

Di. Oh my shame, is't possible? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee, art thou she,
Or else her Murderer? where wert thou born?

Bell. In *Siracusa*.

Di. What's thy name?

Bell. *Euphrasia*.

Di. O 'tis just, 'tis she,
Now I do know thee, oh that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee, nor my shame,
How shall I own thee, shall this tongue of mine
E're call thee Daughter more?

Bell. Would I had died indeed, I wish it too,
And so must have done by Vow, e're publish'd
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer: yet I joy in this,
The Princess is all clear.

K. What have you done?

Di. Alls discovered.

Phi. Why then hold you me?

All is discovered, pray you let me go.

[Offers to stab himself.

K.

K. Stay him.

Are. What is discovered ?

Di. Why my shame ;

It is a woman, let her speak the rest.

Phi. How ! that again.

Di. It is a woman.

Phi. Blest be you powers that favour Innocence.

K. Lay hold upon that Lady.

Phi. It is a woman, Sir, hark Gentlemen,

It is a Woman. *Arethusa* take

My Soul into thy breast, that would be gone

With joy : It is a Woman, thou art fair

And virtuous still to Ages, in despite of malice.

K. Speak you, where lies his shame ?

Bell. I am his Daughter.

Phi. The Gods are just.

Di. I dare accuse none, but before you two,

The vertue of our age, I bend my knee

For mercy.

Phi. Take it freely, for I know,

Though what thou didst were indiscreetly done,

'Twas meant well.

Are. And for me,

I have a power to pardon sins as oft

As any man has power to wrong me.

Cle. Noble and worthy.

Phi. But *Bellario*.

(For I must call thee still so) tell me why

Thou didst conceal thy Sex, it was a fault,

A fault *Bellario*, though thy other deeds

Of truth outweigh'd it. All these Jealousies

Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered, what now we know.

Bell. My Father oft would speak

Your worth and vertue, and as I did grow

More and more apprehensive, I did thirst

To see the man so rais'd, but yet all this

Was but a Maiden longing, to be lost

As soon as found, till sitting in my window,

Printing my thoughts in Lawn. I saw a God

I thought, (but it was you) enter our Gates,

My blood flue out, and back again as fast

As I had puft it forth, and suckt it in

Like breath, then was I call'd away in haste

To entertain you. Never was a man,

Heav'd from a Sheep-coat, to a Scepter rais'd,

So high in thoughts as I, you left a kiss

Upon these Lips then, which I mean to keep

From you for ever, I did hear you talk

Far above singing ; after you were gone,

I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd

What stir'd it so, alas ! I found it Love,

Yet far from Lust, for could I but have liv'd

In presence of you, I had had my end.

For this I did delude my noble Father

With a feign'd Pilgrimage, and drest my self

In habit of a Boy, and for I knew
 My Birth no match for you, I was past hope
 Of having you. And understanding well,
 That when I made discovery of my Sex,
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
 By all the most religious things a Maid
 Could call together, never to be known,
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from mens eyes,
 For other than I seem'd; that I might ever
 Abide with you, then fate I by the Fount
 Where 'first you took me up.

K. Search out a Match

Within our Kingdom, where, and when thou wilt,
 And I will pay thy Dowry, and thy self
 Wilt well deserve him.

Bell. Never, Sir, will I

Marry, it is a thing within my vow,
 But if I may have leave to serve the Princess,
 To see the vertues of her Lord and her,
 I shall have hope to live.

Are. 1, Philaster,

Cannot be jealous, though you had a Lady
 Drest like a Page to serve you, nor will I
 Suspect her living here, come live with me,
 Live free as I do, she that loves my Lord,
 Curst be the Wife that hates her.

Pbi. I grieve such vertue should be laid in Earth
 Without an Heir: hear me, my royal Father,
 Wrong not the freedom of our Souls so much,
 To think to take revenge on that base woman,
 Her malice cannot hurt us: set her free
 As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

K. Set her at Liberty, but leave the Court,
 This is no place for such; you, *Pharamond,*
 Shall have free passage, and a conduct home
 Worthy so great a Prince; when you come there,
 Remember 'twas your faults, that lost you her,
 And not my purpos'd will.

Pba. I do confesse Renowned Sir.

K. Last joyn your hands in one, enjoy *Philaster,*
 This Kingdom which is yours, and after me
 What ever I call mine, my blessing on you,
 All happy hours be at your Marriage Joys,
 That you may grow your selves over all Lands,
 And like to see your plenteous Branches spring
 Where ever there is Sun, let Princes learn
 By this to rule the passions of their blood,
 For what Heaven wills can never be withstood.

[*Exeunt omnes.*





